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, DECEMBER 7 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

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

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

Produce Merchants

J. A. BOSTOCK,

65 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.

Phone, Northcote 98

Water Meters Fixed.

JOHN SHAW
(Licensed by M. & M. B. of Works),

GENERAL & SANITARY PLUMBER,

305 High St., Northcote.

Sewerage, Gas and Water Connections attended to.

Gas Fittings, Baths, Sinks and Troughs in stock.

Household Utensils Repaired.

Estimates Given for all Branches of the Trade.

Sand & General Carter

Manure, Garden Soil, Filling, Metal Screenings, Ashes, Gravel, Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.

Manager: T. JOHNS, "Hill View," Dundas Street, Preston.

Announcements

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 has equipped 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 and Collars 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.

Also at HIGH STREET (in New Shop near Shire Hall)

NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK.

Magnificent Lot of LADIES' BAGS (imported direct).

Price and Quality Unsurpassed.

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

VETERINARY SURGEON
AND
EQUINE DENTIST,

92 KASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day
Telephone Central 6204.

Northcote Motor Garage

has just opened at

32 High Street
(next Ice Works).

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.

Oils and Accessories.

Telephone, Central 5256.

A. DAVIS,

PARCELS AND LUGGAGE CARRIER

To and from All Suburbs Daily.

Carlton, Fitzroy, Clifton Hill, Northcote and Fairfield.

Boat and Rail attended daily.

Office: 329 Lonsdale Street.

Private Address: Corner of Hamilton and Clifton Streets, Northcote.

Your patronage appreciated.

FRED. SMITH,

UP-TO-DATE HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST,
242 High Street, Northcote.
Cleanliness and Good Workmanship.
A Good Assortment of Smokers' Requisites.
Shaving Outfits. Fancy Goods.
Razor Setting a Speciality.

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

Undertakers

HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Head Office:
Corner of Johnston & Hartford 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.

Patentee of the Distracting Coffin for prevent ing contagion. Established 1850.

W. G. APPS,
UNDERTAKER,
MOOR STREET, FITZROY,
Near Labour-in-Vain Hotel.
And High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda.
Also British Earthquake Street, Heidelberg.
Tel. No. 99, Heidelberg Exchange.

Coffins and every description of coffin at five minutes' notice.

Hearses, Coaches, &c.

Business Notices.

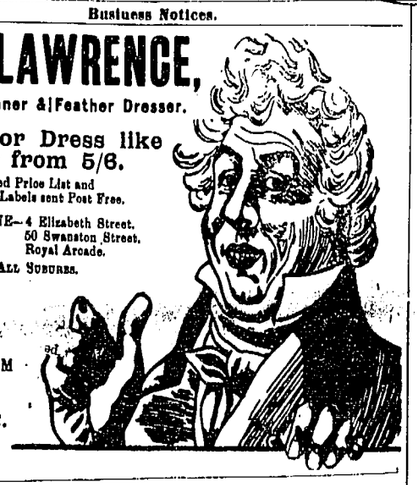
R. B. LAWRENCE,

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.

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)

Landscape Gardening

Gardens Laid Out by Experts.
Also Kept in Order by Month or Year.
Terms Moderate.

C. JACKSON

249 CLARKE ST., NORTHCOTE

MISS E. COOPER, Hair Specialist, "Brixton," 374 McKean St., North Fitzroy. Weak and Failing 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.

We make a speciality of Repairing Hopeless Breakages

¶ Especially if they are Watches or Clocks. If we cannot repair your Watch or Clock, then it is useless to take it elsewhere.

¶ We have repaired so many Watches and Clocks that we know what to do, and what not to do.

¶ The sooner you bring your Watch or Clock here the sooner will it be made alright.

¶ Large variety of Jewellery, Silver and E.P. Ware stocked; also Spectacles to suit all sights.

WM. WALKER, WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
95 High Street, Northcote South.

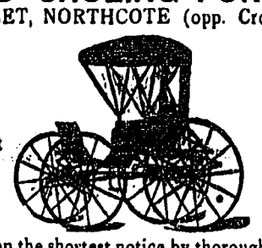
FARMERS AND GRAZIERS
Of Preston & Epping shires.

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

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.



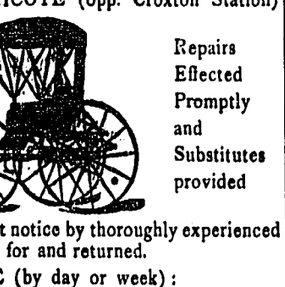
Repairs Effected Promptly and Substitutes provided

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 such simple contrivance of surrounding the oven with a case or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combustion rendered complete.

Prices from £3 18s 6d.

Write for Catalogues.

Wallis Bros. & Co.

Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.
Phone, 4263 Central.

Manufacturers of the Famous "Bob" Stoves, Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, One-Fire Stoves (All Steel) & Ranges.

Xmas is Coming—And Shands are Getting Busy

¶ If You Want Your Xmas Suit made in the inimitable "Shand" style—with the perfectly sitting collar and fine broad shoulders—it is necessary to place your order NOW!

¶ We don't wish to disappoint YOU, but we can only turn out a definite number of orders between this and Xmas. Tailoring hands are like black diamonds—very rare—which makes it impossible for us to put on extra labor for the Xmas trade.

¶ We have some Ideal Xmas and Summer Suitings awaiting your inspection. May we have the pleasure of your inspection, or will you send name and address for patterns.

ARTHUR SHANDS
THE FASHIONABLE CLOTHES MAKER
88 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE
Phone, Northcote 97

CARL OLDENBURG,

Saddle, Harness, and Collar Maker

Corner of High and Elm Sts., Northcote
(Opposite Brickworks)

Has a Long Record as Manufacturing the Best Class of Goods.

Buggy Harness from £4 10s upwards. Gig Harness, £5 10s upwards. Dray Harness, £5 10s upwards. Collars from 12s 6d to 22s.

All Classes of Bags, Portmanteaus, and Braces kept in stock. Also Whips, Bits, Sponges, all Best Brands of Hames, Back Chains, Tug Chains, Plough Chains, Dressings by Best Makers, Axle Grease, and all other Stable Requisites kept in stock.

THE BEST IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.
THE GOODS ARE RELIABLE.
THE PRICES ARE RIGHT.

E. A. HOSKING

"MODERN" SUITE 3 PIECES £11·10·0

SPECIAL OFFER

Bedsteads, Carpets, Linoleums. Large Stock to select from.
A Call will Repay You.

314-316 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH ANY OTHER FIR

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch
Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove)
Next meeting—December 12.
Open.
Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia. No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.
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—19th December
Juveniles meet every alternate Tuesday.
BENEFITS:
Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week.
Following 6 months, 10/ week
Afterwards during sickness, 5/ week.
Funeral—£20 at death of member.
£15 at death of member's wife (if insured).
FEES:
Benefit members, 1/- week upwards
Honorary members, 1/- quarter
Proposition Fee, 2/6
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary,
38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

IF You have any FURNITURE that requires RE-UPHOLSTERING or RE-CANING, or if you want a NEW SUITE at Wholesale Price, call or write to J. ELDER, Upholsterer, Bruce Street Preston, who will promptly attend to you.

Stud Notices

TROTTING STALLION,

RED CLOUD
(Registered)

The only High-Class STANDARD BRED Horse standing and travelling district.

Red Cloud (2.30) by Cuhyee (2.11) ex Morella (2.24) champion brood mare of the State, dam of Royal Sovereign (2.20½).

Terms:—Two guineas at service, and 3 guineas when mare produces live foal. Write for cards.

C. RIDLEY,
Arthurton Road, Northcote

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.

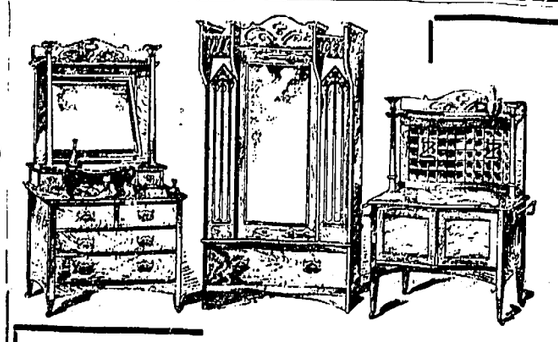
NORTHCOTE, PRESTON.

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
304 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.

Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.

FURNITURE REPAIRED.



Beautiful Bedroom Suite Only £25

The old adage that "the best is always the cheapest" is highly exemplified in the beautiful Bedroom Suite here illustrated.

As adornments to the room the unique design and decoration of the three pieces will be a constant pleasure to gaze upon.

This Suite is made in Walnut, Ash or Oak, free from split or warp, and consists of:—4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, with large bevelled plate glass, cut through pediment, and large drawer; 4ft. Toilet Table, with large bevelled plate glass, two jewel drawers, and four large roomy drawers; 4ft. Washstand with marble top, three inch tile back shelf, two enclosed cupboards, metal towel rails.

Every Furnishing Requirement can be seen at CLAUSCEN'S. An Illustrated Catalogue forwarded on request.

CLAUSCEN & CO.

FURNISHING ARCADE
194 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

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 ally in Northcote and surrounding.

Established 30 years.

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

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

F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN.
Premises specially adapted for the business. Inspection of dairy invited.
Two Deliveries in Northcote only.
Your recommendation solicited.
Local agent for Talbot Milk Company.

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.

Announcements

Place your next order for

GROCERIES

with

E. B. WIDDOWS'

UP-TO-DATE STORE,
HIGH STREET,
THORNBURY.

Only Best Quality Goods Stocked.
Prices Right.
Orders called for and delivered.

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.

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.

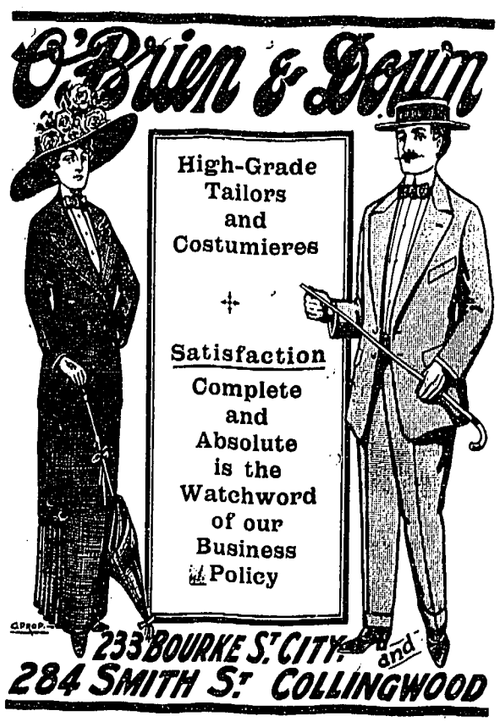
Repairs Promptly Executed.

Vehicles Bought, Sold, and Exchanged.

Horses Carefully Shod, called for and and Returned.

Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

O'Brien & Doum



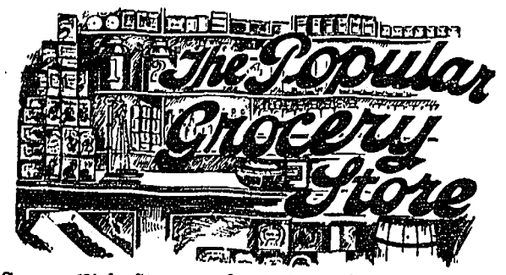
High-Grade Tailors and Costumieres

Satisfaction Complete and Absolute is the Watchword of our Business and Policy

233 BOURKE ST. CITY and 284 SMITH ST. COLLINGWOOD

Every Business Man

Who has not a Standing Advertisement in this Paper is not giving his Business a fair chance.



Corner High Street and Woolton Avenue, Croxton
(Late J. Pugh's).

ALF. NORTON

Has Re-Modelled and Enlarged the premises and christened them as above, and intends living up to the name by
Stocking his Shop Completely with the Best Class of Goods, Selling at Fair Prices, Treating all with Civility, and Giving Every Attention to Customers' Requirements.
A Trial Order will be greatly esteemed.

SPECIAL
CONFECTIONERY DEPARTMENT
Under the supervision of Mrs. Norton. Choice Goods, Soft Drinks, &c.

CLEANLINESS and CONVENIENCE, ensuring COMFORT, CHEAPNESS, and EFFICIENCY, are the characteristic —conditions of COOKING WITH A—

GAS STOVE!

The Perfection of Roasting, Baking, Boiling, Grilling.
Simplicity of Working.
Heat Easily Regulated.
No Risk of Burning or Spoiling Materials.
Saves Time and Labor.
No Waste of Fuel.

GAS COOKERS can be obtained on hire at 1/6 month, or on Hire Purchase.
Small Deposit and Monthly Payments. Liberal Discount for Cash.

GAS IRONS, 4/6 each.
Appreciated and Recommended by Every User.

Full particulars on application.

METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY, 168 Flinders St., Melbourne
Phone 8163 (6 lines).

Tailors

H. C. Saunders,
Practical TAILOR,
269 High Street, Northcote.

It has been said—"Why doesn't Harry Saunders advertise more than he does" The reason is that his fit, style and workmanship speaks for itself.

The Latest Spring and Summer Patterns in stock.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALTY.

Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston

Arch Wilkinson

TAILOR & MERCER,

Is now showing New Goods for the Spring and Summer Seasons.

A splendid range of New Suitings in all the latest shades to choose from. Straw Hats in the most Up-to-date Shapes. Fashion and Tennis Shirts in great variety. Hats, Ties, Collars, and Hosiery, etc., etc.

Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality

Dress and Fashion.

Yes! That's right!

You will be wise to get your

HOLIDAY HAT

from

MRS. HARE,

ART MILLINER
AND
LADIES' DRAPER,

324 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL.

HALF CITY PRICES.

Agent for Far-Famed Kabo Corset

NORTHCOTE THEATRE,
High Street (opp. Town Hall).

MRS. SHIELS
(Miss Barry)

Is now making a Display of Up-to-Date and Smart Styles in

SPRING 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.

MISSES MATHER

COSTUMIERES
(Late of Flinders Street).

ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING in Latest Styles.

COATS and SKIRTS a Speciality.

241 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill (near Tram Terminus).

MRS. ROCK

Intimates that she has opened as a

MILLINER

in one of the New Shops next London Bank, High Street, Northcote.

Latest Styles in Spring and Summer Millinery.

If you want a useful becoming hat at a moderate price come in and see our selection.

You are sure to be satisfied both as regards price and style.

MRS. ROCK, HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Announcements

T. KERR,

PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER
76 and 328 Smith Street,
COLLINGWOOD.

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Speciality.

Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.

REFRESHMENT ROOMS. Tea and Coffee always ready.

FOR CATCHY & UP-TO-DATE PRINTING SEND YOUR ORDERS TO THE Leader Office, NORTHCOTE.

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.
3, p.m., Young Men's Bible Class.
7 p.m., Ven. ARCHDEACON UTHWATT (of Solomon Islands).
Rev. O. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—REV. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "Jesus in the Mid .."
Evening, Communion Service.
Fellowship Association at 10.

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—"Escape."
Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. J. CARNE.
7 p.m., Rev. P. N. KNIGHT.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. W. MOORE.
7 p.m., Mr. F. BOUNDY.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

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

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Mr. J. H. HOCKING.
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. G. HUNTER.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. T. GROVE; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject, "An Eastern Tragedy."
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE; 7 p.m., Rev. W. J. WILLIAMS.
All Welcome.

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.

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN 8.

TENDERS are invited till 4 p.m. on Monday, 9th December for the following works:—

Contract 21. Construction of about 1100 feet of 18 inch Pipe Drain from Mary Street to the Yarra, Fairfield.

Contract 22. Supply of 20in. x 10in. Rock Crusher.

Contract 23. Supply of a Boiler and Engine (new or secondhand).

Plans and specifications may be seen at this office.

Preliminary deposit, 2½ per cent.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. G. SWIFT.
Town Clerk.

Northcote, 21-11-12.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that at a meeting of the Council of the Town of Northcote to be held in the Council Chamber, Municipal Offices, High Street, Northcote, on the 13th day of January, 1913, at 7.30 p.m., the Annual Statement showing the financial position of the Municipality to the end of September, 1912, duly audited and certified to, will be produced, and if found just and true, finally examined, settled, and allowed.

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

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

Municipal Offices,
High Street, Northcote,
7th December, 1912.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

A Meeting for Examining the Audited Statement of the Shire of Epping for the Year ended 30th September, 1912, will be held at the Shire Hall, Epping, on Monday, 16th December, 1912, at 12 noon.

The said statement is printed and can be inspected at the Shire Office.

JAMES RYAN,
Shire Secretary.

28/11/12.

Notices

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

CENTRAL WARD.

To Messrs W. Williams, J. Clarke, J. O'Brien, H. C. Saunders, H. Merriman, P. J. Slater, D. Plant, W. Warden, and the Ratepayers of the Central Ward:

Please accept my best thanks and high appreciation for the requisition presented to me in connection with my intimation to resign as a Councillor. I feel it was my duty to accede to the wishes of the electors thus expressed, and the strong character of the requisition was sufficient justification for re-considering my resignation, as was also the confirmation therein conveyed of my recent actions in the chair.

Believe me it will always be my earnest endeavor to merit a continuance of your confidence.

Sincerely yours,
HAROLD E. BASTINGS.

WE, the undersigned, intend to apply to Preston Shire Council for permission to Make Alterations and Extensions as our Factory Premises, Oakover Road, South Preston:

Alterations:—Raising present building 6 feet 6 inches on the east side, 15ft. 6 inches on the west side.

Extensions:—Boiler, Engine House, and Stack.

JOHN ADAM & CO.
15th November, 1912.

Mrs HOLLAND

Is now showing all the best novelties in Spring Millinery, trimmed and untrimmed.

A great variety of Untrimmed Hats in Gajel and Chip in all colors and shapes.

Also a very large stock of Flowers, all prices.

Corsets to suit all figures. Some new models just opened with short bust and deep hip from 3/11.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Trimmed Millinery at Lowest Prices. Ladies' and Children's Untrimmed Straws in Newest Shapes.

Newest Neckwear to Suit All. See our Special Lines of Fancy Hosiery, Gloves, Veilings, Singlets, and Aprons.

We stock everything in Children's Woollen Goods

MRS. POWELL

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. ||| QUEEN'S PDE, CLIFTON HILL.

T. E. REDMOND,

Ironmongery, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant,

410 High Street, Northcote.

"Congo" Never-Leak Roofing Felt

Suitable for all kinds of Roofing, including Bungalows & Tent Flys.

In rolls 36in. wide by 24 yds. long. Each roll contains 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,	25/- per roll	CONGO DAMP COURSE	
2-ply "	32/- "	4¾ in. wide by 72 running feet	
3-ply "	40/- "	9½ " " "	
Each roll contains 216 square feet.		14 " " "	
		18½ " " "	

Smart Spring Styles in Shoes

There's not a Shoe want of yours that cannot be adequately met by one or other of the many smart, up-to-date Spring styles in English, American, Continental and Australian Shoes we are now showing. Behind every Shoe we sell is our warranty of quality and good service. Your inspection is cordially invited, and places you under no obligation to purchase. Write for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide," free on request anywhere.

Robert Hurst

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

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.

HERR BRENNECKE, (Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin),

VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY and COUNTERPOINT.

KEMP STREET, NORTHCOTE.

MISS QUENNIE 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.

MISS MAY HODGENS,

TEACHER OF SINGING, VOICE PRODUCTION, &c.

Address:
"Chawton," 11 Smith St., Thornbury.
Pupils Visited.

L. NIEHOFF,

293 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Pianos, Music, and Phonographs.
Cash or Terms.
Pianos Tuned, Regulated and Repaired.
Late of Collins, Beale, Brasch and Coy., Melbourne.

Law

MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE

SOLICITORS

AND

CONVEYANCERS.

136 and 138 Queen Street (between Bourke and Little Collins Streets), Melbourne.
Private address: Mr. A. M. LONIE "Craigielea," James St., Northcote.

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY

SOLICITORS,
PROCTORS,
CONVEYANCERS,
"THE OLDERFLEET" (First Floor),
No. 475 COLLINS STREET.
Tel. 196.

Mr. R. Candy's private address—
88 Cunningham Street, Northcote.
Local Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

HOME AND WILKINSON

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

W. J. HOME, Commissioner for Victoria.
A. S. WILKINSON. Private Address—"Fyllingdales," King William St. Preston

LOCAL OFFICE: McGeorge's Agency, High St., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

FREDERICK HUGHES,

SOLICITOR, &c.,

Commissioner of Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits,

LEADENHALL CHAMBERS,
28 MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.

Residence: Station Street, Preston.

ROBERTS AND ELLIOTT,

SOLICITORS,
EQUITABLE BUILDING, 314 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.
Telephone 2854.
Trust and other Money to Lend.

A. GLEN ROBERTS, M.A.,
H. E. ELLIOTT, L.L.B.,
Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits.

Private Residence: "Dalziels," Darebin Road, Northcote.

Professional

A. W. ANGIOR,

EYE-SIGHT SPECIALIST
(Optician by appointment to V.R.A.)
Experienced Expert in scientific objective methods of accurately and thoroughly testing the sight and muscular balance of the eyes, correcting by the skilful use of the most approved scientific optical instruments the most complex errors of vision. The above methods are invaluable with children, deaf or dumb people, or illiterates, in which cases answers to questions as by the ordinary subjective methods would be either impossible or unreliable.
High-Grade Rimmed and Rimless Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, etc., accurately made, fitted and adjusted. Moderate Charges. Personal Attention. Phone 8151. 117 COLLINS ST. EAST (near Independent Church), MELBOURNE.

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—
London House, 97 Elizabeth Street (1 door from Collins Street).
Telephone 4161.

LESLIE C. WEBSTER, B.D.S., L.D.S.,

DENTIST,

Desires to announce that he has REMOVED to New Premises, THEATRE BUILDINGS, HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Evenings, 7 to 8.30.
Saturday afternoons, by appointment.

THOMAS WEBSTER, L.D.S., R.A.C.D.,

DENTIST.

Only Address—
306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL.
Hours—9 to 6, 7.30 to 9.
Telephone 1822J, City.

MR. L. R. MacGREGOR

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.

W. STANLEY WILKINSON, B.D.S. (Melb.), L.D.S. (Vic.) D.D.S. (Penn, U.S.A.)

DENTAL SURGEON,

555 HIGH STREET, THORNBURY.

MONDAY and WEDNESDAY } 2 p.m. to 9 p.m.
FRIDAY, 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

And at 80 Collins Street, Melbourne, by appointment.

DR. DENTON FETHERS, of 23 Collins Street, has taken up his residence in Spring Street, Preston (near the Preston Railway Station), where he may be consulted.

At Home: 9—11 a.m.
2—5, 7.30 p.m.
Collins Street, 2—4 p.m.

Telephones: Northcote 361, Central 2097.

J. S. BARTLETT has opened a FLORIST'S SHOP
Opposite Methodist Church,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
And is prepared to supply all kinds of Plants and Cut Flowers.
Floral Orders for Weddings, At Homes, &c., supplied on shortest notice at lowest rates.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.

OWING to the largely-increased circulation of the "Leader" it is necessary to go to press earlier each week.

Casual advertisements should reach the office not later than 2 p.m. on Fridays.

Alterations to standing advertisements must be sent in by noon on Thursdays to ensure attention.

"Wanteds," "For Sales," "To Lets," "Situations," etc., must be prepaid, excepting in cases of running accounts.

Correspondents and secretaries of societies are requested to forward contributions as early in the week as possible.

WHALLEY BROS.,
Proprietors.

31st August, 1912

Death.

GRUTZNER.—On the 20th November, at his residence, High street, Thomastown, Jacob Grutzner, beloved husband of Frances and father of Evelyn and Jacobina, in his 80th year. Interred at Thomastown cemetery on 22nd inst.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

N.S.R.A.—The monthly meeting was held on Tuesday evening, the president (Mr. Brodin) in the chair. A letter was read from the A.N.A. approving of the action of the N.S.R.A. in urging the improvement of the Merri Creek, and expressing the hope that a conference of all bodies interested would be called. The improvement committee reported that it would be necessary for a cyclone fence to be erected on the proposed children's playgrounds, corner of Urquhart and High streets, and plans prepared and submitted to the council for their approval. It was decided to alter the constitution of the improvement committee and make it an elective body. The following members were elected, with power to add:—Messrs Jenkins, Lloyd, Brothers, Wright, W. Dennis, Boulter, Tulk, Howard, Ryan, Jones, Evans, Richards, Kay, Bennett, Hing, with the president, treasurer, and secretary ex-officio members. The secretary was instructed to write to the council asking them to name a portion of the rockeries the Cornwell Reserve in honor of the good work done by Mr Cornwell in connection with the rockeries. It was also decided to write to the mayor (Cr. Johnson) congratulating him on being elected to the position. Crs. Dennis and Lees explained at considerable length the incident in the council chamber leading up to the "naming" of Cr. McDonell, after which it was moved and carried that this association has every confidence in the three representatives of the south ward, and heartily endorses their action in the matter. The executive committee meet on Tuesday next to arrange a children's Christmas treat.

NORTHCOTE TRAMS.

At the meeting of the Northcote town council on Monday evening the chairman submitted the following report, recommending—

1. Tunnel drainage.—That the matter of reconnecting the tunnels with the stormwater sewer between Clarendon Street and Beaver's Road be considered with the estimates.—Adopted.

2. Car Shed.—That the necessary alterations to the rails in the car-shed be carried out by the Council under the supervision of the Tramway Engineer, one half of the cost to be paid by the Council and one half by the Lessees.—Adopted.

3 Rolling Stock.—That the dummy owned by the Council and stored at the M. T. and O. Co's. car-shed be altered for the use of the Tram Lessees, and on delivery of same to them they be charged a rental therefor at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum (payable with their monthly account) on the total cost of such dummy (purchase and repairs inclusive) and that the Lessees accept same as subject to the same conditions as set out in their lease as to other rolling stock. The engineer estimated cost of alteration at £70.—Adopted.

Presentation to Mr. W. Illingworth.

On Thursday evening last in the school hall a complimentary social was tendered to the choir master, Mr. W. Illingworth, by the members of the congregation and choir of the Northcote Methodist Church, under the patronage of the church trustees. Mr Illingworth has for the past eight years rendered valuable assistance to the church in his capacity as honorary conductor, and by his marked ability and genial personality has won his way into the affections of all church adherents. An event of considerable interest had recently taken place in Mr. Illingworth's home, and this was regarded as a fitting opportunity to express in some appropriate form the good will and esteem in which he was held. The presentation took the form of a beautiful chair (oak frame with leather covering) and to Mrs. Illingworth a handsome carriage perambulator with leather furnishings. The presentation was made by the church steward, Mr. S. Dennis, who remarked that Mr. Illingworth was a man of whom all present had occasion to feel proud. The choir then rendered the glee, "Oh hush thee my baby," to the delight and amusement of all present. Mr. Illingworth made a feeling reply, thanking the choir for their appropriate glee, as well as their appropriate presents.

There was a large attendance present, and the proceedings, which were presided over by the Rev. P. Knight, were of a hearty and enjoyable nature throughout.

Preston P.L.O.

The fortnightly meeting was held in the Rechabite hall on Monday evening, the president occupied the chair. Mr. Thorn reported that the mid-day meetings arranged under the inter-federal divisions of Bourke, Deakin and Yarra constituencies had exceeded expectations, and it was intended to include the local industries. Locally the action of the council in determining to provide a long-felt want, viz., "Swimming baths," met with general approbation.

Localisms.

We understand that the charge for electric light at Preston will be 6d. per unit, at which rate in other districts, notably Footscray, it is proving so popular that the private installations are averaging 700 a month.

Two gigantic and impelling battle scenes will be presented at the Northcote theatre to night—"The charge of the Light Brigade" and "The French Spy".

Cases against 18 cadets for not having put in sufficient drill were adjourned at the Northcote Court on Monday for one week. This is the last opportunity these lads will have for making up their drill.

Those interested in tramway extension via. St. Georges Road to Preston, are requested to attend a meeting at the Albion Hotel next Wednesday night at 8.

This afternoon at 3 o'clock the Premier, Hon. W. A. Watt, will open a Japanese fair and garden fete at "Benvenuta", Darebin Road, Northcote, in aid of the Prince of Wales Park Methodist Church. Xmas tree, amusements, and musical items.

Northcote council decided on Monday evening to make application to the Public Works Department to proclaim the following streets as public highways, viz:—Martin Street, Kelvin Grove, Armadale Street, Alexander Street, and Daly Street, Salisbury Grove.

The Ven. Archdeacon Uthwatt, of Solomon Islands' will preach at Holy Trinity Church, Thornbury, on Sunday evening at 7.30. The reverend gentleman has had charge of some of the Melanesian Missions and therefore can speak with authority on the islands and their people.

At the Labor Carnival under the auspices of Thornbury P.L.O. on Saturday next several notabilities are expected to be present, including the Prime Minister, Hon. A. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher; the Attorney General, Hon. W. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes; the Minister for home affairs, the Hon. King O'Malley and Mrs. O'Malley; and the Postmaster-General, Hon. C. E. Fraser and Mrs. Fraser.

Mr. A. Dean, Preston Shire Secretary and engineer, has just succeeded in gaining the certificate of the Royal Sanitary Institute of England. At the examination recently he came out well at the head of the list. The subjects covered knowledge of the Health Act, the Pure Food, the Meat Supervision and the Cemeteries Acts, food liquor and sanitary inspection. Mr. Dean has thus made a considerable addition to his equipment as a municipal officer. Mr. Alfred Pridham of Preston, was also successful in the examination.

"Get a decent looking, well cut suit and you'll look fifty per cent better, and get on better, too". So says George Wardrop, the quality tailor in our advertising columns to day, and there is no denying the fact.

Some time on Sunday night or in the early hours of Monday morning the Friendly Societies' hall, Northcote, was forcibly broken into and though nothing of any value was stolen a good deal of damage was done to the furniture and fittings. The matter has been reported to the police and the owners of the hall (Gwalia Lodge U.A.O.D.) would gladly reward information leading to the conviction of the culprits.

The Northcote Cricket Club is holding a picture night at the Northcote Theatre next Wednesday evening in aid of the grand stand fund. A complete change of programme has been arranged for this night only including the star film "A Leap to Death" and also by request the opening of the season at the park and unfurling of the pennant.

E. W. Ingham advertises that he has taken over the ham and beef shop, so successfully carried on by Mrs. McKinder, High Street, Thornbury.

Arthur Shands, Northcote's busy and satisfaction giving tailor announces that he is prepared to receive orders for Xmas suits made in the "inimitable Shand style". To avoid disappointment you must order now.

A garden fair in connection with the Presbyterian Church, Preston, is announced for next saturday.

At the Northcote Court on Monday, before Messrs. Plant (Chairman), Bailey, Lawrence and Bastings, J's.P., Florence Scott, Hawthorn Road, was sued by Alice Bedford, married woman, for using words reflecting on her character. After hearing the evidence a fine of 20/- was imposed with £1-3-6 costs. There was a cross summons, but it was dismissed.

Under the auspices of the Preston Branch of the Commonwealth Liberal Party, Mr. F. Maldon Robb will give his fine lecture on Rudyard Kipling at the library hall N. Preston, on Thursday evening, 12th inst. The public are cordially invited.

The Thornbury Picture Management have decided to run motor buses for the convenience of their patrons, commencing to night, leaving Clifton Hill tram terminus at 7 o'clock, fare 1d to picture.

Master Charles Forrester, who has been a year and 9 months in the Preston Shire office was successful amongst 40 applicants in getting a junior clerkship under the Hawthorn City Council. Evidently the training he received at Preston stood him a good stead.

Quite a host of new talent has been engaged for the Croxton recreation reserve open-air entertainment to night, including the St. Leonards, the funniest of balancers, also comedians, balladists and dancers. On Thursday evening the star turn will be by Dawson and Lomas, champion patter comedians. A full amount of seating accommodation is provided.

Fishing in the Darebin Creek on the 1st. inst. Mr. W. Kelso of Plenty Road, S. Preston landed a very fine specimen of English trout. Its length from tip to tip was 28½ inches and its weight 4 lbs. 3oz.

Several children connected with St. Joseph's school, Northcote, are arranging a Christmas fair in the cause of sweet charity and would be glad to receive donations towards same. It is to be held at "Heather Brae" 19 Helen Street, on the 14th and 21st inst. and contributions sent to that address will be gratefully received.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

TO NIGHT'S GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

There are 18 short minutes in the history of Great Britain that will live as long as the war drum is sounded and the shrill trumpet calls to arms. These historical moments are recorded in the annals of time. On October 25, in the year of 1854, at the hour of ten o'clock, on the blood-stained field of Balaclava, where Britain strewed for over a mile the life-blood of heroes. Over four hundred soldiers gave up their lives to the everlasting glory and honour of British military discipline, and all within this short space of time. Think of them, wonder at them, honour them all, you who love the heroic and brave, for it was only eighteen minutes from the moment, Lord Cardigan gave the command, "Forward the Light Brigade," and the brilliant band of England's best blood made their never-to-be-forgotten charge, to the return of this torn, bloody, battle-stained, broken and shattered Brigade, the pride of Britain's army, from the valley of death. All that was left of the six hundred—only one hundred and ninety-nine answered the roll call.

THE FRENCH SPY.

An incident of the French Campaign in their war with the Moors. Acted and produced to thrilling detail. A masterly representation with a soul-stirring plot. A great military feature, 3000 feet.

In addition to the two foregoing gigantic and impelling military productions, there will be shown a splendid selection of scenic, romantic, acrobatic, and humorous pictures, constituting one of the absolutely best programmes ever filmed.

Large audiences have prevailed throughout week, and those present have signified in the heartiest manner their appreciation and admiration of the fine pictures shown.

This afternoon the children's matinee will be held as usual, and parents should send their children along to witness the immortal battle scene, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Last Saturday night some inconveniences was occasioned the management owing to the dynamo which supplies the general lighting having cut. It happened at a quarter to eight. Lamps and other illuminants were immediately provided to enable patrons to become seated. The climaxes both inside and outside the building was in marked contrast to the regular brilliancy. The mishap, which was rectified on Monday, in no way affected the superb picture programme.

THE "NAMING" INCIDENT.

THE MAYOR'S RESIGNATION.

ELECTION OF SUCCESSOR.

CR. JOHNSON CHOSEN.

When a motion to institute a prosecution against Councillor M'Donell for disobeying the ruling of the chair was negatived at the last meeting of the Northcote Town Council, the mayor (Councillor Bastings) declared his intention to resign. Last week he formally did so, and a special meeting of the council was called last evening for the purpose of electing a mayor.

Councillor Hayes was voted to the chair.

Councillor Tharratt moved that Cr. Bastings be re-elected. There had been trouble lately, but he had every confidence in his filling the position with honour to himself and credit to the municipality.

Cr. Woolhouse seconded the motion.

Cr Lees moved that Cr. Johnson be elected. He was an aspirant for the position three months ago, but the numbers were then against him. Since he had been a member of the council he had given every attention to his duties, and was at the present time chairman of the public works committee, and also of the tramway committee. But even if Cr. Johnson was not eligible he would feel compelled to support him or some other councillor. He would be even prepared to allow himself to be nominated in order to vindicate the position he took up at last meeting. Cr. Lees went on to recall the incidents leading up to Cr. M'Donell being "named."

Cr. Woolhouse: What has that got to do with the present meeting?

The Chairman: We might as well have it out.

Cr. Smith: Yes, let it out.

Cr. Lees: The mayor ruled at a subsequent meeting that there could be no discussion on a motion that the offending councillor be prosecuted. As a result eight other councillors and myself voted in a certain way. As a result, the mayor resigned, and left the chamber. To vote for a mayor who had given up the position would be going back on my vote, and practically admitting I was wrong. Had Cr. Bastings gone before the ratepayers, and come back reinstated, it would be a different matter.

There was a considerable pause for a seconder. None being forthcoming, the chairman, after consulting with the town clerk, said he did not think there was anything in the Act that made a seconder necessary.

Cr. Plant: If doubtful, make sure.

Cr. M'Donell said that in case there was any mistake he would second Cr. Johnson's nomination. He took this step without any personal feeling towards the late mayor, but he thought if Cr. Bastings remained in the chair, he (Cr. M'Donell) would not get justice. (Oh!).

Cr. Plant interjected.

Cr. M'Donell (to Cr. Plant): You yourself did your best to try and get me into gaol.

Cr. Plant: You deserve to be there if you don't obey the chair.

The Chairman begged councillors to refrain from interjections.

Cr. M'Donell declared that Cr. Bastings knew himself that his ruling was wrong. But for that wrong ruling he (Cr. M'Donell) would never have been "named." He (Cr. M'Donell) had been given no chance of explanation. Had the vote been against him he would have resigned and gone before the ratepayers on the question. If returned, he would have renewed the fight; if defeated he would have remained quiet.

Cr. Bastings said that he could not accept nomination that night. He would have to have time, if nominated, to consider his position. As he had said previously, the position had been made untenable to him. He had always endeavoured to carry out the position in a fair and impartial manner. (Hear, hear). He was proud of his position as mayor of the municipality, and it was in his power to hold it for the next nine months, but he was not going to hold it to the loss of his self-respect, and while he did not have the confidence and support of his fellow councillors. Cr. Bastings went on at length to justify his rulings in the chair, and claimed that he had treated Cr. M'Donell with every consideration. If councillors were of the opinion that he was wrong in "naming" Cr. M'Donell, why did they all vote for the motion to adjourn the council?

Cr. Lees: We had no time.

Cr. Bastings: You are usually pretty sharp. You had time to carry the vote against me. After the meeting at which Cr. M'Donell was named, Crs Henderson and Redmond brought Cr. M'Donell along and asked him if he would accept an apology. He said certainly, that all he wanted to do was to uphold the dignity of the chair. Cr. M'Donell gave him the impression that he intended to withdraw, but when he added that if it was "only a matter of a £5 note," he would see it through; he (Cr. Bastings) left him and went back to the mayor's room. Some councillors objected to the council's business being thrashed out in a police court. But they were there to work under the Local Government Act. It was the chairman's duty to carry out the business according to the standing orders. That was what he had done. There were certain penalties for breaches of the Act. The only way to enforce them was to go to the police court. If this was not done the whole thing was reduced to a farce. A councillor could defy the chair on every conceivable occasion, and there would be no penalty. If there was going to be any order in the chamber they must see a thing like this through to its proper conclusion. He was quite prepared himself to have instructed the town clerk to initiate a prosecution, but on consulting the solicitor he advised that they must get the authority of the council. It had been said that he had made a mistake in stopping discussion on the motion to prosecute. It was no mistake. He would do the same again. He was told the same night by Cr. Hayes that if Cr. Plant had not moved the motion, three votes would have gone the other way.

The Chairman (with great heat): I deny that.

Cr. Bastings: I don't care; it's true. You are an ex-mayor of the town, and speaking publicly, you are not fit to hold your position.

A general uproar followed this remark, amidst which the chairman could be heard declaring "I will protect myself."

Cr. Bastings: Others can substantiate what I say.

Cr. Plant: It is perfectly correct.

Cr. Bastings went on to say that he always looked at both sides of a question. Before leaving home for last meeting he had told his wife that if the vote went against him there was only one thing he could do, and that was to go out of the chair. The step was not taken on the impulse. He went further than he intended in saying he would resign his councillorship, but some of his friends busied themselves on his behalf and got up a strong requisition from the ratepayers to ask him to reconsider the matter. Throughout the Central Ward they had only got about half-a-dozen refusals. He told his friends then that he felt it his duty to retain his seat as a councillor, but told them that, under existing conditions, the chair was untenable to him. From all quarters he had received letters and telegrams approving of the stand he had taken. Since he had been in the chair the municipality had not suffered. He was quite satisfied with his record. He had been ousted from the position not on public but on personal grounds. He would not now be very pleased to go into the position, for a majority had declared that they would not deal with a disorderly councillor. Whoever they elected as mayor he was prepared to loyally support. It was not a personal matter with him. He had unfortunately been made a chopping block on this particular question, and he had to submit to it.

The Chairman said he was sorry Cr. Bastings had introduced the personal element by saying that he (Cr. Hayes) was not fit to hold a public position. He had represented the North Ward for six years, and last time the ratepayers showed their confidence by electing him unopposed. He had voted for Cr Bastings for a second term, and had been one of his most loyal supporters up to the time when he refused to allow any discussion on the motion to prosecute Cr. M'Donell. He considered that Cr. Bastings took up an unheard-of position on that occasion. There was not a line in the standing order he had ruled on to block discussion. After the meeting he went in to the mayor's room and was greeted with an insulting remark from Cr. Plant.

Cr. Plant: I will repeat it.

Cr. Hayes—If you had used it in the street you would have been put in your proper place. Cr. Plant was the moving spirit in the whole affair.

Cr. Plant: That's your opinion.

Cr. M'Donell: It's mine too.

Cr. Plant (to Cr. Hayes): You knew the mayor was going to allow no discussion, and said you were going to support the motion before you entered the chamber.

Cr. Hayes denied saying anything of the sort, and went on to say that Cr. Plant had gone to the solicitor before the mayor.

Cr. Plant: I went in my private capacity, not at the expense of the council.

Cr. M'Donell: To pot me.

Cr. Hayes, continuing, said he had been a personal friend of Cr. Bastings for years, and he had always given him loyal support; but rather than vote without being given a chance to give reasons for his vote he would resign his seat to-morrow.

Cr. Smith moved that Cr. M'Donell take the chair. He seemed to have more supporters in the council than anybody else, and it was just as well to place the reigns of government in his hands. He (Cr. Smith) would obey his rulings every time. (Laughter). It would be an invidious position to place Cr. Johnson in, seeing Cr. M'Donell had more supporters on a certain occasion.

Cr. Plant said that he could not support Cr. Johnson's nomination. Cr. Johnson had voted for the motion upholding the mayor's ruling, and those who voted against it were now supporting him. It would be crawling into the position.

Cr. Johnson: A thing you are. (To the chairman): Are you going to allow him to say that?

The Chairman: Withdraw.

Cr. Plant withdrew.

Cr. Dennis said he never understood that councillors who agreed to an adjournment were pledged to support the mayor at next meeting. He saw nothing improper in Cr. Johnson's candidature. Cr. Bastings resigned the position and there was a vacancy, and he for one had asked Cr. Johnson to stand for it. His (Cr. Dennis's) vote had not been given on personal grounds. After Cr. M'Donell was "named" he had told him that if the same thing happened again he would be one of the first to insist on his punishment. But Cr. M'Donell had only been in the chamber two months, and was entitled to a little leniency. He (Cr. M'Donell) had disobeyed the mayor's ruling because he believed he was supported by high authorities. Several councillors afterwards convinced him he was wrong.

Cr. M'Donell: No they didn't.

Cr. Dennis: Cr. M'Donell had several of us to believe that he would withdraw and apologise, if allowed to make a personal explanation.

Cr. M'Donell: That's correct.

Cr. Plant: Then he must have known he was wrong.

Cr. M'Donell: I asked for leave to make an explanation to show that I was right, and the mayor was wrong.

Cr. Dennis, continuing, said he was one of those who did not consider the case serious enough to send to a police court. He did not want to get behind any other shelter than that. Cr. Dennis went on to criticise Cr. Bastings as mayor for authorising the construction of a crossing at the picture theatre, and then when a recommendation came up from the committee of the whole that the Theatre Company be asked for the money, he ruled the whole thing out of order.

Cr. Bastings: A mayor has the power between meetings to spend up to £5; that crossing cost £4.

Cr. Dennis: The treasurer was not consulted. Cr. Bastings should have gone before the ratepayers instead of being presented with a requisition got up under conditions he was not prepared to say.

Cr. Bastings: That is an insult to the ratepayers of the Central Ward.

The Chairman called for a withdrawal of the remark.

Cr. Dennis withdrew.

Cr. Mason endorsed Cr. Dennis's statement that Cr. McDonell had been prepared to apologise if allowed to make a personal explanation. He did not consider Cr. M'Donell had been handled judiciously. He should have been allowed to make a personal explanation. He (Cr. Mason) admitted saying that another councillor was often disorderly and no notice was taken of it. He referred to Cr. Plant. Favoritism had always been shown to Cr. Plant.

Cr. Bastings rose to a point of order.

Cr. Plant: Don't take any notice; he's not worth it.

The Chairman (to Cr. Plant): You're disorderly.

Cr. Plant: You are yourself.

Cr. Mason went on to say that Cr. Plant had been in the chair five times, and now presumed upon it. There was nothing in the Local Government Act to prevent them pleading for clemency for Cr. M'Donell, but they were not allowed to do so. That was sufficient reason for the nine voting against the motion.

Cr. Henderson said he was going to support Cr. Johnson. He could not support a man who would block a discussion. If that kind of thing was going to obtain, they as councillors might as well go home. That was one reason he voted against the motion; another reason being that he did not think Cr. M'Donell had committed an offence serious enough to justify them taking him to the police court. He was one of those councillors who had brought the mayor and Cr. M'Donell together, and he thought the matter was fixed up. Cr. M'Donell apologised to the mayor then, and he told him (Cr. Henderson) afterwards that he would apologise in the council if given a chance to make an explanation. He did not think the mayor had used the discretion that might have been used. He noticed where, in the House of Representatives, the Speaker had given a member the privilege of withdrawing even after a motion had been carried against him. Cr. Bastings said he had received endorsement of his action from the ratepayers. He (Cr. Henderson) had received the same. Ninety-five per cent of the ratepayers were against a chairman blocking discussion.

Cr. Johnson said that Cr. Bastings had resigned, and seeing that the position had left in no way altered, he did not see how Cr. Bastings could stand again. However, if Cr. Bastings desired a fortnight's time for further consideration he was prepared to give it him, with the consent of his nominators.

Cr. Lees thought that the business should be allowed to go through. It may be very sympathetic on Cr. Johnson's part, but they had not for a special purpose, to postpone it for a fortnight. They had spent a lot of time in recriminations. They had business to do, and the sooner they got to work the better.

Cr. Smith (loudly): Hear, hear.

Cr. Lees: I am glad to hear the wise voice from the East.

Cr. Bastings said he admired Cr. Johnson for his manliness in giving him time, but he only desired to repeat that he could not go back into the position without the confidence of the council.

The Chairman: I take it then that Cr. Bastings absolutely withdraws?

Cr. Bastings replied in the affirmative.

The Mayor asked if Cr. Smith intended to nominate Cr. M'Donell.

Cr. Smith: Emphatically no!

The Chairman then declared Cr. Johnson duly elected mayor of the town, invested him with the robes of office, and congratulated him. Now that this "comedy of errors" had ended he was sure every councillor would give the new mayor loyal support. He hoped Cr. Johnson would have a pleasant time and that the town under his guidance would prosper.

Cr. Glanfield said that, as one of the youngest councillors he desired to convey to Cr. Johnson his heartiest congratulations.

Cr. Johnson said he had to thank the council for the position they had placed him in. He would put his heart into the work, but it would be a hard year, and he would require all their support. He was sorry that such a position had arisen that had caused the mayor to resign. The council had elected him (Cr. Johnson) to

The Secret of the Oak Parlour.

By RICHARD WYVERN,
Author of "Paying a Debt," etc., etc.

(All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER VII.

A Fateful Meeting.

By the time Lorraine reached his room in Gretton-street a fresh wave of feeling had taken possession of him. Released from the insinuating influence of Austen, his mind recovered its balance. In that bare room he was face to face with facts, and his disgrace, with all its consequences, was borne on his mind. The brilliant scenes in which he had mingled during that evening lifted him for a time into another realm, only to sink him deeper in the despair of his own position.

From a glass where it had been carefully preserved he took the flower which Winifred had given him and pressed it to his lips, while tears filled his eyes.

"Forget-me-not," he muttered; "it should have been forget-me-quick, or rue and thyme!"

To youth such emblems of a woman's favor usually bring joy and exultation, but in the mind of Lorraine the simple flower opened the floodgates of regret, while over his being swept the bitter waters of "The might have been."

After a time he sprang to his feet, and with nervous haste began to pack his belongings, for a great desire to get away from the place at the earliest moment had seized him, his action being due to a dread of again meeting Sidney Austen, who was to call in the morning. Lorraine doubted his own strength, felt that he could not withstand the plausible tongue and insinuating phrases of that individual—that his moral fortitude would give way. Having finished packing, he threw himself on his bed, but as soon as his landlady was astir he paid her what he owed; then had his luggage removed to a small room in a house situated in a narrow street off Gray's Inn road. For some weeks he existed on the money which his clothes and other effects brought. These resources were soon exhausted, and one day he walked out, but did not return. So Lorraine disappeared from the sight of all who knew him; even death could not have hidden him more completely. Indeed, the few friends that he possessed believed that such had been his ultimate end.

This, however, was not the case, for after weeks spent in vain efforts to obtain work, and nights passed in those places where only the poor and the desolate congregate, where self-respect, self-confidence, and self-reliance die, we find Lorraine in the town of Waresborough.

With the listless step of one who had no destination in view, no aim to urge him on, Lorraine left the town behind and made his way out into the country.

It was a calm day, near the end of August, and already autumn was laying its hand on the varied landscape. To the left of the road was a wide stretch of rough ground, with great mounds of rubble, partly covered with green, old pit-shafts, and the ruins of buildings, relics of the almost forgotten mines. A portion of the ground had been laid out as a park, but beyond the park it remained a rugged waste.

To the right the ground rose high and steep, and on the top of the height stood Wares Hill, the imposing residence of Stephen Hilsdon. At the handsome entrance gate Lorraine halted and leant against the hedge. He had been told in Waresborough that this was the residence of his late master.

A few minutes later a carriage swept up, and the gates were flung open. It passed through, but not before Lorraine had recognised in its occupants Winifred, Lady Catherine, and Sidney Austen. Involuntarily he drew closer to the hedge, as one who feared recognition, but such action was unnecessary, for who could, in that ragged tramp, recognise the once smart city clerk? A sharp pang of anguish shot through his heart, and his thoughts became hard and bitter. Again and again he asked himself:

"Could he have suffered more if he had yielded to the persuasion of Sidney Austen?" And the never-failing answer was—"No." His sufferings had robbed him of youth, blighted his manhood, even before he had reached that stage in his existence. Had he become what Sidney Austen suggested, it could not have been worse with him, even if imprisonment followed, than was his position now? Providence had cast him forth, like an unclean thing, to wallow in the mud of life.

Human nature is apt to blame Providence for every ill that befalls the individual, and is slow to credit it with the good. In his present frame of mind there was a danger of Lorraine setting up a Providence of his own, then quarrelling with his creation, because his desires were not immediately satisfied. Perhaps, like the children of Israel when in the desert, he was casting longing eyes towards the fleshpots of that Egypt which Sidney Austen had dangled before his gaze. It, too, had its price; maybap he was now prepared to pay that price.

Leaving his position by the gateway, Lorraine walked on with listless steps, and had left the grounds of Wares Hill behind, when an elderly gentleman, entering a doorway, set in a high wall, paused and regarded him curiously.

He was a little man, wearing green spectacles; had bushy dark hair and a heavy moustache. He stared hard at Lorraine, who trudged on without looking either to the right or left, then the man entered and shut the door behind him. He was a singular-looking individual, whose appearance gave the impression of youth, and yet, at the same time, his actions conveyed the idea of age.

Near the centre of the rough ground already mentioned Lorraine halted under a withered tree whose branches had long since ceased to put forth leaves. His attitude conveyed despair, the despair of one who had nowhere to go, nothing to expect, nothing to hope for; so motionless was his figure that it might have been a portion of the tree trunk; nor did he move while the still darkness of an autumn night settled over the scene. By-and-bye the moon burst through the clouds, and with its silver radiance illuminated the rugged waste.

It showed clearly the form of Lorraine, his feet resting on the rough path, his back against the tree-trunk. It likewise revealed the figure of a woman approaching from the direction of Waresborough. She was walking quickly, and when opposite Lorraine halted, staring hard at him, for his appearance was rather forbidding.

The moonlight showed that the woman was young, slightly over middle height, and wore a tight-fitting dark dress and small hat.

She betrayed neither fear nor hesitation, but, addressing Lorraine, asked:

"Have you lost your way?" Her voice was sharp and sounded clear, even metallic in the stillness.

Lorraine laughed harshly, mockingly, as he answered:

"Yes. I have lost my way, and am never likely to find it again."

The woman hesitated, as if realising that underneath his words lay a deeper meaning that if he had been an ordinary wayfarer who had lost his reckoning. The tone in which he spoke might also have indicated to her that he was not of the tramp class.

"You mean that you are in trouble?"

"Yes," he returned.

"What sort of trouble?" she asked.

"Such as falls on one who has or is believed to have stolen."

"Then you have got on the wrong road. Could I not help you to gain the right one?"

"The mill will never grind again with the water that is past," he answered with emphasis.

"Springs in the earth supply a never-failing source of fresh water," she returned.

"But not the springs of my life; they are dry."

A pause, then the woman asked:

"Why do you linger here?"

Again Lorraine laughed mockingly as he answered:

"Because the man who took my guilt as a matter of course lives in that large house on the hill, the lights of which are visible in the distance, and ——" He stopped abruptly, then added:

"He did not even investigate the truth of my story," and he laughed hoarsely.

"Why?"

"Out of consideration for me, the firm said. You see what this leniency of theirs has brought me to."

The woman hesitated, as if she doubted the truth of his words.

"You—well—did you—well, was it for a woman's sake?" she asked.

"No! And yet a woman was the innocent cause," he answered, then briefly related the story of his carelessness and how he lost the cheque.

A few minutes' silence, and the woman said:

"Carelessness is often criminal;" to which Lorraine did not reply. Then she asked:

"When you part company with the tree against which you are leaning, where do you intend to go?"

He laughed again as if the question tickled him, then for reply asked:

"What is the end of such as I am?"

"Some redeem themselves; others don't," she returned.

"I am one of those who can't."

"You want an opportunity. I can, or rather will, get you that chance."

"You!"

"Yes," she answered. "I will if you care to trust me."

"Lady, remember I am called a thief," came the harsh reply.

"If man had not sinned he would not have required salvation."

"It sounds well, but that is all," replied Lorraine, in the tone of one who had lost faith in his kind.

"You require food and shelter. Come with me and you shall have both." The woman's voice had lost its sharp ring, being now soft and persuasive.

Lorraine shook himself, as if throwing off something that held him in its grasp, and straightened up his figure, saying:

"Why should I, lady, accept food and shelter to-night, only to make me feel the pangs of hunger keener to-morrow. To sleep under a roof to-night will only add to the cold and misery of the next."

"Why not make the most of what is offered? To do so is true philosophy," she said.

"Who are you?" asked Lorraine, as if the question had just occurred to him.

"That matters not," she replied sharply; "regard me as a friend."

Lorraine hesitated for a moment, then stepped on to the footpath, and the two turned toward Waresborough.

The man and woman thus strangely brought together followed the path which led them across the rough ground, then skirted the park, finally joining the main road leading to the town. They had followed this road for some distance when the woman asked:

"What is your name?"

"Eric Lorraine," he answered, adding, "and yours is?"

"You will know in good time, but people call me Zeno," she replied.

A few minutes later and Zeno, as she had called herself, halted before a gate in a high wall, surrounding a house almost hidden by trees. It was the same gateway from which the man wearing the green spectacles had looked so hard at Lorraine.

Producing a key, Zeno opened the gate, and the two walked swiftly along the gravelled path, not to the main entrance of the house, but to a side door, when she pressed an electric button, and after an interval the door opened, and the figure of a man was outlined in the passage.

"Mr. Felter, I have brought a friend to you who is in trouble."

"Most welcome, my dear," answered Mr. Felter, motioning the two to enter, then carefully shutting the door. "Most welcome," he repeated, leading the way along the passage and into a room on the right.

It was a large apartment, brightly lighted, and for the first time Zeno and Lorraine were able to form an opinion of each other.

Zeno was certainly a lady—at any rate, as far as appearance went, and might be about 24 years of age. The tweed costume she wore fitted her well, showing the symmetrical lines of her tall figure. Her pale oval features were perfect in outline, the expression hard, perhaps, but softened by a pair of those wondrous dark blue eyes in whose depths lie a sea of every varying color. Her glossy black hair was drawn back from her brown, and coiled up beneath a felt hat, ornamented by a single dark blue plume.

Lorraine, with the never-failing appreciation of a man for a beautiful woman, had eagerly taken in the details, then his eyes rested on the man who had opened his door to him, a wanderer.

Mr. Felter proved to be the little man with the green spectacles who from the gateway had stared so hard at Lorraine. The characteristics visible then were more apparent in his appearance now. His bushy dark hair and heavy moustache told of youth, while the sunken eyes and parchment-like skin pointed to age.

Under the bright light Lorraine's appearance did not compare favorably with that of the others. He was young, certainly, though his thin, pinched features made him look older than his years. Unshaven and unkempt, his clothes ragged and dirty, rendered him far from prepossessing, though, perhaps, they told eloquently the story of want.

A word of excuse to his visitor and, accompanied by Zeno, Mr. Felter left the room. In the passage the two exchanged a whispered conversation. Zeno spoke rapidly, and her companion listened.

"Are you certain of this? There can be no mistake," asked Felter in a louder tone.

"Perfectly so," she returned. "He is the man. He told me the story of the cheque," and again their voices sank to a whisper.

Left alone, Lorraine sat staring at his surroundings like one in a dream, his mind scarcely grasping the situation, and the was still lost in wonder when the two again entered.

"Mr. Lorraine, you will find in Mr. Felter a friend," said Zeno with a smile. "Confide your story to him. It may be that he will be able to show that the future has much in store for you. Good-bye, until we meet again," and without giving him a chance to reply she was gone.

Mr. Felter now turned his attention to the man who had been thus unceremoniously thrown on his hands, and through his green spectacles appeared to be weighing him up, as it were. He took a turn across the room, then bestowed a dubious glance on Lorraine, very like that of a medical man when judging a doubtful case, or an benevolence considers a suspicious applicant.

"You require food," he said, after a little, and while speaking he led the way into the next room. Opening a sideboard, he placed cold meat and bread on the table, also a bottle of wine, saying:

"Help yourself."

To half-famished Lorraine no second invitation was needed, and he fell to with a will, while Mr. Felter stood up in front of the fireplace, bestowing furtive glances on his hungry but unprepossessing guest.

Patiently he waited until Lorraine had satisfied his appetite, then said:

"My household have retired to rest; you will, therefore, I hope, excuse shortcomings."

In a clear voice Lorraine thanked him, for the food and wine had put new life into his being. Then Mr. Felter continued:

"We will talk business in the morning. Follow me, and I will show you your room."

Lorraine followed his host along the passage, then down another to the left, and into a moderate-sized apartment.

"You will find clean linen and other toilet requisites in the wardrobe. There is a bathroom beyond. Now I will leave you to sleep in peace."

Lorraine was deeply touched by the kindness of this stranger, and there were tears in his eyes as he thanked him.

The plump little man smiled; he appeared to relish the simple words of thanks, for his smile was one of satisfaction.

The gratitude of Lorraine might not have been so deep or spontaneous had he known one or two little circumstances in the actions of the two who had befriended him.

Mr. Felter, for some reason, had watched the movements of Lorraine after he had struck across the waste ground, and had accompanied Zeno to within a short distance of the withered tree, where she had spoken to the wanderer; in fact, he had reached the house only a few minutes before the two arrived there.

The reason of these actions on Mr. Felter's part Lorraine was yet to learn.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Oak Parlor.

As the exclamation burst from the lips of Stephen Hilsdon the light vanished from the Oak Parlor, but Austen switched on the electric current, and the whole party entered.

To all present the story of Horace Avillar's extraordinary disappearance was known, and while the portrait might have passed almost unnoticed, the question, "Who killed Horace Avillar?" gave definite shape to many a half-formed thought. That the mysterious occurrence should take place, and the question be asked, in the house of Stephen Hilsdon, between whom and Horace Avillar a bitter enmity had latterly existed, caused suspicion of a dark nature to take shape in the minds of some of those present.

On the table stood the easel, with the portrait, the scrool beneath, and with a quick movement Hilsdon seized the paper, crushed it in his hand, then thrust it into his pocket.

Not a word had yet been spoken, when Austen, with a quick glance at Hilsdon, said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Looks like a joke."

"And an infamous one," answered Hilsdon, who showed considerable excitement. "The question is a ridiculous one," he added, as if following up his own train of thought.

"Most absurd," said Austen, taking his cue from Hilsdon; "and is probably the spiteful action of a servant, who may have some grudge against you, Mr. Hilsdon."

The latter was understood to agree with this, but Lady Catherine appeared doubtful; she glanced first at Austen, then turned her eyes on her husband, saying:

"But the light; it was most singular; what could have caused it, or where did it come from?"

"The reflection of the electric lights from the streets of Waresborough," said Hilsdon impatiently.

"A very probable explanation," said Austen, with a keen, swift glance at Lady Catherine. But her ladyship was not satisfied, and her shoulders moved with the impatient shrug of one who regarded the explanation as too weak to be entertained. A glance at her husband's stern face, then she turned to her guests.

"I am so glad Vera has not arrived," said Winifred, who was looking very white, at the same time involuntarily drawing closer to her father, who took her hand in his, and led her toward the window.

As seen from there, the valley presented a wondrous scene of blending colors. Looking down through the filmy mist that hung over the low ground, the lights from the town glanced and flickered through the haze, creating a sky such as Whistler's magic brush would have longed to reproduce.

Later, Hilsdon requested Austen to accompany him to his study, a room set apart for business purposes; and every servant in the house was summoned before him, one by one, and subjected to a searching examination. None of them, however, were able to throw any light on the mysterious occurrence in the Oak Parlor.

At the termination of his inquiries, and when the two men were alone in the study, Hilsdon said:

"They," meaning the servants, "will believe that the portrait was placed in the Oak Parlor by supernatural means."

"Is there any need to dispel that belief," suggested Austen cautiously, "even if it could be done?"

"None," returned Hilsdon.

"And the others?" hinted his companion. "I mean the members of your family and guests."

Hilsdon drew his heavy brows together and frowned.

"Let them assume whatever theory they please," he said. "They will do so despite any explanation that might be offered."

When Mrs. Avillar reached Wares Hill on the following Saturday Mr. Hilsdon requested the favor of a few minutes' conversation with her. The interview took place in the Oak Parlor, and was of short duration.

"I thought it better to see you regarding the recent occurrence in this room, exaggerated accounts of which may have reached you," said Hilsdon, without any preliminary remarks.

"Reports have reached me," she answered, looking keenly at the hard face of the speaker. "Tell me what really happened."

In reply he briefly explained the circumstances, omitting nothing, and Mrs. Avillar listened with forced calmness.

"What does it mean?" she asked.

"That I have an enemy or enemies, who managed somehow to gain access to my house, and by means of the portrait and the question asked threw covertly a serious accusation against myself. That is the malicious aim. I am not one to blink facts. Naturally, the subject is a painful one for you, but it will save misunderstanding if you realise what took place."

Mrs. Avillar was outwardly calm, but her hands twitched nervously, while her breath came in quick gasps. She did not speak for a moment. Indeed, the accusation was not new to her; she had always put the awful thought away every time it had assailed her, for she implicitly believed her husband to be still alive. Besides, she was deeply attached to Winifred, therefore the thought that the girl's father could be guilty of such a crime was appalling.

"What was the cause of the enmity which existed between my husband and you?" she asked, with white lips.

Hilsdon's brows gathered ominously.

"I do not deny that such existed," he answered. "Your husband must explain that, I will not."

His words came with blunt force, as they always did; and in reply Mrs. Avillar asked in a low, passionate tone:

"Do you believe that my husband is alive?"

"I am not in a position to answer your question," he replied stiffly. "We are drifting into a subject which had better be avoided; you know my idea of what took place in this room."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Avillar faintly, and so the interview ended.

It may be mentioned that previous to her marriage Hilsdon had shown devotion to Mrs. Avillar, and had asked her to be his wife. This honor the lady had declined; thus a certain amount of restraint existed between them.

Guests came and went from Wares Hill; Austen, who had been to London for a day or two, returned, and in the eyes of Lady Catherine his attentions to Winifred were more marked than ever. In vain her ladyship invited marriageable men to Wares Hill; the girl treated them all with light-hearted indifference, but appeared to enjoy and even seek the society of Austen.

Lady Catherine was a clever woman, but she did not know the craft of Sidney Austen, nor the magnet he used to draw Winifred to him, and it was the name of Lorraine.

He did not hesitate to let it be assumed that he was in the confidence of the youth, whose absence, he hinted, was due to important events, which would have a great influence on his future. In fact, while not confirming he was careful not to contradict the fiction of Lorraine being a nobleman hiding his identity. Every little scrap of information or reference to Lorraine was eagerly drunk in by Winifred, and Austen believed he was gaining her friendship, if not something more. She could not, he reasoned, become the wife of the disgraced Lorraine, but the greater her regard for him the higher would he, Austen, his friend, stand in her esteem. How his actions would be regarded by Lady Catherine he had not taken time to consider.

Amongst others to receive an invitation to Wares Hill was Anthony Retlef, who had suddenly sprung into prominence by his presentation of a famous picture to the nation. Lady Catherine, who had more than once previous to her marriage had dealings with Retlef, and being unaware of any relationship between her husband and him in their past lives, issued the invitation.

Before accepting, the "dealer in curiosities" hesitated, eventually deciding to dine and spend the night at Wares Hill. He was careful—aided by Austen—to choose a day upon which Stephen Hilsdon would be in London. Many of Lady Catherine's guests were known to Retlef; indeed, his dealings with some of them had been of a nature that led not only to their being civil, but inclined to court his favor.

Retlef could form only a vague opinion of how his visit to Wares Hill would be regarded by Hilsdon, but believed that the latter at least would be outwardly civil to his wife's guest. With a view to helping on the schemes which he, in conjunction with Austen, contemplated, Retlef desired to witness for himself how life moved in the household over which Lady Catherine presided. Her ladyship and himself were old acquaintances, and the "dealer in curiosities" felt certain of her good will. He was quick to observe the relationship between Winifred and Austen, and after dinner happened to overhear a conversation between the two, in which the name of Lorraine was frequently mentioned. He gathered that the girl had formed a romantic attachment to Lorraine, and smiled while listening to the figments with which Austen—in what he believed was his own interests—fed the flame.

Retlef also noted the partly-suppressed jealousy and anger of Lady Catherine, feeling at the same time that he had stepped into the midst of a very pretty comedy, which might wind up in tragedy.

Later in the evening Retlef invited Austen to join him in smoking a cigar.

"You play the lover, by proxy, well," he said, after they were seated in the smoking-room.

Austen laughed as if the whole matter were a good joke, and Retlef continued:

"I am aware of the various fictions in the air regarding Lorraine; in keeping them afloat you have acted wisely."

"His character has not suffered at my hands," returned Austen, with another laugh. After a pause he added seriously:

"Winifred is charming."

"So I observe," replied the old man, with a touch of sarcasm. "What about Lady Catherine?"

Austen's brow clouded. "That is the difficulty," he remarked, with a shrug of his shoulders.

A short silence followed, then Retlef, leaning toward his companion, said:

"Lorraine must forge Hilsdon's name." He spoke as one who could control the actions of that young man, and Austen answered confidently.

"Good!"

"Then he shall marry Winifred," continued Retlef. "That shall be his reward."

At this moment the room door opened, and Stephen Hilsdon entered, his heavy brows dark as a thunder-cloud ready to burst, and his eyes blazing with unrestrained anger.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Catherine's Dream.

Stephen Hilsdon walked the length of the room to where Retlef and Austen were seated, as one who had a clear purpose in view.

Retlef, who rose as the angry master of the house approached him, was not left long in doubt as to the intentions of his host.

"Your impudence, Mr. Retlef, is beyond endurance," he said, speaking with difficulty, for his anger almost choked him. "You have dared to enter my house and sit at my table."

"I came here on your wife's invitation," returned Retlef, meeting the fierce gaze of Hilsdon with unflinching eyes. "Why should you characterise my action as either impudent or daring?"

"Lady Catherine——," began Hilsdon, but, checking himself abruptly, and forcing back words that sought to escape his lips, remained silent a moment, then continued:

"Your presence here I regard as an insult to myself. My carriage is at the door; it will take you to the railway station. I can be no platner."

"You will live to regret those hasty words," replied Retlef, his eyes blazing with anger. "You were never even civil to me, and to-night insult your wife by insulting her guest."

"Go, lest I be tempted to wring your neck or pitch you from the window," was Hilsdon's fierce retort.

Retlef drew himself up stiffly, and, looking straight at the harsh face of Hilsdon, answered with deep meaning in his words:

"It would not be the first human being whom you summarily despatched."

The taunting words, instead of feeding Hilsdon's anger, had a calming effect on him. Beckoning a footman to his side, who had followed his master into the room, he said sarcastically:

"Honor Mr. Retlef by conducting him from my house," then turned his back on his guest, whose parting words, however, reached his ears:

"One day, Stephen Hilsdon, the judge will put the question to you, 'Are you guilty or not?' When that time comes will you be able to answer, 'I am innocent? The mark of Cain is not on my brow'?"

The words were spoken in a whisper, but with intense venom, and, while being ambiguous, carried a sting in the shape of a threat as to what might be.

After the departure of Retlef, Hilsdon drew a long breath of relief. "I hope that man is not a friend of yours, Austen?" he said.

"No," replied the latter, with a total disregard of truth; "I have been obliged to him, as many in your drawing-room to-night have, and, of course, tolerated his presence."

"Fools!" returned Hilsdon. "Retlef calls himself a dealer in curiosities but he is really a money-lender, and—well, something even less reputable. He has sought to bring himself before the public by presenting to the nation a picture—an Old Master," and Hilsdon laughed harshly. "The picture is merely a faked copy, and before long the nation will discover the value of the gift, over which Retlef has sought to gain notoriety."

From the foregoing it will be seen that the enmity lying between the two men was not only bitter, but deep.

After a little while Mr. Hilsdon said:

"By the way, Austen, I am considering some important speculations, and mean to entrust you with very delicate negotiations in the affair. These will test your tact and diplomacy to the utmost, while, to render success certain, you must neither by word nor by action, give the slightest hint that I am handling the matter. To this man Retlef, in particular, you must be silent as the grave."

"In the past you have never found my diplomacy fail, nor that my tongue had given away your secrets," replied Austen.

"You have always been discreet, I must say," remarked Hilsdon.

It may be mentioned that Austen was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a paid secretary of Hilsdon Ltd., but a private agent or emissary, who successfully conducted negotiations where Stephen Hilsdon's gruffness would have led to failure. The nature of Austen lent itself to such work, and, coupled with his suave manner and ready tact, invariably landed the aristocratic or desired fish in the financier's net. For such services he was handsomely rewarded, but the tastes of the man were expensive and his appetite for money was, therefore, never satisfied.

(To be continued.)

THE TURKEY.

The turkey is essentially a farmer's fowl. It is not suited at all to those whose space is limited, for to achieve satisfactory results it is necessary to give the birds a great deal of freedom. Turkeys cannot thrive well in confinement, and it is, generally speaking, merely a waste of time and money to attempt to rear them under such conditions. There is a strong prejudice among many farmers against turkeys, due to the fact that they are supposed to be delicate birds. Sometimes this is true, but when it is, it is owing to one of three things. The first is unsuitable surroundings. No kind of poultry is so greatly influenced by his surroundings as the turkey, and in a very cold, exposed situation, or in a low-lying, damp valley the birds prove very troublesome indeed. A heavy clay soil likewise militates against success. A fact that does not seem to be commonly known, or, if known, then constantly neglected, is that turkeys do not attain to full maturity until they are three years old, and it is a mistake—a mistake often fraught with the most serious consequences—to mate young cocks and hens together, since the progeny are almost certain to lack sound health and vigor. One of the parents, at any rate, should be fully matured; if hens in their first or second season are employed, a cock at least three years old should be mated to them, and vice versa. The third cause of delicacy in turkey's chickens is that in-breeding is permitted. The mating of related birds is sometimes necessary; in the formation of a new color, or in certain other cases, there lated parents. When breeding for utility purposes, and particularly so in the case of turkeys, consanguinity should never under any circumstances be allowed to take place.

Growing turkeys should be given as much freedom as possible, as they do not thrive nearly as well in confinement; in fact, as already stated, it is inadvisable to attempt to keep this class of stock if liberty cannot be allowed. Without an abundance of space, they neither develop nor thrive so well, and the probability is that they will be delicate, stunted in growth and of comparatively poor quality. Immediately the corn is removed from the fields the birds should be placed on the stubbles, as under such conditions they not only thrive better, but they secure quite a large proportion of their own food. Turkeys very quickly taint the soil, and it is necessary, therefore, to exercise the greatest care to prevent this, as its consequences are very serious. Animal food is an extremely important item in the diet of growing turkeys, and it is difficult to provide them with sufficient, unless they have access to arable or pasture land.

By far the most critical period in the life of a turkey occurs when it is from seven to nine weeks old, when the process known as "shooting the red" takes place. It only continues for a few days, but during this time the birds require careful treatment, for neglect in any shape or form is almost certain to have serious consequences. The youngsters for a few days lose their appetite, their feathers become dull, and altogether they have a listless appearance. They must be kept away from wet, and thus it is inadvisable to liberate them first thing in the morning, while the grass is damp. If it is raining, the safer plan is to keep them under cover altogether. To the morning mash there should be added one-eighth part by weight of linseed.

Unless the weather is very hot and dry, growing turkeys do not require to be fed more than twice a day. I am presuming that they are enjoying a free range and can obtain a good deal of food for themselves. The first feed in the morning should consist of mash and a suitable ration consists of two parts middlings, one part ground oats and half a part bean or pea-meal. Beans and peas are very concentrated foods, and serve the useful purpose of building up a strong and large frame, upon which plenty of flesh may afterwards be laid. Boiled rice now and then affords a welcome variation. In the afternoon wheat, oats or buckwheat should be provided. A little hemp-seed is beneficial now and then, especially when the new feathers are beginning to grow. Green food, grit and plenty of pure drinking water are all very necessary indeed.

Poor Man

One heard a new story of Mr. Bal four the other day.

His visit to a certain provincial town happened to occur on the day of the opening of the Quarter Sessions, and an old lady who knew nothing of things political expressed surprise that the opening of the Quarter Sessions should have attracted such a large crowd in one of the streets.

"But they're waiting for Balfour," somebody explained.

The name, however, did not convey any fresh ideas to her mind.

"Ah, well!" she commented; "whatever the poor man has done, they shouldn't stand about in the street just to stare at him; for anyway, he'll have to suffer for it now!"

She thought Mr. Balfour was one of the prisoners coming up for trial

Found Out.

Smith the other day went fishing. He caught nothing, so on his way back he telephoned to his provision dealer to send a dozen bass around to his house.

He got home late himself. His wife said to him on his arrival:

"Well, what luck?"

"Why, splendid luck, of course," he replied. "Didn't the boy bring that dozen bass I gave him?"

Mrs. Smith started. Then she smiled.

"Well, yes, I suppose he did," she said. "There they are."

And she showed poor Smith a dozen bottles of Bass's famous ale.

"Sorry, Bill, I can't come to the theatre to-night. Now, don't look so cross—you ain't cross, really, are yer, Bill?"

"No, I ain't exactly cross, Lil, but still it is a bit aggravating for a chap to find he's washed his face and hands for nothing, ain't it?"

THE UNKNOWN LADY.

From the French of Lucie Paul-Marguerite.

Passengers for Evian, Thonon. On the quay the tourists crowd round the gangway; Englishmen in helmets, fair Swiss women and eccentric Parisians in skirts split from ankle to calf. One girl attracts considerable attention by her superb coat of zibeline, slightly premature for the season. Envious, even hateful, glances are cast in her direction. It needs so very little to make one woman detest another. She seems disturbed by this curiosity, and reddens when a young urchin, worthy brother of Gavroche, pipes:

"Hi, where's your prince?"

A tall young man who has been observing the girl from a distance smiles at the remark, and seats himself at a small table in front of her. He steals glances at her from time to time, thinking to discover to what world she belongs.

Her toilette disconcerts him by its contrasts; the simple black hat, the blue striped blouse, black gloves, and an ordinary leather bag. This simplicity cries out against the richness of the coat. Is she married? Widow? Divorced? She is rich, anyhow.

Very much struck, the young man fidgets, coughs, and tries to think of the likeliest phrase to attract her attention.

Just then she consults her watch, holds it to her ear, shakes it.

"It is six o'clock, madame," says the young man eagerly.

"Thank you very much."

What a voice!

"The night falls very quickly."

She replies with a smile.

"Yes, it is already autumn."

"Are you shivery?" he insinuates with sympathy, as she buttons over the flaps of her coat.

"A little," she stammers.

Why this uneasiness? Has he been indiscreet? Emboldened by such a brilliant commencement, he continues to chat with her. Together they go into ecstacies over the scenery, the blue mountains, vaporous as the clouds and chiselled out like the wings of great birds. Prosaic, she declares that the color of the water and its bubbling froth remind her of a beautiful advertisement formerly admired on a railway station. He is tactful enough to admire the comparison. Then he points out different excursions to make, and recommends the best hotels.

She has already been to Evian at the Hotel des Princes.

"Oh!" exclaims he astonished.

"It's not bad," she says in the tone of a woman used to every comfort and luxury.

This woman is mysterious. He would give anything to question her to know all about her. As long as she is free and is willing to accept his advances. Already Julien Sorbier sees himself married, and smiles at the hope of at last being able to publish, by means of her wealth, his collection of poems. A masterpiece!

Pleasant dreams! He orders wine and cakes.

"If," he says, "I had the joy of being loved by you, my one happiness in life would be to serve you."

She listens enraptured, and he congratulates himself on having at last moved her. Just then the whistle calls them back to reality. The passengers for Evian are descending. They must say good-bye, since he is going on to Thonon.

He murmurs in a choking voice, "You have been very kind to me. I implore you, let me see you again."

"No, no," she replies nervously. "You mustn't. You must forget me!" And in a whisper she stammers, "I am only a slave."

Then she moves rapidly away; so rapidly that he cannot follow her. Furious and disappointed, he leans over the rail in order to perceive her once more on the bridge. There she is. He recognises the black hat. Hello! She has taken off her coat and carried it carefully folded over her left arm. It is chilly, too.

She approaches a tall woman with an imperious nose.

"Did everything go off all right, Felicie?" demands an imperative voice.

"Yes, madame. At the hotel I had no difficulty in recovering madame's fur. With deference she helps the lady on with the coat. Her mistress growls.

"Another time please do not leave it behind."

Julien Sorbier is edified. Whilst the boat glides from the wharf, Felicie Malureau, first lady's maid to the Marquise de Bellerive, heroine of a romance all too short, follows, her blood boiling with rage, the woman she will henceforth loathe all her life, and the young man shrugs his shoulders and sighs.

"Oh! well, all the same, she was very nice!"

Cheaper.

Two men arrived late one stormy winter's night at a house of one of the "big doctors" over the border, to ask him to go some miles into the country, to see the wife of one of them.

The doctor did not wish to turn out at that hour, or thought that the local doctor might meet the case, and said:

"Well, my lads, I had better tell you that my carriage fee will be two guineas, and you will have to pay my carriage fee there and back."

"Eh, Michty!" burst from the lips of the husband, as he and his companion receded before the financial problem into the hall.

Then the doctor heard, through the open door, the decision arrived at, reason having resumed its sway:

"Weel, lad, when a's said, mayhe we'd better tak' him. Ye see, the burial wad come to mair!"

The Only Instance.

An eminent English counsel was cross-examining Mr. Siemens, the electrical expert, in a case in which there was a dispute about the working of some electrical plant.

"I think, Mr. Siemens, that you have had a long experience with electricity?"

"That is so."

"Well, now, I want you to tell me whether, in the course of all your experience, you have ever known electricity to be adulterated?"

"In only one instance."

"When was that?" asked counsel eagerly.

"In the phrase 'greased lightning,'" the expert replied.

Oh, Dear!

Bathhouse partitions are not soundproof, and, consequently, a sweet female voice, full of dismay, was plainly heard at a South Coast watering-place on a recent sunny morning.

"Oh, Laura!" cried the voice, evidently addressing her girl chum in the adjoining bathing-box, "I have forgotten my shoehorn. Have you got one that you can lend me?"

"What's the matter?" queried a deep bass voice, a few yards away, before Laura could reply, "can't you get your bobbie skirt on?"

Hard to Satisfy.

Solomon Levi dealt in old clothes. A man entered the shop one day, and after much arguing and gesticulating, the Jew managed to dispose of a coat for three shillings.

On reaching home the customer found the coat was full of moths, so he returned with it to the shop.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "this coat you sold me is full of moths and——"

"Vel, vel, vel," explained Solomon, "vat do you expect for three shill nes—canaries?"

GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

She was a robber's daughter, and her
name was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small
Italian town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but
amiable old thing;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-
sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he
chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he
looked so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy
with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house
that cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a
quarter unto ten;
A sorter in the custom-house, it was
his daily road
(The custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew
it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with
expressive purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to
whom her family confessed,
The priest by whom her little sins
were carefully assessed.

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould
grieve you, would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most
unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you
been gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary and
forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral
on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and
dropped a silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear;
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at
half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very
young, and flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we
must not expect to find;
We mustn't be too hard upon these
girlish tricks—
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown
—exactly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little Alice cried, "your
kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so
singularly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can
forget;
But, oh! there is another crime I
haven't mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with
pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've
sat a-catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain
as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and
he has winked at me!"

"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my
erring daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that
I have ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa
has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the
lieutenant of his band!

"This dreadful piece of news will pain
your worthy parents so;
They are the most remunerative customers I know;
For many, many years they've kept
starvation from my doors;
I never knew so criminal a family as
yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid neighborhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so
ridiculously good;
And if you marry any one respectable
at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then
become of Father Paul?

The worthy priest, he up and drew his
cowl upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the
news to Robber Brown—
To tell him how his daughter, who
was now for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown, he muffled up his
anger pretty well;
He said, "I have a notion, and that
notion I will tell;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him
into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I
know a thing or two;
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do—
A feeling of disgust upon her senses
there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still
suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized
him unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him
on the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before
she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown
bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the
lieutenant of his band.

—W. S. Gilbert.

CHAMPAGNE FOR SPANIELS.

Nine spaniels which arrived at Philadelphia from England had a first-class cabin assigned to them on board, adjoining their owner's state-room, and were waited on during the voyage by special stewards, who fed them on chicken and eggs and supplied them with champagne.

The Mayor's Downfall.

The mayor of a provincial town riding in his motor found himself a long way from home, and wanting water for his two acetylene lamps. He drove on in momentary dread of the village policeman, till at last he saw a laborer standing at the door of his cottage. "I say, would you be kind enough to give me some water for my lamps?"

"Water?" repeated the laborer. "I suppose you mean oil?"

"No, I don't; I want water."

The laborer looked searchingly at the motorist for a moment. "Take my adv ce and get along 'ome, sir," he said impressively; "you ought really to be ashamed of yourself at your age, and you the mayor, too!

THE LONE VIGIL.

A STIRRING STORY OF A MAN'S ENDURANCE.

By E. Newton Bungey.

His Britannic Majesty's first-class battleship "Somerset" anchored near the Mole at Gibraltar on her way to Portsmouth. No leave was allowed, but mails were brought on board, whilst small craft of all descriptions, laden with foodstuff and wares for Jack to waste his money on, swarmed around the warship.

In due course the "Somerset" steamed away towards Portsmouth. The battleship was about ten miles distant from England when an A.B. who was poring over a London newspaper, reading everything, from society news to the miscellaneous advertisements, suddenly turned to a sailor who was seated by him in the forecastle.

"Jack," he cried, "blow me if they ain't got your name 'ere as large as life. Look 'ere."

He extended the paper to his companion, placing a blunt forefinger on an advertisement on the front page, which read as follows:

"JOHN FRANK WYVERN."

"Anyone able to give information regarding the whereabouts of the above, last heard of at 6 Water-street, Battersea, is requested to communicate with Haly, Tasker and Co., solicitors, 33 Bedford Chambers, W.C."

"Lummy!" muttered John Wyvern, A.B. "This is a knockout, aint it? Wonder wot they want to know about me?"

"I'll tell you wot it is," remarked the first speaker. "You've come into some money, you 'ave. They allus puts these sort of advertisements in when they are lookin' for blokes wot 'ave come into money. I know, 'cos my aunt at Hartlepool was left fifty quid once, an' that's 'ow she 'eard of it."

"Fifty quid," repeated Wyvern, his blue eyes wide open with surprise. "Lummy! S'posin' I was to get fifty quid!"

The supposition took his breath away, and a suggestion made by another A.B. absolutely staggered him.

"S'posin' it was a 'hundred?" said this sailor.

"Mates," remarked Wyvern solemnly, "if it's a 'undred, I'll treat you all to the biggest bloomin' spree at Portsmouth that you ever 'ad in your lives."

The boatswain gloomily suggested that Wyvern might be wanted for some crime he had committed. This depressed the sailors, until Wyvern stoutly asserted that he had never done anything to merit such a suggestion.

Jack Wyvern was a typical handyman. Big of build, with clean-shaven, smiling countenance, and blue eyes ready to meet any man's gaze.

He felt strangely excited, though out of place, as he picked his way to Bedford Chambers through the thronging thousands of London, and many a girl turned to gaze admiringly at his big frame. He opened the door of the general office of Haly, Tasker and Co., to find a youth with a supercilious type of countenance and a very tall collar seated at a desk.

"Mornin'," said Jack. "I'm Wyvern."

"Oh," responded the youth.

"Wyvern's my name," Jack said, after a short pause.

"So you remarked before," murmured the supercilious youth. "But I'm not interested."

"Look 'ere, sonny," said the sturdy sailor slowly, "you don't want to go home to your mother with that nice collar o' yourn soiled, do you?" 'Cos you will, if you ain't very careful. My name's John Frank Wyvern."

"John Frank Wyvern," repeated the clerk, a wondering expression on his face. Then he gasped, "Good lord!"

"I've come about this 'ere," went on Wyvern, producing the advertisement. "Will you sit down a moment?" said the clerk, his superior airs vanishing. "I'll go in and tell Mr. Haly."

He vanished, but reappeared in a few seconds and beckoned Wyvern into his private office. Here the sailor found Mr. Haly and Mr. Tasker awaiting him.

"Mornin', gents," he said, tugging at his forelock. "I'm John Frank Wyvern, wot you advertised for."

The faces of the solicitors wore expressions of unqualified amazement as they bade their client be seated.

"You used to live at 6 Water-street, Battersea?" asked Mr. Haly.

"Yes, sir| That were six years ago. Mrs. Smart kept the 'ouse; I 'ad the second floor back."

"Can you produce any evidences of your identity?" inquired Mr. Tasker.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

The solicitor put his question less formally, and the sailor laughed aloud.

"Lor lummy, sir, I can bring you 'eaps o' people wot know me," he said.

Following this, the solicitor put Wyvern through a catechism concerning his parents, his birthplace, etc., continually referring to notes the while. Each question was answered in a satisfactory manner by the sailor.

"You seem to be the man we want, Mr. Wyvern, though we shall require the necessary formal proofs. Allow me to congratulate you—you are a very lucky man. Through a distant cousin of your father's, whom you have doubtless never heard of, you have come into an immense fortune, and will be an extremely wealthy man."

"Wot, me?" gasped Wyvern.

"Yes, you. To figure it roughly, Mr. Wyvern, you will shortly be in the possession of something like an income of one hundred pounds a week."

The sailor laughed incredulously. "You're pull'n' my leg, sir," he said.

"Not at all, Mr. Wyvern," remarked Mr. Haly with a smile. "You will find it is all in order, and, subject to the necessary formalities, we shall be pleased to advance you any sum in reason you like."

"It's like a bloomin' fairy tale," the sailor muttered. "But you made a m'stake just now, didn't you, sir?" he went on in louder tones. "You meant a 'undred a year, didn't you?"

"No, Mr. Wyvern, a hundred a week. Over five thousand pounds a year."

The sailor's jaw dropped; the figures were too vast for his comprehension.

"Let me explain," said Mr. Haly. "Two generations back your family was a very wealthy one. One branch, however, speedily became poor, and you are the only living descendant of it. The other branch, living at Wyvern Court, North Devon, grew more prosperous as the years went on, but they so decreased in number that at the beginning of this year there was only Mr. Stuart Wyvern, an old man of seventy years of age, and Miss Grace Wyvern, his niece, left of them all. In the ordinary course of events, Miss Wyvern would have inherited her uncle's property, but she chose to marry against his wishes. Then the old gentleman made a will leaving all his property to you, or, should you not be alive, to certain charities.

"Miss Grace is now Mrs. Eric Austin, and she lives within about two miles of your estate, at a house called Hornlea, just across the boundary in Somersetshire."

The sailor listened attentively to this recital, bidding the solicitor repeat certain portions. Then he ran his fingers through his hair and murmured:

"Seems to me she ought to 'ave 'ad all this, an' not me. She's a lady, of course?"

"Yes, she is one of the sweetest ladies I have ever met," said Mr. Haly "She is only a girl, though, and she is extremely beautiful."

"Is she 'appy?" asked Wyvern abruptly. "I mean, 'cos she got married 'gainst 'er uncle's wish."

"When last I saw Mrs. Austin—that is about three weeks ago," replied the solicitor, "she told me that she would sooner have her husband than all the money in the world."

"Good for 'er," cried the sailor approvingly, slapping his thigh as he spoke. "That's the sort o' spirit I like, gents. Is she as rich as——" He paused.

"Mrs. Austin is not rich; in fact, she and her husband are rather poor. They have Hornlea, it is true, but they have very little besides."

"I reckon she'd like to scratch my eyes out, on he quiet," muttered the sailor, "seein' as I'm steppin' into wot she'd 'ave 'ad. But there," he added, "I may never see 'er, seein' as we'll be weighing anchor for foreign dooty soon."

"But, my dear sir," cried the lawyer, "surely you won't go to sea again?"

"Lor lummy! I never thought o' that," muttered Wyvern. "Wot'll I do all the time?"

"You'll find plenty to do, Mr. Wyvern," said Mr. Haly. "You've got a hundred pounds a week to spend."

CHAPTER II.

The news had flown through the neighborhood of Wyvern Court; and the surrounding country rang with it. Everybody was talking of the fact that the new owner of Wyvern Court was a sailor—a man-o'-war's-man.

Speedily all sorts of tales ran through the countryside. Some said Wyvern issued orders through a megaphone. Others said he always carried a naked cutlass. Yet another story had it that he had formed his servants into watches and was running Wyvern Court on nautical lines.

Each of these was taken cum grano salis at Hornlea, and about four days after Wyvern's arrival Grace and her husband set out for the Court.

The butler became radiant at the sight of "Miss Grace," for the servants were all practically the same who had been at the Court in the time of old Mr. Wyvern.

"Is Mr. Wyvern in?" asked Grace

"Heave ho! and away we go!" suddenly came a stentorian shout from somewhere in the house. It was followed by a loud scuffling noise and then a dull thud.

"On the rocks agen," came the voice.

"It's the master," explained the butler in dismal tones. "What he's doing we don't know, but he's been going on like that for an hour or more. He's been so quiet before, too."

"Where is he?" asked Eric Austin.

"In the ballroom, sir. And he's locked all the doors."

Eric Austin led the way to the doors of the ballroom and thundered on them.

"Mark time, there!" came Wyvern's voice. "Wot ship's that? Name, number, tonnage?"

"It is Grace Austin, your cousin," cried Grace.

A smothered ejaculation came from the other side of the doors, and then the latter were thrown open.

Jack Wyvern stood before his visitors, his honest face red and shiny with perspiration, whilst his great chest rapidly rose and fell as he panted with his exertions.

"Glad to see ye," he stammered, his hand going mechanically to his forehead, whilst his gaze, full of dumb amazement and admiration, fastened on Grace's dainty form and pretty, smiling face.

"We thought we would like to bid you welcome," said Grace. "You see, we are your cousins, and we have a sort of right to call. I hope you won't think we have taken a liberty."

"Liberty, mum; why, lummy! you do me proud. Er—that is," he added hastily, conscious that his speech savored of the forecastle, "I mean, I'm uncommon glad to see you. Won't you sit down?

"I 'ope I didn't scare you when you called," he said. "Fact is, I was enjoy n' meself for the first time since I've bin 'ere. There ain't much for me to do in a big 'ouse like this, an' then I tumbled on this room with the shiny floor, an' I've bin slidin' up an' down it till I was pretty nigh blown—or—puffed out, I mean.

"You try it," he cried enthusiastically.

Grace and her husband smilingly declined the offer, but they raised the sailor's spirits by partaking of some wine and biscuits.

"I like mine in tumblers," Wyvern said confidentially. "These 'ere little glasses don't 'old more nor a toothful."

Presently, when the cousins rose to depart, Jack eagerly pressed them to come again and see him. They, however, insisted that he should visit Hornlea and dine with them on the following evening.

"We shall be by ourselves," Grace said. "We should make you very welcome."

"It's more'n kind of you, mum," said Wyvern, clutching at his forelock.

"You mustn't call me 'mum,'" said Grace. "I'm your cousin; you must call me 'Grace.'"

Wyvern colored a fiery red. "It's kind of you, mum—er—oh, lor! I couldn't do it! that I couldn't. It ain't right, nother. I'm only a common sort o' chap, an' you're a lady."

Grace compromised. "Well, then," she said, "call me 'cousin.' You'll do that, won't you? And you'll be sure and come to dinner with us to-morrow evening. We're going to try and make you happy in your new home."

CHAPTER III.

Two months passed by, and Jack Wyvern was still at the Court. During those two months, though, a new element had come into his existence, and that was Grace. Though she was so chummy with him, for she was sincerely fond of him, he could not banish from him the idea that she was a creature of another sphere.

One day he took Eric on one side and deliberately proposed that he and his wife should take all the money that Mr. Wyvern had left, with the exception of a pound or two a week. The latter, Jack stated, would be quite enough for him.

"My dear chap," said Eric Austin, "I fully appreciate your generosity, believe that; but you must never suggest such a thing again. You have not said anything to my wife of this, I hope?"

"Not a word," muttered Jack shamefacedly, feeling that he had committed a dreadful breach of etiquette.

Jack Wyvern strode up the side of Watermount. It was now four months since he had arrived at Wyvern Court, four idle months, yet not without a certain happiness in them.

He paused in his climb to gaze down at the fair scene beneath. It was a typical Somersetshire dale—smiling fields and woodland, yellow corn and rippling brooks. Only one house was visible, and that was Hornlea.

It was of the occupants of the house that Jack was thinking, not the beauty of the scene.

Eventually he turned his face and climbed on up the steep side of Watermount. The latter had gained its name from a large sheet of water cradled in a hollow near the top of the hill. It was used as a reservoir, and its banks had been built up by means of a thick stone wall.

Wyvern reached the reservoir and stood, lost in thought, staring at the great stones. Suddenly he saw a thin stream of water pouring out from a crack between two of the latter. Hurrying to the spot, he saw that the stones were loosened slightly, and that every minute the stream of water increased in volume. Is sailor's eye at once took in what had happened, and he saw that unless support were speedily forthcoming the stone wall must eventually be forced away, and then——

He was sick with horror at the threatened consequences. The great volume of water must sweep down the steep hillside like an avalanche, carrying all before it. And in its course it would devastate Hornlea and those within it.

With an exclamation that was half a snarl, the sailor put his shoulder to the loosened stones and heaved. An ejaculation of satisfaction left his lips as he saw that the water ceased to flow.

Here was the way! Wyvern dug his heels into the turf and put his broad back against the stone wall. Someone would come along soon, and help would be forthcoming.

Half an hour passed, during which time Wyvern whistled merrily, but no one disturbed his solitude. He shifted his position, but in that moment a stone was thrust part way out, and a large stream of water shot through. In a second Wyvern backed against the stone, heaving it again into its proper resting-place.

The pressure behind him grew greater, and he dug his heels still deeper into the turf. His strong, white teeth were gritted hard together; the strain was beginning to tell on him.

Then the thought came to him that if he ran along the side of the hill he could save himself.

"You dirty longshore swab," he muttered a moment later. "You son of a sea cook. Wot about 'er, eh?"

He ground his teeth and pressed his massive shoulders even more firmly against the wall.

"Nigh on one o'clock," he murmured presently, gazing up at the sun.

That meant that he had been holding up the wall for over two hours.

He began to dream now, though his efforts never relaxed. He wandered mentally through his childhood's days. Now he was at school, now he was on board ship, now he was on the West Coast of Africa, with a horde of blood-thirsty niggers round him. He was only disturbed from his reverie by the sudden shout he gave as he prepared to receive the onslaught of the niggers.

"Three o'clock," he muttered in a dazed manner as from somewhere in the distance a church bell chimed.

Suddenly he saw the water was trickling between his feet, but a vicious heave of his shoulders checked the flow.

How much longer could he maintain this unequal war? Surely someone must see him soon? He stared at the roof of Hornlea, visible across the tops of some trees, and he sighed.

"Cousin Grace," he murmured. "Cousin Grace is there, so you've got to stick it."

Why was it his heels kept slipping? Surely his strength was not giving out? A bulldog thrust against the wall was his answer.

Everything seemed to be on the move now. Trees, housetops, fields, all were swirling to and fro before his eyes.

"If they'd 'ave taken the money, they'd 'ave bin safe at the Court now," he muttered. "But they'll 'ave it some day. Old Jack might disappear."

He made a ghastly attempt at a chuckle, and tapped a pocket which contained a copy of his last will and testament, by which his all was left to Grace Austin.

"Stick it, Jack," he muttered faintly.

He kept his eyes closed now. The swirling scene made him feel giddy.

CHAPTER IV.

A little group stood round a bedside in Hornlea. On the bed lay Jack Wyvern, his face wearing a strange dark hue. Eric and Grace Austin, the latter with tear-laden eyes, watched him anxiously.

Up on the hill a gang of men had temporarily shored up the wall, preparatory to putting it into proper order.

"He's going," murmured the doctor. "No man could stand such a strain for seven hours and live. His heart is broken. Ah! he is speaking. Bend down, Mrs. Austin, and you may hear what he says."

Grace put her head close to Wyvern's, so that her curls strayed on his forehead and her tears fell on to his cheeks.

"Dig your 'eels in, Jack," muttered the dying man. "Stick it, you longshoreman! Don't slip yer cable, Jack. Dig your 'eels in!"

But he slipped his cable. The hawser of his life parted, and he sailed out into the great unknown.

Married people get along much better than we think they do, even though we don't see how they possibly can.

Do not be too previous. Do not be too late. Be just in time, and fear not.

The man who said his mouth had never uttered a lie probably spoke through his nose.

District Visitor (after reading letter from absent son): And what will you do with the striped kimono your son says he is sending home?

Rustic Mother: No wonder you ask, miss! I suppose I'll just have to keep it chained up in the backyard or put it in one of the pigsties; but what I'll feed it on goodness only knows!

The Scarred Steelhead.

By W. J. Weymouth, in the "Arconaut"

"Took out fifty lines at the first run——"

"Rose at the brown hackle——"

"Came out of the water four times——"

"One fly is enough to cast——"

"Had my rod bent nearly double——"

Such fragmentary babble as is recorded above was not unusual in the big sitting-room of the Long Pool fishing resort. The steelhead trout were taking the fly with unusual avidity. As a consequence the rod-rack in the hallway was full, while lines were dried nightly before the fire, and anglers who had come from far and near for battles with the steelhead held interminable discussion over the respective merits of various flies and rods and reels, and told graphically, sometimes exaggeratedly, of their exploits.

It was while Crandall was trying to get some one to listen to his story of the fish that bent his rod nearly double, that Major Kellogg, by reason of a louder voice, managed to get control of the situation and obtain the attention of the crowd—an impatient crowd, however, for each man was eager for Kellogg to finish, that he might recite the tale of his own doings for the day.

"He was the biggest steelhead I ever hooked," said Major Kellogg. "He took the fly—a red ibis—at the upper end of the pool—you know where that big red-wood log sticks out into the river?"

Several nodded impatient assent.

"Well, he came at that red ibis with a splash, and before I knew what was happening he had seventy-five yards of line out. Then he came back with a rush, and by the time I tightened up on him he began going in circles around the boat. Every time he circled he would come out of the water two or three times, full length, and then run like a racehorse again. I don't understand yet how I lost him. When he got tired of circling he started for another long, straight run, then stopped and sulked for a minute. I began to give him the butt to stir him up, when he made a sudden lunge and went off the hook as though he were greased. I'll know the brute if I ever see him again. He had a big gash in his side where a sea-lion had grabbed him as he came in from the ocean. I'll bet he'd whip a sea-lion in a fair fight.

The next day the Scarred Steelhead was hooked again, and after fighting like a demon for twenty minutes, vaulted clear of the water, showed his full length as he hurtled several feet through the air, and, shaking himself as he leaped, got free of the hook. Three anglers who were watching the contest saw the livid slash across his side as he vaulted. So he became famous, and a fish much to be desired.

More than that, the Scarred Steelhead became a prize in Cupid's lottery. The designation may be wrong. Perhaps Miss Alice Hurley should be called the prize. And the Scarred Steelhead—let's call him the ticket.

Miss Hurley was confusingly bright and amiable, and elusive. She was something of a fisherman herself—there is no sex in the designation of fly-casters — and had about evenly divided her time on the river between Hugh Crandall and Arthur Bennett. Both strove hard for the honor of untangling her line and freeing her hooks from the various undesirable things to which they perversely became attached; each was willing to yield her the best position in the boat. Only a fly-caster will realise what a test of devotion all this was. And only one whose heart bears many scars will comprehend how Miss Hurley apportioned her favors so evenly between the two men that neither could see an advantage over the other.

On the evening following the Scarred Steelhead's sensational escape, Crandall and Miss Hurley were on the verandah. The moon was busy shimmering and glorifying the surface of Eel River; but her tenant put in his time gazing benevolently an encouragingly upon the verandah's only occupants. It was his emboldening aspect, no doubt, that inspired Crandall to make declarations that appeared almost unseemly coming from so reserved a young man. He maintained his haughty air even as he told Miss Hurley of his hope; but there was unwonted tenderness in his voice, and had his eyes not been concealed by the shadows of the hop-vines, she could have seen deep earnestness in them.

Miss Hurley was considerably moved by the episode and the pleading—she looked serious for almost half a minute. Then she laughed. "You are as earnest and methodical at love-making as you are at fishing," she declared.

"Will you please not make a joke of this? I know I am not a romantic love-maker. No doubt I would have cut a sorry figure in the days of chivalry. But since knowing you I an understand how knights fought for trophies to lay at their ladies' feet. There are no trophies now," he sighed.

"There are fish."

"If you persist in making light of this——" he began stiffly.

"The Scarred Steelhead, for instance."

"Do you mean if I will catch him you will listen to me?"

"I didn't say anything — and I meant to imply nothing further than that a man might be willing to make such a test of his skill and patience for the girl he professes to love."

"Then——"

But Crandall was talking to the moon, for Miss Hurley had slipped past him and into the house. He followed her, elated, and for an hour sat looking into the fire, heedless of the tangle of words that assailed his ears as the day's adventures were recounted by his companions. At last one of them tapped him on the shoulder.

"What are you thinking about, Crandall? Laying a plot against the Scarred Steelhead?"

Crandall colored violently at the aptness of the chance remark, then began to prepare his tackle for the morrow.

The man in the moon had a bad turn at just about that time. He had gone behind a cloud just as Crandall ended his declaration of love. When he emerged — "same girl, another fellow." And this other fellow, who was Bennett, knelt before Miss Hurley as he told her such a tale as Crandall had told. But there was no reserve in the manner of his declaration. Eloquence and passion poured from his lips, and his eyes supplemented the earnestness of his words. And once more Miss Hurley laughed. And once more the Scarred Steelhead became the sage of love. The moon hid again, that its lone resident might conceal a cynical smile.

It was Miss Hurley's refusal to fish with either of them while the contest was on that made Bennett and Crandall each aware that he was not the only one angling for the Scarred Steelhead. Nothing could induce her to fish. Instead she wandered almost daily in the red-woods with Addington Cooper, the bulging-browed professor whose latest volume on botany had brought him fame in a small but select circle. Her association with Cooper worried neither of the rivals. He did not fish—saw neither sport nor pleasure in it. And a man who did not care for fishing could not be taken seriously by a girl who was enthusiastically fond of it. Cooper being classified as harmless, the two set out in pursuit of a really important creature—the Scarred Steelhead.

Dawn and dusk, and all times between, saw them whipping the pool. When the others refrained from the sport because the water was too smooth to give much hope of success, Bennett and Crandall sent their flies whizzing unceasingly through the air, unwilling to miss the slightest chance of fish rising to the unruffled surface.

Nightly they massaged their aching wrists. Nightly each one spent as much time as possible with Miss Hurley. Both day and night they dreamed and thought of her. Bennett went so far as to become almost jealous of poor Little Cooper. Crandall was disturbed, too, at the sight of the girl and the botanist as they leaned over the latter's book, pasting autumn specimens in it. Then they dismissed him from their thoughts to turn to a selection of flies that might tempt the Scarred Steelhead.

Fate, in her whimsical and ironical way, sent these two in plenty the fish they least desired. And every one that arose was looked upon, until he revealed himself otherwise, as the Scarred Steelhead. Then the sport began to fall off. A day's whipping of Long Pool would sometimes bring out one fish. And just as conditions were at their worst, the climax came.

It was a windless day, one of several in succession, and all but the two suitors had hung up their rods at noon. Both were fishing near the upper end of Long Pool, Crandall near a winding arm of the river that led to a smaller pool above. Suddenly, while his rival's back was turned, Crandall shot his boat into the narrow stretch of water and disappeared behind the willows.

Crandall had a base idea in mind. He would get out of Bennett's sight—out of the sight of the world—and troll with a brass spinner for the Scarred Steelhead. For several days he had nursed this plan, and toward its fulfilment had bought a spinner from a boy whom he found at the—to a fly-caster—unsportsmanlike and iniquitous occupation of trolling. Although it had not been stipulated that the coveted fish should be taken on the fly, it was perfectly understood, for few of the fishermen who gathered at Long Pool would think of capturing a steelhead in any other manner.

So it was with a feeling of guilt and shame that Crandall emerged into the small pool, changed his fly for the spinner, and began trolling for the prize. Success was not so slow in coming as it should be when a base act is in the doing. Ten minutes of trolling brought a whirr of the reel. Crandall dropped his oar, seized his rod, and the battle was on.

How that fish fought! How he ran! How he threw himself in the air, sending the water in showers from his silvery sides! How huge he was—twelve pounds, at least! Could it—could it be the Scarred Steelhead?

Carefully, cautiously, Crandall worked him nearer and nearer the surface—and there, on his gleaming side, was a livid scar.

Breathless with exultation and anxiety, Crandall drew him closer and closer. Then the steelhead took a new lease on life. Wildly he shot across the pool, while the reel fairly screamed. Farther he went, and farther. Crandall gently applied the brake, for the reel was almost empty of line. More line went out, and the brake was put on with a touch more of firmness. As the pressure was at its height, the fish gave a last spasmodic spurt. Snap! The line parted at an imperfect place, and again the Scarred Steelhead was free. Crandall dropped his rod and sat down, helpless with exhaustion and rage.

Meanwhile, a shameful deed had been done on Long Pool. Bennett, looking around after half an hour of absorbed casting, saw no sign of Crandall. Elated by the belief that his rival had given up for the day and had gone home, Bennett carried out a design cherished since, a few days before, he had bought a spinner from a small boy—a lucky boy, twice enriched by a bribe that pledged him to secrecy. Taking many a look, to see that no one was on the pool, Bennett changed fly for spinner, and began to troll.

No result came. Then he bethought himself of the upper pool. He would try that. As Crandall had done, he went in through the winding arm of water. As he slowly emerged into the pool he heard a mighty splash—and he looked around just in time to see the ending of the battle between Crandall and the Scarred Steelhead.

Crandall turned as he heard Bennett's boat approach, and scowled.

"Looked like a big fellow," remarked Bennett.

"Big one," Crandall almost shouted. "It was the Scarred Steelhead! He got away with more than two hundred feet of line."

Bennett's feelings were mixed. His joy over his rival's defeat was tempered with the knowledge that a fish with two hundred feet of line dangling from his mouth is doomed to a natural death.

"What fly did he take?" asked Bennett, as is the habit of anglers.

"The—er—blue rail," answered Crandall.

Bennett began to reel in his line, forgetting, in his bewilderment and speculation over the turn affairs had taken, the damning evidence dangling at the end of it. Suddenly he met resistance faint but determined. He continued to reel, and soon his spinner was on the surface, and tangled around it and the hook was the end of a line—Crandall's line. Both men became intensely excited. The battle with the exhausted fish was short. He was hauled in hand over hand, and soon rested in the bottom of Bennett's boat—the scarred Steelhead with Crandall's spinner in his jaws.

"Is that what you call a blue rail?" demanded Bennett, austere sarcasm in his tone, as he pointed to the dangling spinner.

"As much a blue rail as that thing hanging on your line," snapped Crandall. "Give me my fish, please."

"Your fish?"

"Of course my fish. Who hooked him?"

"And who lost him?" shouted Bennett in return. "And who landed him?"

"You'd never have landed him if I hadn't hooked him in the first place," retorted Crandall.

"Yes, but what good did your hooking do? But for me, he'd have been at the bottom of the river yet. I caught him, and he's my fish." Saying which, Bennett grabbed his oars and started for home.

The argument was of the most heated nature along the mile or more of water that they traversed on the way to the boat landing. Bennett was debonair and confident, while Crandall was savage with anger.

They trudged to the house together, Bennett still retaining possession of the fish, which was soon surrounded by an admiring and congratulatory throng, and was, within a short time, the bone of such a contention as had followed his capture.

Excitement over the fish soon gave way to interest in the argument between Bennett and Crandall, who by unspoken but mutual consent, substituted flies for spinners in presenting their cases. Because of the fact that they both talked at once, it was some time before the others could gain a clear idea of the nature of the dispute; and when finally it dawned upon them, they immediately took sides, wrangling loudly over the merits of their respective views. In all its existence, Long Pool Resort had never before known so tumultuous a squabble. As usual Major Kellogg's voice at last gained the ascendancy, and he delivered himself of the following dictum:

"Now, two elements enter into the catching of a fish—skill and luck. It was by skilled cast ng of the fly"—here both Bennett and Crandall shrunk visibly—"that our friend Crandall hooked the fish. It was not by any apparent lack of skill that the fish got away. Bennett's capture of the fish was pure luck. Thus, balancing skill against luck, we find——"

"But," persisted another disputant, "after the fish got away, Crandall had no claim on him. He was anybody's fish."

At this instant a mass of fifteen, consisting mainly of fluffy finery, enthusiasm, and voice, came skipping around the corner of the verandah. Nothing daunted by the dozen voices that were clamoring at once, she broke in with: "Oh, have you heard the wonderful news?"

All turned inquiringly towards her.

"Well," she said, dramatically, and confidentially, "it was a dead secret, but Mrs. Hurley told Mrs. Allen, and Mrs. Allen told Mrs. Townsend, and gradually it spread all over the place, and they have 'fessed it, and they're going to be married in the spring."

"Who?" was all Crandall could gasp.

"Why, Alice Hurley and Professor Cooper, of course. Oh! Who caught the Scarred Steelhead?"

Echo was too weary to answer "Who?"

TICKETS FOR KISSING.

The stringent regulations in force on certain German railways against kissing has moved a Paris paper to suggest that special tickets should be issued, at so much per kiss, to those desirous of embracing, and then an official should be present to see that the number of salutes was not exceeded.

HONEY BECOMES POISONOUS.

The wet summer in France brought on poisonous growths on which the bees battened without serious injury to themselves, but with evil effect to their honey. The bad honey is not distinguishable from the good. Only after he has eaten and suffered from consequent colic does the honey-lover discover his mistake.

PICTURE FIGHT WAS REAL.

At a stage conflict, meant by a Paris cinema firm to make a "living picture," one of the actors used his fists with exaggerated vigor, and, in a moment the fight was proceeding in deadly earnest. Knives were drawn and the combat was only stopped by the arrival of the police, after several warriors had been badly cut.

Nipping It in the Bud.

There is a curious custom in Brittany. At the close of the wedding ceremony, the bridegroom gives the bride a box on the ear, saying:

"That is how it feels when you make me vexed," after which he kisses her adding: "And thus when you treat me well."

A Breton once married a German lass from Swabia, and gave her the usual salute on leaving the altar. But the resolute damsel, ignorant of the prevailing custom, without waiting for the kiss, dealt her swain a tremendous clout on the side of the face, saying:

"Look here, from the start I'll have none of that!"

The young fellow rubbed his cheek, and knew now, at least, that his better half would not stand any nonsense.

To Avoid Mistakes.

"This animal, ladies and gentlemen," said a travelling showman, "is the chimpanzee. The remarkable thing about the chimpanzee is that it comes nearest to being a human person of any species of the monkey tribe. This here is the chimpanzee, ladies and gentlemen—the one inside the cage. Please stand a little further back, sir," he added to a youth who was poking the animal with his cane, "or the company may make a mistake."

He Found Him.

The manager of a large joinery establishment had the rather curious name of "Dodging."

One day he engaged some extra workmen, one of whom was very fond of his pipe, so after working for two hours he thought he would slip into some quiet corner and have a smoke.

He was busy lighting his pipe when round the corner came the manager.

"What are you doing here?" said the manager.

"Who are you?" said the workman.

"I'm Dodging, the manager," was the reply.

"So am I," said the workman; "come in and have a smoke."

Teacher: Now, Johnny, why are you late for school?

Johnny: Well, teacher, I was crossing the road, when I saw a policeman, and he said, "Mind the steam-roller," so I stayed and minded it until he came back.

Mr. Timms (who cannot read his paper): "Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father."

Johnny's Mother: "Yes, I know it; but he can't have it. His father died when he was three years old, and I've done my best to get another husband and failed. He can't have what I can't get."

She was an artist, for she etched eyebrows, painted features, colored cheeks, pencilled notes, and drew young men.

NAMES TO ORDER.

A specialist in a peculiar line of business is described by E. V. Lucas in "Old Lamps for New":—

I used to think that the office-boy did those things. But, no; it is an important industry. I discovered this at a station where the irritating word "Phast-phix," on the picture of a gum-bottle, held the reluctant eye. A sleek little man in a tall hat paused beside me.

"That word you are obviously admiring originated with me," he said. "I invented it."

"Why?" I asked. "Surely there are other things to do?"

He was pained and perplexed.

"It is my business. I have an office. All the best firms apply to me. For example, if you should bring out a fluid mutton——"

"Heaven forbid!"

"But suppose you did, and wanted a name, you would come to me."

"Why shouldn't I think of one myself?"

"You!" he cried. "It's a special equipment. Try! What would you call it?"

"Well," I said, after a moment's thought, "I might call it—I might—— Hang it, I wouldn't do such a thing, any way!"

"There," he said triumphantly; "I knew it! You would therefore come to me. I should charge you ten guineas, but you would get a name that would make your fortune."

"What would it be?"

"Oh, 'Sheep-O,' perhaps! 'Flock-vim,' maybe. Or even 'Mut-force.'"

I longed for my train.

"I have given the subject an immense amount of thought. I am always on the look-out for ideas. When that firm wanted a good name at once for their new cement I buried my head in my hands—my regular habit—and suddenly 'Phast-phix' flashed into it. They were enchanted."

"Have you done anything else as good?"

"Let me see—yes, there is my name for the new pen. They were in a hurry for that, too. But, as it happened, I was ready. I gave it at once—the 'Ritzeezi.' It has been an immense success."

"Anything else?"

"I was just going to tell you. I was approached by a firm with a new blacking. All it needed was a knock-out name. The secretary of the company, who was present at the board meeting when my letter was read out, told me that the thrill which ran through the directors—sober business men, mind—marked an epoch in commerce."

"Indeed! And what was the name?"

"It was one of my best efforts—simple, forcible, instantaneous in its message and unforgettable in its form—'Shine-O.'

"It would be hard to beat," I admitted.

And so we parted.

VARIETIES.

No house in London is more than two hundred yards from a pillar-box or a post-office.

In Manila many of the buildings have tiny window panes made of transulent oyster shells, instead of glass.

The chichona tree, from which quinine is obtained, grows at an elevation of seven to ten thousand feet in the Andes.

According to a calculation made by a German physician, a man who has shaved himself for fifty years has spent two hundred and fifty days of twelve hours each with his razor in hand.

Western civilisation has reached Manchuria in the shape of a pawnshop, which is being run by a company with the title, "The Joint Stock Company for the Storage and Mortgaging of Movable Property."

A Calcutta gentleman has a motor-car shaped like a swan; on its first run it considerably astonished the natives, especially when, by means of compressed air, the "bird" hissed its warning to clear the way.

At Charlton Court, Sunbury-on-Thames, is an historic mulberry tree Charles II. commanded should be preserved because it provided shelter for a fox after the longest run from Windsor Park on record.

Of several hundred edible crabs set free on the Norfolk coast with brass labels attached over four hundred were captured within a few months at various distances from the place of liberation. One of them was found seventy-eight miles distant.

No Laughing Matter.

Cut off from family and home by a relentless tide, fat Mr. Badger had been forced to clamber till he gained a pathway cut in the cliff's face. It was a narrow path, and Mr. Badger was no narrow man.

Getting more frightened every moment, he proceeded warily along the fast-diminishing way, till, at last, it faded suddenly into what the poets would call 'sweet nothingness."

An excited crowd watched his progress from above.

"What on earth am I to do now?" gasped Badger, desperately, on his four-inch ledge, as he hung to a tuft of seaweed with one hand and clung to a cleft in the rock with the other.

"Do, guv'nor?" came back a voice. "Do anything you like, but for goodness' sake don't laugh, or your weskit'll bump you off as sure as eggs is eggs."

A farmer's wife who had no very romantic ideas about the opposite sex, and who, hurrying from churn to sink, from sink to shed, and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote.

"No, I certainly don't," she said. 'I say if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness sake let 'em do it!"

An old farmer was noted for boasting about the products of his farm. So one day a neighbor, thinking to take a rise out of him, sent his man to ask if he could have the loan of his crosscut saw to cut a turnip up, so as to get it in the cart. He was not quite sure, however, that he had had the best of it when he received the following reply:

"You should have had the saw with pleasure, but I have just got it fast in a potato."

A teacher asked a class of children what a skeleton was.

One little boy who put up his hand replied: "It's bones with people rubbed off!"

A policeman who had taken an active part in a strike riot turned up at the police-station with a bandaged head, and told the chief a youth had inflicted the injury.

"What!" exclaimed the chief, "you mean to tell me you let a youth knock you about like that? Why didn't you try ju-jitsu?"

"I couldn't," was the reply.

"Nonsense; there's no conceivable situation to which ju-jitsu cannot be successfully applied. Show me where he gripped you."

"I'm sorry to say he didn't grip me anywhere. He dropped a brick on me from the third floor window."

The married man who misses the last train always catches it.

"I have always been interested," said little Jinks, "in the utilisation of waste. Now, where do you suppose all those burst tyres go to in the end?"

"I don't know," said the genial philosopher; "but if they go where most people consign 'em there must be a terrible smell of rubber in the hereafter."

CAN THE IDEALS OF EUGENICS BE REALISED?

The problem of raising the standard of the human race has been, and is, exercising the minds of many learned professors. The central idea appears to be the mating of the physically and intellectually fit, whereby an improved order of humanity is to obtain. Is the theory practicable? I think not.

We have only to read the past, and observe the present, to see how history repeats itself in conflict with the ideal. In fact, with due regard to heredity and environment, the whole order of things is too baffling and mysterious for the scientific adjustment of learned theorists.

Can we wisely assume that there are new and better qualities to be displayed by the coming race? Scenes change, but do the actors? There is a subtle force that quickens the pace, but this only increases the tax upon intellect and physique. Even the improvements of civilisation drain the qualities they are supposed to strengthen. The rising generation will experience this in even increasing measure.

People will never marry with mathematical precision, and if they did, what ludicrous results would be seen. And then, who shall decide as to the fitness for marriage. And who predict results? Our Eugenist friends ask and hope too much. Because of the marvellous surprises of life and the trend of things, as gleaned from our daily records, I cannot see how the standard of the race is to be improved. Side by side with vaunted progress is the constant lament of weakness, degeneracy, and defeat. Optimism and pessimism breathe on the same page.

SALUTES OF THE NATIONS.

Every nation has its own peculiar mode of salutation. In the United States the characteristic salutation is "Hello!" The telephone is accused of having fastened this upon Americans; but in truth the telephone only adopted a word already familiar to everybody.

The Arabs say on meeting: "A fine morning to you."

The Persian greeting is familiar to all the world by reason of its quaintness: "May your shadow never grow less."

The Egyptian is a practical man. He has to earn his taxes by toil under a burning sun, and accordingly, when he meets his fellow, he asks, "How do you perspire" It is obvious that in low latitudes all is well with the laborer who perspires freely.

The good Chinese loves his dinner. "How are you digesting" he kindly inquires on meeting a friend.

The Greeks, who are keen men of business and close bargainers, ask one another, "How are you getting on?"

The national salutation of Naples

WEDDINGS.

STERRY—HULL.

On Wednesday evening, 27th ult., a pretty wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hull, Preston, when their eldest daughter, Miss Emily May, was married to Mr. J. E. Sterry, of South Preston, son of Mr. S. Sterry, of Northcote. The ceremony took place in the large dining room, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. E. O. Knee, of Preston. Only the relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present. The bride, who was given away by her father, was becomingly gowned, and had as bridesmaid, Miss Sterry, whilst the bridegroom was supported by Mr. Edgar Hull. Miss Gertie Hull presided at the piano, and played the wedding march. The breakfast afterwards was an enjoyable function, and was presided over by the Rev. E. O. Knee, who, in a few words, proposed the toast of the bride and bridegroom, and wished them, on behalf of the company, all the blessings of a kindly Providence. This was followed with the usual musical honours, and the bridegroom's brief response. Mr. Frank Thorpe proposed "The Bridesmaid," and Mr. F. Hull, the toast of the bride's parents. Then came a musical interval, and later on the happy couple left amid a shower of good wishes and confetti, for their honeymoon.

MAIN—WILLMOTT.

On Wednesday, November 20, a very pretty wedding was celebrated in the Methodist Church, Northcote, by Rev. P. Knight, B.A., when Miss Blanche Willmott, third daughter of Mr. T. Willmott, was united in matrimony to Mr. W. Main, of Elsternwick. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charming gown of Oriental satin, partly veiled in silk lace, studded with pearls; the customary wreath and veil being worn, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of tuberoses and pansies. The bride was attended by her sisters, Miss Agnes and Jean Willmott and Miss Ella Lakeman, niece of bridegroom. They were smartly frocked in nerve silk, with tunic of silk lace, and carried bouquets of Safrano roses. Mr. B. Gaylor acted as best man, Mr. S. Main and Mr. S. Willmott as groomsmen. During the signing of register, Miss Holzer sang "Beloved, it is Morn." The bridegroom's gift to the bride, gold chain; to bridesmaids, amethyst bangles; bride to bridegroom, travelling bag. The bride's mother wore becoming gown of black Merv. silk. After the ceremony the guests were received at the town hall, where a reception was held; arrangements were in the hands of Mr. R. Ovens, of Moonee Ponds, and Di Gilio's band supplied the music. After a pleasant evening the company joined in singing Auld Lang Syne. The bride travelled in gray silk taffeta, with hat to match. The presents were costly and numerous.

Gwalia Lodge U.A.O.D.

The half-yearly meeting was held on Monday evening, the A.D. (Bro. H. Auhl) presiding. Three new members were initiated and three clearances accepted. The half-yearly balance-sheet and auditors' report were submitted by the auditors (Bros. S. Langridge and Davies), and same were received and adopted. During the period under notice, the lodge had made substantial progress, both as regards membership and funds. The total number of members was 224, while the accumulated funds amounted to £1418 4/1, the latter showing an increase of £95 4/4 for the half-year. Printed copies of the syllabus for the ensuing term were circulated amongst the members, and those desiring further copies may procure them from the secretary. It was decided to donate £1 1/- to the fund being raised by the Grand Lodge in aid of the Mount Lyell Disaster Fund. It was reported that arrangements for the usual Christmas entertainment for members' wives and children, to be held on Monday, 16th December, were well advanced, and indications pointed to the success of previous years being repeated. The following officers were elected: A.D., Bro. J. Langridge; V.A., Bro. T. Lydster; J.P.A., Bro. H. Auhl; secretary, Bro. J. Reidy; treasurer, Bro. C. Adlington; minute secretary, Bro. W. Davies; I.G., Bro. E. Chester; O.G., Bro. Goodwin; A.D.B.'s, Bros. H. and G. Phair; V.H.B.'s, Bros. Richards and Gunning; pianist, Bro. Webster; Grand Lodge representatives, Bros. J. Reidy, H. Chapman and W. Hopkinson; dispensary delegates, Bros. S. Langridge, W. Davies and L. Jewell; benevolent fund committee, Bros. L. Jewell, S. Langridge, H. Moss, E. Farr and Davies; hall committee, Bros. H. Moss, S. Langridge, L. Jewell, Farr, Auhl, Chester and Davies. The installation of officers was capably performed by the D.P. (Bro. H. Moss) who was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. A vote of thanks was also passed to the retiring J.P.H. (Bro. L. Jewell), and it was decided that he receive the usual presentation. Amongst the visitors was the Grand President (Bro. J. Whiteway), and he congratulated the lodge on the satisfactory progress made, as revealed by the balance-sheet. Touching on other matters of interest to the Order, Bro. Whiteway mentioned that it had been decided to devote the proceeds of next year's gala to the Women's Hospital and the Homoeopathic Hospital.

Preston A.N.A.

The half-yearly meeting was held in the Bradford hall, on Monday November 25th, the president, Mr. S. Winnett, in the chair. Mr. Monks, of Met. Committee, and Mr. Nichols, of Coburg branch, were present, and installed the new officers in the presence of over 100 members, as follows: President, J. H. Parnell, vice-president, Mr. A. V. Dwyer, treasurer, Mr. H. H. Jarvis; secretary, Mr. R. Douglas; assistant sec. and press correspondent, Mr. E. Madden; committee, Messrs. W. E. Maltzahn, Bartley, Rodgers, C. Coleman, J. Walke; auditors, G. C. Winnett and E. Kupsch; librarian, Mr. W. Hauser; dispensary delegate, Mr. Bert. Howse; Metropolitan Committee, W. E. Maltzahn, P. R. Doran, A. V. Dwyer. The branch is increasing in funds and members, there being now on the roll over 260 members. The branch regret losing that splendid worker, Joe Webster, who proposed nearly 50 members in 12 months. Mr. Michel reported on rifle club displays, Mr. Tom McDowel and himself having got the possibles. More members, he suggested, should go down to the Northcote range. A full attendance of members is requested for next meeting, the business being very important. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Messrs. Whalley for their kindness in publishing reports, etc. Card party next lodge night.

SMART SUITS at Low Prices

¶ We're busy making them now. Why not let us make yours? We have the Newest Patterns and guarantee you satisfaction

THE HAT KING

TREVENA & SON,

The Reliable Ladies' and Gents' Tailors,

266 Smith Street, Collingwood

Phone, Central 5410.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

STUDENTS' CONCERT.

The twelfth annual concert given by the students and staff of the Northcote School of Music took place in the Methodist hall last Saturday night. As on former occasions there was a very large and appreciative attendance. Parents and friends of the students were deeply interested in their work and it is gratifying to record a satisfactory advance generally, the progress shown in some instances being most marked. From a merit point of view the programme presented excelled all others, while in point of interest it was easily ahead of its predecessors, the contributing factor being the introduction of a greater number of vocal items in varying combinations.

The chairman (Mr. R J. Whalley) referred to Mrs. Baker's long and energetic service in the musical profession, the proficiency attained by pupils and the success that had attended her work. Commencing with a comparatively small number of pupils the school had now 100 students, the majority of whom were to take part in the programme. In a competitive sense the school had had a record year, having gained no fewer than twenty seven passes (instrumental and vocal) at the London College of Music examinations. It was pleasing to note that the school had broadened its sphere by the inclusion of vocal work, the instructress being Miss Ruby Bond. In the pianoforte the principal was ably assisted by Miss Hilda Baker, L.A.B.

The programme comprised nearly thirty numbers, and the performers are to be commended for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. They were invariably rewarded with a hearty round of applause. Miss Bond's pupils gave a specially enjoyable rendering of the anthem, "Hark, hark, my Soul," the leading solos in which were effectively taken by Miss Bessie Farr and Miss Ruby Bond. Miss Farr has a rich and melodious voice particularly suited to oratorio work. Earlier in the evening this young lady sang "Hark what I tell to Thee," both tastefully and intelligently. Miss Ada Studd (pupil of Miss Baker) delighted all with her exquisite rendering of "The Gift." Her enunciation was faultless and her production easy and natural, and she was accorded an ovation. Miss Ruby Bond's flexible soprano voice was well suited in "The Nightingale and the Rose," and her fine rendering won for her a recall. Miss Hilda Baker acquitted herself brilliantly in the pianoforte solo, "Concerto," with orchestral accompaniment, and was compelled to bow her acknowledgments to the persistent acclamation. Miss Lily Turner's pianoforte solo, "Rustle of Spring," was particularly good, giving promise for the future, and Miss Gribble may be complimented for her solo, "Impromptu in A." We could go on commenting in a similar favorable strain, but space will not permit, so we submit the programme as given, hereunder:—Selection, Smart and Aumont's Band; double pianoforte duet, "Simple Aveu," Misses D. Field, V. Rowe, D. Esep, J. Blackman; vocal quartette, "Come Back to Erin," Miss Ruby Bond's pupils; pianoforte quartette, "Galop de Concert," Misses D. Edgley, E. Johnson, Q. Wilson, W. Oldenburg; pianoforte quartette, "Ruckkehr Tur Stadt," Misses M. Grayson, D. Long, G. Belcher, E. Barnett; double pianoforte trio, "Il Bacio," Misses R. Campbell, A. Studd, I. Bond, and Masters N. and W. Crossley and A. Turner; song, "Mary of Argyle," Mr. H. Wallis; vocal duet, "I would that my Love," Misses K. Thorpe and E. Johnson; pianoforte duet, "Capricante," Misses D. Nissen and D. Eccleston; song, "The King's Minstrel," Mr. Stanley Davies; pianoforte quartette, "Abends in der Waldschenke," Misses M. Schols, E. Watson, I and B. Myall; pianoforte quartette, "March Aux Fambeaux," Masters G. Hulett, L. Weedon, W. Pengilly, H. Knight; vocal duet, "In the Garden of my Heart," Misses Q Sims and I. Roberts; pianoforte quartette, "March in Atalie," Misses D. and L. Gordon, F. Powell, R. Sutherland; rose cycle, Misses M. C. Millett and Miss H. Kinsman, Mr. O. Scott and Miss R. Ludlow; pianoforte quartette, "Titus," Misses I. and R. Turner, M. Trevena, K. Thorpe; song, "Home, Sweet Home," Miss A. Wyatt; pianoforte duet, Misses J. and W. Page; selection, Smart and Aumont's Band.

During an interval the chairman, on behalf of the students, presented Mrs. Baker with a handsome figure ornament and vase, Miss Hilda Baker with a silver ink stand and hand bag, and Miss Ruby Bond with a case of desert knives and forks.

BOWLS.

Preston v. M.C.C. Warrigals.

PRESTON 87.

Watt, Howe, Braithwaite, A. S. Wilkinson	31
Hanna, Hardess, Crispe, Barsley	5
Box, Dale, Rowe, Robertson	19
McKenzie, Mutimer, Arch Wilkinson, Paterson	32

M.C.C. WARRIGALS, 64.

Belenfanti, Bursill, Veep, Thompson ..	18
Holmes, Nicholl, Ure, Campbell	23
Swift, McDonald, Davies, Batten	22
Trimble, John Howse, Towl, Selby	6

To day Preston A play Carlton at Carlton, the B's play Richmond Union at Preston.

Thornbury club has a knack of figuring well in the V.B.A. competitions. Last year they only went out of the champion rink to semi-finals after a tie, and this year in the presidents' trophy, the two rinks led by Clauscen and Dickason are playing up to the same form. On the opening day Saturday last, they won well in turn against Princes Park and Glenferrie Hill, while on Wednesday they defeated South Melbourne, leaving themselves in the last 8. The competition will be resumed on Wednesday next, when it may be hoped another win will be recorded.

The Thornbury night rink tournament was brought to a close on Thursday evening, the winners turning up in the invincible N. Fitzroy rink led by Wallace. The Thornbury rink—Cogle, E. H. Smith, E. Brown and Ingham (Capt.)—who played excellently up to the final game, (when they somehow lost their form) acheived the honourable position of runners up. Richmond Union and Fitzroy and E. Melbourne divided the third money. The prizes were trophies valued at £3, £4, and £2.

The tournament has gone off very successfully, save for two nights, on which play was prevented by rain there was not the slightest hitch. At the close of the competition the president of Thornbury club (Mr. H. Hattam) presented the prizes, congratulating the winners.

Thornbury members are notified that the first round of the championship and handicap must be completed by Saturday next, 14th inst.

Thornbury A's play City at City, B's N. Fitzroy at Thornbury, C's N. Fitzroy at N. Fitzroy.

Property Sales.

Nicol, Miller and Co. will sell this day as follows:—At 3 o'clock brick shop and dwelling, 106 Plenty road, South Preston; at 3.30 double fronted brick villa, 24 Carlisle street, South Preston.

Stott and Bastings report having sold the property known as "Nafferton," 141 Clarke street, at a satisfactory figure.

The same auctioneers are holding sales at 25 Salisbury grove, cottage property; at 47 Raleigh street, d.f.w.b. villa, stables, etc.; at Ballantyne street, Wootton avenue and St. George's road, building allotments as advertised elsewhere.

E. H. Smith, in conjunction with Plaisted and Sullivan, will sell by auction next Saturday, seven splendid building allotments, corner Speight and Wales streets.

P.A.F.S.

The Lady Northcote lodge held its usual meeting on Thursday night. Two members were initiated and one proposed. Bro. Bennett, D.M., assisted by Bro. Travill, installed the following officers:—M.M., Sis. Muir; P.P.M., Sis. Stacpool; D.P., Sis. McLean; secretary, Sis. Semmens; treasurer, Sis. Hollywood; assistant secretary, Sis. Nelson; chaplain, Sis Aldridge; S.B., Sis. Tanner; J.B., Sis Ledra; J.G., Sis Lawrence; auditors, Sis. Heron and Bro. Brown; dispensary delegates, Sisters Semmens and Hollywood. Sis. Dickson was presented with P.M.'s certificate, nicely illuminated, and Sis. Richards, on resigning her position as treasurer, received an ink stand from Sis. Semmens, and Sis. McLean a pretty hat-pin stand. The gifts were acknowledged by the recipients.

Northcote's share of the Hackney Carriage fees of the metropolis amounts to £31 10s.

T. E. Redmond, ironmonger, Northcote, supplies Congo Never-Leak Roofing Felt, the particulars of which are advertised.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

A very old and respected resident of Thomastown, and also one of the oldest colonists, Mr. Jacob Grutzner, recently passed away. He was in his 90th. year, having been born in the year 1823. He came to Victoria by the ship Wappaus in '49. He first settled down in Brunswick, then known as Phillipstown and established a brick kiln there, thus being one of the State's pioneer brick-makers. He sold out for £400 and went to the diggings. After three years on the gold fields he returned and bought land at Thomastown and also at Greensborough. He resided upon and farmed his land at Thomastown up to the time of his death. He retired from active work about 12 years ago, though he worked in his garden up to almost the last. A widow and four children two by the first and two by the second wife (both daughters) survive him.

The Epping cricket club played Thornbury Socials on the local recreation reserve on Saturday last, and a very enjoyable game eventuated. The visitors batted first and were all disposed of for 122, G. Holden 35, R. Watson 25, Swain 18, Brennan 15 and Curry 12 being top scorers. Wilson 5 for 27 was the most successful bowler, the other bowlers being Ziebell 2 for 37, Exell 1 for 17, Mayne 1 for 7, Shallard 1 for 4. Epping on going in to bat responded with 95, the principle run-getters being E. Dea 38, W. Exell 21, Bunce 13, while the bowling was done by Swain 4 for 34, Curry 2 for 25, Watson 1 for 5. Epping commence a two day's match to day against the Errairee.

While journeying to Mornington with the Mount Lyell Manure employes' picnic per the Hygeia on the 23rd November Matthew Brophy, son of Mr. T. Brophy, licensee of the Victoria Hotel, Epping, and well known in the district as a driver for Mr. J. Dea, met with a peculiar shooting accident. Brophy was carrying a loaded revolver in his coat pocket, and it by some unaccountable means went off, the bullet entering the lad's thigh and coming out just behind the knee. When the steamer reached Mornington Dr. Woinaraki was called and extracted the bullet, and Brophy is now making good progress towards recovery.

The children of St. Peter's School are giving a variety entertainment in the shire hall on Thursday evening, December 19, assisted by leading artists.

Most of the farmers in the district have finished cutting their crops, with most satisfactory results. The heavy rains during the week will do much towards freshening up the maize crops and the grass.

East Ward Progress Association.

The monthly meeting was held on Wednesday evening, the president, Mr. Johnston, occupied the chair, a good muster of ratepayers being present. It was decided to write to the council and ask them to procure trees by next Arbor Day, and thus make a start to beautify the streets of the east ward. The next meeting, January 8, will take the form of "Mock Council Meeting" (in character), which, no doubt, will cause some excitement. The association has also decided to purchase the game of bowls by next meeting night.

Presbyterian Mission Band.

On Saturday, November 30th, the Northcote Presbyterian Mission Band held a social afternoon in the James street hall, following upon the recent successful fair, the net proceeds from which amounted to £23 11/8, and were devoted to the building fund of Northcote Presbyterian Church (£11 10/-), Home and Foreign Missions (£14). Saturday's meeting was arranged to specialise the closing for this year of the successful work done by the Northcote Band since its inauguration in May last. The hall, which had been tastefully decorated by the ladies of the Band, looked exceedingly attractive, the children of the Northcote Band being arranged on a raised gallery in the centre of the platform while the visiting Bands and other guests were placed in a semi-circle around the speaker, Mr. L. C. M. Donaldson. Rev. R. W. Rock presided, and in addition to the leaders and children of Cairns Memorial and Abbotsford Mission Bands, there was a good attendance of parents and friends of the Northcote children, besides visitors from other centres. After the opening hymn, prayer, and roll-call, a missionary recitation entitled "Round the Clock" was given by 12 girls of the Northcote Band. These had been trained by Miss Ruby Thomson, and reflected great credit upon their teacher. During the collection which followed, the Northcote children sang, "There are Angels Hovering Round," and then Mr. Rock briefly introduced Mr. Donaldson) who gave an interesting address. Rev. R. W. Rock distributed the prizes as follows:—For regular attendance: Harry McKeowan, Maisie Campbell, Robin Doherty, Olive Clarke, Joyce Stephens; for text-hunt: Robin Docherty and Joyce Stephens (equal); for good conduct, Willie Stalker, Beattie Stalker, Ivy Cameron; work competition (special prize): Elsie Bowden; boys' prizes: Harry McKeowan, George Brown; girls' prizes: Jessie Matheson, Connie Potter.

CRICKET.

CLUB'S ELEVEN.

The Club's Eleven commenced an important match against the unbeaten Melbourne team at Merri Creek on Saturday last. Northcote's skipper lost the toss, and M.C's. were prompt in deciding to take first use of the wicket. They were all dismissed, however, for the poor score of 54 runs. The Northcote trundlers, well backed up by some magnificent fielding, proved on the day a bit too good for the M.C. batsmen. Trinnick 4 for 22, Hayes 2 for 4, Bolton 1 for 5, Boyd 1 for 14, securing the wickets.

The early batsmen for Northcote went rather cheaply, 5 wickets being down at one stage for 39 runs, but Roy Hayes, with a timely innings of 46 and T. Phillips 17, and L. Trinnick 18, made the game safe, and at 6 o'clock 9 wickets were down for 123 runs. The game will be resumed to-day, and Northcote will try hard for a 3-point win.

The Fitzroy match resulted in the defeat of the Club Eleven, Fitzroy winning outright by 45 runs — Fitzroy, 104 and 67; Northcote, 46 and 80. The most striking feature of the match was the batting of Tresidder and Bolton; the former batted brilliantly, hitting three 6's, and the latter was at the wicket for close on two hours for 25 runs.

Northcote Junior Cadets played South Yarra Cadets. Northcote 71, S.Y. all out for 29; Northcote, 4 out for 11; the latter won by 42, first innings. The Cadets play Surry Hills to-day.

GRAZING.—Plenty of grass and water. W. Beazley, Oakover Rd., Preston.

"THE HAYMAKERS."

Root's celebrated cantata as above-named, was given by the Northcote Presbyterian Church choir, with the assistance of some visiting artists, at the school hall, on Tuesday evening. Evidently something extra good was expected as there was not a vacant seat in the building, and we would take it that no one was disappointed. Indeed, all must have been not only satisfied but delighted with the musical treat placed before them. The Haymakers is a work full, from first to last, of variety and charm, and Mr. A. Harvey, the conductor, his choir, and also the visiting artists are to be heartily congratulated upon their fine presentation of it. The choruses, which are such a special feature of this cantata, were given with excellent effect, the choir being always fully equal to the call made upon them. The soprano was Miss Minnie Paton, who has a clear and telling voice, which she uses skilfully. This was most noticeable in her solo towards the close of the cantata, "All Nature Now Rejoices." The mezzo, Miss May Watson, also did well, all her work being of a most pleasing order. The tenor, Mr. J. Lockhead, was thoroughly capable, and Mr. W. Roberts, the baritone, used his grand organ with convincing effect. The basso, Mr. J. Cox, was not much called upon, but was always there when wanted. Miss Duncan, a member of the choir, in pursuance of the character she represented, sang "A Dairymaid am I," and sang it excellently; nothing went better in the whole course of the cantata, and the encore was thoroughly deserved. In the trio, "When Wandering O'er the Deep," three other of the choir girls, namely, Miss Johnson, Miss Gibson and Miss Violet Harvey, did exceedingly well, and were rewarded with a pronounced encore. The important work of accompanying was admirably carried out by Mrs. Fraser (at the organ), and Miss Lena Harvey (at the piano). The appropriate stage decorations of corn and poppies is worthy of reference. After bringing themselves to such a degree of perfection, it seems a pity that the choir should only give one performance of the cantata. Such a production would be welcome anywhere.

Preston Public Library.

The monthly meeting was held in Library hall, on Thursday, November 28th; the president, Mr. O. A. Walker, occupied the chair. The following members were also present: Crs. Allchin, Crispe, Howe and Robertson, and Messrs. J. C. Nankervis, R. Douglass, J. Mitchell, C. Stephenson and G. C. Winnett. Apologies were received from Messrs. Bartley and Olney. Correspondence from Preston Shire Council, sec., Library Association of Victoria; and sec., Preston District Football Club, was received and dealt with. The president reported progress in connection with the erection of billiard room, which was proceeding slowly. Appreciative reference was made to those gentlemen who were sacrificing their Saturday afternoons to assist in the work. The question of ways and means to meet the liability was discussed, and it was decided to hold a big fair in the second week in May of next year. A public meeting will be called early in January to launch the scheme. The treasurer reported a credit balance of £18 11/-, and accounts amounting to £5 3/10 were passed for payment. The secretary reported the purchase of £3 3s. worth of books since last meeting, and submitted a list of 20 others, which it was decided to purchase. It was resolved to circularise the residents of Preston, drawing their attention to the privileges the library offered, which brought the meeting to a close.

Congregational S.S. Anniversary

The twentieth anniversary was celebrated last Sunday under adverse circumstances. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, with the exception of the morning service, the afternoon and evening services were well attended. The preachers were Revs. Turner, Lee, and Bunton. A feature of the services was the bright singing of the children, assisted by the choir. Mr. W. J. Baty wielded the baton, and Mr. W. Ahern acted as pianist. Both these gentlemen deserve great praise for the creditable manner in which the hymns were rendered.

The festivities were continued on Tuesday evening, when a scholars' entertainment was held. In addition to the action songs, etc., several items were contributed by local and visiting performers. Reports were presented by the superintendent, Mr. Baty, the secretary, Mr. Wilson, and the treasurer, Mr. Armstrong, all of which were satisfactory. At the close, the distribution of prizes took place. Subjoined is the list:—Girls—Bible class, 1 Gladys Miller, 2 Ethel Rutter, 3 Edith Kidd. 1st class, 1 Ida Ahern, Doris Miller, Clarice Bunton. 2 Rose Stranger, 3 Lilian Bunton, special Myrtle Carron. 2nd class, 1 Muriel Ahern, 2 Ethel Bilsbury, 3 Hazel Carron. 3rd class, 1 Vera Miller, 2 Doris Bunton, 3 Lily Stranger. 4th class, 1 Ivy Carron, 2 Hilda Garson, 3 Edna Slack. Boys—Junior bible class, 1 John Semmens. 1st class, 1 Fred Marriott, 2 Norman Parker. 2nd class, 1 Vernon Bunton, 2 Alf. Rogers, 3 Len. Jenkins. 3rd class, 1 Tom. Donaldson, 2 John Stranger, 3 W. Aldridge. 4th class, 1 Fred. Rogers, 2 Rees Miller, 3 Wm. Greer.

A competitive examination on the International lessons for the year, was conducted by Miss Baty, with the following results:—Senior division, 1 Ida Ahern, 2 John Semmens. Junior division, 1 Doris Bunton. A beautiful gold medal was presented by Mrs. Hayes to Ida Ahern, and an equally beautiful one to John Semmens by Mr. Baty. In the junior division a silver medal was donated by Mrs. Bunton, and was won by Doris Bunton. From every standpoint the anniversary was pronounced the best in the history of the school. The anniversary will be continued to-morrow.

Pride of Northcote I.O.R.

The half-yearly meeting was held in the Rechabite hall last Tuesday, 26th, the C.R., Sister Porter, presiding. Officers for the ensuing six months: C.R., Sis. Bray; D.R., Sister Giddins; P.C.R., Sister Porter; M.S., Sister Membrey; R.S., Sister Oats; Levite, Sister Deal; Guardian, Sister Humphreys. Members are requested not to forget next lodge night, 10th inst., toy night.

Wanted.

WANTED to Rent three rooms and use of the kitchen. E.B., Preston P.O.

Look Here, Old Chap!

You're a careless beggar about your Clothes, but it won't do. Get a decent-looking, well-cut Suit, and you'll look fifty per cent. better—and get on better, too.

¶ I know a place where they'll make you a tip-top Suit, and fit you well at a moderate price. You go and see them. The name is

WARDROP

The "Quality" Tailor,

Corner Smith and Johnston Streets,

COLLINGWOOD.

Have a look at their Hats and Mercery, too.

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.

Situations Vacant

WANTED a good General Servant. Must be competent in all duties. Salary, 22/6 per week. Mrs. T. M. Browne, Beveridge Railway Station.

WANTED Woman, washing, weekly. "Yurugs," 26 Alexandra street, Northcote.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE v. UNIVERSITY.

FIRST ELEVEN.

A fair crowd of enthusiasts assembled at Northcote Park last Saturday to witness this match in anticipation of some good cricket against the unbeaten University team. For the first time this season the local skipper won the toss and batted first on an excellent wicket under ideal conditions. As was anticipated by those who saw the display against Carlton, the local team showed a complete return to form and amassed the fine score of 9 for 319. Spicer and McCarron opened the innings, and 40 was the total when McCarron was caught and bowled for a neat innings of 16. Yeomans only made 4. With Chesswas in, the score was taken to 98 before Spicer was stumped for 54. This batsman has been batting consistently well this season, and this innings was another fine display. Brown and Chesswas were now associated, and some dashing cricket was the outcome. In 73 minutes 132 runs were added before Brown was well caught on the fence for 79. It is pleasing to see this fine player return to form, his innings on Saturday being on a par with any of last season's efforts. Bailey lost his wicket cheaply, and the next to go was Chesswas, being well caught at cover by O'Hara-Wood. He batted steadier than usual, but showed a fine command of strokes all round the wicket. He was in while 200 was added to the score, and was unfortunate in missing the coveted century. Vernon and Lugton went cheaply, but Bigg and Plant, by splendid cricket, added 54 for the last wicket, both being unconquered when time was called. Begg 36, Plant 20.

Naturally, with such a fine score against them, the University bowlers suffered, the most successful being O'Hara-Wood, 3 for 44. Anderson 1 for 76, and Nurtkoff 1 for 79, bore the brunt of the bowling; Park 1 for 16, Willis 1 for 66. A feature of the play was the wicketkeeping of McGregor, who, besides stumping 3 batsmen, allowed only 1 bye.

NORTHCOTE.

G. Spicer, stp McGregor, b Willis	54
H. McCarron, c and b Anderson	16
F. Yeomans, c Willis, b Hartkopf	4
Chesswas, c O'Hara Wood, b Parke	86
N. Brown, c Hartkopf, b O'Hara-Wood	79
R. Bailey, stp McGregor, b O'Hara Wood	4
S. Billings, c Middleton, b Hartkopf	4
C. Begg, not out	36
R. Vernon, run out	1
F. Lugton, stp McGregor, b O'Hara Wood	1
D. Plant, not out	29
Sundries	5
	9 for 319

SECOND ELEVEN.

The Second Eleven, which has been showing good cricket this season, were engaged at University. Their skipper won the toss and batted first on a splendid wicket, with a fast scoring ground. They did not make much use of their opportunities, and the batting was always cramped against the excellent bowling and fielding of Northcote team. The U's were batting just under three hours for a moderate 159, the only batsman to show any enterprise being Lane, who made 37 before being well stumped by James. Stephens 16, Bury 16, Collins 16, Birrell 10, Maudsley 16, were the other double figure scorers.

W Ahern bowled finely, and secured 3 for 22, being well supported by S. Yeomans, 2 for 16; Andrew 2 for 42, Wilkinson 1 for 15, Hammet 1 for 25, Cole 1 for 30.

In marked contrast to the University batting was the display of Northcote, who, in just over the hour, lost 2 wickets for 88. The first wicket, A. Lugton, fell for 11, but Studby and Richardson took the score to 80 before Studby was out lbw, just before time, for 11. L. Richardson, who scored 60 not out of the 88, gave a fine forceful exhibition of batting, scoring all round the wicket. Lane secured the 2 wickets that fell at a cost of 25 runs.

PRESTON v. FLEMINGTON & KENSINGTON.

This match was started at the Preston oval last Saturday. Percy Howes won the toss and sent in Mehegan and Sykes to open up. Sykes did not repeat his score of last match, being caught behind the wicket for 0. All the Preston batted well and finished up with 269 runs, W. Dickens 50 not out, J. Lawson 38, Bert Ryan 29, C. Robinson 30, G. Carson 29, P. Howe 22, A. Froebel 21, E. Mehegan 20. Geo. Carson gives every promise of being a good batsman, his drives on Saturday being perfect. With 15 minutes to play Flemington and Kensington lost 3 wickets for 6 (Mehegan 2 for 4, Blundell 1 for 2). The game will be continued to-day.

I.O.R. competition.—Northcote v. Melbourne. Won by Northcote by an innings and 49 runs. Scores—Melbourne, 18 and 46 (Clarke 10 for 80, Angus 4 for 14, Webb 3 for 6); Northcote, 2 wickets for 107.

The Merry Bloke (67) defeated Junior Beehabites (37).

Metropolitan Baptist Association.—Northcote, 105, v. South Melbourne, 4 for 34.

H.A.C.B.S. Competition.—Preston, 147 and 115, beat Kew, 118, by 31 runs on first innings.

Northcote Presbyterian A (57) v. Williamstown (100 and 3 for 56).

Northcote Presbyterian B (7 for 104) v. St. George's (49).

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

Every Evening at 8.
Saturday Afternoon at 2.30.

TO-NIGHT.
TO-NIGHT.
TO-NIGHT.
GORGEOUS PROGRAMME.
GORGEOUS PROGRAMME.
GORGEOUS PROGRAMME.
GREAT MILITARY SPECTACLE.
GREAT MILITARY SPECTACLE.
GREAT MILITARY SPECTACLE.
WAR!
WAR!
WAR!
IMPELLING AND REALISTIC.
IMPELLING AND REALISTIC.
IMPELLING AND REALISTIC.

COMPLETE PROGRAMME:

A FOOTWEAR SEARCH (Pathe Comic).

THE VALLEY OF TORONTO (A Delightful Travel Study).

A STAR REBORN (Thanhouser Drama)

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.
Noble—Grand—Stirring—Pathetic.
A Marvellous Picture Creation.
When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred.

CAPTAIN OF THE NANCY LEE (A bright, breezy comedy that captivates and charms).

THE DANIELS
(An Interlude of Wonderful Acrobatic Feats)
TWIST FOR THE OCCASION (Pathe Comic).
Humorous Situations. Side-Splitting Events
A POLITICAL KIDNAPPING (Kalem Drama).

THE FRENCH SPY.
Intensely Exciting and Stupendous.

PATHE'S AUSTRALIAN GAZETTE.

PROFESSOR STOUT'S HONEYMOON
(A sure comedy convulser).

Next Week's "Stars:"
THE VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS.
THE VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS.
Forty Minutes of Boisterous Laughter.

THE CHILD STEALERS.
THE CHILD STEALERS.
A Human Play by Inhuman People.

OTHER UNSURPASSED ATTRACTIONS.

Prices: 6d, 1/-, 1/6.

THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURES
THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURES
THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURES
Preston Tram Terminus.
The Pioneers of the District.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!
The Great Drama,
"A LION LET LOOSE."
"A LION LET LOOSE."
Follow the Crowd.

Motor Busses will run from Clifton Hill to Pictures, thence to Pretty's Hotel, Preston, along Tyler Street and down High Street, and vice-versa, at 10 minutes intervals. Fare 1d. Admission 6d.

CROXTON RECREATION GROUND.

GRAND OPEN-AIR CONCERTS AND BIOSCOPE PICTURES,
Every SATURDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS.

The Best Talent that Money Can Engage.
Full of Variety. Full of Sparkle.
Don't Miss These Entertainments.
Come Once Just to Find How You are Catered for.

Special Engagement for TO-NIGHT:
THE ST. LEONARDS,
Funniest of Balancers.
Thursday—DAWSON & LOMAS,
Champion Patter Comedians.
ALSO NEW PICTURES.
Prices 6d and 3d.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

JAPANESE FAIR and GARDEN FETE at the Residence of Mr A. E. Pizzey, "Benvenuta," Darebin Road, Northcote, THIS AFTERNOON and EVENING. To be opened by the Premier (Mr. W. A. Watt) at 3 p.m.

Xmas Tree, Fairy Well, Pony Rides for the Children, Motor Rides, Side Shows.

Entertainments by Mr. Page Lang, Humorous Ventriloquist and Magician.

Grounds Illuminated by Electric Light.

Musical Items by Collingwood Orchestra.

Admission 6d (afternoon or evening).

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

A GARDEN FETE in aid of the above will be held in the Church Grounds on Saturday, 14th December, to be opened by Mrs. Crisps at 3 o'clock and continued in the evening. Admission 6d, children 3d.

SHIRE HALL, EPPING, Thursday, 19th December.

A Grand Variety ENTERTAINMENT will be given by the Pupils of St. Peter's School, assisted by Leading Artists. Admission 1/6 and 1/-. To be followed by a DANCE.

GRAND CARNIVAL, GRAND CARNIVAL,
Under the auspices of the Thornbury Labor League; 20 per cent. of profit to be devoted to Mount Lyell Fund,
CROXTON RECREATION RESERVE,
SATURDAY, 14th DECEMBER
(afternoon and evening).
Intending competitors are reminded that Acceptances for Bicycle Races, Foot Races, Maypole Dance, and other events, close Monday, 9th Dec.
Full Programme in "Leader," Nov. 23rd.
MISS M. TUCKER } Joint Hon.
SID. KING } Secs.

A. B. PHILLIPS, Teacher of Violin, 33 McLachlan street, Northcote. Reasonable terms by arrangement.

DANCING.

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

Mr. W. COOMBES, 49 Gooch St., Northcote.

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.

MRS. BELCHER,

COSTUMIERE,

"BEATRICE," GADD ST., CROXTON.

£5 REWARD will be paid for information leading to the conviction of the person or persons who broke the electrical wires or interfered with the locks on the gates at Croxton Recreation Reserve.

(Signed), A. HOTTON } Trustees.
F. SWALE }

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2.

Present: Crs. Johnson (mayor), Bastings, Schwaebsch, Hayes, Redmond, M'Donell, Tharratt, Woolhouse, Henderson, Lees, Dennis, Mason, Plant, Smith and Glanfield.

THE PIPE TRACK.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote requesting to be informed whether the draft agreement with regard to the roadway on each side of the pipe track fully meets with the council's approval.

Cr. Bastings moved that Mr. Membrey be asked to use his endeavours to get the pipe track proclaimed a public highway. Carried.

WATER EXTENSIONS REFUSED.

The Metropolitan Board wrote stating they could not at present see their way to grant extensions of the water in Wilson street, Beaver's road, Darebin road, Station street, as insufficient revenue was promised.

It was decided to ascertain what revenue the streets named are paying.

CONTROL OF THE HOUSE FLY.

The Board of Health wrote forwarding parcel of illustrated posters with the object of coping with the control of the house fly.

The town clerk stated that the circulars had been handed to the sanitary inspector and delivered.

HEALTH BOARD REPRESENTATIVE.

The Board of Health wrote stating that the nominations for the vacancy on the Board were Cr. Springhall, Coburg, and Cr. Treganowan, Williamstown.

It was decided to support the re-election of Cr. Treganowan.

INCREASED TRAIN SERVICE REFUSED.

The Railway Department wrote stating that while it is recognised that the district has grown to some extent, the Commissioners do not consider that the time has arrived for a more frequent train service. In any case there would be no cars available for extra trains for some months.—Received.

APPROACH TO WESTGARTH STATION.

J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., wrote forwarding a letter he had received from the Railway Department re pathway from the Westgarth station alongside the south boundary of the railway line to Harper street, stating they could only grant a lease of the land required on condition that the council erects the necessary fencing and makes, maintains and lights the pathway.

It was decided to consider the matter with the estimates.

ARTHURTON ROAD CROSSING.

J. G. Membrey M.L.A., forwarded another letter he had received from the Railway department, again stating that they could not see their way to erect an overhead bridge or a subway at Arthurton road. They might say they always found that people prefer to use a level crossing.—Received.

BATTALION COMPETITION.

Lieut. Farghar, area officer, 54th., wrote applying for the use of the Merri Park for 15th or 22nd February for the purpose of holding a battalion competition between teams representing Northcote and Clifton Hill areas.

Consideration of the letter postponed for a fortnight.

REFUSE DESTRUCTORS.

The City of Collingwood wrote asking this council to send two delegates to a conference representative of the municipalities of Melbourne, Richmond, Fitzroy, Collingwood, Northcote and Heidelberg, to discuss the matter of erecting jointly a refuse destructor, as rubbish "tips" were to be abolished after September, 1914.

After an interchange of some personal compliments, Crs. Henderson and Hayes were appointed delegates.

COMPLAINT RE MARY STREET.

The Shire of Heidelberg wrote asking that certain insanitary conditions prevailing in Mary street, be removed.

The Town Clerk said that tenders had been called for the work, but owing to excessive price, none had been accepted.

GAS EXTENSIONS.

The Metropolitan Gas Co. replied that they had already decided to extend their mains in Hayes street; also in Elizabeth, Major and Membrey streets.—Received.

CROSSING WANTED.

Mrs. Anderson wrote asking to have a pitched crossing put in to her premises from Railway parade, off Elm st., as promised.—Referred to committee.

GOTCH STREET.

C. M. Thiers wrote asking for an extension of the metal past his premises in Gotch street.

Deferred for consideration of estimates.

DAMAGES CLAIMED.

Thos. B. Fogarty wrote demanding, on behalf of Mr. John Williams, £10, for damages sustained in having the axle of his four-horse drag pulled off by striking the tram rails, which it was alleged were over an inch above the surface of the road.

The Town Clerk stated that a copy of the letter had been forwarded to the tram lessee.

Cr. Bastings moved that Mr. Fogarty be informed that the council admit no liability; seconded by Cr. Smith, and carried.

REQUEST FROM BAND.

H. Hellings, bandmaster, wrote requesting (on behalf of the Northcote Municipal Band) the use of the small hall, which has been shifted to the rear, for practice purposes. They would require it on Mondays between 7.30 and 10.30 p.m.

Referred to finance committee.

"THE SOCIALIST."

M. Anderson, hon. sec. Socialist Party of Victoria, wrote asking permission to have their weekly paper, "The Socialist," placed on the reading table of the library.

Referred to library committee.

THORNBURY PARK EASEMENT.

John W. McComas, solicitor, wrote in connection with substituted easement, asking if council would take £93 cash, and balance when the work is in course of completion.

Cr. Plant moved that the council's offer of £80 be adhered to.—Carried.

COMPLAINT RE VALUATIONS.

W. H. Saxe, secretary, Pender's Grove Settlers' Association, wrote asking if some consideration could not be given, as the residents on the one-acre blocks, as they considered their valuations too high.

Cr. Hastings moved that the writer be informed that they have the right to appeal against the valuation.

Cr. Dennis seconded; carried.

ROBERTS STREET RIGHT-OF-WAY

Chas. B. Elliott wrote calling attention of the right-of-way at the back of his premises situated between Clarke and Roberts street.

The writer to be informed that the construction of right-of-way is a heavy undertaking.

ABOUT A TREE.

Joseph Kinahan wrote protesting against a certain tree in Stanley st. cut down as requested by Mr. McCullah, as he considered same an ornament to the neighbourhood.

Cr. Dennis stated that this particular tree was in a private street, and the council had no power.

OFFER OF A QUARRY SITE.

William Veith wrote offering the council a 3½ acre quarry site in Arthurton road, for £1000.

Mr. Veith to be informed that the council had decided on a quarry site.

IMPROVEMENTS BENJAMIN STREET.

Mrs. Drysdale, C. Gardiner, G. Sheehan, A. A. Bohm, A. A. Miller, and seven other ratepayers and residents of Benjamin street, applied to have a finger post erected at the corner of High and Benjamin streets, and a lamp erected at the corner of Ethel and Benjamin streets.

Cr. Woolhouse moved that the letter be referred to members of the ward.—Carried.

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

Cr. M'Donell moved that an opinion of a solicitor be obtained in regard to the meaning of clauses 1 and 21 of the Local Government Act. If the solicitor says that the mayor has the power, whether he is right or wrong, to decide discussions, then they should take steps to have this law altered. He said that he would defy any chairman who gave a wrong decision or whose definition of the meaning of the Act he objected to.

The motion was carried, a minority objecting.

ST. DAVID STREET.

Several objectors to the plans, etc. for the construction of Green street and St. David street, from Martin st. to Darebin street, were present and stated their reasons.

Cr. Schwaebsch moved that the watering of St. George's road on dust-storm days, in summer, be attended to. Carried; although the query of a councillor as to whether it was intended to water the full length of the road, remained unanswered.

The extension of the sewer area to Victoria road is to be recommended.

The attention of the engineer was drawn to some houses in course of erection in Rossmoyne and Gooch sts, as they were not being erected in accordance with the regulations.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

The report recommended:—

(1). That accounts—general amounting to £617 14s 6, and loan, £107—be passed for payment.—Adopted.

(2). That the engineer prepare plans for the construction of Leonard street, and Atkinson street.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

The report recommended:—

(1). That accounts amounting to £612 12/7 be passed for payment.—Adopted.

(2). That the pan charge be fixed at 15/- per annum.—Adopted.

(3). Gardener's report re extra assistance—That the matter of providing extra assistance be considered with the estimates.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

The report recommended:—

(1). That Monday, February 10 be the date of hearing objections to the plans for the construction of Gadd st., Emmaline st., and lane between Gladstone avenue and Beaver's road.

(2). Numbering houses, etc.—That the sample number submitted, be here by approved, and that Mr. A. T. Hatton be appointed to carry out the work.

(3). Hall accommodation.—That the small room now rented by the Masonic Lodge be removed and be re-erected on the space on the western side of the kitchen, and a doorway be made to allow access to same from the kitchen, the room to be let to the lodge on the same terms as at present.—Adopted.

(4). Merri street opening.—That the matter of fencing the street when opened be referred for consideration with the estimates.—Adopted.

(5). Tramway.—That the lessees be informed that their application for permission to discontinue issue of tickets for the payment of fares on the tramway cannot be granted.—Adopted.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The approach of Christmas has revived the question of Christmas-boxes as between tradesmen and their customers, and also the public and those "who minister unto them" in various capacities. The general idea is that the whole thing is somewhat of a nuisance, and that it causes a sort of suspicion that the customer generally gets indirectly for the Christmas-box in some way or another. In family circles the custom of giving presents at the time of the year indicated is to be commended and encouraged, as it is in accord with the spirit of the season; but in business or trade circles it is another matter.

There have been many complaints lately of misconduct in trains, especially on Friday and Saturday nights, regarding the last one from the city to the various suburbs. Young fellows under the influence of liquor, turn things into a regular pandemonium, insult other passengers, and not infrequently commit wanton damage in regard to the interior of the carriage, besides using foul language. On the Saturday night after the cadets' parade through the city one of these young gentlemen made things very lively in one of the late Essendon down trains. He threatened to thrash some much smaller lads than himself, who gave him no provocation whatever, and used some beastly language in the presence of two ladies. Altogether he was a disgrace to his uniform, and richly deserved "three months without the option." One advantage of the universal adoption of the Tait trains would be that young blackguards of this type could not "hold up" a compartment in which there were only little boys and ladies. The attention of the whole carriage would be drawn to them, and they would probably be "collared" by some of the adult male occupants, and handed over to the police at the next station. It is to be regretted, but it is nevertheless a fact, that some young fellows who are connected with the defence forces think it betokens "the soldier and the man" to get half-seas over now and then and make themselves a public pest.

The Prime Minister has stated that in respect to the maternity bonus of £5, he hopes that in prematernity cases when, in the opinion of the bench the complainant has proved that the defendant is the father of the child she expects shortly to bear, they will not take the said bonus into consideration when making an order for the payment of confinement expenses, and cut down the latter accordingly. Mr. Fisher is quite right, as considering the circumstances under which women can claim the £5, the amount is really small. Seldom or ever is a prematernity order of such slender dimensions made, and it usually runs into about £3. Moreover it will be rather hard on poor mothers if midwifery hospitals make it a sine qua non regarding admission, that the institution gets the £5 handed over to it. At such a juncture in their lives women who are in straightened circumstances could find plenty to do with the £5 in connection with the infant they bring into the world—quite irrespective of the fees for doctor and nurse. Whether the granting of a bonus at all is desirable, is another question altogether, but £5 is really a very modest amount. And that is one reason why it is so ridiculous to say it will "encourage immorality," since if there are many women about whose honour can be filched from them because of a prospective "liver," the purity of the sex must be rapidly passing away.

Recently a boy of sixteen years of age, who was brought in the first instance before a suburban children's court was sent on for trial by that tribunal—the charge against him being breaking into an office and stealing money and stamps. The young hopeful was convicted at the next sittings of the Supreme Court and sentenced by Mr. Justice Hodges to be imprisoned for two years. The charge is often brought against children's courts—and not altogether without reason—that they at times deal with young but "sturdy rogues" in a rather milk and water fashion, and practically encourage them in wrong doing by the exercise of ill-timed leniency. As has been frequently pointed out, the age in respect to these courts is fixed too high, and under 15 would be more like it than under 17. Moreover, the class of offence might also be taken into consideration. A boy who gets over an orchard fence, and "prigs" a few apples is certainly in need of checking in respect to his perverted ideas on the subject of other people's property, but he is not of necessity a budding criminal. But one who breaks into a place and steals money, or that which represents money, has the Jack Sheppard trait fully developed, and it is no use fooling about "probation officers" and so on in his case. He has evidently already developed into a thief of the most pronounced type, and the case is undoubtedly one where the safety of society should be considered before the prospects of the offender.

At the last annual meeting of the Law Institute reference was made to the expense and time litigation involved in many cases. It is certainly apparent that although matters are better than they were in the days of "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce," which Dickens tells us about in "Bleak House"; there is still a heavy drain on litigants' pockets, and far too much of the law's delay to be endured by them. The reform—if there is to be a reform—must of necessity come from the legal profession, and the authorities that control the higher courts of the land, as laymen obviously can no more deal with such subjects than could the average passenger on an ocean liner advise what to do in the case of a breakdown of her engines. The Supreme Court judges have time and again complained of the way cases are strung out and characterised questions asked by counsel as irrelevant. Only last week Mr. Justice A'Beckett was "on the job" in this respect, and said that the number of queries put to witnesses on matters that were really extraneous, was one of those things that made "these sort of cases a curse!" The "long vacation" is at hand, and all courts, except those of Petty Sessions, will be adjourning until February. It will be a good opportunity for "professional gentlemen" in general, and the Law Institute in particular, to reflect whether some reforms cannot be effected in the matters alluded to at the last meeting of the above body. No doubt their Honours of both the Supreme and County Courts would only be too happy to extend to those who are in the habit of pleading before them, any assistance their ripe experience and legal lore renders them capable of giving, if the profession show a genuine desire to relieve the community of "a burden that has borne so heavily on it for many years.

Unbreakable glass for motor-car wind screens and windows is now being manufactured. A sheet of specially selected clear celluloid is placed between two sheets of plate glass, and the three sheets, after a patent treatment, hydraulically pressed together. The result is a sheet of glass which is for all practical purposes as clear as the best sheet glass. A 2lb weight dropped on it made the glass bulge out on the opposite side, and made a "star" of the familiar type; but the glass did not splinter. The invention will undoubtedly lessen the risks run by motorists in the event of a collision.

Women are now to try their hand at farming in England. The experiment is to be carried out on the borders of Surrey and Sussex by a number of ladies, who, though not directly connected with the suffragist organizations, are enthusiasts and believers in the "super-woman" cause. They propose to run a farm without the aid of men, and they estimate that a farm of between 300 and 400 acres will yield an annual profit of about £1000.

A black swallow-tail butterfly has been captured at Bracknell, which, with wings extended, measures thirteen and three-quarter inches. It is thought to be either Indian or Japanese.

Pigeon racing, though known to the ancient Greeks, did not commence in modern times until 1818, when a match for a hundred miles was flown in Belgium.

After 26 years' service Station Sergeant John Kennedy, of the L division, Metropolitan Police, has retired 78,000 prisoners having passed through his hands.

It has been suggested that the late Andrew Lang was not Scotch, but of Bohemian descent, in the strictly geographical sense of the word.

A French physician estimates that the brain finds nourishment in the residuary blood for about an hour after decapitation.

A North Westmoreland farmer recently came across a very unusual sight. In the course of his rounds through the fields he found a nest with twenty-five eggs in it. The large number was not the only marvel, for, on examining the eggs, he found that fifteen of them belonged to a pheasant, and the remaining ten to a partridge. The pheasant, as the stronger bird, was the probable intruder.

To prevent horses slipping in streets paved with asphalt and wooden blocks the animals are increasingly shod with rope horseshoes all over Germany.

A freak bolt of lightning recently played about a cat in Amityville, Long Island, shaving its head clean of whiskers and hair, but otherwise not injuring it.

Freak dinners have crept into London's Bohemian society. At a dinner given by the Studio club, which has a membership of about 50 poets, litterateurs, sculptors, and so on, a well-known woman novelist was dressed as an antediluvian monster, another lady represented a leopard, and a poet appeared as a Chinese pig. Lions, cats, donkeys, dogs and many other animals were well represented.

Of the 3424 known dialects in the world, over one-fourth are Asiatic.

British Empire in the Antarctic region amounts to 1500 square miles.

The first lightship off the coast of England was placed at the Nore, Kent, in 1732.

THE TERRORS OF LIVER DISORDER.

Ordinary Medicines are Worthless

Bile Beans—The Proved and Reliable Remedy.

Mrs. E. Brown, of Upper Albert-street, Thames, N.Z., says:—"For years I was a martyr to the many complications arising from a disordered liver. I suffered from indigestion, violent sick headaches, and biliousness, and at times food was repulsive to look at. Any attempt to appease my hunger enhanced my misery, as everything I ate sat heavy on my chest. These ailments proved themselves a curse to me, and although I tried numerous remedies and so-called cures, I failed to obtain relief.

"Reading of the cure by Bile Beans of people who had suffered like myself, I decided to take this medicine. I procured a supply, and after the first few doses was convinced that at last I had hit upon the right remedy for my troubles. Bile Beans quickly cured the headaches, biliousness, and indigestion, and ended all pains. Soon I was able to enjoy my food and my liver was roused up to natural activity. A course of Bile Beans completely cured me and restored me to tip-top health. Now, if I ever feel at all out-of-sorts, a dose or two of Bile Beans set me right.

"My husband and son are also strong believers in Bile Beans and we always keep a supply in our house."

Bile Beans banish stomach trouble, liver disorder, headache, constipation, piles, bad breath, flatulence, heart pains, sickness, lassitude, debility, biliousness, indigestion, specks before the eyes, poor blood, nervousness, insomnia, anæmia, and female ailments. Sold by all stores and chemists.

COVERED FROM HEAD TO FOOT WITH ECZEMA.

Agonising Red-Raw Skin Disease.

Another Perfect Cure by Zam-Buk.

Mrs. G. Colmo, of Crowdace street, Lambton, Newcastle, N.S.W., says:—"Both my children, Meta and Winnie, were attacked by a painful skin disease. The outbreak first appeared in the form of little pimples which filled with water and broke out into running sores. The disease developed until they were covered from head to foot with Eczema. They suffered in a terrible manner from the irritation, and were nearly driven out of their minds, for all day and night they cried from the misery endured. I used to sit up half the night rubbing them with all sorts of things to try and bring ease to their tortured bodies.

"Every time they scratched themselves the disease spread and continued to do so. The skin would get crusty and the surface would break or peal, leaving the sores in a fearful red-raw state. Of all the remedies we tried not one of them gave them any relief, until we commenced using Zam-Buk. This wonderful balm soon withdrew all bad matter and set up a splendid healing process, which, as the treatment was continued, went on day by day until the eczema was completely cured and no trace of the sores was left. Zam-Buk is indeed a wonderful healer and every home should always keep a supply handy."

Zam-Buk is a sure and painless healer for all cuts, scratches, bruises, and skin injuries, and a pot should always be kept handy in case of accidents. Sold by all stores and chemists at 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer,

Sworn Valuer, Estate and Commission Agent,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Large List of Villas, Cottages, Shops, and Allotments.

Money to Lend Purchasers.

Valuations for Probate, Lodges, &c

Auctions Conducted.

Insurances of all kinds Effected.

Rent Collecting a Specialty.

Buildings Financed, Arranged, and Supervised.

Address: 295 High St., Northcote Telephone, 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 Insurance 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/a HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON, Close to Bell Station.

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, 418 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.

REID'S

Delicious

1/3 TEA

Pure,

Fragrant,

Refreshing.

BUY IT TO-DAY.

GEO. REID,

TEA MERCHANT,

EXCELSIOR GROCERY STORES,

Corner Mitchell and High Streets, NORTHCOTE

(Opposite Savings Bank).

And at

279 Westgarth Street, Northcote South.

Phone, Northcote 87.

Insurance Companies & Agents

The Gresham

Local Agent:

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer, Etc.,

295 High Street, Northcote.

Insurance Co.

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).

Established 1821.

TOTAL ASSETS OVER 6½ MILLIONS.

INSURE WITH

Guardian Assurance Co.

LTD.

Head Office: 452 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRE. ACCIDENT

Local Agent:

R. H. TAYLOR.

L.A.C.

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer and Sworn Valuer, is Local Agent for the old-established

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION

Call on him at 295 High Street, Northcote, or Ring up Northcote 54.

A. A. BURGESS,

BUILDER,

12 STOTT ST., NORTHCOTE

(opp. Croxton station).

Houses Built to Order Anywhere. Only Skilled Workmen Employed. Best Materials Used. Land purchased, and Finance arranged for, if required.

SUN SHADES! DRESS GOODS!

J. W. MANKEY & CO.

DRAPERS, MILLINERS, & CLOTHIERS,

248-250 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE 248-250

Special Offerings for the month at half value

Ladies' Sunshades

Cotton and Wool Dress Goods.

Our Millinery—City Styles Northcote Prices

Ladies' Costumes—Rare Value.

Boys' & Men's Clothing—Here We Lead

We do all Manchester Goods a little better than others.

MANTELPIECES

TO BUILDERS AND THOSE ABOUT TO BUILD.

J. M. JOHNSTON & SONS

24 WATERLOO ROAD (off Bastings Street), NORTHCOTE

Desire to make it known that they are Manufacturers of MANTELPIECES of every description suitable for the Cottage or Mansion. Great Variety of Designs to choose from. Inspection cordially invited.

Give the Local Manufacturers a Trial.

You will find their Goods the Best and the Prices Right.

Ring up—Phone Northcote 309.

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. Bjalke 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/.

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.

NORTHCOTE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS,

SATURDAY, 14TH DEC., 1912

1. Open to Boys and Girls under 16 years of age, attending State Schools, Denominational Schools and Colleges.

Scholarships entitling holders to attend special course of instruction in full Business Course for 1 year free of charge.

Half-Scholarships.—Same as above at half usual fees.

2. Open to young people who have left school; those in business and anxious to improve their positions.

Scholarships entitling holders to attend classes in the evening receiving a full Business Course.

Half Scholarships.—Same as above at half usual fees.

We have Pupils who have attended Day Classes in the City, and their unanimous opinion is that they are learning as much in the evening under our system of instruction as they did at Day Classes, and so are able to "EARN WHILE THEY LEARN."

NO CLASSES. Absolutely Individual Tuition.

Application forms and all particulars with reference to Scholarship can be had either by post or personally.

Corner of Cunningham and McLachlan Streets, Northcote South.

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.

NURSE DONOHUE,

"CLIFTON" PRIVATE HOSPITAL,

18 High Street, Northcote.

Midwifery Cases admitted and attended daily.

Every care and attention.

No connection whatever with Nurse Sparrow

Telephone, Northcote 58.

NURSE HOOPER,

"LILLIEVILLE" PRIVATE HOSPITAL,

Darebin Road, Northcote.

Certificated and Trained Nurses available for Outdoor Practice.

Tel., Northcote 221.

NURSE HUNTER,

PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Reg.)

Midwifery Patients.

Every Care and Attention. Moderate.

"Merne," 36 Gladstone Avenue, Northcote (near Croxton station).

NURSE McKENZIE

(English Certificates).

PRIVATE HOSPITAL

(Registered),

"Bonnie Doon," 15 Gadd St., Northcote (near Croxton station).

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

Keep the Rain Off!

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

Announcements.

Hill's General Agency,

320 High St., Northcote

(5 doors from Separation St).

Apartments To Let, Furnished or Unfurnished,

Board and Residence Arranged.

Registry Office for all kinds of Employment (always vacancies).

Secondhand Books Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

Splendid Assortment of Xmas Novelties, Post Cards, Stationery, Haberdashery, Latest Novels, etc., etc.

Stamps in any quantity.

Houses and Land For Sale. Insurances Effected.

Insurances Effected,

All Leading Papers and Periodicals on hand. Deliveries twice a day.

320 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

(5 doors from Separation Street).

XMAS! XMAS! XMAS!

Miss A. Lewis,

350 QUEEN'S PARADE,

NORTH FITZROY,

Has just opened a Large Assortment of New Goods for Christmas and New Year Gifts, including—Glassware, Vases, Dessert and Afternoon Sets Silver-Mounted Brushes and Combs Shaving Sets, Jewel Cases, etc.

Toys and Dolls in large variotics.

Also a large assortment of Xmas and New Year Cards and Stationery.

Open every evening for cards and stationery.

Weekly payments taken.

FONE NORTHCOTE 88 J.

THE FIXUS CO.

115 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE

PAINTERS CARPENTERS PLUMBERS

Fixers Of All Things About a House.....

ESTIMATES GIVEN

NORTHCOTE AUCTION ROOMS

J. E. CARROLL & Co. 349 Collins Street, Melbourne, Auctioneer and Estate Agents, wish to notify the residents of Northcote and surrounding localities that they are opening a BRANCH of their business at 308 High Street, where premises have been specially built for their business.

Regular Weekly Sales each Friday of Furniture, etc.

Outside Sales of Villas, Vacant Land, Houses and Effects conducted on the shortest notice.

Prompt cash settlements on day of sale.

J. E. CARROLL & CO.,

349 Collins St., Melbourne.

308 High St., Northcote.

The Moa leaves All Others Behind!

Merson's Moa Cycle Works

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

COME!

Where the Tree Ferns Grow

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

Williams' New Continental Tea Rooms

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

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

Refreshments and Confectionery of all kinds.

REMEMBER—

WILLIAMS',

RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock! Small Prices! Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

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.

Why go to Melbourne for Xmas Presents?

PINK & SON

Desire to intimate that they have on hand a large stock of beautiful Christmas Presents.

Every Article Manufactured on the Premises.

Weekly Payments taken.

REPAIRS of Every Description.

241 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (opp. Theatre).

Licensed Buyer of Wrought Gold.

A. E. WOOLHOUSE,

Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,

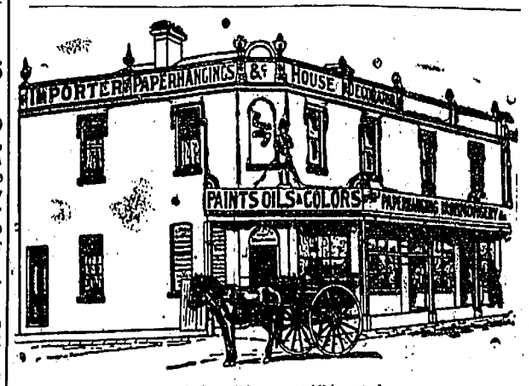
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).

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 billetoffered me
To scare the crows away.
My old friends did not know me,
I looked just like a bear;
I was worse than any monkey,
With my ragged crop of hair.
At last I got a razor
From Woolhouse's noted shop,
And quickly tried its action
Upon my ugly mop.
As if by steam it glided,
And truly I declare,
In an instant on my visage
I'd not a single hair.

The razors made by Woolhouse
Are really made to shave,
If once you try their action
For more of them you'll crave.
In Melbourne nothing to beat them
I'm sure can ever be found,
If you seek in every quarter,
For many miles around.
If your razors should get blunted
And shaving gives great pain,
Go straight away to Woolhouse,
Who'll put them right again;
Then shaving will be pleasant,
You'll readily agree
If you buy the best from Woolhouse,
Who well has treated me.
Since then I go to Woolhouse,
My razors for to buy,
None others have in Melbourne
Such a large supply;
All sorts and kinds in stock there
You certain are to meet.
Their shops are found by any
Who seek along Bourke Street.



Above is the well-known establishment of

F. PIKE, General House Decorator

GRAINER, SIGNWRITER, &c.,

PLENTY ROAD, SOUTH PRESTON.

All kinds of Builders' Ironmongery, Lime, Cement, &c., stocked. Oils, Colors, Glass, &c at Lowest Rates. The smallest as well as the largest jobs undertaken.

Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs. Telephone, Northcote 290.

Produce Merchants

J. A. BOSTOCK.

65 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.

Phone, Northcote 96

Water Meters Fixed.

JOHN SHAW

(Licensed by M. & M. B. of Works),

GENERAL & SANITARY PLUMBER,

305 High St., Northcote.

Sewerage, Gas and Water Connections attended to.

Gas Fittings, Baths, Sinks and Troughs in stock.

Household Utensils Repaired.

Estimates Given for all Branches of the Trade.

Sand & General Carter

Manure, Garden Soil, Filling, Metal Screenings, Ashes, Gravel, Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.

Manager: T. JOHNS, "Hill View," Dundas Street, Preston.

Announcements

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 has equipped 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 and Collars 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.

Also at HIGH STREET
(In New Shop near Shire Hall)

NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK.
Magnificent Lot of LADIES' BAGS
(Imported direct).
Price and Quality Unsurpassed.

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

VETERINARY SURGEON
AND
EQUINE DENTIST,

52 KASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day
Telephone Central 6204.

Northcote Motor Garage

has just opened at

32 High Street
(next Ice Works).

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.
Oils and Accessories.

Telephone, Central 5256.

A. DAVIS,

PARCELS AND LUGGAGE CARRIER

To and from All Suburbs Daily.

Carlton, Fitzroy, Clifton Hill, Northcote and Fairfield.

Boat and Rail attended daily.

Office: 329 Lonsdale Street,
Private Address: Corner of Hamilton and Clifton Streets, Northcote.
Your patronage appreciated.

FRED. SMITH,

UP-TO-DATE HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST,
242 High Street, Northcote.
Cleanliness and Good Workmanship.
A Good Assortment of Smokers' Requisites.
Shaving Outfits. Fancy Goods.
Razor Setting a Speciality.

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

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.

Carriages, all sizes, for country orders.

The Trade supplied.

Telephone 1160.

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 Rebe Streets, St. Kilda.
Also Branch Burgundy Street, Heidelberg.
Tel. No. 60, Heidelberg Exchange.

Rates and every description of coffin at five minutes' notice.

Hearses, Coaches, &c.

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

Northcote Leader

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

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

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1912

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

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.

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

Landscape Gardening

Gardens Laid Out by —— Experts. ——
Also Kept in Order by Month or Year.
Terms Moderate.

C. JACKSON

249 CLARKE ST., NORTHCOTE

Established 20 years.

W. FIRTH,

GENERAL DRAPER,

344 SMITH STREET,
COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston Street).

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.

We make a speciality of Repairing Hopeless Breakages

¶ Especially if they are Watches or Clocks. If we cannot repair your Watch or Clock, then it is useless to take it elsewhere.

¶ We have repaired so many Watches and Clocks that we know what to do, and what not to do.

¶ The sooner you bring your Watch or Clock here the sooner will it be made alright.

¶ Large variety of Jewellery, Silver and E.P. Ware stocked; also Spectacles to suit all sights.

WM. WALKER, WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
95 High Street, Northcote South.

FARMERS AND GRAZIERS
Of Preston & Epping shires.

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

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 such a simple contrivance of surrounding the oven with a case or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combustion rendered complete.

Prices from £3 18s 6d.

Write for Catalogues.

Wallis Bros. & Co.

Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,
Cromer Street, Preston.
Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.
Phone, 4588 Central.

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

Xmas is Coming—And Shands are Getting Busy

¶ If You Want Your Xmas Suit made in the inimitable "Shand" style—with the perfectly sitting collar and fine broad shoulders—it is necessary to place your order NOW!

¶ We don't wish to disappoint YOU, but we can only turn out a definite number of orders between this and Xmas. Tailoring hands are like black diamonds—very rare—which makes it impossible for us to put on extra labor for the Xmas trade.

¶ We have some Ideal Xmas and Summer Suitings awaiting your inspection. May we have the pleasure of your inspection, or will you send name and address for patterns.

ARTHUR SHANDS
THE FASHIONABLE CLOTHES MAKER
88 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE
Phone, Northcote 97

CARL OLDENBURG,

Saddle, Harness, and Collar Maker

Corner of High and Elm Sts., Northcote (Opposite Brickworks)

Has a Long Record as Manufacturing the Best Class of Goods.

Buggy Harness from £4 10s upwards. Gig Harness, £5 10s upwards. Dray Harness, £5 10s upwards. Collars from 12s 6d to 22s.

All Classes of Bags, Portmanteaus, and Braces kept in stock. Also Whips, Bits, Sponges, all Best Brands of Hames, Back Chains, Tug Chains, Plough Chains, Dressings by Best Makers, Axle Grease, and all other Stable Requisites kept in stock.

THE BEST IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.
THE GOODS ARE RELIABLE.
THE PRICES ARE RIGHT.

E. A. HOSKING

SPECIAL OFFER

Bedsteads, Carpets, Linoleums. Large Stock to select from. A Call will Repay You.

314-316 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH ANY OTHER FIR

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch
Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove).
Next meeting—December 12.
Open.

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

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—19th December
Juveniles meet every alternate Tuesday.
BENEFITS:
Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week. Following 6 months, 10/ week. Afterwards during sickness, 5/- week.
Funeral—£20 at death of member. £15 at death of member's wife (if insured).
FEES:
Benefit members, 1/- week upwards
Honorary members, 1/- quarter
Proposition Fee, 2/6
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary, 38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

IF You have any FURNITURE that requires RE-UPHOLSTERING or RE-CANING, or if you want a NEW SUITE at Wholesale Price, call or write to J. ELDER, Upholsterer, Bruce Street Preston, who will promptly attend to you.

Stud Notices

TROTTING STALLION,

RED CLOUD
(Registered)

The only High-Class STANDARD BRED Horse standing and travelling district.

Red Cloud (2.30) by Owyhee (2.11) ex Norella (2.34) champion brood mare of the State, dam of Royal Sovereign (2.20½).

Terms:—Two guineas at service, and 3 guineas when mare produces live foal. Write for cards.

C. RIDLEY,
Arthurton Road, Northcote

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.

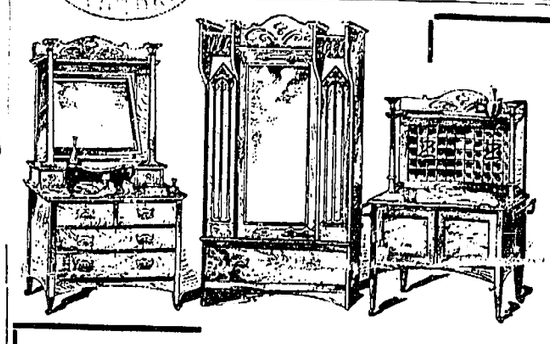
NORTHCOTE, PRESTON.

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
304 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.

Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.

FURNITURE REPAIRED.



Beautiful Bedroom Suite Only £25

The old adage that "the best is always the cheapest" is highly exemplified in the beautiful Bedroom Suite here illustrated.

As adornments to the room the unique design and decoration of the three pieces will be a constant pleasure to gaze upon.

This Suite is made in Walnut, Ash or Oak, free from split or warp, and consists of:—4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, with large bevelled plate glass, cut through pediment, and large drawer; 4ft. Toilet Table, with large bevelled plate glass, two jewel drawers, and four large roomy drawers; 4ft. Washstand with marble top, three inch tile back shelf, two enclosed cupboards, metal towel rails.

Every Furnishing Requirement can be seen at CLAUSCEN'S. An Illustrated Catalogue forwarded on request.

CLAUSCEN & CO.
FURNISHING ARCADE
194 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,
GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,
Cowkeeper and Dairyman

Cattle and Premises under inspection the Board of Public Health.
Pure Milk Direct from the Cow to the Consumer. Strippings and One Cow's Milk a Speciality. Absolutely free from coloring matter or preservatives.
No second dealing or with other traders.
Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surrounding.

Established 30 years.
London and Devonshire Dairy,
20 HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE.

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

F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN.

Premises specially adapted for the business. Inspection of dairy invited.
Two Deliveries in Northcote only.
Your recommendation solicited.
Local agent for Talbot Milk Company.

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.

Announcements

E. W. INGHAM

Is successor to Mrs. McKinder as the well-known

HAM & BEEF SHOP
HIGH STREET, THORNBURY,

and will conduct the business on the same successful and popular lines.

All Goods stocked will be the Absolute Best

Scrupulous Care will be taken in regard to all Meats and Small Goods.

HINT TO HOUSEWIVES:
When the table is short of something tasty, something appetising, always remember

INGHAM'S

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.

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.

Matchless Tailoring!!!

If You Want to Look Your Best at Christmas, Consult

O'Brien & Down

Their Suits to Measure are
——Unsurpassed for——

Style, Fit, Quality and Price!

Call Without Delay.

253 Bourke Street, City.
284 Smith Street, Collingwood.

Every Business Man

Who has not a Standing Advertisement in this Paper is not giving his Business a fair chance.

Corner High Street and Woolton Avenue, Croxton
(Late J. Pugh's).

ALF. NORTON

Has Re-Modelled and Enlarged the premises and christened them as above, and intends living up to the name by

Stocking his Shop Completely with the Best Class of Goods, Selling at Fair Prices, Treating all with Civility, and Giving Every Attention to Customers' Requirements.
A Trial Order will be greatly esteemed.

SPECIAL
CONFECTIONERY DEPARTMENT
Under the supervision of Mrs. Norton. Choice Goods, Soft Drinks, &c.

CLEANLINESS and CONVENIENCE, ensuring COMFORT, CHEAPNESS, and EFFICIENCY, are the characteristic ——conditions of COOKING WITH A——

GAS STOVE!

The Perfection of Roasting, Baking, Boiling, Grilling.
Simplicity of Working.
Heat Easily Regulated.
No Risk of Burning or Spoiling Materials.
Saves Time and Labor.
No Waste of Fuel.

GAS COOKERS can be obtained on hire at 1/6 month, or on Hire Purchase.
Small Deposit and Monthly Payments. Liberal Discount for Cash.

GAS IRONS, 4/6 each.
Appreciated and Recommended by Every User.

Full particulars on application.

METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY, 186 Flinders St., Melbourne
Phone 8103 (6 lines).

Tailors

H. C. Saunders,
Practical TAILOR,
269 High Street, Northcote.

It has been said—"Why doesn't Harry Saunders advertise more than he does" The reason is that his fit, style and workmanship speaks for itself.

The Latest Spring and Summer Patterns in stock.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALTY.

Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston

Arch Wilkinson

TAILOR & MERCER,

Is now showing New Goods for the Spring and Summer Seasons.

[illegible] Straw Hats in the most Up-to-date Shapes. Fashion and Tennis Shirts in great variety. Hats, Ties, Collars, and Hosiery, etc., etc.

Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality

Dress and Fashion.

Yes! That's right!

You will be wise to get your

HOLIDAY HAT

from

MRS. HARE,

ART MILLINER
AND
LADIES' DRAPER,

324 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL.

HALF CITY PRICES.

Agent for Far-Famed Kabo Corset

NORTHCOTE THEATRE,
High Street (opp. Town Hall).

MRS. SHIELS
(Miss Barry)

Is now making a Display of Up-to-Date and Smart Styles in

SPRING MILLINERY

at Moderate Prices, and will be pleased to see her former and old customers at the above address.

DRESSMAKING.

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

MISSES MATHER

COSTUMIERES
(Late of Flinders Street).

ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING in Latest Styles.

COATS and SKIRTS a Speciality.

241 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill (near Tram Terminus).

MRS. ROCK

Intimates that she has opened as a MILLINER

In one of the New Shops next London Bank, High Street, Northcote.

Latest Styles in Spring and Summer Millinery.

If you want a useful becoming hat at a moderate price come in and see our selection.

You are sure to be satisfied both as regards price and style.

MRS. ROCK, HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Announcements

T. KERR,

PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER
76 and 328 Smith Street,
COLLINGWOOD.

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Speciality.

Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.

REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
Tea and Coffee always ready.

FOR CATCHY & UP-TO-DATE
PRINTING
SEND YOUR ORDERS TO THE
Leader Office,
NORTHCOTE.

Church Notices

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Rev. A. O. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.
Special Offering at each service for Church Maintenance Fund.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
3 p.m., Bible Class.
7 30 p.m., Evening Prayer.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
REV. R. A. GREEN (Lauefield), 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Fellowship Association 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. W. BREDIN. Subject "Degeneration."

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. P. N. KNIGHT.
7 p.m., Rev. A. MADSEN.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. T. C. CARNE.
7 p.m., Mr. W. WILLIAMS.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

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

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Mr. A. BINKS.
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 subject, "The Two Benedictions;" 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject, "The World's Seekers and Their Quest."
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. W. J WILLIAMS; 7 p.m., Mr. W. THORPE.
All Welcome.

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.

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
Programmes [illegible] undertaken for Weddings, At Homes, &c.

HERR 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.

L. NIEHOFF,
292 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Pianos, Music, and Phonographs.
Cash or Terms.
Pianos Tuned, Regulated and Repaired.
Late of Collins, Beale, Brasch and Coy., Melbourne.

FORAGE.

TENDERS will be received until 11 o'clock a.m. on Tuesday, 7th January next, for the supply of Forage at the various Police and other Stations in Victoria from the 1st March, 1913, to the 28th Febuary, 1914.

Full details as published in the Victoria Government Gazette of 5th December, 1912, copies of which, with tender forms, conditions, &c., may be obtained at the stations or from the Secretary, Tender Board, Treasury, Melbourne.

W. A. WATT,
Treasurer.
Melbourne, 30th November, 1912.

PART of SALE of Crown Lands, in Fee Simple, at the Auction Rooms of Bailliew, Patterson & Allard, Melbourne, on Tuesday, the 17th day of December, 1912, at 2 o'clock p.m.

NORTHCOTE.—On Heidelberg Road. Upset, £2 per foot; Area 1r. 15 6-10p., allotment 69A, frontage 62ft 8in. by varing depth from 206 feet; Area 1r 19 4-10p., allotment 69B, frontage 62 ft. 8 in. by varying depth from 248 feet; Area 1r. 25p., allotment 70A, frontage 62ft. 8in. by varying depth from 271 feet; Area 1 r. 30 3-10 p., allotment 70B, frontage 62ft. 8in. by varying depth from 293 feet.

Off Heidelberg Road. Upset, £60 per lot; Area 1r. 37 3-10p., allotment 71.

Charge for Survey, £1, must be paid at the time of sale. Plans and all information can be obtained at the Crown Lands Office, Melbourne, and at the Local Land Office. Deposit, on fall of hammer, one-eighth of purchase money. Balance, as arranged, in equal six-monthly instalments, bearing 4 per cent. interest.

H. McKENZIE,
Commissioner of Crown Lands and Survey.

Xmas Sale of Millinery

MRS. HOLLAND

118, 120 and 122 SMITH ST, COLLINGWOOD

Has opened a Great Variety of Untrimmed Hats in Chip, Tagel, Panama, and Pandan.

Chip Hats from 1/11
Panama from 6/11
Pandan from 1/6, suitable for holiday wear

Also Trimmed Hats, all shapes and prices

Corsets from 1/11 to 17/6 to suit all figures

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Trimmed Millinery at Lowest Prices. Ladies' and Children's Untrimmed Straws in Newest Shapes.

Newest Neckwear to Suit All. See our Special Lines of Fancy Hosiery, Gloves, Veilings, Singlets, and Aprons.

We stock everything in Children's Woollen Goods

MRS. POWELL

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. ||| QUEEN'S PDE., CLIFTON HILL.

T. E. REDMOND,

Ironmongery, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant,

410 High Street, Northcote.

"Congo" Never-Leak Roofing Felt

Suitable for all kinds of Roofing, including Bungalows & Tent Flys.

In rolls 36in. wide by 24 yds. long. Each roll contains 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,	25/- per roll	CONGO DAMP COURSE	
2-ply "	32/- "	4½ in. wide by 72 running feet	
3-ply "	40/- "	9" " " "	
Each roll contains 216 square feet.		18" " " "	

Grand Display of CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES!

Come and Inspect our Windows.

Dolls, Pianos, Go-Carts, Rocking Horses, Motors, Antimony Boxes, Brushes, &c., suitable for Presents.

Splendid Stock of Useful Articles to select from.

We also make to order Tents, Blinds, Hammocks, &c.

Why go further and pay more?

E. A. HOSKING

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Smart Spring Styles in Shoes

There's not a Shoe want of yours that cannot be adequately met by one or other of the many smart, up-to-date Spring styles in English, American, Continental and Australian Shoes we are now showing. Behind every Shoe we sell is our warranty of quality and good service. Your inspection is cordially invited, and places you under no obligation to purchase. Write for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide," free on request anywhere.

Robert Hurst

"The Home of Good Footwear,"
293A HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
All Suburbs, Ballarat, and Wonthaggi.
L.H.W.

Law

MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE
SOLICITORS AND CONVEYANCERS,
136 and 138 Queen Street (between Bourke and Little Collins Streets), Melbourne.
Private address: Mr. A. M. LONIE "Craigielea," James St., Northcote.

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

HOME AND WILKINSON
SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.,
Commercial Union Chambers, 113 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,
SOLICITORS,
EQUITABLE BUILDING, 314 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.
Telephone 2854.
Trust and other Money to Lend.
A. GLEN ROBERTS, M.A.,
H. E. ELLIOTT, L.L.B.,
Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits.
Private Residence: "Dalriada," Darebin Road, Northcote.

Professional

A. W. ANGIOR,
EYE-SIGHT SPECIALIST
(Optician by appointment to V.H.A.)
Experienced Expert in scientific objective methods of accurately and thoroughly testing the sight and muscular balance of the eyes, correcting by the skilful use of the most approved scientific optical instruments the most complex errors of vision. The above methods are invaluable with children, deaf or dumb people, or illiterates, in which cases answers to questions as by the ordinary subjective methods would be either impossible or unreliable.
High-Grade Rimmed and Rimless Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, etc., accurately made, fitted and adjusted. Moderate Charges. Personal Attention. Phone 8151. 117 COLLINS ST. EAST (near Independent Church), MELBOURNE.

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—London House, 97 Elizabeth Street (1 door from Collins Street). Telephone 4161.

LESLIE C. WEBSTER, B.D.S., L.D.S.,
DENTIST,
Desires to announce that he has REMOVED to New Premises, THEATRE BUILDINGS, HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Evenings, 7 to 8.30.
Saturday afternoons, by appointment.

THOMAS WEBSTER, L.D.S., M.A.O.D.,
DENTAL SURGEON.
Crown and Bridge Work a Speciality.
Only Address—
306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL (Opposite Albert Hall.)
Trams Pass the Door. Phone, 6832J.

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.

W. STANLEY WILKINSON, B.D.S. (Melb.), L.D.S. (Vic.) D.D.S. (Penn, U.S.A.)
DENTAL SURGEON,
555 HIGH STREET, THORNBURY.
MONDAY and WEDNESDAY } 2 p.m. to 9 p.m.
FRIDAY, 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
And at 80 Collins Street, Melbourne, by appointment.

DR. DENTON FETHERS, of 28 Collins Street, has taken up his residence in Spring Street, Preston (near the Preston Railway Station), where he may be consulted.
At Home: 9—11 a.m.
6—7.30 p.m.
Collins Street, 2—4 p.m.
Telephones: Northcote 381. Central 2057.

J. S. BARTLETT has opened a
FLORIST'S SHOP
Opposite Methodist Church, HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
And is prepared to supply all kinds of Plants and Cut Flowers.
Floral Orders for Weddings, At Homes, &c. supplied on shortest notice at lowest rates.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.

OWING to the largely-increased circulation of the "Leader" it is necessary to go to press earlier each week.

Casual advertisements should reach the office not later than 2 p.m. on Fridays.

Alterations to standing advertisements must be sent in by noon on Thursdays to ensure attention.

"Wanteds," "For Sales," "To Lets," "Situations," etc., must be prepaid, excepting in cases of running accounts.

Correspondents and secretaries of societies are requested to forward contributions as early in the week as possible.

WHALLEY BROS., Proprietors.

31st August, 1912

Death.

DAVIS.—On December 11th, at private hospital, Northcote, Esther Emma, the dearly beloved wife of Eph. Davis, and the dearly loved youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. T. Schwaebech. Interred privately.

In Memoriam.

IN sacred and loving remembrance of my dear husband, the Rev. Hector Ferguson, who passed into the spirit life December 13th, 1909.
In fond memory of our loving papa. Inserted by Myra and Claude. Sadly missed.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.

As advertised the annual statement of accounts for the Town of Northcote is printed and now open to the inspection of the ratepayers preparatory to being finally settled and allowed on January 13. Each year now shows a big advance in the figures. The amount of the rate was £12,631 16s 6d, and of this the large amount of £12,341 9s 4d was collected, and the total arrears at the end of the financial year were £1916 14s 4d. This amount, it may be mentioned, is principally owing on properties of which the owners are unknown, and upon which the rates have been accumulating for over 20 years. The last financial year commenced with an overdraft of £2067 19s 1d, and closed with a debit balance of £2655 10s 10d. But while the overdraft was increased by £600 the actual expenditure was £19,512 as compared with £16,055 the previous year. The contracts carried out amounted to £4407, while £2663 was expended in day labour. Cartage absorbed £1093, lighting £822, paving £340, Public works £1051, parks £452, Salaries £1676, interest £2677. The trams, for which the council draw a rental of £1560, yielded a net profit of £1107.

Letters have been received from Miss Kellaway, who left Northcote for Tranrcore on Oct. 8. She arrived at her destination on Nov. 6 after a very pleasant passage. On the way she visited the schools and colleges of Ceylon and Tinnevelly, and was greatly impressed with the excellent work which is being carried on both from an educational and a religious point of view, and writes enthusiastically of the heroic and devoted missionaries whom she met. She was charmed with the beautiful scenery of Trarncore and especially with her own surroundings at Pallam. When she last wrote she was very busy, well and happy.

Under the auspices of the new Thornbury Branch of the P.L.C. a Labor Carnival is to be held at the Croxton recreation ground this afternoon and evening. A large crowd is expected, including Ministers and members of the Federal Parliament, also the mayor of Northcote (Cr. Johnson). Twenty per cent. of the profits are to be given to the Mount Lyel Disaster fund. Large entries have been received for the sporting events, there being 90 for the bicycle and 100 odd for the foot races. Starting at 2.30 there will be an event every five minutes. Simultaneously there will be displays by the school children, and music will be provided by a couple of bands. The evening part of the carnival will consist of a concert and picture entertainment.

The vestry of All Saints' Church invites all parishioners to contribute to a special offering to-morrow to provide funds for extra expenses which have been incurred this year. This offering will take the place of a sale of gifts which was formerly held at this time each year.

E. B. Widdows, grocer, Thornbury, announces that he has a full stock of seasonable delicacies at prices that are right.

Melba Assembly announces a dance for to-night in the Bradford hall, Preston.

Localisms.

The Hon. W. A. Watt will open a Japanese fair this afternoon at 2.30 at "Benvenuta" Darebin road, Northcote.

Mrs. Crispe (wife of the president of Prestonshire) will open a garden fete in connection with the Preston Presbyterian Church to-day at 3 p.m.

The Mayor of Northcote (Cr. B. E. Johnson) has issued invitations for the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone of the town-hall on Thursday next, 19th inst., at 3.

Thornbury Presbyterian Church with their fair at the residence of Mrs. Hutton, realised nearly £50.

The Northcote Free Library will be closed during the holidays from the 25th December to the 2nd January, both date inclusive.

The motion authorising the electrification of the suburban railways was carried in the Legislative Assembly by 45 to 12. Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., who was a member of the Traffic Commission, played an important part in getting the motion through the House, himself drafting several important amendments. He received the thanks of the head of the Government for his services.

Mr. M. Hannah, M.L.A. said at the rail way meeting on Wednesday evening that the opening up of the pipe track along St. George's Road in which Mr. Membrey, M.L.A. and himself had been interesting themselves was now practically all fixed up.

Mrs. Holland, 118-122, Smith Street, Collingwood, having just opened a large variety of untrimmed hats, announces a sale of Christmas millinery at sacrifice rates.

Henry Arthur Showers, son of Mr. Charles Showers of Preston, has passed the examinations entitling him to commence training at Osborne House for service in the Royal Australian Navy.

Residents of Croxton and Thornbury are requested to attend a public meeting next Wednesday night in the Methodist School hall, St. Georges road, to advance the proposal for a tramway along St. George's road.

The item on the syllabus for the meeting of the Northcote I.O.R. on Thursday evening next is "Xmas Social," and members, with their lady friends, are promised an enjoyable evening.

A children's bazaar, arranged by the All Saints' Children's Guild, Preston, will be held next Saturday afternoon and evening. It will be quite an elaborate affair, comprising fancy, flower, sweets, and ice cream stalls, &c., &c.

What is termed a "farewell social" is to be held in the Campbell Grove hall (Ferguson Memorial Church) next Monday night. All members of the congregation are invited.

When about to purchase Christmas gifts townspeople will have no occasion to go out of Northcote. Walker's fancy repository and toy shop is replete with everything you require for young and old. Their stock comprises thousands of pounds worth of exquisite articles, a magnificent range of toys, and a dainty collection of specially-designed Christmas and New year cards. Your inspection is invited. Full particulars are announced in our advertising columns.

The annual entertainment and distribution of prizes in connection with Westleigh College (Misses Westgarth, principals) is fixed for Monday evening at the Fitzroy town-hall.

A special detective picture, "The Coiners," will be screened at the Thornbury theatre to-night, and the management have arranged to run motor buses from Clifton Hill and Plenty road at 15-minute intervals.

Next Thursday night a Christmas concert will be given in the Methodist Church, Preston.

The Rev. E. O. Knee will preach morning and evening in the North Preston Methodist Church on Sunday. His subjects will be—"The Two Benedictions" and "The World's Seekers and Their Quest and Seekers After God." All welcome.

Miss Ruby Groves, of Northcote, has succeeded in gaining first musical honours, having attained the L.A.B. degree in connection with the Associated Board and Royal College of Music, London, which establishes further her reputation as a qualified musician.

There is now on view at E. A. [illegible] furniture warehouse, Northcote, a fine display of Christmas novelities, and the public are invited to inspect same.

Alexandra College.—The 22nd. annual concert and distributions of prizes will be held next Wednesday evening.

The entertainment by the pupils of the Sacred Heart School, Preston, on Wednesday evening, passed off very successfully, and was witnessed by a crowded house. Owing to a large number being unable to gain admittance it was repeated on Thursday evening with the same result.

Thos. J. Dowd & Co., makers of high grade suits and costumes, has something of interest to say to ladies and gentlemen in our commercial columns to day.

It will be seen from advertisement that the local branch of the A.N.A. have decided to hold the usual Christmas treat for the members on the 19th inst. Arrangements are well in hand. Through the agency of two members a really good juvenile programme has been arranged for that evening. Father Christmas will be there in all his glory, and his aeroplane will be seen hovering overhead about 6 or 7 o'clock. The toys and lollies for the little ones would break down a motor lorry, and altogether the whole arrangement promises to be more successful than any previous affair of the sort, and the juveniles who attend will have a good time and remember Xmas 1912.

T. Webster, dental surgeon, advertises that his only address is 306 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill.

At "Heather Brae," Helen street, Northcote, this afternoon, Master George Cockerill, will open a children's fair in the cause of charity, which has been arranged by a band of juvenile workers associated with St Joseph's School. [Advt.]

JAPANESE FAIR AND GARDEN FETE.

TO BE OPENED BY THE PREMIER.

THIS AFTERNOON.

At 2.30 p.m. to day the Premier (Hon. W. A. Watt) will open a Japanese fair and garden fete at "Benvenuta," Darebin road, the residence of Mr. A. E. Pinsey.

The fair is in aid of the Prince of Wales' Park Methodist Church and great preparations have been made by the ladies and other workers, so that patrons are assured of an enjoyable time, both afternoon and evening.

A liberal programme of amusements has been arranged for, comprising ventriloquism, vocal, instrumental and humorous numbers.

Other attractions are motor trips, pony rides for the children, Xmas tree, fairy well, side shows, &c.

In the evening the grounds will be illuminated by electricity. Admission 6d.

In roasting meat turn out with a spoon instead of a fork; as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

Look Here, Old Chap!

You're a careless beggar about your Clothes, but it won't do. Get a decent-looking, well-cut Suit, and you'll look fifty per cent. better—and get on better, too.

¶ I know a place where they'll make you a tip-top Suit, and fit you well at a moderate price. You go and see them. The name is

WARDROP

The "Quality" Tailor,
Corner Smith and Johnston Streets,
COLLINGWOOD.

Have a look at their Hats and Mercery, too.

NORTHCOTE PICTURE THEATRE

RECORD ATTENDANCE.

Last Saturday night the theatre was packed and late comers were unable to secure admission. The thronged audience marvelled at the general excellence of the pictures—"The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The French Spy" being pictorial masterpieces, wonderfully realistic and impressive, and gigantic spectacular productions. The immense audience was thrilled with the grandeur of marching troops, cavalry, and bands, and visibly moved by the disastrous and pitiful results of war. There were many pictures in lighter vein, real laugh producers, and a series of exquisite pictures showing the rare beauties of the Toronto Valley.

Business at the theatre this week has been well maintained. On Wednesday night the Northcote cricket club had the theatre, for whom the management supplied a complete new programme, and one that was immensely popular throughout. Some of the pictures were appreciated to such an extent that the audience would have welcomed a repitition. We understand the club will benefit to the extent of £10.

The star pictures for to-night are "The Child Stealers" and "The Hearts of Men." Matinee this afternoon at 2.30.

NEXT WEEK'S GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

On Monday night the special feature picture will be John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a powerful and accurate presentation of the world's most famous allegory, supported by a full range of other high class studies.

On Thursday and remaining nights of the week a startling Edison photo play,

"THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW,"

will be screened together with an entire change. The Relief of Lucknow stands out in the history of the world as one of the most terrible and heroic events in the annals of war. In presenting this wonderful picture the Edison Company has taken particular pains to eliminate all that which is harrowing and repulsive, and only shows that which is historical and ennobling in action and in deed. In a succession of splendidly enacted scenes we are led step by step from the beginning of the dissatisfaction of the Indian troops at Lucknow. Finally the outbreak occurs, and we are shown the night of May 12, 1857, and just what occurred on that memorable evening at Lucknow. This picture climbs from one dramatic event to another, all enacted with that military precision and spirit that British soldiers alone can give, and the thrilling incidents are accompanied by the shrill notes of the bagpipes.

A VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.

MUSHROOM'S GREAT LIFTING POWER.

Seemingly there is a very powerful species of mushroom round in Henry street, Northcote. Six or seven years ago we were invited round to see where one of them had broken its way through a solid asphalt footpath. There was no doubt about it whatever. As if in emulation of the deeds of its forbears another mushroom has performed a similar exploit in Henry street this week. Mr. Hanson junr., was surprised to observe that the asphalt round his place had been lifted up and broken in a certain spot and investigating, found that a mushroom was the cause. Apparently the great weight lifting feat had cost the mushroom no effort, for it had come up looking as succulent and shapely as if it had come up in the soft soil of an open field.

INKSON BENEFIT.

A meeting of Inkson benefit committee was held at the town-hall on Thursday evening, 12th inst., Mr. W. H. Smith in the chair. The committee, although anxious to wind up the fund before the close of this year, find it impossible to do so, owing to several subscription lists and a number of benefit tickets being still unaccounted for. Holders of same are appealed to to forward same to the hon. sec. or treasurer as soon as possible. Messrs W. H. Smith and P. Dickason were appointed auditors to prepare the balance-sheet for next and final meeting on January 16.

Northcote Baptist Men's Own.

On Monday 2nd, there was was a large attendance at a banquet held in the Baptist hall under the auspices of the "Men's Own". The pastor (Rev. B. Hewison,) presided and explained that the special object of the gathering was to inaugurate an Increase Campaign in connection with the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Men's Own. Congratulatory speeches were made by representatives of all branches of the church work, and at the instance of Mr. Arland, the toast of good wishes to the new movement was honoured Mr. Sheldon responding. The Young Ladies Bible Class shared in the social gathering for the express purpose of honouring their late teacher Mr. Moore, to whom Miss M. Skinner presented a handsomely framed photograph of past and present members of the class. Her remarks were supported by the pastor, the school superintendent (Mr. Brown) and the present teacher (Mrs. B. Hewison). In acknowledging the gift Mr. Moore made a reply marked by deep feeling. A musical programme, splendidly rendered, added interest to the proceedings and at the close a vote of thanks was carried to the ladies who so generously provided the tables and to the secretary (M. L. Smith) whose unflagging energy contributed largely to the success of the banquet.

The series of special Sunday evening sermons on "Manly Men" is attracting large congregations. The third one in the cause was entitled "A Conqueror over Self".

South Preston Methodist Church.

The members of the congregation of the above church held their annual social reunion in the school-hall on Tuesday evening, when there was a good attendance. An opportunity was taken by the secretary of the Board of Management (Mr. Arch. Wilkinson) to present the financial statement for the year. As the church is badly in need of repair, a scheme was launched to raise funds to renovate and put the church in good order, and it is anticipated that the members and friends will do their utmost to have this much-needed work carried out. A programme of songs and recitations was rendered during the evening by Mrs. Anderson, Miss Evelyn Roberts (encore), Misses Walker and Hull, Rev. W. J. Williams and Mr. O. Phillips. The chairman (Rev. E. O. Knee) on behalf of the members, presented Miss A. Walker with a silver-backed hand mirror and comb in a beautiful case, as a mark of their appreciation of her voluntary services in presiding at the organ, and complimented Miss Walker for her untiring efforts in this important work. Mr. A. Walker suitably thanked the members on behalf of his daughter. Refreshments were kindly supplied by the ladies.

Preston Lodge, U.A.O.D.

The half-yearly meeting was held on Monday evening, the A.D. (Bro. Perry) presiding over a good attendance of members. One member was proposed and one initiated. The half-yearly balance sheet and auditors' report was submitted and adopted. During the past half year the lodge has made good progress, both numerically and financially, and the members complimented the secretary (Bro. Parry) for presenting such a satisfactory balance-sheet. Included in the correspondence was a letter from the Grand Lodge, stating than the 24 district had been cut into two sections, which was received with appreciation. Preston lodge will still remain in No. 24 district. The following officers were elected for the ensuing six months:—A.D., Bro. Perry (re elected); V.A.D., Bro. W. Bolt; J.P.A., Bro. F. Sheppard; secretary, Bro. Parry; treasurer, Bro. C. Bolt; I.G., Bro. Newell; O.G., Bro. H. Auty; A.D.B's., Bros. Schuls and Goodman; V.A.B's., Bros. McIlroy and Fraser; Grand Lodge representative, Bro. Sheppard; dispensary delegate, Bro. W. Bolt; benevolent fund committee, Bros. H. Auty, J. Callander, W. Bolt; gala representative, Bro. Parry. The installation was performed in a very creditable manner by the D.P. (Bro. H. Moss). Prizes were won during the quarter by Bros. Newell, Chard, Parry, Bolt & Goodman and were presented by the D.P. Presentations were also made to Mrs. Sheppard and Mrs. V. Chapman, for the active interest they had taken in promoting the welfare of the lodge. J.P.A., Bro. Sheppard, suitably responded on behalf of his mother, and Mr. V. Chapman acknowledged the gift on behalf of his wife.

ARE FIRE BRIGADE EMPLOYES LAZY?

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade Employees' Association wrote to the Preston Council on Monday evening protesting against the evidence given by their Chief-Officer, Mr. Harrie B. Lee, in regard to them in Sydney.

Cr. Braithwaite said they had no actual evidence that Mr. Lee had made the assertion attributed to him. He thought they could trust the Board to mete out justice to all parties concerned.

Cr. Crispe said that Mr. Lee practically admitted to the Board having said that a fireman's life is "a lazy one." Personally he (the President) did not think the life was a lazy one. They had to respond to the call of duty at any time. He thought such an expression should not have been used at that time. The Council, he thought, could do nothing but express the opinion that the men as a body were not lazy men.

Cr. Braithwaite said that he did not think for one moment that a fireman's life was a lazy one, but the men were over touchy in thinking for one moment that such an assertion made by Chief Officer Lee would have any weight with the public.

Northcote Branch P.L.C.

The annual meeting was held on Monday December 2. Mr. Baker presided over a good attendance. A letter was received from Mr. Evans, M.L.C. in which he agreed with the branch re the Pender's Grove Settlers, and in which he stated that he thought that these men should receive some reparation from the Government. A letter was also received from the Thornbury branch asking co-operation in the carnival. The following resolution in regard to the same was carried:—"That this branch of the P.L.C. heartily endorses the action of Thornbury branch in holding a carnival to assist a labor cause and asks all members to assist in the movement". The secretary stated that, owing to pressure of other business he could not continue in that office. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mr. R. Alway; Vice Presidents, Mr. Bryan and Mrs. Costello; Treasurer, Mr. Perkins; secretary, Miss J. McLaren; committee, Mr. Glanville, Mr. Damesson and Mrs. Damesson; auditors, Mr. Baker and Mrs. Damesson; delegates, to Bourke Campaign Council, Mr. Alway, Mr. Perkins and Mr. Glanville. A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring officers.

Star of Northcote Tent, I.O.R.

The fortnightly meeting was held in the Rechabite Hall on Thursday evening, the C.R. (Bro. W. Barkway) in the chair. There was a large attendance of members. One new member was initiated, and one proposition received. The harmony committee submitted a syllabus for the ensuing half year, which will be printed in booklet form, together with the syllabus of the ladies' tent and the balance sheet. It was decided that a letter of congratulation be forwarded to Bro. B. E. Johnson on his election to the position of mayor. At the close of business the members adjourned to the town-hall where the junior members, to the number of between 200 and 300, at the invitation of the adult tent, were entertained with a social evening. An enjoyable programme of conjuring, phonograph selections, races, &c., was gone through. At the conclusion of an address by Bro. J. Gibson, refreshments were handed round. During the evening, silver medals were presented to the members of the Northcote South junior tent as winners of the cricket and football competitions, a set of quoits and peg was presented to the central tent as winners of the quoit competition. The item on the syllabus for the meeting on Thursday evening next is "Christmas Social", and the officers hope that a large muster of members with their lady friends, will be present. Tent meeting starts at 7.30 sharp.

CRICKET.

Northcote play Prahran to-day; first elevens at Prahran and second elevens at Northcote. Teams—First eleven—Bailey, Begg, Billings, Brown, Obeswaw, Lugton, McCarron, Plant, Spicer, Vernon, Yeomans. Second eleven—Ahern, Andrew, Cole, Hammel, James, Lugton (2), Richardson, Studley, Wilkinson, Yeomans.

Club Eleven play Collingwood at Merri Park. Team—Bolton, Boyd (2), Griffiths, Hayes, Heron, May, Norton, Price, Phillips, Smith, Trinnick, Tresidder.

Preston v. Flemington and Kensington.—This match ended in a draw owing to the rain last Saturday, no play taking place. Preston unfortunately were robbed of a probable victory, as the scores were—Preston, 269; Flemington, 3 for 6.

Preston play the North Ports to-day on the Preston oval, the team will be selected from Ryan, Lawson, Froebel, Dickens, Mehegan, Robinson, Howes, Carson, Blundell, Sykes, Ogden, Westmoreland.

The Waranga Association have intimated that they are bringing a team to play Preston at Christmas. More particulars next issue.

The match between Northcote P.A.F.S. and North Melbourne was drawn on account of the rain. Northcote play Port Melbourne to-day at Port. Members catch 2.6 train from Croxton.

South Preston Methodists meet for practice to-day.

BOWLS.

Thornbury went out of the tournament for the President's trophy on Wednesday, when, every man almost playing below his usual form, they succumbed easily to Carlton. They have the satisfaction, however, of figuring well in the tournament, having won handsomely three games against the representative eights of the leading clubs. When a little more seasoned to strenuous competition play they will no doubt see these tournaments out to a finish.

At Thornbury there are only a few unoompleted games to finish in the first round of the championship and the President's trophy. These will no doubt be wiped off the slate to-day, when the draw for the second round will be made.

Thornbury A's play Princes Park at Princes Park, B's Richmond Union at Thornbury, C's Fitzroy and E. Melbourne at Thornbury.

Preston Branch A.W.A.

The monthly meeting was held in the Bradford hall on December 5, the president (Mrs. Stanlake) in the chair. Mrs. Howard was appointed sick visitor. Two new members were admitted. A splendid syllabus has been provided for ensuing six months. Next meeting, Thursday, December 19.

Sisters of the Good Samaritan.

Musical results of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music held at the Good Samaritan Convent, Northcote, on November 21.—Advanced grade, Ethel Bremner; intermediate grade (piano and rudiments), Katie Goldsworthy, Freda Munday; higher division, Gladys Stoneham; lower division, Lily Hill; elementary division, May Slattery, Olga Puris, May Kelly; violin, George Gage, Jack Redmond; primary division, Violet Reidy, Irene Fysh, Josie McDonald, Linda Slattery, Rita Kelly. University of Melbourne.—Grade VI, George Gage; grade V, Gladys Stoneham, Annie Hehir; grade V (violin), George Gage. St. Brigid's, North Fitzroy.—Higher division, Nano Ryan; elementary division, Ernest Donnellan, Maisie Aarons, Marie Peppard, Mary Condon; primary division, Linnie Halsinger, Tessie Norris, Edie Conlan, Jean Corbett, Florrie Laws, Irene Collins; grade VI, Ernest Donnellan; diploma of associate, May Kilby. Sacred Heart, Preston.—Elementary division, May Savage, Rose Murphy; primary division, Mollie O'Meara, Kathleen Clancy; Frank Mildren.

Pride of Northcote, I.O.R.

The fortnightly meeting was held on Tuesday evening, the C.R. (Sis. Bray) presiding. There was a good attendance of members, and one proposition was received. Sis. Zscheck was elected treasurer in place of Sis. Ward, who resigned. Sis. Dennis moved that the thanks of the tent be recorded in the minutes for the long and valuable services rendered by Sis. Ward. An invitation was received from the Star of Northcote Tent to their Xmas social on Thursday, 19th inst., and the next meeting will be held on that date at 7.30.

MARRIAGE.

RIDDELL—PITT.

An unusually pretty wedding was celebrated in Northcote on Saturday, 30th ult., between Mr. William W. Riddell, son of Mr. T. J. Riddell, of Hawthorn, and Miss Louie Pitt, eldest daughter of Mr. Joshua Pitt, of "Beaumont," Northcote. It was a "garden wedding," and certainly the garden of "Beaumont," as it is just now, in perfect order, gay with bloom and luxuriant in varied foliage of shrub and tree, made a charming setting for the ceremony. Coming down the carpeted pathway, which was enclosed with floral ropes, the bride, on the arm of her father, and accompanied by her fair sisters as bridesmaids, made a beautiful picture. The procession halted under an archway of greenery bedecked with huge flowers. Here the Rev. J. H. Marshall was in waiting to perform the ceremony. The "signing up" was also done in the open air, and here also further very charming living pictures were to be noted. Most perfect weather conditions favoured; the sun shining genially from the blues of skies. The bride wore a lovely frock of ivory crepe de chene, with ninon overdress, handsomely trimmed with Honiton point lace and seed pearls. From the shoulders depended a court train outlined with old lace and pearls. A beautifully embroidered veil was also worn, falling from a coronet of orange blossom fastened to the train with knots of same. She also carried a beautiful shower bouquet of Xmas lilies, carnations and orange blossom. The bridesmaids, the Misses Lily and Gaida Pitt, were pretty frocks of crabaine de soie in a pale oyster shade, beautifully trimmed with Maltese lace and seed pearls, and carried the new style of handle bouquets of peach blossom, carnations and pink streamers. The bride's mother was handsomely gowned in grey satin, inlet with rich Oriental trimmings, the whole veiled with a striped ninon overdress, outlined with grey seed pearls. A smart black tagel hat, with white lancer plumes, was worn, the whole completed with a white ostrich feather boa. The bridegroom's mother wore a becoming gown of black crepe de chene, richly trimmed with black lace and beads. A black feather boa and smart white satin hat with

The Secret of the Oak Parlour.

By RICHARD WYVERN,
Author of "Paying a Debt," etc., etc.

(All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER IX (Continued).

When Austen returned to the drawing-room he made his way to Lady Catherine's side, who accepted his tardy allegiance coldly.

"What could have induced my husband to treat Mr. Retlef as he has done?" asked her ladyship.

"I cannot say," he answered.

"He hates Mr. Retlef, at any rate."

"Yes," replied Austen, absently. The subject was not in his thoughts at the moment, for they were occupied with Lady Catherine herself. He was trying to make out why this beautiful woman no longer exercised the influence over him which she once had done. Her attitude towards him was more free, more tender, when occasions offered, but his ardor had cooled, and in his mind he was contrasting her with Winifred. His wandering thoughts, were, however, promptly recalled by Lady Catherine saying in a low tone:

"Stephen discovered the absence of the photograph."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Austen, instantly on the alert.

"Yes," replied her ladyship. "He has said nothing, but I know that what I have stated is true. He has had new locks put on his writing desk, and also the cabinet where he keeps his private papers."

A few sentences in low tones were exchanged, then Austen became silent. He was asking himself the questions: "Had the discovery that his private papers had been tampered with caused Hilsdon's outburst of anger towards Retlef? Did he in some way connect the 'dealer in curiosities' with the affair?" It was just possible that Hilsdon had a secret reason for suspecting Retlef of being, at any rate, the instigator in the matter. Then it occurred to Austen for the first time that Hilsdon might suspect him of being the instrument employed by Retlef. Thus his position would be endangered before the compensating advantage which his schemes promised could be realised. This view of the matter impressed his selfish nature strongly, nor could he see any way of escape from an unpleasant position.

He had risked much for Lady Catherine's sake, but was now beginning to look upon the reward as inadequate to his sacrifice. While Stephen Hilsdon lived the barrier of marriage separated them, for Lady Catherine was a woman who under no circumstances would compromise her name. Hilsdon might die, and the thought came up in his mind more than once, and in a form it had never done previously: Men had disappeared before now, it told him; had been suppressed, been killed.

Lady Catherine had left him, but Austen sat on, his features impassive as a mask. Now his thoughts drifted to Eric Lorraine, and he blamed himself strongly for permitting that youth to slip through his fingers. With his aid money could have been raised, and with money much might have been done. Again the black thought assailed him, and he shivered as if with cold, then rose to his feet.

A glance round the room, and his eyes lighted on Winifred, radiant in her youthful beauty, and the clouds vanished from his brow as he made his way towards her.

Winifred had been listening to the small talk of Andrew Truscott, who was young and very popular. He was considered to have been endowed with a small amount of brains, but this drawback was made up by his being very rich, and passable in his looks. At Austen's approach he left Winifred, and took a vacant chair beside Mrs. Avillar. In reply to a remark of that lady's as to Miss Wigram, to whom the rather fickle Andrew was supposed to be engaged, he said:

"It's broken off; I could not stand it any longer."

"I hope you have got over the blow," said his companion.

"I think I have," he answered, meditatively. "I have been travelling, and finished up at Monte Carlo. The place cheered me wonderfully; I lost quite a lot of money at the tables."

"That was very wrong; gambling is wicked."

"Yes," replied the candid Andrew; "but you have no idea how it relieved my feelings."

"I should like to visit Monte Carlo," replied Mrs. Avillar, carelessly.

"You surprise me, Mrs. Avillar," returned Andrew. "It's a wicked place, you know."

"I mean I should like to see the scenery," was the somewhat hasty reply.

It had been her husband's intention to take her there, but his disappearance had prevented this, and since that date she had never, except for brief visits, left her home, there being always in her mind a vague feeling that each night, as it settled down with monotonous regularity, might bring Horace home.

"The scenery is beautiful," her companion continued. "The sea is of a blush tint, and there are hills and things, and the Casino is a very fine building, especially inside."

"Your description, Andrew, does not impress me. I wanted to condole with you. The breaking of your engagement must have been a severe blow to you."

"It was a blow," he replied; "she never expected it."

"Now tell me, Andrew, why you gave up Gladys Wigram."

"She did," was his rather enigmatical answer.

"Why?" persisted Mrs. Avillar.

"You see, I decided to become a vegetarian, and to live on two meals a day."

"Scientists declare that two meals a day are all that are necessary for the individual," answered his companion, smiling.

"You, Mrs. Avillar, are too sensible to believe in such a theory."

"Never mind that, Andrew; stick to the subject of your broken engagement."

"It's not exactly broken; it's only dropped," he replied with deep gravity.

"Then it could be picked up again?"

"I suppose so," said Andrew, mournfully; "but I fear it can't be done. In addition to the herbs and the two meals, Gladys is a suffragette. She declares her ambition is to go to gaol. I will never marry a martyr. You know, Mrs. Avillar, the martyrs of old were obstinate—even pig-headed."

"Andrew, Monte Carlo has, I fear, corrupted you," returned Mrs. Avillar, with a light laugh. "Gladys is looking well to-night, despite the two meals a day."

Gladys Wigram, a good-looking, dark-haired girl, dressed very tastefully in pink of a pale rose-colored shade, bore out the truth of Mrs. Avillar's words.

Andrew turned his rather listless gaze in the direction of the girl.

"I say, isn't she going it strong with that fellow Austen?"

"Take my advice—pick up the dropped engagement," returned his companion.

"It's this way, Mrs. Avillar; I don't mind telling you. I would give in to exist on herbs and horrid messes of a vegetarian nature, and I might, with the aid of a snack at my club, get over the two meals a day, but when it comes to martyrdom and prison I positively won't, and you know I am very determined when I do put my foot down."

Some further talk of a light, bantering nature passed between the two, then Gladys Wigram joined them. She expressed much surprise at meeting Mr. Truscott that evening, whom she had understood to have lately devoted himself to Monte Carlo and Paris. With the view of permitting the two to pick up the "dropped engagement," Mrs. Avillar vacated her chair, which was promptly occupied by Miss Wigram.

Observing Lady Catherine seated in the deep embrasure of one of the windows, Mrs. Avillar crossed the room and sat down at her side. Her ladyship was looking very white, and sat still, as one lost in thought.

"My dear Mrs. Avillar," she said, after a little, "you are not ignorant of what occurred in the Oak Parlor the evening previous to your arrival here."

"Mr. Hilsdon explained the extraordinary circumstances to me, his reason for doing so being that I might learn the exact truth."

"It was thoughtful of him," said Lady Catherine; then went on to again go over the main details, and wound up by saying: "This house, with all its splendor, has a certain curious effect on me. I am not the same being within its walls as elsewhere. Its atmosphere chills me to the heart. When walking through the rooms I feel like one treading on ground where, concealed by the tall grass, lie snakes and reptiles."

"You are permitting the subject to dwell too much on your mind," answered Mrs. Avillar.

"That may be, but I cannot dismiss it. I feel that some terrible catastrophe will take place in this house."

No reply came from Mrs. Avillar, and her ladyship, with a straight look into the troubled eyes of the silent woman, asked:

"Why were Horace and Stephen Hilsdon, my husband, enemies?"

Mrs. Avillar returned Lady Catherine's look as she answered:

"That bad feeling existed I know, but of the cause I am entirely ignorant."

"You believe your husband is alive?"

"Yes, I do," replied Mrs Avillar, forcing down a gulp of feeling.

"Then why was that question put in the Oak Parlor, and by what unseen power?" persisted Lady Catherine.

"The person who could answer your question, Lady Catherine, would doubtless be able to solve the mystery of my husband's disappearance."

Mrs. Avillar spoke with deep feeling, which her ladyship either did not observe or disregarded.

"But the awful question," she continued, "was asked in this house, and was not merely a question but an accusation."

The words died away in a whisper on Lady Catherine's lips. A silence fell on the two women, who stared at each other with white faces.

Each knew the terrible thought in the mind of the other; but felt that the question was an accusation against the owner of Wares Hill.

Laying her hand on Mrs. Avillar's arm, and speaking in a tense whisper, Lady Catherine said:

"Last night I had a dream, terrible in its suggestion, so vivid and realistic that the scene will for ever remain imprinted on my mind, and it was this: I was standing in the doorway of the Oak Parlor, and seemed to be gazing into an abyss, deep and black. Suddenly, far down, at the bottom of the abyss, a bright light was shown, and I saw my husband's body lying, a stain of blood on the front of his white shirt. Standing beside the body was a man whom I could not recognise because his head and shoulders were in the shadow. Then a voice from an invisible being near by where I stood accused me of the crime. The acute pain of that brief moment, even in my sleep, was terrible, and I awoke with a scream of terror which startled my husband. It was the sound of his voice that made me realise I had been dreaming."

While speaking Lady Catherine showed much agitation, and Mrs. Avillar, looking into the troubled face of her ladyship, strove to make light of the dream, but in vain. After a moment's silence, Lady Catherine continued:

"I am not one to be unduly impressed by a dream, but in this case it strengthens my conviction that some awful tragedy will be enacted in this house."

"My dear Lady Catherine, your nerves are out of order," answered Mrs. Avillar. "You need a change. Why not ask Mr. Hilsdon to take you abroad?"

"I daresay a change would benefit me, but it would not alter my conviction," and Mrs. Avillar was silent.

The subject of dreams appealed to Mrs. Avillar, for, since her husband's disappearance, she, too, had spent many a troubled night, during which her sleep was broken by visions which even her strong mind and clear common-sense could not banish. Nor could Mrs. Avillar, any more than Lady Catherine, shake off the dread of coming trouble.

CHAPTER X.

Lorraine's Chance.

One of Lady Catherine's guests at Wares Hill was Mrs. Wigram, a very serious woman, who to-night was looking more solemn than usual. Mrs. Wigram could always be relied upon to give the freshest version of the latest scandal, and was just then waiting for an opportunity to unburden her mind of a choice morsel. Those near understood this, and, by remaining silent, gave the chance, which she promptly seized.

"I had a letter to-day from dear Lady Armley; she tells me that most scandalous things are being done at Warnham Abbey."

At this point Mrs. Wigram paused, glancing round as if to judge the effect of her words; then continued:

"Mrs. Redruth, with a shameless disregard for decency, is constantly appearing in Directoire gowns of the most pronounced type. Really, things are coming to a pretty pass," and she glanced at Lady Catherine. But her ladyship did not appear inclined to take up the cudgels on behalf of her absent friend, though a reply came from another quarter.

"They—I mean the dresses," said Andrew Truscott, "are as common as peas in Paris. There is nothing in it."

"Not in the gown," remarked Mr. Hubbard, drily, an elderly gentleman and a great friend of Mr. Hilsdon's.

Mrs. Wigram frowned.

"It's the example, Mr. Hubbard," she said. "Surely you would not encourage immodesty in the young? From what Lady Armley writes—and she is a stickler for the truth—Mrs. Redruth has lost any claim she ever possessed to a sense of decency and regard for what is proper."

"I suppose we may assume, as far as Warnham Abbey is concerned, that decency has gone to decay, and modesty unfurled its wings and gone to Heaven?" said Austen.

"Austen considers himself very clever," whispered Andrew to Mrs. Avillar.

"And he has reason on his side," returned that lady. "Indeed, it looks as if Gladys thinks so. He is scoring."

"He may have given in on the herbs and things and the two meals a day, but I cannot imagine Sidney Austen swallowing the suffragette business."

As if to discover proof or otherwise of his words, Andrew raised his eyeglass and scanned Austen, but the result of his scrutiny he kept to himself. After a little he said:

"I wonder how Mrs. Wigram would look in a directoire gown. It would be funny. I'd give five guineas to see her."

"Andrew, you are becoming quite depraved," replied Mrs. Avillar. "Put your money on a more manly subject than gowns."

The following morning, after breakfast, Lady Catherine, seizing a favorable opportunity, introduced the subject of her step-daughter's future to Mrs. Avillar.

"The future of Winifred is giving me some concern," said her ladyship. "Not only is she amiable and beautiful, but she will inherit great wealth, and, consequently, her admirers are numerous."

"She is a dear girl, and deserves a good man for a husband," replied Mrs. Avillar.

"Would you consider Sidney Austen such a one?" asked Lady Catherine, and with anxiety awaited the answer.

"No, Lady Catherine," was the quick reply. Her ladyship looked as if she expected something more, but not even in Mrs. Avillar's eyes could she read ought else but what her simple statement conveyed.

"I mention his name because amongst our acquaintances the girl has favored him the most. You see a good deal of Winifred; have you observed her show partiality to any other man?"

Mrs. Avillar was nothing if not truthful, and she mentioned Eric Lorraine.

"That is the mysterious young man whom Sidney Austen brought to Parklane, and who has disappeared so completely."

"Mr. Austen is in his confidence," replied Mrs. Avillar, surprised in her turn; "at least, I gather from Winifred that he is. Then, in answer to Lady Catherine's further questions, she explained what she know of Lorraine, his former meetings with Winifred, and Austen's friendship for and interest in the young man. "Mr. Austen appears to know all about Eric Lorraine's movements."

This last remark puzzled Lady Catherine, for Austen, in reply to her pointed questions, had denied knowing anything of Lorraine, or the cause of his sudden disappearance.

As to Winifred, her ladyship came to the conclusion that a boy and girl attachment had existed between the two in the past, which their recent meetings had revived. This accounted for Winifred's behavior towards and partiality for Lorraine. But what of Sidney Austen? Why had he told one version to Mrs. Avillar and another entirely different to her, Lady Catherine, neither being exactly true if she had only known the real facts?

Her ladyship was too clever to be easily deceived, nor did she relish this lack of confidence on Austen's part, and determined to discover the cause. She also realised that Winifred's regard for Lorraine placed within her reach a weapon with which she could defeat the pretensions of Sidney Austen to her step-daughter's hand. She resolved, however, to be cautious in her movements, and in the first instance to again question Austen on the subject.

The desired opportunity did not come as soon as Lady Catherine expected, for a little before luncheon her maid placed a letter in her hands.

The note was from Sidney Austen, and stated that he had been compelled to leave for town on important business. He did not state so openly, yet implied that it was her husband's affairs and instructions which had led to his sudden departure.

A few minutes later Lady Catherine made her way to the library to answer her correspondence. She was about to seat herself at a writing-table when her eyes fell on a telegram spread out on the blotting-pad. It was addressed to Austen, and, bending down, her ladyship read:—

"Come to town by first train; most urgent.—Retlef."

It was another contradiction, another puzzle, and Lady Catherine felt more and more annoyed. Why should this man, whom she secretly loved, seek to deceive her? She could see no reason why he should deny all knowledge of Lorraine to her, or lead her to believe it was her husband's business which called him to town, and not that of Retlef.

Eric Lorraine had thus been the subject of discussion in circles far removed from his present surroundings, and by persons who would not have recognised him in the ragged, broken man whom the benevolent Mr. Felter sheltered in his house.

. . . . . .

Next morning Lorraine having made himself as respectable looking as circumstances would permit, and having done justice to the ample breakfast set before him, waited for the appearance of his benefactor. Nor had he long to wait, when an elderly woman of austere aspect entered the room where he had breakfasted, and said in a loud voice:

"You are wanted in the office," so saying she turned from the room, and Lorraine followed. The woman led the way along the passage previously mentioned, and which seemed to traverse the house from side to side. At the far end a door stood open, and his conductor pointed towards it with her finger, and Lorraine entered, when the door was immediately shut behind him with a bang.

A glance round showed Lorraine a plainly-furnished room, panelled with pitch pine, and judging from a couple of writing tables and other furniture, was used as a study or office.

A few minutes later Mr. Felter entered so noiselessly that Lorraine neither heard a door open or shut, and only became conscious of the old man's presence by discovering him at his side.

He was cordial, even friendly, towards his guest, regarding whose comfort and welfare he showed much solicitude.

Seating himself at one of the writing tables, Mr. Felter motioned Lorraine to a chair and, without any preliminary remarks, said:

"Mr. Lorraine, I have no intention of going into your past, or raking up the story of the cheque which you failed to account for to Hilsdon Ltd. Zeno has made me familiar with the facts. You are down, and I am prepared to give you a hand to rise again. I cannot offer you myself that employment which is necessary to gain the end desired, but I have a friend who will. Work is the real salvation for a man in your position."

At this point Mr. Felter halted, and Lorraine having assured him of his gratitude, he proceeded again:

"By means of the telephone I have had a conversation with my friend this morning, and he empowers me to explain his ideas, also to state certain conditions upon which he will take you into his employment. My friend's business is one full of details of a nature which might lead an outsider to suppose that it was conducted on unlawful lines. Such is not the case. My friend is a most conscientious man, as you will discover. I have no doubt you understand how easy it is for evil tongues to impute motives even to the most upright."

"I do, Mr. Felter," answered Lorraine.

"Holding that clear view, I may safely presume that you will be prepared to obey my friend implicity; carry out his instructions, without inquiring into his reason, even when ignorance of the business may lead you to think his actions singular."

"I will obey him," replied Lorraine, without hesitation, and Mr. Felter continued:

"In my friend's business there are secrets, as in all such, which if sold to a rival or made public would go far to ruin him. He, therefore, requires that you should bind yourself to secrecy where such secrets are concerned. Have you any objections to do this?"

"None whatever," replied Lorraine; and Mr. Felter proceeded:

"The episode of the cheque, indeed, the fact that you were in the employment of Hilsdon Ltd., must be buried. My friend considers that, for your sake, it would be best to let it be assumed that you were not the Lorraine who at one time was in the employment of Hilsdon Ltd."

"If I remain absolutely silent as to my employment by Hilsdon Ltd. will that be sufficient?"

"It will," answered the old man in the tone of one who had been relieved of a doubt. "Now, Mr. Lorraine, let me say this: My friend is a man quick to discern merit, and equally ready to reward faithful services. At the same time he will never forgive treachery or attempts to sell the secrets of his business. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Lorraine; and at his words Mr. Felter rose to his feet, then pulled out his watch. "Important business calls me to London, and it will be three days hence before I can return. During that time give the offer your careful consideration. I do not wish you to decide now, because gratitude might influence you, and it would be more satisfactory to base your decision on the grounds of expediency or business. In addition, rest and food, to which you have been a stranger of late, will benefit both your body and mind."

After a few further remarks Mr. Felter departed, and Lorraine was left to his own resources.

Everything, he found, had been done that could ensure him comfort. Indeed, the thoughtful Mr. Felter had instructed a tailor from Waresborough to attend with a supply of ready-made clothes, from which Lorraine was able to obtain a decent outfit.

The afternoon Lorraine devoted to exploring the rooms set apart for his use, the windows of which looked out upon the back of the house, commanding a view of nothing more interesting than a kitchen garden. The study, or office, however, provided more interest. As has been said, it was panelled with pitch pine, but what struck Lorraine as being singular was the number of doors opening into the room. In addition to the one communicating with the corridor, there were six others. On each side of the room stood three narrow, upright bookcases, and between them was a door. All the doors were of the same wood as the panelling, and hermetically locked.

Lorraine found that every door leading from the corridor was also locked, except those communicating with the study and the rooms he occupied, nor could he quit the house except by the side door, where he had entered the previous night.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun was sinking in the west, Lorraine made his way out into the grounds, and after a time found himself near the principal entrance, which opened on to the main road leading to Waresborough.

At this moment a light trap drove up, and one of the gardeners, who had evidently been waiting, opened the gate. The vehicle attracted Lorraine's attention, for it was splashed with mud which had dried, while the horse looked tired, as one who either had been driven very hard or for a long distance. The man, too, had not the appearance of the ordinary driver of such a conveyance, and Lorraine regarded him with interest, until the gardener sprang up beside him, then they drove away towards the back part of the house.

The gate had been left open, and Lorraine, without any particular idea in his mind, passed out on to the road. There he was brought to a standstill, for within a few yards, and walking in his direction, were two ladies. A second look and he recognised Mrs. Avillar and Winifred Hilsdon. For a moment or two he stood in the roadway, his eyes fixed on the approaching figures, as if doubtful whether to advance or retreat.

That "he who hesitates is lost" could scarcely apply to Lorraine's case, for shame-faced prudence reminded him of his position, restraining his first impulse to face Mrs. Avillar and Winifred. Only a few yards separated him from the two ladies, but with rapid steps he retreated within the gate, thus gaining the shelter of the wall.

A moment, and the low murmur of voices, the ripple of laughter, reached his ears, and the two had passed on. It was then that a dull pang of pain shot through his heart; sharper and keener it became, as he realised that he was not one of them. He was near Winifred, yet so far off. In her circle he held no place, nor could the boyish love he cherished for her ever be crowned with the honest faith of manhood.

Amidst the whirl of gaiety in which Winifred mingled her girlish regard for him would wither and die. It was no use telling himself that such was only just and right; that was no palliative to the bitterness of the moment.

As Lorraine retraced his steps to Low Ware, the name of Mr. Felter's residence, he again saw the singular-looking trap formerly mentioned. The driver and the gardener were now standing by the still panting horse, talking earnestly; but as Lorraine approached the former turned and scanned his figure with a keen, suspicious stare. The two men exchanged remarks, evidently referring to the stranger, then burst into a laugh.

On his part Lorraine observed that the driver was smartly dressed, clean-shaven; also that his hawk-like features were of decidedly Italian type.

Low Ware was an old house, and built on a piece of level ground, on the side of the height upon which stood Wares Hill, the residence of Mr. Hilsdon. The house itself was large, and faced the Waresborough road, being almost hidden from view by great spreading elm and beach trees. The fairly extensive grounds were in the front of the mansion, in excellent order, but the other parts were left rough and neglected. From the level on which Low Ware stood the grounds rose very steep to a wall, which ran along the top, enclosing the domain of Wares Hill. The steep was covered with shrubs of various kinds, all of which bent their heads in one direction, like a flock of worshippers bending to their Deity.

One end of Low Ware came very close to the steep mentioned, and as Wares Hill was built on the verge of the height, it looked as if the smaller house carried the larger on its shoulder.

To Lorraine the house both inside and out seemed peculiar, yet where the peculiarity lay he could not have explained. He questioned the austere woman who waited upon him, whose name he learned was Mrs. Gool, but her answers were in no way enlightening. Just as he was about to retire for the night, Mrs. Gool entered his sitting-room, carrying a tray upon which was a bottle of whisky, glasses and hot water.

"Thank you, Mrs. Gool, but I do not wish anything more to-night. Do not leave these things," he said.

Mrs. Gool showed much surprise at his words.

"It's his orders," she said. "It's best to obey."

Lorrained smiled. "Why?" he asked.

"Them as obeys gets on best," she plied. "His secketaires don't stay long; they all die."

"That is a bad reputation to give Low Ware," said Lorraine, with a laugh.

"Them as stays dies, them as goes lives," came in reply.

The voice of Mrs. Gool did not change its monotonous level, as she spoke, nor did the expression of her features convey anything beyond her dry statements. Picking up the tray, she departed, and Lorraine, paying little heed to her words, retired to his room.

The day upon which Mr. Felter was to return dawned, dark and lowering, and as the afternoon merged into evening a thick drizzling rain began to fall.

A fire had been lighted in his sitting-room, and Lorraine, with a book in his hand, upon which he vainly tried to fix his thoughts, patiently awaited the arrival of Mr. Felter.

A tap at his door caused him to spring to his feet, and in answer to his "Come in," a smart-looking maid-servant appeared and requested his presence in the drawing-room. The whereabouts of that room being unknown to Lorraine, he followed the girl through several intricate passages into what was apparently the entrance hall of the house. The hall was lighted by only one gas jet, its outlines looming in dim shadow.

Lightly the girl led the way up the thickly-carpeted stairs, and finally ushered him into the drawing-room.

It proved to be a large apartment, the brilliant light showing its dimensions, also the handsome furniture and costly ornaments, which were displayed with taste and effect.

The eyes of Lorraine glanced round, expecting to rest on the plump figure and bushy hair of Mr. Felter, but instead Zeno, a vision of beauty, burst on his sight.

CHAPTER XI.

Zeno the Beautiful.

Zeno was clad in a beautiful tea gown of a deep green shade, ornamented with touches of gold, the effect softened by white lace at the throat. Her masses of glossy black hair brought into relief the purity of her complexion and the undimmed lustre of her sea-blue eyes, a combination seldom seen, but as lovely as it is rare. She was beautiful, but it was the bewitching beauty of the sorceress that dazzles the senses and lures to destruction.

Her welcome was bestowed with all the effect which transcendent beauty and the cunning art of the actress could add to her native charm of manner, while her words fell melodiously on the ears of Lorraine. She put her hand in his, and led him across the room to where an old lady was seated.

"Madam Ulcivet, my mother," she said.

Madam Ulcivet, an elegantly-dressed and well-preserved woman of between fifty and sixty, greeted him as if he had been a long lost son restored to her arms. Indeed, there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes when she told him that she knew his sad story and expressed her deepest sorrow.

"Mr. Felter is a relative of mother's," explained Zeno. "This is our home, but we have been visiting friends in London; indeed, have only just come down for the day. I suppose you have been moping yourself to death in sheer loneliness."

Lorraine assured her that in contrast with his former position his present surroundings gave him happiness.

"I cannot say that our first meeting was a romantic one," said Zeno, adding, with a smile and flash from her wondrous eyes, "you were far from being entertaining then."

"At the best I have not many gifts of that nature," he answered. "You saved me, and Mr. Felter completed the process."

"I will take the credit of having begun the work, which Mr. Felter advanced a step further."

While speaking, Zeno kept her eyes fixed on Lorraine, and her smile, elusive as a sunbeam, ever shone on his face.

"I am rather pleased with my share. There are men whom one would not care to help, but you are not one of them. It is a pleasure for me that Mr. Felter, who, by the way, is prevented from leaving town, made me his deputy, and I am actually bursting with the good news which he instructed me to impart to you. Well, begin to rejoice at once, for you have been appointed, or will be to-morrow, secretary to Mr. Retlef, the great dealer in works of art and rare curiosities. He is known all over the world."

"Mr. Retlef," repeated Lorraine, astonishment in his voice and look.

"Yes," answered Zeno. "I daresay you are surprised; anyone would be. It's a position in a thousand, worth a lot of hundreds a year to you. Many men would pay a large sum of money to get the post of secretary to Mr. Retlef," whose praises Zeno sang with much fervor and wealth of language that it seemed as if she desired to hide his name in a cloud of words.

"I had never dreamt of being employed by him," said Lorraine, who felt repugnance in being again brought into contact with either the dealer in curiosities or Sidney Austen.

With one of her bewitching glances, and a smile sweet and winning, Zeno handed him a cup of tea, saying:

"Your case was a difficult one, and Mr. Felter, when helping you, was placed in a trying position. Through the telephone he learned that Mr. Retlef knew a little of your history, I mean about the cheque, and was therefore unwilling to oblige Mr. Felter. At length he agreed, laying down very stringent conditions, which at first seemed impossible, but they have been overcome by Mr. Felter becoming your security. Then Mr. Felter doubted your agreeing to the conditions, therefore he did not mention Mr. Retlef's name to you until the matter could be straightened out. He was certainly guilty of, shall I say, a little pardonable deception, which no one regrets more than himself. I now wish he were here to-day; he would have made the whole circumstances plainer than I have done, or can do."

Zeno was playing her part well, and it is doubtful if Mr. Felter himself would have been so successful as his deputy, who had backed up her words with all the art which a fascinating woman could apply.

Lorraine was silent. He did not like the idea of being in the employment of Mr. Retlef, which meant that he would again meet Sidney Austen, whose influence he dreaded, while the absence of Mr. Felter did not add to his comfort. He could not show to Zeno what was in his mind, for her beauty had cast its spell over him, and the glance from her wondrous blue eyes killed his objections before they could shape themselves into words.

"Why look so gloomy?" she asked. "I always laugh at difficulties."

"They vanish just as quickly as if I made myself miserable." Then in a bantering tone she went on: "You did not even compliment me on the tea, which I made specially for you. You have much to learn."

Lorraine colored slightly, then, falling in with her humor, cast consequences to the wind. With smiling lips he assured her that he not only appreciated the tea, but also the fair hands by which it had been prepared.

"You improve," she replied, with a low musical laugh. "I like compliments."

Madam Ulcivet now intimated that dinner was at eight, also that there was barely time to dress, so the three retired to their respective rooms to prepare for that function.

If Zeno formed a picture of loveliness in her tea-gown, even that beauty was enhanced when she again appeared in the drawing-room. She now wore satin of a deep purple shade, with lace which a connoisseur would have envied, while emeralds and sapphires sparkled amidst the wavy curls of her raven hair. To Lorraine she appeared a queen—a goddess—one of those women upon whom poets lavish the choicest gems of their imagination.

Madam Ulcivet, who wore black, with soft white lace, looked the picture of a charming old lady.

During dinner Zeno never permitted the conversation to fall flat, but adorned every topic with bright witty phrases. Madam Ulcivet, too, could talk well, while Lorraine forgot everything in the enjoyment of the present. It was not until the three returned to the drawing-room that the name of Retlef was again mentioned.

"I am so glad you accepted Mr. Retlef's stupid conditions; it smooths away all difficulties. I know Mr. Felter would make them seem to you almost brutal in his desire to be plain and truthful."

"I suppose I have accepted them," answered Lorraine, suddenly becoming grave.

"Yet you appear to hesitate." There was surprise in her voice, also in her eyes.

"Perhaps Mr. Lorraine has other chances which he may think more suitable," put in Madam Ulcivet, in her quiet way.

"I have none," he replied.

"You are a puzzle," said Zeno, with a low laugh. "I did not think the world contained a man who, placed in your position, would refuse a post worth some hundreds a year."

"It can't be less than £250 a year," remarked Madam Ulcivet. "Mr. Retlef is generous. Mr. Hibbert, your predecessor in the past, had £300. He ——" A quick glance from Zeno, and the old lady paused for a moment, then went on, "Resigned very suddenly through being compelled to go abroad."

There had been something of warning in the look which Zeno bestowed on her mother, as if she feared lest the old lady should give the reason for the sudden departure of Mr. Retlef's secretary. Lorraine had not observed this little by-play, and listened while Madam Ulcivet continued:

"Why chase the two birds in the bush when you hold a good one in your hand?" she asked.

"It does seem foolish," he answered.

Zeno laughed low and softly, then, raising her eyes to Lorraine's face, said:

"It would be a fool's game to cast aside the bird of gold plumage, which is in your hand, to run after others which you do not even see. You are too sensible to be guilty of such a, to me, bewildering action."

Lorraine felt the impossibility of contradicting the charming Madam Ulcivet, or of successfully resisting the subtle reasoning of Zeno.

Zeno did not know of the efforts made by Retlef and Austen to induce Lorraine to commit forgery, but, regarding the lost cheque, she knew more than even the youth himself, her aim being to persuade him to accept the post offered, and, not understanding his scruples, she was inclined to treat his hesitation with gentle ridicule. Lorraine did not relish being made to look foolish in the eyes of this beautiful woman. Besides, he reasoned, to decline the offer would be ungrateful to both Mr. Felter and Mr. Retlef, and scarcely just to himself. "Why should he refuse to enter Mr. Retlef's employment?" he asked himself, or dread to meet Sidney Austen. He would do his duty, and beyond that felt he could hold his own, even if the question of his handwriting should again be revived.

"Your experience in life, Mr. Lorraine, has been one-sided; it has only been the experience of failure," said Madam Ulcivet quietly. "Perhaps the appointment you have obtained may enable you to judge of the other side—the side of success."

"I am sure it will," put in Zeno eagerly. "The good ship Future, Mr. Lorraine, is laden with gold, and carries a fair maiden waiting to be wooed." A glance from the shining depths of her blue eyes—a merry laugh—and she added:—

"Gold on her head, and gold on her feet,
And gold where the hems of her kirtle meet,
And a golden girdle round my sweet,
Ah! qu elle est belle la Marguerite!"

"I hope you will not consider my dear child mercenary, Mr. Lorraine," said Madam Ulcivet, with a tender glance at Zeno and a smile for Lorraine. "She is so practical."

"No, I do not think so," was the simple answer.

After this Madam Ulcivet played while Zeno sang. The girl possessed a well-trained voice, and giving full scope to her powers, sang with exquisite taste. Lorraine, who was passionately fond of music and possessed a tenor voice of some power, listened enraptured. Zeno sang dreamy love songs, that voice the feeling of the heart, others that thrill the nerves, cause the pulses to throb, and the sluggish blood to warm into wild delirium.

At the conclusion of one of those melodies, she turned to Lorraine, and, with the spirit of the music shining from her eyes, asked:

"Will you sing something?"

"Not to-night," he answered. "I have been in Paradise. I will not descend to earth."

Zeno had won—Lorraine had become her slave.

Where was his love for Winifred now? Passing away as does the Southern breeze before the icy winds of winter; paling as pales the light of the moon; before the rays of the more gorgeous sun.

In the morning he accompanied the two ladies to London, there to meet Anthony Retlef.

(To be continued.)

Only a Dream.

The father of the heiress greeted the count, who was a suitor for his daughter's hand, with dignified frigidity.

"Sare," said the count, "your daughter has done me ze onah of consenting to be my wife. I am called to complete ze negotiations.

"All right," wearily said the father. "How much of a cash settlement do you expect?"

"Noss ng, sare."

"What! How much will I have to pay for your card debts?"

"Nossing, sare; I do not gamble."

"How much will I have to put up to settle breach of promise cases brought by chorus girls?"

"Nossing, sare, I do not flirt."

"How much will I have to pay to rebuild your castle?"

"Nossing, sairo; it is in fine repair."

"But there must be some expense for me. Out with it."

"No, sare; nossing. I simply love your daughter and she loves me, and we wish to be married. Is not zat enough. Is it not enough to ask you to give me your daughter wizzout your expecting to——"

"Come to my arms!" exclaimed the delighted father, and tried to fall upon the neck of the delighted count.

But he awoke on the floor.

Anything to Please.

"Let me have six penny stamps, please," said a lady to the polite young man behind the counter in the post-office.

"Yessum," he said, handing them out.

"Can't you let me have them in one piece?" she added.

"Certainly, ma'am!" said the young man. "Can I send them home for you?"

"Oh, no! I don't live far away, and I'm going straight home. I wouldn't put you to the trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the polite official; "I haven't very much to do to-day, and I could easily spare an hour."

"Very much obliged," said the lady smiling sweetly. "Dear me," she added, putting on a stamp, "what a bother it is to stamp letters! Why can't we send letters and let the post-office send in their bill once a month?"

"They might just as well," said the obliging young man sympathisingly "I'll ment on the fact in my next message to Parliament."

"Will you? How nice! But you mustn't mention my name. Say the idea was suggested by a lady."

Not Complimentary.

In a well-known bishop's younger days he was about to leave a parish, and a good old lady was bewailing the fact and insisting that the church would be ruined thereby. The clergyman, flattered by her manner, and wishing to console her, said:

"But, sister, the man who will succeed me is a fine preacher and a splendid fellow. You'll soon see that everything is all right, and get used to it."

"No, no, I won't!" she answered tearfully. "I don't get used to this changing. I've seen six changes in preachers now, and they get worse each time!"

Mrs. Strongheart (preparing for political meeting): Have you got the bell, the dog-whip, the rattle, the fetters, the padlock, the hatchet, and my umbrella, Archibald?

Mr. Strongheart: Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Strongheart: Very well, then, let us start.

An overgroom—A man who does not learn by experience.

A promise neglected is an untruth told.

THE UNSPEAKABLE BACHELOR.

A GIRL TELLS HIM THE TRUTH.

Man's Duty.

Long ago it was impressed upon man that it was his duty to make a home of his own. That was what he was reared to do. His coming of age, his entrance into manhood, was marriage. Father, mother, sisters and brothers urged it on him. That was the culminating point of his early years. He worked for it. He dreamed of it, and of the mighty deeds he would perform when union with his woman of nature's choice should inspire him with manhood's power. Eagerly he looked forward to this time and strenuously he conserved the energies of his youth that he might be prepared in body, mind, and spirit for its consummation. His body he strove to develop to perfect symmetry by exercise of every kind, by the simplest diet, by work needing concentration of body, mind and heart. He encouraged only pure ideas, and sought counsel and help in the quiet places of the earth, training his eye and ear to interpret the silences of Nature. His heart was open to his elders, and at their feet he sat a puppet. Thus living, there was no need to do battle against seductive emotions. They did not exist for him. Realising that the physical, mental, emotional and moral beings were dovetailed into one another, and that they made the man, he sought in his own way to make each one perfect. No one was allowed more exercise than another. This barbarian of ours recognised the harmony and balance in nature and knew that he must preserve that harmony and balance in himself if he were to fit in to the order of things.

Those ideas, though not expressed, are rampant among the poorer working classes of to-day. Much has been written against the unpremeditated marriages that take place daily. Writers declare that men and women do not realise their responsibility. They marry because some elemental instinct urges them to do so, without any thought of the future and what it may hold for them.

Selfishness and Mollycoddlism.

To a great extent this is true, but is not this blind courageous walking into the future better for man than the seeing shrinking, cowardly reluctance of the upper working class men of to-day? How many men retard their entrance into manhood through cowardice, selfishness, and mollycoddlism!

Frightened by the unseen forces of life they slip into the easiest groove nearest them and slide along smoothly by themselves, taking with avidity every pleasure life holds out to them and grasping pleasures that other people should have. They, too, are responsible for the mannish attitude of many girls, for this type of bachelor wants a female for a companion with just enough of the feminine to make her attractive.

That is the life of a bachelor. He works and earns sufficient money to keep himself and to pay for his pleasures and sports. His mother and sisters have all, by injudicious spoiling, convinced him that he is of the salt of the earth, that everyone must give way to his pleasure. To some extent he is not to blame. Centuries of spoiling in the hands of women have made him selfish. He can scarcely help himself. Sons are always first. Not long ago a brother and sister were sitting the same examination. Both failed, and the sister was heard to say: "It doesn't matter so much for me, but it is different with a boy. Bob means so much to father and mother." There speaks the female who is dominated by the male. It is just an instance of the importance of the male members of a family in the eyes of the females. It is impossible to change the order of nature in this case. Males will ever be the rulers of women. That is settled by the decree of nature, and nature cannot be set aside. But the bachelors of to-day are trying to baulk nature in a stupid way of their own.

The Modern Youth.

Think of the present-day youth. His whole mind is taken up with pleasure and sport. His pleasures are in theatres, picture-houses, music-halls, philanderings. His sports are tennis, golf, football

ISOBAIL.

A LONE BIRD OF THE SEA

By Hannah Mackenzie.

"It's a wild night, father."

"It is, my lass."

"You'll not be going out in this storm, surely?"

"And why not? Would you be wishing your father to stay at home, like a coward, by his own comfortable fireside while there may be souls struggling for their lives on that black sea? It's not like yourself to be wishing that, Isobail. Not that mortal power can do much to save them that are out in this storm; it's the Lord above only can save from the jaws of death," added the fisherman, reverently lifting his cap from his head. "But what we can, we will; and God in heaven help us!"

Isobel Mackinnon, or, "Isobail," as she was usually called in the vernacular, made no reply, but in silence assisted her father into his yellow oilskin coat, handed him his sou'-wester', with which he replaced his cap, and, taking down from a peg in the wall a pair of stout leggings, laid them on the earthen floor, upon which Mackinnon knelt as he fastened them on. He also was very silent. Outside the storm was increasing in fury every minute: the wind, which had risen to a hurricane, shrieked and howled in fury as it beat upon the lonely cottage, threatening to tear it from its foundations, or wrench and whirl away the window panes, as if it would fain batter them in. But these sounds were as nothing to the low, hollow roar which smote incessantly upon Isobail's ears; to her that sound was one of doom and death, for she had learned to recognise it as the harbinger of these. It was the awful voice of the breakers rolling in from the stormy Atlantic, as they rushed foaming and fuming through the hollow cave of the Butt.

Ean Mackinnon stood up at last.

"Well, lassie, I'm ready! You'll be keeping up your heart, praying to God for me, and having supper ready for me when I return—as He will—for to-morrow is Christmas Eve. God watch over you!"

Hebrideans are not as a rule demonstrative, but as Ean Mackinnon spoke these last words, in a voice roughened by emotion, he drew his daughter into his oilskin-covered arms and held her there for a moment very close. It was only for a moment; and then, without another word, he released her, and opening the outer door of the cottage, strode out into the dark, tempestuous night. Isobail, following him, closed and barred the door, and then returned to the lonely kitchen.

It was about ten o'clock. There was every chance of the storm continuing to rage till about five o'clock next morning, when the tide would turn. There might be, therefore, six hours of lonely vigil for Isobail Mackinnon ere her father's return—six long hours in that desolate cottage with no human habitation nearer than Rhudu, five miles away, with the shriek of the storm and the roar of the sea perpetually in her ears, and with the shuddering thought of her father's danger ever uppermost in her mind. But Isobail had known many such nights. She could hardly remember the time when the cottage had not been her home. The only distinct memory she had of any other was connected with a dark and terrible time when her father had been absent from it for six weeks, and when a strange, awful shadow had obscured the brightnes of her young life; when the old housekeeper Peggy had taken her nightly in her arms, weeping over her, and praying in her native tongue that heaven would avenge them on some unknown enemy; when Isobail had once by chance come upon her brother Norman alone, and found him weeping such tears as terrified Isobail, who imagined that only by children like herself could they be shed. It had been long after that Isobail had learned all the truth. Her father had been summoned at the time to appear before the High Court of Justiciary assembled at Inverness, on the charge of scuttling a trading-vessel, of which he was the captain; and though the charge had been found "Not Proven," it had never been disproved; and therefore Ean Mackinnon was a dishonored man for life. The enemy who had brought the terrible charge against him was never satisfied until he had hounded Mackinnon into banishment, and the latter had been forced at last to seek a shelter near the wild and rocky Butt. Here, he and his two sons had built a bracken thatched cottage, and here they pursued the humble avocation of fishermen, only entering into intercourse with their neighbors in the village of Rhudu when they had fish to sell or necessaries to buy.

Off that wild coast shipwrecks were common enough in winter, for vessels sometimes ran in here for shelter, in ignorance of the dangerous nature of that wild shore, abounding in sunken rocks, whose jagged points proved far more deadly than the angriest sea. Mackinnon and his sons, with the daring and courage of island-men, made up their minds to prevent, as far as was possible, the deadly havoc that was going on. They built a lifeboat, which they themselves manned, and on the highest point of the Butt, called locally the Black Rock, they set a beacon, which one of them kindled every dark and stormy night; but little did Ean Mackinnon guess what hostage he himself would have to give to that cruel and life-greedy monster whom he dared to defy. One awful night, the two young men, Ewen and Norman, had gone out to the rescue of a fishing smack, which seemed in dire distress. Half-way out—how was never exactly known—the gallant little lifeboat upset, turning completely over in the water. She soon righted herself again, but her occupants were gone. The next morning the smack which the lifeboat had gone to rescue, was at anchor safely in calm water; but the two brave young lives were gone—sacrificed to no purpose. The work of Ean Mackinnon's life henceforth must be done alone.

Only Isobail herself knew how her pitiful, tender woman's heart bled to see the old man go forth to his brave task alone. Many a time she would willingly have gone with him, sharing his toil and his danger, for the blood of her hardy island forefathers was in Isobail Mackinnon's veins. But it was seldom that her father would allow it. "A woman's work," he said, with his deep, strangely-tender smile, was to keep the fire burning and the kettle singing at home for the toilers of the sea." So Isobail submitted, though it was to her more torturing, if the less toilsome, lot. But many a night, as now, she could almost have disobeyed and followed him out into the storm and blackness without. She could not rest a moment, but paced uneasily the length of the kitchen, looking out every few minutes into the night, whose blackness was cloven asunder by the foaming white of the frothing waves, as they thundered tumultuously in towards the Butt, looking like gigantic white forms springing up into the dark night. Then Isobail would cover her face and pray. Meanwhile, Ean Mackinnon strode along towards his boathouse, which was situated at a considerable distance from the cottage, but at the only point at which a boat could be launched. Just above it, and on one of the highest points of the rock there shone, through the surrounding darkness, a steady, bright light. It was the beacon placed there by young Ewen Mackinnon, many years ago, and lit that very evening by Mackinnon's own hand. Unconsciously, as he struggled onwards against the fierce gale, Mackinnon's eyes, which had once been bright and dark as Isobail's now were, rose to that light, and kept a steady gaze fixed there. His thoughts flew, as they always did at such times, to the two brave lads who had so often climbed that precipice with him, and over whose bright heads the dark waters now closed.

"My Ewen! My Norman; my beautiful lads!" he murmured to himself, the painful tears of an old man smarting in his eyes. Then another thought arose—the thought of the implacable enemy through whom indirectly these young lives had been cut off; and he turned his eyes from the beacon and raised them to the dark wrack of clouds above him as he muttered:

"God keep me from the sin of him who will not forgive his enemy, but if Dugald Sinclair were to come before me now, there's that in my heart—burning, stinging, consuming—that would surely kill him. God forgive me! . . . If I saw him now, perishing in those black, choking waters, is it I that would stretch out a hand to help him?"

He had reached the boathouse now, and stood for a few moments on the rocky shore, looking down gloomily at the wild sea, which sent its white horses leaping madly in upon the rocks, to be flung back, foaming and seething, into their gulf of darkness again. It was impossible to tell what might be going on within fifty yards of the shore; the darkness was impenetrable. He turned away at last, and scrambling up the face of the Black Rock with great difficulty, for the wind threatened every minute to dislodge him, found his light still brightly burning. Then, holding on to a spur of rock behind him, he peered through the darkness, seaward. As he did so, a vivid flame of light leapt up, as it were, from the very midst of the surging waters into the air, and then died out. He drew himself together with a long-drawn breath. He knew too well what it meant, and he longed, with the passionate desire for saving which grows stronger as it is whetted by realisation, to go to the rescue. But as yet it was impossible.

The signal was not repeated. He could only suppose, with a shudder, that the boat had gone down. Yet he waited on, with the tempest howling around him, until presently he detected a slow, grey light appearing through the swiftly-moving leaden clouds. It was the late December moon, trying to pierce the blanket of the night. She rose higher and higher, and presently sailed out into a clear space in the sky between the wrack of black clouds. Mackinnon took advantage of the moment to gaze out eagerly over the sea, and in that moment, his eyes, accustomed to the dim light of the moon, made out an object, tossing on the top of a huge white-crested wave, not a hundred yards out from shore. To his keen eyes, it looked like the keel of a boat upside down. Even as he looked the wave broke up, sending a great sea of white foam all round, and the boat disappeared from view. Mackinnon waited breathlessly until the foam had spent itself, and presently saw the dark object emerge from the gulf in which it might well have been swallowed up. He was almost sure now it was the keel of a boat, and surely there was someone clinging to it. In fierce excitement, Mackinnon strained forward, his lips parted, his breath coming pantingly. At that moment the moon shone out more clearly than ever, and Mackinnon, putting to his eyes the telescope he always carried with him, uttered an exclamation, carried away by the wild wind: "God have mercy! It's a man it is, indeed!"

In less than ten minutes he had descended the precipice, and was launching his boat on the dark and tempestuous waters. Then, securing his lifebelt, and springing in himself, he was soon guiding his boat as best he might among the sunken rocks of the coast. He prayed wildly that the moon might not be obscured, but might guide him to the spot he was making for. Who can tell for what purpose the ignorant prayers of blind humanity are answered? Who can say whether the unutterable decrees of Fate are affected by them or not?

Mackinnon's prayers were answered. Buffeted by the wind and waves, beaten back, engulfed, tossed helplessly from breaker to breaker, he reached the shipwreck at last. A death-like face was turned up to his—wild, wide eyes, with a look of fixed horror in them, gazed entreatingly at him—cold, dripping hands, in which the pulses beat low and languidly, clung to his—and then Ean Mackinnon dragged his trophy from the sea.

. . . . . .

When the shipwrecked man opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was the sweet face of Isobail Mackinnon bending over him, and her deep, grey eyes gazing pityingly into his.

"Drink a little of this, then, it will be doing you good," said a sweet voice, with lingering, emphasised vowels in his ears. He obeyed, and the hot strong liquid sent a tide of new life through him—he looked up again into Isobail's eyes, and Isobail's eyes fell before his, for never in her nunlike life had she met such a look, and the eyes that gave it were soft and dark.

"You are kind," he murmured, as Isobail withdrew her arm gently. "But who are you, may I know? And how came I here?"

"My father saved you," said Isobail simply. "You'll be in our cottage just now at the Butt, and my name will be Isobail Mackinnon."

"Ah! I remember." He passed his hand, which was a beautiful one Isobail noticed, over his eyes. "Good heavens! what an awful affair! We were in a yacht, Jack Wilmslow and I, and he ran her in here for shelter. Then she must have struck on a rock, for she sprang a fearful leak and began to sink. We got down the boat, but before we all got in the yacht heeled over on her beam-ends, and I know no more till I found myself clinging to the upturned jolly-boat. Heavens! they must all have gone down!" He covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"You must not be thinking of that now," said Isobail softly. "Will you not be trying to sleep for a little? It's better for it you would be."

"My kind nurse! I will try to please you," and before Isobail stole away, he was sleeping quietly, and looking more life-like than he had done since he had been brought in.

"We will be thanking God for that in our prayers to-night, my lassie," said Mackinnon, when Isobail told him. And as the two knelt down on the earthern floor, as was their custom night and morning, the old man uttered words of simple thanksgiving for the life that had been saved. If he had known who it was, would he have uttered them?

It was a fortnight later, the New Year having come and gone, when Julius Hume spoke of leaving the cottage of the Mackinnons. And by that time that had happened which could never afterwards be undone—Isobail had listened to the first words of love she had ever heard in her life, and had given her whole soul into another's keeping. She was two-and-twenty, but this, the first overwhelming passion of her womanhood, was all the stronger because it had been so long dormant within her. Now Hume told her he must go away; his friends would have given him up for lost.

"Only for a little, my darling," he whispered, as he held her face close to his breast; I shall come back to you very soon, and claim you before all the world as my own. Not a lady in all fair Edinburgh will be as happy as you, my dark-browed, Highland maiden!"

But Isobail clung to him with a long shudder, and with pale lips and cheeks.

"You'll be sure you are coming back? I am afraid—afraid! Julius, if you were never to come back I would die, I think."

He laughed softly, pressing her dark little head against his breast.

"My timid little island sea-bird! Isobail, Isobail, you have not a grain of faith in me, I'm afraid! Well, some day you'll know better."

Then he went away, and Isobail was left alone with her father.

It was like a stab to her tender heart, to see the long, sad, pained look with which the old man followed her every movement now. She had herself let another come in between them. Her heart, her soul, her whole being were given to that other; she was no longer her father's. She knew the old man knew this also, and that it hurt him as nothing had hurt him since the waves went over the bright heads of Ewen and Norman; and the pity of it pained Isobail's heart like an actual wound.

One day, about a week after Hume's departure, Mackinnon, who had been to the post-office at Rhudhu, received a letter. He had not received one for years. He tore it open and read:

"Dear Sir,—Since my return to Edinburgh, I have been made acquainted with some strange facts in your past history. I must first premise that my real name is not Julius Hume, though that is one by which I am known as an artist; I gave it on a foolish impulse, thinking that my father's name might be well-known in the island. It is Dugald Sinclair, and mine is Julius Sinclair. My father has told me the story of a crime committed in the past, which you are now expiating by a life of voluntary banishment. Why did you not tell me the truth. It would have made my task much easier. I cannot forget that but for your noble heroism I should have lost my life, and that, under your roof, I was nursed back to health again. But I dare not yet say I can give up all—it would be that—for love. Only ask Isobail to be true to me, as I shall be to her, and to wait.—Yours faithfully,

"JULIUS SINCLAIR."

Mackinnon walked slowly home. Isobail was sitting by the window sewing. But she looked up and something in his face sent a chill foreboding to her heart. Mackinnon laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Isobail, you've been a brave lass all your life. I've seen you at the oars, pulling against a sea that would frighten any man, and never once did you say 'I'm afraid.' And when they were brought home—our brave lads, the light of my eyes, our Ewen and Norman—never a tear did you shed, but comforted me, and prayed for me, and strengthened me."

Never till now had he alluded to that terrible time, and his voice shook as he did so. Isobail, too, trembled, dimly foreseeing the blow that was about to fall upon her. But she tried bravely to hide her fears.

"What is it, father?" she asked, simply. "Is it about—Julius?"

"It's about the man who called himself Julius Hume," he answered, breaking into a sudden passion. He turned from her and began pacing the kitchen with quick, angry strides. "I saved him—I gave him his life at the risk of my own—I held him in my arms as I might have held—my own lads—" his voice suddenly choking—"I gave him a share of all I had—I would even have given him my one ewe lamb, not knowing who or what he was; the son of him who made me a fugitive and a vagabond, like Cain, this day, and the father of two sons now sleeping beneath yon dark waters! Ay, lassie, and sooner than see you his bride, would I have you sleep there also." Then he gave her the letter.

. . . . . .

A year passed, and Julius Sinclair, having at last decided that he must give up all, so far as his father's worldly posessions were concerned, for love, or live an unhappy and unsatisfied life, found himself once more within the island which held for him the dearest treasure on earth. It was Christmas again, and rough and changeable weather. As young Sinclair drove towards the village of Rhudhu, a thousand schemes for the future happiness of both Isobail and her father passed through his mind. He was a generous young fellow, good-hearted in the main, and now that he had thoroughly broken with his father, he felt that all his future life must be devoted to those two through whom it had been saved. He would then take them out of that desolate island, bleak and bare as a brown peat tossing on a stormy sea, and bring them into a warm and comfortable, if not luxurious, home, filled with all the necessaries of civilisation. There Isobail and he would know one long dream of love, and the old man would forget his past sorrows in witnessing their happiness.

He left his trap at Rhudhu, and walked the rest of the way beside the rocky, tangle-covered shore, over which swept the great, white-crested waves of the Atlantic. The sea as grey and "gurly" sullenly moaning to itself, as it rushed through the caves, and dashed over the rocks of that wild coast. Julius Sinclair took no notice of anything around him—of the restless sea, of the great moorlands of peat-moss that swept up on his other-hand, of the far-off sounds of spring that came to his ears, the cry of the shepherd, the bark of a dog, the Gaelic shout of some island field-laborer working on his "lot;" his eyes, his thoughts, were fixed on that little bracken-covered cottage in the shelter of the Butt.

He reached it at last. The door was ajar, and with quickening pulses, Sinclair entered the narrow earthen-floored lobby. The kitchen door was open, but Sinclair, glancing in, saw that the hearth, which was in the centre of the floor, was full of white peat ashes. No fire smouldered there. He could not tell why or how, but a sudden strange chill ran through him, quenching the buoyant hope and the warm passion that had been in his veins a minute ago. He turned to the door opposite "the room," as Isobail used to call it; it was closed, but the sound of a low, droning voice from within fell on Sinclair's ears. As he stood, undecided what to do, another sound, inexplicable, unaccountable, reached him—the sound of a voice which seemed very far away, singing a verse of a Gaelic song that was familiar to him, because it had been a favorite one of Isobail's, and she had often lilted it softly to herself in her somewhat low-set, but full-throated voice, as she moved about her morning work. He had once asked her the English of it and she told him:

"Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea,
Thy home on the rocks is a shelter to thee;
Thy home is the angry wave,
Mine but the lonely grave—
Ho, ro, Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me."

Was it her voice?—he could not tell—it sounded like, yet unlike, it. At that moment the droning voice in "the room" ceased, the door suddenly opened, and an old man, clad in the rough home-spun garments, dyed with the crotal (lichen) of the highlanders, and with a much-lined face, large-featured, high-boned, and heavy-jawed, looked out.

"Co thu? (Who are you?). What is it you're wanting here?" he asked in his native tongue.

"I wish to see Ean Mackinnon or his daughter," replied Sinclair, feeling strangely apprehensive. "Are they still here? Can I see them?"

"No, you cannot be seeing them now," he said, at length, in a slow, reflective fashion. "You'll be a stranger here, I'm thinking."

"Ay, ay!" The old man tugged at his woollen shirt-band, as if it were too tight, then went on slowly: "You would not be hearing, then, of the shipwreck last night off the Butt?"

Sinclair started—"What shipwreck?"

"It was Alister Macdonald's fishing smack that had gone to Loch Doull for the fishing there," began the narrator, with a deliberativeness that almost maddened Sinclair. "When the storm came on they were coming back. Five men in the smack, and four of them with wives and children at home, and the Lord alone knows what would become of them all if the men were taken away! It's an awful night it was, and not one of us could go to give them help; but it's praying hard to the Lord we were all night, and the wives and children were mad with the fear that was upon them. And in the middle of the night, what did we see but the life-boat from the Butt, putting off the shore with the old man and the lassie in it!" The listener uttered a strange sound, starting forward as if he would have stayed the narration; but the narrator did not observe it and went on. "It's an elder I am myself for twenty years in the free church at Rhudhu, and I'll be hoping sometimes the Lord's grace is in my heart; but, if Ean Mackinnon is not a saved man the day for all he's done since he came to the island, and the lives he's saved, then it's myself would be believing there's no heaven at all, at all. Ay, and so the man and the lassie reached the boat, and it's themselves took the fishermen aboard, and were coming back, all pulling at the oars, when—the Lord knows how!—a wave swamped the boat and it's no more we'll be knowing. But we thought then all were lost."

"All were lost?" said the listener; his voice was only a hoarse whisper, his face was grey as the aged one bent on the old man's breast.

"But the Lord was merciful," continued the narrator, more briskly, as if he had not heard the question; for Alister Macdonald and Hector MacLean reached the shore alive. But the rest were drowned. We'll be seeing them no more till the waves give up their dead. Ochone! Ochaine! But it's the Lord's doing it is, and we must bow to His will."

Julius laid a heavy hand on the speaker's arm—so heavy that the trembling old man staggered under it. "In the name of God, tell me the truth! Is Isobail drowned too?"

Even as he asked the question, that strange, weird voice sounded again in his ears:—

"Thy home is the angry wave,
Mine but the lonely grave—
Ho, ro, Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me."

Then it ceased, trailing away into silence. And he heard the old man's quivering voice as it solemnly answered:

"Drowned—both drowned on Christmas Eve! The old man and the lassie together. It's the Lord knows best, when He took them together. For it's them that loved each other, and the one could not have lived without the other; they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

He: I notice you call a good many of your acquaintances cranks. I hope you do not consider me a crank?

She: Certainly not! A crank is a person with one idea, and I never heard anybody accuse you of having one!"

If some cooks land in heaven they will be awfully annoyed to find that they can't leave at the end of the month.

Father: At your age, Willie, I never told an untruth.

Willie: How old were you when you began?

Burglar: Don't shoot me, sir.

Householder: On one condition—that you tell me how you got in without waking my wife.

Boll: That man over there is staring straight at my nose."

Noll: Probably he's a reporter.

Boll: And why should a reporter stare at my nose?

Noll: They are supposed to keep their eyes on everything that turns up, aren't they?

HELPING CUPID.

By Keble Howard.

I was getting quite anxious about them. We were due in at Marseilles the following morning, and although one occasionally intercepted a look that meant everything on earth or in the waters beneath or in the heavens above, they still addressed each other in tones of formal politeness. A little honest rudeness will often bridge a chasm that ordinary politeness merely widens.

He was a young, trim, dark, good-looking Dutch lieutenant, on his way to Java in charge of twenty or thirty soldiers about the same age as himself. His manners were natural, his air modest and charming, and I was assured by more than one lady on board that he danced exquisitely. What more could she want?

She was a young, fair, fresh, bonny typical English girl, with blue eyes and a sunny smile and a jolly laugh and a heart, one could see, just ripe for love. Her father was on board, and they would meet her mother at Marseilles. She, too, could dance; she could also play the piano, and talk brightly, and look and look and look. What more could he want?

. . . . . .

For the matter of that I tackled him on the subject. "Do you," I said, "like the English ladies?"

"Oh, yes," he said, courteous but not enthusiastic. "Dey are very nice, I dink."

"Come! Is that the best you can say for them?"

"Well, I dink de Dutch ladies are not so—how is dis vordt you say?—forbidden."

I puzzled a moment. I was sure that, whatever he said, he meant well by the Dutch ladies. At last I cried, "Forbidding? Is that it?"

"Yes, if you please. Dank you very much. I find de English ladies rader forbidding."

"Doesn't she give you any encouragement?"

"I beg your pardon?" he replied instantly, not to be caught.

"Don't they give you any encouragement?"

He smiled. "Not very much, I dink."

"Perhaps you don't give them much?"

"Oh, I do not know. In 'Olland de gentleman must always wait for de lady."

"I see. And do they have to wait long?"

He laughed outright this time. "Not so long, I dink, as you must wait for English lady."

"But you really do like the English ladies?" I wanted to be certain on this point before taking any active steps. Even the laziest of men are generally willing to work for nothing, but they hate to be called "Fool!" for their pains.

"Oh, yes," he said again; "dey are very nice, I dink." The words were the same, but he looked at the horizon and sighed.

It was enough. I went presently in search of the girl, and found the foolish young thing pretending to read a novel on the upper deck.

"Well," I began, seating myself beside her and taking away the book, "do you think you will be happy in Java?"

"Don't be silly!" she retorted. "And please give me back my book."

"They tell me the climate is delightful," I continued.

"I haven't the least idea what you are talking about. May I have my book? I'm just in the most exciting part."

"Indeed? The man must be an amateur if he puts his most exciting incident into the first chapter."

"I loathe you! I wish you'd go away."

"No, you don't. You want me to arrange a dance on deck to-night."

"Really?"

"I understand that we shall get into Marseilles quite early in the morning."

"How frightfully interesting!"

"And the ship sails for Java a few hours later."

"You're full of information, aren't you?"

"Java is a long way off—thousands of miles."

"Fancy!"

"And the Javanese girls are very fascinating. Would you like me to arrange that dance on deck to-night?"

"Oh, if you like."

"That won't do."

"Oh, well, then, please do arrange it. Now give me back my book."

I gave it her. She needed it.

. . . . . .

All the same, there was no dance that night. The fickle Mediterranean chose to be in one of her nasty moods and we were all penned up in the smoking-room and the drawing-room. In the latter was the English girl. Her father asked her to play the piano, but she refused. Father was rather nettled, after all the money that had been spent upon her education, but I understood.

Somebody else played instead, and an hour dragged by. The young Dutchman was alternately feverish and depressed. He seemed to be battling with an idea. Suddenly he rose to his feet, clicked his heels together, bowed low, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it will give me the nice pleasure to buy some champagne for the company. You will all do me the honor—yes?"

We said we would. I was pleased with the lad. He was showing his mettle.

The champagne had as miraculous an effect as the fire that burnt the stick that beat the dog that bit the pig that got over the stile. The young English girl began to play the piano, the father began to smile, and the young Dutchman began to turn the leaves, and all the other passengers began to tell each other what a charming voyage it had been.

I turned to a lady on my left—a lady in whom I had every reason for reposing confidence.

"I want you to do something in the cause of true love," I said. "I want you to go to the young Dutch officer and ask him to take you out on deck for a stroll."

She did it beautifully. In something less than two minutes they had unostentatiously disappeared. It was now my turn. I sidled up to the other young party.

"Shall we stroll out on deck?" I suggested softly. "The rain has stopped and the sea is almost smooth again."

"But——"

"Don't argue, or they'll notice. Simply do as I tell you

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9th.
Present: Crs. Crispe (president), Robertson, Howe, Warr, Stanlake, Braithwaite, Paterson, Allchin and Bricknell.

HEALTH BOARD REPRESENTATIVE.

It was decided to give Cr. Treganowan, of Williamstown, the council's vote.

A SANITARY PRECAUTION.

The City of Brunswick wrote stating that a local flock manufacturer was complaining of the local bye-law which required material for flock-making, such as rags, etc., to be boiled before being used. They would like to have this council's opinion on the matter.

Cr. Howe said he considered such a bye-law was absolutely necessary. All must recognise the necessity of such material as rags, picked up from all sorts of places, being boiled before being teased up into flock for human beings to lie upon. They must use such precautions if disease was to be prevented coming into the household. He moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole.—Carried.

ELECTRIC LIGHT CHARGES.

Lincolne and Macdougall wrote, intimating that the council could base their charges for light at 5½d. per unit and for power at 2½d. per unit. At this price installations were being made at the rate of 700 per month in other suburbs.—Received.

W. BRAITHWAITE'S FACTORY PREMISES.

W. Braithwaite wrote asking for leave to occupy as a factory new premises he had erected in connection with his tannery.—Referred to inspector for report.

HACKNEY CARRIAGE FEES.

The City of Melbourne intimated that this council's proportion of the year's hackney carriage fees was £3 0s. 6d.

THE CONDEMNED PREMISES.

Stott and Bastings wrote regarding the premises occupied by T. Latham. The tenant would be vacating the place shortly, and the owner would have the place put in order, when it was presumed it would be passed by the inspector.

Cr. Stanlake moved and Cr. Robertson seconded, that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole.

CROSSING WANTED.

A. Cockroft was granted a crossing to his premises in Tyler street, on the usual conditions.

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER.

The Board of Health wrote stating that in consequence of the unfavourable reports regarding his premises, W. Wright had been refused permission to manufacture ice cream.

JUNIOR OFFICER LEAVING.

Chas. Forrester wrote intimating his wish to terminate his engagement at the end of the present year, as he had secured a position under the Hawthorn Council.

Cr. Allchin said that personally he was sorry their young officer was leaving, as he was a promising lad; but they could not object to him bettering his position. He moved that he be sent a testimonial under the seal of the council.

Cr. Peterson seconded; carried.

CROSSING, WILD STREET.

Davies Bros. were granted a crossing to their premises in Wild street, at whole cost, as the path had just been asphalted.

RENEWAL OF LICENSES.

Devers and Co., and John Adams and Co. wrote applying for renewal of their noxious trades licenses.—Referred to inspector.

LIBRARY FAIR.

Preston Public Free and Lending Library committee wrote applying for the use of the hall for May 7, 8, 9, 10, for the purpose of holding a fair in aid of the building fund.—Referred to the hall committee on the motion of Crs. Warr and Paterson.

UNSIGNED LETTER.

An unsigned letter purporting to come from ratepayers of Wallace street, asking for the water to be laid from Jessie to Elizabeth street, was read; but no action could be taken under the circumstances.

The letter was left on the table to await further information.

THE VALUATION.

Jane Gay wrote complaining of her valuation, which had been nearly doubled.

To be considered with other similar letters at a special meeting.

ICE CREAM PERMIT.

A. E. Slattery wrote applying for permission to manufacture ice cream at his premises.—Referred to the inspector.

EX-CR. HOWSE.

John Howse wrote acknowledging letter of thanks and appreciation received from the council. He had always done his best to look after the interests of the East Riding and the shire generally, and he felt gratified that his efforts had been appreciated.—Received.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Paterson (Chairman) submitted the report recommending that accounts amounting to £535 15s. 7d. be passed for payment.—Adopted.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Allchin (Chairman) submitted the report recommending that accounts amounting to £19 9s. 2d. be passed for payment.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

Cr. Howe (Chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. Re properties transferred from east to central riding in error.—That the matter be left in the valuer's hands to rectify.—Adopted.

2. Letter from School Committee re annual picnic.—Left in the president's hands to call a meeting at the beginning of the year.—Adopted.

3. Letter from State School Committee re providing swimming accommodation.—That the School Committee be invited to meet the council in committee on Monday, December 16th.

Cr. Braithwaite said from his experience in making pits, he thought a bathing place of considerable size could be made at comparatively small expense. Perhaps some of the money saved by not building the supper room could be utilised for this work.

FINANCE.

The treasurer reported that the receipts for the fortnight had been £23 12/11, and that the overdraft was £1328 0/0.

MEAT INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Mr. Howse reported having inspected and branded for the fortnight, carcases of meat as follows: Cattle 75, sheep 1301, pigs 528.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Mr. Dean reported that the required easements had been granted in both the Dundas street and Raglan street subdivisions, and they were approved by the council.

Cr. Bricknell threw out the suggestion that vendors of subdivisions should submit names of all new streets so as to avoid duplication in names.

The vendors of the La Mascotte Estate are to be notified the subdivision cannot be approved unless the present natural watercourse through allotments is retained.

WANDERING CATTLE.

Cr. Howe said he understood no reply had been sent to the letter of the School Committee re wandering cattle. If so, it showed discourtesy. The residents had been complaining bitterly of late regarding these wandering cattle—cows getting into and destroying gardens, and horses roaming about to the danger of children. The latter was the greatest evil of all. The School Committee had brought the matter before the council and asked for a remedy; but no reply had been sent them.

The Secretary said the usual formal letter had been sent that the matter had been referred to the inspector for attention.

Cr. Bricknell said that since the fences had been removed from the Hillcrest Estate in the East Riding, the place was a regular dumping ground for wandering cattle, which were a perfect nuisance. As soon as footpaths were made the cattle were all over them destroying them.

Cr. Howe moved that the question of wandering cattle be referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Bricknell seconded; carried.

Cr. Howe moved that the engineer's attention be called to the state of the path in Murray road.

Cr. Bricknell moved that complaint be made to the Metropolitan Gas Co., as to the way their employees leave the roads after putting down mains.

Cr. Warr reported having attended the annual meeting of the Weights and Measures Union. During the year 325 cases were dealt with, including 8 in Preston. Their contribution to the Union only amounted to £1 1s. The inspector, Mr. J. Lucas Murray, did good work.

Cr. Allchin said the Union was fortunate in getting such a good officer as Mr. Murray, who carried out his duties in a very able and energetic manner. The Union was endeavouring to get a law passed enabling the inspector to go into any shop and demand the weights of any goods parcelled up for sale. At present only private persons could do this and afterwards take proceedings. Their contribution was very small considering the great good the community got from it.

Cr. Robertson called the engineer's attention to the stagnant water lying in Spring street. He would like the daymen to attend temporarily, and the matter of pitching the channels referred to the estimates.

AMENDING HALL TARIFF.

C. Bricknell, in accordance with notice given, moved for certain alterations in the schedule of rates for letting the hall, such as putting lectures and public meetings on the same footing, doing away with a fixed 10 per cent. rebate for charity in favour of allowing each case to be dealt with on its merits, and rectifying an anomaly under which those who wanted the hall till 2 a.m. could gain 5s. by taking it till 12, and then paying so much per hour at schedule rates.

Cr. Allchin seconded the motion, which was carried.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9th.

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Stott, Hayes, Tharratt, Brown, Redmond and McIntosh, J.'sP.

DEFAULTING CADETS.

Lieut. Fargher, Area Officer, 51st., proceeded against a number of cadets who had taken no steps to put in their arrears of drill.

Henry Alexander Lawrence, 20 hours short, was fined 20s.; Ernest Reginald Jones, 21 hours short, 20s.; G. Sandwell, 20s.; Adrian Attilo Munro, 10 hours short, 10s.; Lionel Hardy Johnson 27½ hours short, 20s.; Garnet Milton Murphy, 20s.; George Jas. Thompson, 20s.; Harold Richard Powell, 20s.; Francis Hubert Thorpe, 10 hours short, 10s. All were handed over to the custody of the staff-sergeant-major.

Truant-Officer Cocks proceeded against a number of parents and guardians for not sending their children regularly to school. The following were fined: Clarence Ransom, 2 cases, 2s. each; Alex. Keith, 2s.; Horace Broadway, 2s.; Francis Kendall, 2 cases, 2s. each; Alfred Bobb, 2 cases, 2s. each; Alex. Mayer, 2 cases, 2s. each.

WANDERING CATTLE.

Alfred Hatton, the town ranger, proceeded against a number of persons for allowing their horses and cows to wander. L. Hanger, 3 horses, fined 30s. with 19s. costs; C. Manning, 1 cow, 5s. with 5s. costs; J. Elms, 1 pony, 10s. with 5s. costs; J. Healy, 1 cow, 5s. and 5s. costs; H. Doyle, 1 cow, 5s. and 5s. costs; W. Thompson, 1 cow, 5s. and 5s. costs; J. Sanderson, 1 cow, 2s. 6d. and 5s. costs; M. Fry, 1 cow, 5s. and 5s. costs; F. Chamberlain, 2 horses, 10s. and 7s. 6d costs.

OUT OF DATE TICKET.

Michael O'Connor, special ticket checker on the Victorian Railways, proceeded against Norman Pearce for riding without paying his fare.

Informant stated that the ticket defendant was using was 10 days old.

Fined 20s., with 6s. 6d. costs.

FAILING TO VACCINATE.

For above Henry Franklyn Hyslop, Wm. Jas. McGill, and Alf. Ainley were each fined 40s.

RIDING ON PATH.

For this offence John Whitton and Benjamin Joyner were each fined 2s., with 2s. 6d. costs.

NORTHCOTE RESIDENT AND HIS COW.

PREVENTING NEED OF IMMIGRATION.

At the Northcote Court on Monday, John Sanderson was proceeded against by the town ranger for allowing his cow to wander.

Defendant said he was paying 25s. a week for a place that was only worth 15s., in order to get a bit of grass for his cow. Of his 17 children he still had 14, and he wanted to keep them alive and prevent the need of the Government bringing in immigrants.

Dr. Cole, in announcing that the fine would be 2s. 6d., or half what the others were being fined, told Sanderson he must look after his cow.

Sanderson: I am looking after it. I have got a rope on to it, a stone, and a boy. (Laughter).

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

A young man named Reginald George Hayward, aged 20 years, residing with his parents at Regent street, Preston, accidentally shot himself with a revolver on Thursday. Hayward, who was anæmic, used to sleep in the open sleep-house and was in the habit of keeping a loaded revolver under his pillow at night. Yesterday morning when his brother went to call him he heard a report similar to a revolver shot, and was shocked at finding him lying on the bed with a bullet wound at the back of his head. Hayward was removed to Dr. Stirling's private hospital. The Xrays showed that the bullet took a downward course and is lodged at the back of the nostrils.

SMART SUITS at Low Prices

¶ We're busy making them now. Why not let us make yours? We have the Newest Patterns and guarantee you satisfaction

THE HAT KING

TREVENA & SON,
The Reliable Ladies' and Gents' Tailors,
266 Smith Street, Collingwood
Phone, Central 5410.

SOUTH PRESTON STATE SCHOOL.

ITS WRETCHED WATER SUPPLY AND SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS.

DEPUTATION TO MINISTER DECIDED ON.

Cr. Howe, at the meeting of the Preston Council on Monday evening, said that as the guardians of the public health it was their duty to bring under the notice of the proper authorities and the public generally anything that militated against it. There were two conditions prevailing at the South Preston State School that cried aloud for remedy and redress. He referred first to the water supply and next to the bad sanitary arrangements on account of not being connected with the sewerage system. The old Board of Advice realising the importance to the children of an adequate water supply made repeated applications for an improved service, and later the school committee has followed in their footsteps with similar requests; but always with the same negative result. Some of the councillors would, doubtless, be surprised to learn that at a school where there were 600 children, the total water supply consisted if a mere "dribble" from a single tap; and that to collect water for drinking purposes a bucket had constantly to be under the tap to catch the drippings. Their sympathies should go out to the children who were unable to help themselves. In the heat of summer it was a hardship not to be able to get a drink of water. A bad feature of the system, too, was that the water in the bucket became contaminated with all the dust that was flying about, and there was also the objection of all dipping into the same bucket. A nice thing indeed, for the health of the children. Time after time the Education Department have been asked to remedy this, but the only results were stereotyped replies that the matter would be attended to in due course. Even their member's assistance had been sought, but he had failed to move them. The full light of publicity should be thrown on such a scandal, and he (Cr. Howe) was determined to do it. In the interests of the children they must find means of moving the authorities in the matter. The sanitary arrangements also demanded immediate attention by the Department. The sewerage system was in the neighbourhood, and had the school been private instead of a Government concern, it would long since have been forced to connect. He did not see why the Government should be exempt, especially seeing that it meant not only the perpetuation of an objectionable system for the children, but also caused a nuisance to the public by reason of the urinary drainage being allowed to flow out into the public channels. These grievances should not be allowed to exist a day longer than is necessary.

Cr. Warr said that to his knowledge the old School Board hammered away for years to get an improved water supply, but the Department's reply always was "The matter would be attended to," but nothing was ever done. They had to let the children out in batches to ensure all getting a drink of water, as if they all came out at once there would be such a scramble that the little ones would have no chance of getting a drink at all. It was a disgraceful thing that the school was not sewered. Such an institution as a school should be the first to be sewered.

Cr. Braithwaite said he was surprised not alone to hear that such a state of things existed, but that it had been tolerated for so many years. They heard of diphtheria cases. No wonder, if the children were allowed to drink out of a horse bucket. It was high time they did something to remedy this state of affairs. But while listening to the eloquent remarks of the previous speakers he could not help remembering that their own municipal buildings were not yet sewered. They should speak by deeds as well as by words.

Cr. Robertson pointed out that the municipal buildings would have been sewered months ago but for the anticipated alterations.

Cr. Allchin thought a strongly worded letter should be sent to the Central Board of Health. It was no uncommon thing to see the children flocking into his (Cr. Allchin's) yard famishing for a drink.

The President (Cr. Crispo) said he thought it was high time that Cr Howe brought the matter up. Throughout the whole metropolis the Metropolitan Board had the greatest difficulty in getting the Government to sewer their buildings. They had frequently to be threatened with report to the Central Board of Health. He might say now, that he had gone to considerable trouble to get the northern sewerage area extended so as to include the Tyler st. State School. As for the water supply, there was a good pressure past the school, but the pipe supplying the school was so corroded that it did not get the benefit of it. He would suggest that they ask Mr. Membrey to arrange for a deputation to wait on the Minister of Health, when proper representations would surely result in something being done.

Cr. Howe, in moving that the suggestion of the president be carried into effect, said that out of their own funds the school committee had volunteered to advance the money to pay for the pipes in order that the children might get a better water supply, but only the same kind of reply was received.

Cr. Warr seconded the motion, which was agreed to.

Mr. Membroy, M.L.A., has arranged with the Minister to receive the deputation at half-past 11 on Wednesday next.

Preston-Northcote Railway Service.

To the Editor.

Sir,—On behalf of a great number of shop assistants employed in Melbourne, Richmond, South Yarra and Collingwood (Smith street) we, through your valuable paper take the liberty of thanking Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., for his consideration to us on our behalf in connection with an additional train on Friday (the late shopping night), at 10.26 in place of 10.45, which enables us to reach our homes at a reasonable hour instead of waiting in the City for three-quarters of an hour, after a hard 12 hours' working day.

Yours, etc.,
HORACE FURZER, 45 Gladstone Avenue.

NEW TRAMWAYS.

THE PROPOSED EXTENSION ALONG ST. GEORGE'S ROAD TO PRESTON.

Another meeting under the auspices of the Northern Suburbs Tramways Extension League was held at the Albion hotel on Wednesday evening. There was a good attendance, and the Mayor of Fitzroy (Cr. Ottery) presided.

With a view of arousing interest amongst the residents along the line of route, it was decided to hold public meetings next week both at Croxton (in the Methodist Schoolroom at the corner of Shaftesbury Parade and St. George's Road) and at Preston.

It was decided, on the suggestion of ex-Cr. Robb, to ask the Mayor of Northcote to preside at next meeting.

Mr. M. Hannah, M.L.A., urged that they should not allow the grass to grow under their feet. The Railways Standing Committee had recently enquired into three tramway extension proposals and had recommended the whole. This showed clearly that they had a chance of favourable consideration, as the extension desired had splendid prospects of success. The Standing Committee might desire to take evidence in regard to the proposal at any time, and it was most important therefore to have the necessary data in readiness to submit to them. Also they must be in absolute agreement as to what was wanted, and speak with a united voice. The possible injury the new line may do the High street tram need not, he thought, be considered, as in a few years time, at latest, there would be sufficient population along the new tram to make it payable.

Mr. Hannah went on to say that one of the first measures in the next session of Parliament would have to do with the Greater Melbourne Scheme, and before that time the Government will have to mature their plans in regard to the future of the trams.

It was intimated that Mr. Hannah had obtained a promise from the Railways Standing Committee that this proposed extension would be enquired into at the same time as the Nicholson street extension.

The chairman said the Fitzroy Council was prepared to guarantee up to one-third in connection with the extension, and the main object now was to so arouse public opinion that both the Northcote and Preston Councils would be brought into line.

Mr Sutch urged the need of securing the co-operation of the Northcote and Preston Councils, and with that end in view Mr. Hannah suggested that a deputation wait upon these councils at their next meetings.

After further discussion it was decided to write to Northcote and Preston Council asking for their co-operation.

Mr. Hannah again impressed upon the meeting the necessity of getting the data in readiness for the visit of the Standing Committee, which may be before the holidays.

Ex-Cr. Pearl said that Cr. Barr, of Fitzroy, who was one of the greatest authorities in the State, had all the necessary data prepared.

Mr. W. H. Smith moved that an emergency committee be formed to prepare the necessary data and present it to the Standing Committee in case of a visit, the said committee to consist of the following, viz:—Crs. Ottery and Barr (Fitzroy), Cr. Schwaebsch, and Messrs. Pearl and W. H. Smith (Northcote), and Crs. Crispe and Allchin (Preston), with power to add.

The motion was carried.

Mr. A. A. Miller said he thought it was no use expecting the Railways Standing Committee to recommend a tramway along High street, which was only a few yards away from the railway line. The proper route to take, in his opinion, was after leaving St. George's Road, was to bear west by north to the neighbourhood of the Coburg Cemetery, thence along the crown of the hill to Broad street, Preston, and along same to Plenty road. Splendid country would be opened up all the way.

Ex-Cr. Bailey said this was practically throwing cold water on the scheme as approved of by the League.

The chairman said such matters as this would have to be left to the Railways Standing Committee's judgment.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, DEC. 10.

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Barrow and Ellison, J.'sP.

DEBT.

William A. Weir sued Frank Dunc for £1 1s 6d, being balance due on purchase of a cow, and for milk sold and delivered.

The evidence disclosed a somewhat mixed condition of accounts between the parties. Plaintiff said he engaged defendant to do the milking for him at £1 a week, but Dunc claimed 30s a week for two weeks and five days, saying he had other work to do than milking. Receipts were put in showing that defendant had made certain payments which had not been allowed for.

After hearing the evidence, the Bench gave an order for £3 1s 6d, with £2 2s costs.

SCHOOL CASES.

A number of parents were proceeded against by the summoning officer for sending their children irregularly to school, and fines ranging up to 10s per case were imposed.

Wandering Cattle at Preston.

To the Editor.

Sir,—It is very interesting to notice the action of the Preston councillors regarding the wandering cattle nuisance, which certainly is the leading topic of that Shire at the present time. For some time now the owners of wandering cattle have not been brought before the court, but just sign for the beasts and take them away to get another month's cheap feed. But all at once some strange horses are sighted wandering about, and the owner is not treated in the usual lenient way, but is brought before the court and fined 10s each beast, and 10s costs, and this a first offence. Now, Sir, there are other horses (ponies) which have been a perfect nuisance for years past at North Preston, yet the owner gets off practically scots free. There is evidently one law for horses and another for ponies. I await with interest the next raid, to see what will come of it.—

Yours, etc.,
WELL FED.

FULL STOCK SEASONABLE DELICACIES.
Choicest Brands Western District Butter. Chaff, Wheat, Maize, Bran, Pollard, etc.
Leave us your address. We will be pleased to call for your order, deliver same promptly, and give you every attention
First Quality Goods throughout. Prices Right. Country Orders promptly despatched.
A Trial Solicited.
E. B. WIDDOWS, Up-to-Date Grocers, High Street, Northcote.

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.

Export 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.

Justices Act 1890.

Information or Complaint for an Offence Punishable Summarily and Summons Thereon.

In the Court of Petty Sessions at Northcote.
In the Central Bailiwick.

By Alfred Thomas Hatton, Cattle Ranger to the Mayor, Councillors, and Burgesses of the Town of Northcote, Informant.

Owner Unknown of ——, Defendant

The information of Alfred Thomas Hatton, of Northcote, in the State of Victoria, who saith that on the 6th day of December, 1912, at Northcote, in the said Bailiwick and State, the said Unknown Owner, being the owner of certain cattle, to wit, one cream pony mare, about 13 hands high, mane and tail, shod, branded S off shoulder, also blurred brand like S, found on certain land off Westgarth Street, Northcote, such land not being a common, and such that there is no fence dividing such land from the said street without anyone having charge of the said cattle.

Alfred Thomas Hatton, Informant.

To Owner Unknown.

WHEREAS the above information has this day been laid by the above-named Alfred Thomas Hatton, before me, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the said State. These are therefore to command you in His Majesty's name to be and appear on the 23rd day of December, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the said Court of Petty Sessions at Northcote to answer to the said information and to be further dealt with according to law.

Dated at Northcote the 13th day of December, 1912.

WALTER S. STOTT, J.P.

2/6 Stamp.

Court House and Police Station for Preston.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Your contributor, "Vigilans," in the articles appearing from time to time under the heading of "Preston Topics," by the watchful eye he exercises, and pertinent suggestions that he makes to the advancement of our Shire, evidently justifies the title he assumes. In last Saturday's issue amongst other subjects he advocated the addition to our public buildings, by the erection of a Police Court and station. Those whose business leads them in that direction would welcome and strongly support any movement made by those in authority, and I trust the Shire Council will take the suggestion into serious consideration, and with the assistance of our Parliamentary representative, Mr. Membrey, endeavour to move the Law Department to take action in the direction indicated. As stated, the Shire hall is not suitable for court purposes, and a visit to the head station would reveal a primitive condition of things that would hardly be tolerated in the most remote country town, whilst the rent paid for the branch station, head station, and Shire hall—somewhere about £120 per annum, would undoubtedly pay interest and sinking fund on a properly equipped police court and station centrally situated, that would answer all purposes, and be in accord with the growing importance of the Shire.—

ISAAC BARROW, J.P.

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

THE STANDARD BEARER
THE STANDARD BEARER
THE STANDARD BEARER
IN THE PICTURE WORLD.
IN THE PICTURE WORLD.
IN THE PICTURE WORLD.

COMPLETE CHANGE
Mondays TWICE WEEKLY Thursdays
Mondays TWICE WEEKLY Thursdays

Every Evening at 8.
Matinee Saturdays and Holidays at 2.30.

EXCLUSIVE ATTRACTIONS AHEAD
EXCLUSIVE ATTRACTIONS AHEAD
EXCLUSIVE ATTRACTIONS AHEAD

TO-NIGHT.
TO-NIGHT.
TO-NIGHT.
A Touch of Nature,
THE CHILD STEALERS.
THE CHILD STEALERS.
A "Pathe" Exclusive.
A Human Play by Inhuman People.
THE HEARTS OF MEN
THE HEARTS OF MEN
An Essanay Powerful Drama.
MAX LINDER
MAX LINDER
In his Biggest Laugh Maker,
HIS EFFORTS TO GROW.
HIS EFFORTS TO GROW.
And a Gorgeous Variety of Other Unsurpassed Films.

Commencing Monday Next, 16th December (Three Nights Only)
John Bunyan's
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
A Powerful and Realistic Production of the World's Most Famous Allegory.
Together with an
ENTIRE CHANGE of PROGRAMME.
Including all that is Best.

THREE STAR ATTRACTIONS
THREE STAR ATTRACTIONS
Commencing Thursday, 19th December.
DEED'S THAT WON THE EMPIRE:
Another "Edison" Masterpiece,
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.
The Indian Mutiny, 1857.
But we will drain the life-blood where we stand
To save our children—Fight ye side by side
And sorried close, ye men of youthful pride
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.
SEE THE CHARGE OF THE HIGHLANDERS.
HEAR THE PIPERS CALLING.

THE LION TAMER'S REVENGE.
THE LION TAMER'S REVENGE.
A Thrilling Story of Circus Life.

ROCK OF AGES.
ROCK OF AGES.
A Pathetic Picture full of Real Heart Throbs.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS
CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON & NIGHT
CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON & NIGHT
Also
BOXING DAY AND NIGHT
BOXING DAY AND NIGHT
Special Programmes. Complete Changes.

THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURES
THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURES
THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURES
Preston Tram Terminus.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!
Special Detective Picture,
THE COINERS.
THE COINERS.
By Cines Co., Rome.
The Film pulsates throughout with exciting incidents and concludes with a startling finish.

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY!
The Management have decided to run MOTOR BUSSES at intervals of quarter of an hour from Clifton Hill and Plenty Rd., Preston, direct to Thornbury Pictures. Fare 1d. Admission 6d. Patrons can buy tickets for admission on the bus.
We show on Wednesdays and Saturdays only.
Don't Forget! We are showing in the Open-Air.

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
A GARDEN FETE in aid of the above will be held in the Church Grounds THIS AFTERNOON, to be opened by Mrs. Crispe at 3 o'clock and continued in the evening. Admission 6d, children 3d.

MELBA ASSEMBLY will hold a DANCE In the Bradford Hall, Preston, TO-NIGHT.
Dancing 8 till 12. Stevens' Band.
J. Henry, M.C.
Gents, 1/-. Ladies, 6d.

NORTHCOTE BRANCH A.N.A.
The CHRISTMAS TREE will be held in the Town Hall on Thursday Evening next, 19th inst. All members' children are invited. J. TYNAN, Secretary.

SHIRE HALL, EPPING, Thursday, 19th December.
Grand Variety ENTERTAINMENT by Pupils of St. Peter's School, assisted by Leading Artists. Admission 1/6 and 1/-. To start at 8.15 sharp. DANCE to follow. Tickets 2s. Refreshments provided.
E. J. DEA, Secretary.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.
Grand CHRISTMAS CONCERT in the Church on Thursday Next, December 19th. Good Programme by the Choir of Carols, Sacred Solos, and Recitations. Admission, Silver Coin. Commence at 8. J. Grierson, Conductor.

DANCING.
COOMBES' FIRST-CLASS STRING BAND.
Latest and Up-to-Date Music supplied for Balls, Parties, &c.
Mr. W. COOMBES, 40 Gooch St., Northcote.

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.

Let Us SUIT You

There is one thing we never do—we never disappoint a customer either in the fit;
—the material;
—the appearance;
—the style;
—the wearing quality
or the cut of the suits we make.
They are delivered perfectly made, well finished and promptly to the day promised—and yet they do not cost you a cent more than you pay elsewhere.

THOS. J. DOWD & CO.
Makers of High-Grade Suits & Costumes,
398 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill.
Phone, Northcote 390

MID-SEASON BARGAINS

GREAT VALUES IN DRAPERY at

HATTAM AND HATTAM'S

TO-DAY (SATURDAY) AND RIGHT ON TO XMAS.

White Muslin Costume, skirt with row of embroidery and tucks, deep hem, blouse trimmed with insertion, down front and collar; regular price, 9s 11d. Bargain price 4s 11d.

One piece Linene Costume, Maygar sleeves, neatly tucked and piped. Special bargain, 5s 11d.

Children's Maygar Tunics, piped with black and white, made of Linene, and in assorted colors. Bargain price 1s 6½d.

500 Children's Print and Zephyr Dresses, a great assortment, worth 1s 11d each. Bargain price 1s.

5000 yds. of White Embroidery, 2½ inches wide, worth 1s 11d doz. By buying a large quantity we are able to offer same at 1s doz.

500 yds. Tussore Silk, 35 inches wide, well worth 2s 6d yd.—our special line. Bargain price, 1s 6½d yd.

12 inch Shelving Oil Baize, 25 different designs, regular value 4½d yd. Bargain price, 1s yd.

Superior quality Medium Calico, free from dressing, 36 inches wide, cheap at 6s 6d doz. Bargain price, 4s 11d doz.

Sunshades to be given away. 50 Sunshades, regular prices 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, all to be cleared at 1s 6d each.

Coin Spot Muslin, with frilled edge, 40 inches wide; regular price, 10½d yd. Bargain price 7½d yd.

Men's Imitation Worsted Trousers, special line at 6s 11d. Bargain price 5s 6d.

Boys' S.S.S. Galatea Blouses, all colors, light and dark blue drill collars, well worth 3s 11d. Bargain price 2s 6d.

500 Frilled Calico Slips, the greatest bargain in Melbourne, absolutely pure Calico, full wide frill. Bargain price 4½d each.

Boys' Galatea School Hats, good and strong, cheap at 10½d. Bargain price 6d. each.

Men's Tucked Shirts, colored stitched or plain white tucks, with plain linen or gauntlet cuffs. Bargain price, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 6d.

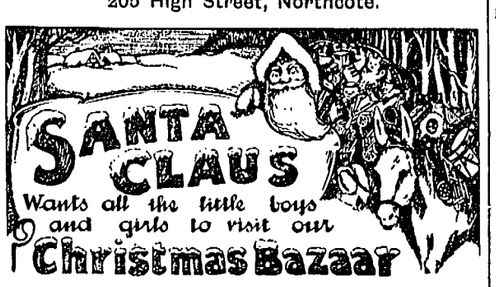
Men's Rough Fur Hats, all shades, lounge and Alpine shapes, regular 10s 6d Hat to clear at 5s 6d—bargain.

Visit HATTAM & HATTAM, Drapers, for all the above lines, also numerous other Bargains throughout the Establishment.

SAVE YOUR COUPONS.

Orders by post receive prompt attention. We pay freight on all parcels.

WALKER'S
Fancy Repository and Toy Shop,
205 High Street, Northcote.



EVERYTHING YOU REQUIRE IS THERE.

Presents FOR THE LITTLE ONES.
Presents FOR THE YOUNG FOLK.
Presents FOR YOUR SWEETHEART.
Presents FOR FATHERS & MOTHERS.

Toys! Toys! Toys
An Enormous Assortment.
Toys which delight and please all fancies—Mechanical Toys, Wooden Toys, Rubber Toys, and Metal Toys.
Folding Prams, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, and Waggons.
Don't Fail to Inspect our Toy Department before Providing for the Little Ones.

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!
An Inconceivable Variety of all that is Beautiful and Best from a Penny to a Guinea.
Wooden Dolls, Rubber Dolls, Celluloid Dolls, Composition Dolls, Wax Dolls, Dressed and Undressed Dolls.

Xmas Cards! Xmas Cards
"Greetings from Northcote."
An Exquisite Assortment Specially Designed and Imported.
These Cards are Extra Choice. Be in time and Have Your Pick.

Ladies' Hand Bags from 2/6 to 40/.
A Bewildering Collection of the Very Choicest Goods, direct from the Manufacturers.
Unsurpassed Quality and Latest Shapes. Call and See Them.

Purses, Wallets, Card Cases, &c.
We have a Very Large and Handsome Stock, specially suitable for Presents.

Brushes. Brushes.
Clothes Brushes, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, &c, in every style & quality. Brushes for every use, at every price, to suit every taste.

Perfumery
Small or large bottles of the choicest flower extracts, excelling in fragrance "the scents of Araby." A very rare stock, ranging from a shilling to a guinea. Don't be without a bottle.

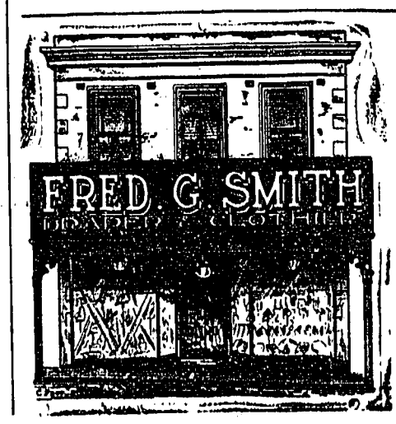
Soaps
In Fancy Soaps there is nothing we do not keep—the most refined and most fragrant brands that will purify the skin and beautify the complexion.

Toilet Requisites
Everything a lady requires to adorn her boudoir may be had from our Beautiful range of Goods.

Ornaments and Nic-Nacs for Ladies and Gentlemen.
These represent some Novel and Elegant Articles and are as multitudinous as the sands of the sea shore.

An Idea
But to get an idea of the Beautiful and Magnificent range of Goods stocked at this —— Establishment you should Visit ——

WALKER'S
FANCY GOODS & TOY SHOP
205 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (next Stott & Bastings)
Before Purchasing your Christmas Gifts.



Newest Styles in Millinery, Blouses, and Fancy Drapery

All departments fully stocked for the New Season's Trade.

245 High St., Northcote.

Property Sales.

Messrs. McGeorge Bros. & Savage, will offer by auction to-day at 3 on the ground Regent Street, 15 fine allotments 55 x 128 on exceptional terms.

E. H Smith, in conjunction with Plaisted and Sullivan, will sell by auction to-day, seven splendid building allotments, corner Speight and Wales streets.

Stott and Bastings advertise that they will hold on Saturday next a clearing sale of allotments in Northcote and Preston, the first lot being submitted a 3 p.m.

Stott and Bastings will offer for sale to-day 183 allotments in Gibson's paddock subdivision, Mitchell street.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

A variety entertainment by the pupils of St. Peter's school will be given in the shire-hall on Thursday, 19th December, at 8.15.

Auction Notices.

THIS DAY.
At 3 o'clock. On the Ground.
MITCHELL and SEPARATION STS., NORTHCOTE.
GIBSON'S PADDOCK.

Auction Sale of
183 ALLOTMENTS 183
183 ALLOTMENTS 183
This Land is in a Good Position. Made Streets. Very Easy Terms—£2 10s deposit each allotment; balance by quarterly or monthly payments up to 3 years at 5 per cent. interest.

Auctioneers,
STOTT and BASTINGS.
203 Northcote, and Fairfield.

THIS DAY.
At 3 o'clock on the ground.

7 SPLENDID BUILDING ALLOTMENTS, 7
Corner Speight and Wales Street, Prince of Wales' Park, NORTHCOTE.
Five Minutes from Tram.
Magnificent View. Pick of District.
Easy Terms.

E. H. SMITH, 499 High Street, Northcote; PLAISTED & SULLIVAN (Courtenay Martin, Auctioneer), Equitable Buildings, Collins Street.

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

REGENT STREET, PRESTON.

15 GRAND ALLOTMENTS GRAND ALLOTMENTS 15
55 x 128 43 x 130.
Part of the LA MASCOTTE ESTATE, Regent Street and Myrtle Grove.

EXCEPTIONAL TERMS:
£1 DEPOSIT £1
£1 DEPOSIT £1
Monthly Payments from 10/-.
NO INTEREST.

Title, Certificate.

Plans from Sole Agents,
M'GEORGE BROS. & SAVAGE, Auctioneer, 323 High Street, Preston. Phone, Northcote 162.

SATURDAY, 21st DECEMBER.
On the Lots as under.
ALLOTMENTS.
NORTHCOTE and PRESTON.
3 o'clock—Darebin Road, Northcote, south side, near Salisbury Grove, 34 x 100; also opposite above, 34 x 100.

INTERESTING PARS.

Forestry in the United States.

The national forests alone of the United States now comprise nearly 80,000,000 acres of land, and many states have adopted the forest reserve idea. The result is that now fully one 11th of the total forest area of the United States is devoted to the public for the benefit of the present generation and posterity. Twenty-three states now maintain active departments in this work, and nine of them employ technically educated foresters at the head of their forest work. (says the New York Lumber and Trade Journal.) New York is taking the leading place among the States in the movement for the rehabilitation of ruined forests by a program of re-afforestation. It now has about 11 million of young trees to send out to the people of the State, and is selling them at 40d. per thousand. The inmates of one of the big prisons are being made to help in this work of conservation by doing the manual labour in the big State nurseries. The trees that are thus transplanted give excellent results. Pennsylvania, from the first active in conservation work, is giving particular attention to the education of the children in arousing the people to the possibilities of scientific forestry. A million circulars are being distributed to the school children of the State.

Progress Stifled by Tradition.

Sir James Barr, addressing the British Association at Liverpool recently, discussed several recent advances in surgery and medicine, and deplored the fact that unfortunately progress of medicine has been stifled by tradition and by a succession of more or less reputable old gentlemen, who, having attained to place and power by accidental circumstances rather than merit have not seen the necessity for change. There have been, however, many insurgents who have disregarded the trammels of tradition, and led the van of progress." He pleaded earnestly for international efforts in combating one of the most serious diseases, and emphasised the vital importance of preventive methods. Sketching the lines of future progress, Sir James Barr discussed M. Bergson's views on intellect and intuition, and argued that it was the higher evolution of the intellectual grades of society that was required in the present day. If the moral, intellectual, and physically well-developed members of the community were to have a fair chance of development, their energies must not be entirely dissipated in providing for the progeny of the wastrels. Reproductions must come from the most worthy. As Mr. Balfour had said, progress might depend on the forces of civilisation being able to overcome those of disintegration. During the past year they had had many examples of the disruptive forces of society, which were not tending to efficiency and to a higher level of civilisation, but to a lower level of intelligence and of general happiness. The hard-worked wage earner had no fair chance, as he had not only to support his progeny, but was taxed almost out of existence to maintain the extravagances of wasteful Governments and of a sympathetic, irrational public. "The right to live was not a doctrine by any political economist, but was a doctrine which had been forced upon them by the evolution of sympathy. However, they should not allow their indulgence to degenerate into license, and while they looked after the wastrels of the present generation, and thus gratified their sympathies to their hearts' content, they had no right to leave a legacy of mental obliquity and of physical decadence to weigh upon the next generation.

Woman Traveller Discovers New Peaks.

Mrs. Bullock Workman's expedition to the Himalayas, recently completed the exploration of the Siachen Glacier, fifty miles long, in the Karakuram Mountains. She made the first ascent of a high peak, and discovered and ascended four new peaks of geographical importance, ranging from 19,000 to 21,000 feet in height. One of these connects the Siachen Glacier with the unexplored Kondus Glacier.

Children Welcomed.

In the suburbs of Paris recently a landlord, in advertising flats to let, announced that the rents would be diminished by 20f. per child per annum. His patriotic initiative has not been long in finding imitators, (the "Telegraph" states.) Already the directors of the cheap hygienic flats in Vincennes—founded by M. Charles Stern—have improved upon it. They announce that in their four buildings, which comprise some 110 small flats, occupied by 400 persons, henceforward the birth of a new baby will dispense its parents from the payment of the rent for the succeeding quarter, from £2 10s to £4.

Marriage at Seventy-Eight.

The happiest couple in New York, the Mail declares, are Mr. John Christopher Gillett, the well known painter of Swiss landscapes, who is aged seventy eight, and Mrs. Rachel Kendall, an authoress, who is aged seventy-two. Both of them have many grandchildren. They appeared in the marriage license bureau yesterday afternoon. The artist applied for a license, so that they could be married at once and take steamer to Europe. "Love," said Mr. Gillett to the interviewers who congratulated him, "makes us all young. Surely the years have not lessened our ability to love. We are both going back to the Alps, which we love dearly, and hope to be helpmates to each other through whatever time may be spared to us. We both intend to do some mountain climbing, for neither of us will ever let the years weigh upon us.

Feeding on Electricity.

Professor Bergonie, of Bordeaux, has just been telling his medical colleagues that food can be replaced by electricity as nourishment for the human system. Low tension and high-frequency electric currents passing through the body, he says, have the same effect in producing interior warmth as meat and bread, with this advantage over food, that they do not tax the digestive organs. "If a man is hungry give him electricity. If he asks for bread or a beefsteak, give him in an electric chair a turn on the current," says the professor.

First British Motor Ship.

The motor ship, "Eavestone," the first large British sea-going vessel to be driven by the Diesel oil engine, has left the Tees for Sunderland, where she will take in cargo for Hamburg. She is devoid of funnels, and without smoke, smell or noise. The vessel has a single screw, and is 276 feet in length by 40ft 6in beam, with a deadweight capacity of about 3800 tons and displacement of 4,440 tons. As compared with a sister ship driven by steam engines, the extra space available for cargo on a 30 days' trip amounts to 400 tons.

The Largest Warship.

Although authorities differ as to the dimensions of the recently launched British battle-cruiser "Queen Mary," there seems little reason to doubt that she is the largest warship afloat, at the present time. Some authorities give her dimensions as follows:—Length over all, 725ft.; beam, 87ft., and displacement, 29,000 tons. She will probably make over 30 knots on trial, and to do this her turbines will have to develop not far short of 100,000 horse-power. The "Moltke," of 23,500 tons approximate displacement, required 57,000 horse-power to drive her at from 29 to 29½ knots.

Determined to Wed.

Luke Thomas, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., turned up at the registry office and asked for a license to wed Miss Anna Nocas, aged twenty-three. He went back with the license in high spirits. When Anna saw in the papers that Luke was forty, she immediately declined to marry him. "You are too old to marry," she said. "We shall see," answered Luke Thomas. A few hours later, to the surprise of the marriage clerk, he was back at the office demanding a license to wed Mrs. Anna Sirhan. "That's just to spite Anna Nocas, was his explanation.

Millions of Matches.

It has been estimated that for each minute of time the civilized nations of the world strike 3,000,000 matches. This is said to be the average for every minute of the twenty-four hours of the day. Fifteen hundred billion is the number for the entire year. The pines, linden, aspen, white cedar, poplar, birch, and willow, are the most suitable match timbers.

The World's Oldest Paper.

What is described as the oldest newspaper in the world, the "King Bao," which has been published uninterruptedly in China for the last 1500 years, has stopped publication for ever, by order of President Yuan Shi Kai. The King Bao originally consisted of ten yellow silk pages, bound together in book form.

Down with Work!

A parent pleaded at the St. Kilda court in a truancy case that his son was a big, strong boy, who was too big for school and wanted to go to work. Wanted to go to work! Just so! But these criminal propensities must be put down.

Harvesting by Lantern Light.

Operations by lantern light were carried on in West Denbighshire farm during last month.

MODERN GLADIATORS.

Speaking at a Baptist bazaar at Huddersfield, Mr. Charles Sykes, J.P., president of the Huddersfield Cricket and Athletic Club, said he recently met Mr. John Burns in London, and that the right hon. gentleman had deplored reading that in Huddersfield they had had such a large demonstration to celebrate the victory of the Huddersfield Northern Union team in winning the Yorkshire Cup. Mr. Burns thought it was a sign of the times that the people of England were too immersed in pleasure, and that it could not be gainsaid that we, as a nation, were spending too much money and energy in our pleasures and pastimes. Mr. Burns had held the view that we had gone back to the days of the Roman gladiators, when one or two amused thousands.

PREPARATIONS FOR A FEAST.

For the luncheon which followed the opening of the new dock at Swansea on a recent Tuesday, Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. made special preparations. A special train, carrying a staff of over 400 waiters, cooks, etc., ran from London to serve the feast. The magnitude of this culinary campaign may be gauged by some of the figures: 26,000 knives, forks and spoons; 16,500 plates, 5630 glasses, 2250 silver dishes, 85 soup tureens, 80 cases of wine, 75 boxes of cigars, 360 lobsters, 330 soles, 250 pheasants, 95 pairs of best ends of lamb, 250 Surrey fowls, 32 York hams, 75 tongues, 190lb pressed beef, 510 dishes of jellies, creams, etc., 2cwt. Muscat grapes, 2800 apples, bananas and pears, and 240 dozen blooms and chrysanthemums.

London Bridge cost over £2,250,000 to construct.

The blue-gum tree is the only timber-tree known in South Africa.

The cost of our national drink bill comes to about £180,000,000 annually.

There are 190,227 professional beggars in Spain, of whom 51,948 are women.

There are about 535,000 horses in Great Britain, and four and a half million cattle.

In proportion to its size Sheffield consumes about eight times as much coal as London.

Since 1851 New South Wales has exported £320,000,000 worth of wool, and £36,000,000 worth of gold.

Spanish women are supposed to possess the smallest feet, followed closely by Peruvians and then Swedish women.

Spain has only seven lunatics in every 10,000 of her people, whereas in Ireland there are 37 in the same number.

It is stated that not one bride was over 22 years of age in the 345,590 marriages which took place in Japan last year.

In Canton there are 700 shoemakers' shops, which employ 6000 men and 20,000 women, who work from daylight to dark.

In a natural state tea-trees grow to a height of about forty feet, though when cultivated they are dwarfed to about 4 feet.

The average daily population of the Irish workhouse for the past 12 months shows an increase of 1475 over the same period the previous year.

The Prince of Wales possesses the largest apple-green coloured diamond in the world. It was found three years ago, and weighs three and a half carats.

All well-educated Spanish women are taught from their earliest years to handle the sword, and as a result they are noted for their admirable figures and easy walk.

Last year 19,942,594 "great hundreds" of eggs, representing £,000,000,000, were imported into Great Britain at a cost of £6,730,574. The majority of these came from Russia.

All Moslem races despise and hate the sound of bells, which they say causes the evil spirits to assemble together. In consequence bells are never used on Mohammedan mosques.

An Aberarn infant has been christened Evans Robert John after the Welsh revivalist. The baptism took place over the mother's coffin at her funeral in accordance with her desire.

The Cossacks rarely become merchants. Though they maintain 60,000 fighting-men, and can muster 128,000 in an emergency, there are but 440 of their own people engaged in business.

One man makes all the burglars' jemmies in London. The police know the man well, and are fully aware of his peculiar trade; but there is no law by which he can be arrested or stopped.

Three hundred British families have three sons serving in the army; 170, four sons; 142, five sons; 72, six sons; 20, seven sons; two, eight sons; and one has nine and one ten sons in the service.

A remarkable operation has been successfully carried out in a hospital at Agen, in the department of Lot et Garonne. The patient was a farmer, and to cure him of an internal complaint Dr. Rouilles removed the stomach completely and replaced it with a part of the intestines. Twenty-five days after the operation, the farmer left the hospital completely cured, and celebrated his recovery so well that on the very day of his discharge he was found in a state of inebriety in the streets of Agen.

TERRIBLE INDIGESTION.

Unable to Eat—Tortured by Sick Headaches—Despaired of being Cured.

Bile Beans Again Prove Superior.

"Some time ago I was completely prostrated with indigestion," says C. Brown, of Kangaroo Point, Brisbane, Q. "My health was shattered and I lost all appetite. When I did partake of a hearty meal I would be attacked by awful pains and nasty nauseous sensations afterwards. Sickly bilious headaches also added to my suffering, and I became very weak and ill. I was very miserable and had almost despaired of regaining my lost health when I heard of a case with symptoms similar to my own which had been completely cured by Bile Beans. I purchased a supply of Bile Beans and commenced taking them. Very soon the sick headaches and the nauseous sensations had ceased, and I was able to enjoy a hearty meal with no unpleasant after effects. I persevered with Bile Beans and soon I was restored to perfect health and all my troubles banished. Whether at home or travelling I always keep Bile Beans handy, for should I feel a little out-of-sorts they never fail to put me right."

Bile Beans are a proved remedy for all liver and stomach disorders, piles, headaches, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, bad health, nervousness, weakness, nervous debility, loss of energy, brain fag, loss of appetite, anæmia, and are a grand tonic for weak, weary worn-out women. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1s. 1½d. per box, or large family size (containing three times the quantity), 2s. 9d.

Do you have your shirts done up at the laundry? asked Brown.

I do, replied Robinson, and it requires only about three washings to do them up very substantially.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Recently a conference of officers connected with citizen forces, and comprising representatives of every State in the Commonwealth was held in Melbourne at the Victoria Barracks, St. Kilda road, when recommendations of an important character were made for the consideration of the Defence authorities. It was decided to advocate the abolition of night drills in the case of senior cadets, and this is a wise view to take in connection with their training. Nearly all the trouble, and such insubordination as exists, takes place during drill after dark; and moreover, it gives an opportunity for ill-disposed lads—and lassies too—to hang around the orderly rooms or vacant land on which the cadets assemble and do their best—first to encourage them in any aversion they may have to compulsory training, and secondly to corrupt their morals. And it is to be feared that the girls are even worse than their male associates in the latter respect, as they may be often seen pretty well waylaying the cadets after drill. The young hussies mostly belong to a class which do their best to get into "trouble," and then set up a piteous wail which is echoed by the Wowseristic contingent.

We were told some time ago that it was all moonshine to say that the police force was unpopular with young men of the country as a means of livelihood, and that recruits were coming forward whenever they were wanted. This may have been so when there was yet a chance of the ext-a shilling a day which has been asked for by the force for some time now being granted; but when the Government announced that only a measly and miserable extra sixpence would be added to the pay, and that it would not be available till the 1st January next, things altered materially and it is evident that there will be a scarcity of "Johns" henceforth. The Department have an educational—of a very elementary character—as well as a physical test in the case of candidates for the force; but lately several young fellows who could not pass the former but who were "fit as a fiddle" as regarded the latter were passed in on the understanding that they "improved their minds in their leisure hours." This they promised to do, but the fact of the authorities waiving the conditions of service is an indication that cannot be misinterpreted. In fact it is an open secret that in the case of the younger police the regulations must not be enforced too strictly; otherwise resignations would come in by shoals, and that even as it is many of them are thinking of joining the forces of some of the other States which are better paid, especially that of New South Wales, or "slinging the job" altogether.

The railway strike of 1903 is one of those past events that is best consigned to oblivion, but it seems the bitter feeling that was engendered between the man who tried to stop "the wheels going round" and those who refused to go out on strike, or who took the place of the strikers, is not dead yet. There is a cricket club at Colac, and a match had been arranged between it and a team from Melbourne; but it was discovered that among the local players there was a "loyalist" railway hand, and also two unionist employes of the Department. The latter refused to play if the former was retained in the team, and at time of writing the question had not been settled by the committee of the Colac Cricket Club. However, it shows a spirit that is alike bitter and childish to impart such distinctions into the matter of a sporting fixture especially since it is about ten years since the strike. If it was a railway matter the attitude of the unionists would be intelligible; but under the circumstances it looks as if they happened to go into a restaurant for a meal and saw a "loyalist" there having something to eat, they would decline to patronise the place. This is unionism run mad pure and simple.

The additions to the Melbourne Hospital are proceeding in a very satisfactory manner, and when completed, the building will be one of the most commodious of the kind in the Commonwealth, and replete with every modern convenience. Instead of two operating theatres as at present, it will contain four of these apartments, so that delay in cases where the resort to instruments as soon as possible is imperative, will be greatly minimised. It was advocated some years ago that the Melbourne Hospital should be moved further out, and a site in, or North of, the Royal Park was mentioned in some quarters as suitable; but it was realised by the committee and bulk of the subscribers that such an institution in the case of a large city should be handy, having regard to casualties in connection with the street traffic, erection of buildings, etc., and also in respect to railway accidents and those in connection with machinery in factories.

It seems that a fair proportion of the Labour party are in favour of compulsory voting both in respect to the Federal Parliament and also the various State Legislatures, and seeing that the Fisher Government have introduced compulsory enrolment it will not be a matter for surprise—supposing they obtain another lease of power from the electorates—if they go one better, and compel every adult to vote in connection with the Commonwealth elections. There are those who think this would bring people who are apathetic politically "up to the scratch," but it is doubtful whether it would be such a panacea after all. People could be compelled to vote, but they could not be forced to think, and some of them would just treat the ballot paper in a haphazard fashion, and if the candidates' names were Allan and Brown, vote for the first on an alphabetical basis, unless the personal element entered into the matter. It may be said this is putting it in a manner that is very far fetched, but while there are numbers of people in Australia who hope Mr. Deakin will displace Mr. Fisher at the next Federal elections, and a host of others who trust the Labor Ministry will not be shifted, there are thousands who don't care a snap of the finger which way it is. Moreover, there are those who will resent being forced to take part in political contests, and who, if compelled to do so, will render their ballot paper informal—like some conscripts in France who blew off their right fore-finger so that they could not pull a trigger—and if a constable is sent into the voting compartment in the booth, to see they do not so act, the secrecy of the ballot becomes a thing of the past, for he will have to watch them vote.

The "Argus" had a sub-leader last week in which it was stated that during the past year or two there had been far too much sectarian bitterness shown between some religious denominations; but that it was not for the above journal to apportion the blame, or indicate the church, or portion of it, that was the principal culprit in this matter. The "Argus" very truly pointed out that this bickering and squabbling was still further adding to the ranks of those who were indifferent to religion of any sort. There are people about who must be very thick in the head if they cannot see the cap fits them to a nicety. But the best way to stop this sort of thing would be for the "Argus," and every other paper, to decline to publish outbursts of bigotry, as it this would completely spoil the game of "religious agitators" with rancous voices and rancorous dispositions.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Barber (after a shave): Hair dyed, sir?

Customer (bald-headed): Yes; it died about five years ago.

A huge car had just whizzed by, leaving a terrific wave of gasoline behind it.

There goes another one of them odormobiles, said the joker.

Said one man in the street, speaking to a friend:—

Well, money talks.

Maybe it does, answered the other, but all it ever said to me was "Good-bye."

A railway contractor recently advertised for three hundred wooden sleepers. By return of post he received a letter from a neighbouring clergyman, offering him the whole of his congregation on reasonable terms.

All Woolf, tailors, wrote to Livingstone, Bigfront as follows:—

"We must have something on account by Saturday next—what can we count on?

And Mr. Bigfront promptly replied: "Ever try an adding machine?

Captain (spinning a yarn): I was for eight days a prisoner among cannibals.

Lady: And how was it they didn't eat you?

Captain (calmly): Well, the truth was, the chief's wife had mislaid her cookery-book.

Things didn't seem to work together in your series of dramas to representations.

They didn't, admitted Mr. Stormington Barnes. When we played tragedy the box-office receipts were a farce, and when we played farce they were a tragedy.

He: My darling, you must be mine. I yearn for you every day.

She: That's all right; but what I want to know is, will you earn for me every day after we are married?

KNOCKED SHIN ON BENCH.

Wound Ulcerated.—Blood Poison Set In.—Leg Perfectly Healed by Zam-Buk.

Mrs Mary Quinn, of 8 Phillip St., Glebe, Sydney, says:—"While hurrying to answer a knock at the front door, I knocked my shin against an old bench that happened to be in the way. The wound ulcerated and blood poison set in. Inflammation became worse and the pain I endured was agonising. I tried all the many remedies that my friends recommended, but it was a waste of money for I continued to suffer in a dreadful manner. Different doctor's treatment also proved ineffective, and I was in despair, for my health was being broken down for the want of sleep. My leg was so painful that I could not even bear the bedclothes to touch it and had to keep it uncovered.

"On the advice of a friend who was confident Zam-Buk would do me good, I commenced using it. This splendid balm cooled the awful burning pains, and soothed the irritation in a wonderful manner. In a short time the bad matter was withdrawn, inflammation subdued, and the wound began to have a healthy appearance. A small splinter of bone that had been broken off when the accident occurred, was also withdrawn. I persisted using Zam-Buk until the wound was completely healed, new healthy skin grown over the place, and my leg perfectly cured. Zam-Buk is indeed a wonderful balm and I have used it with success for cuts, bruises and burns."

Zam-Buk is sold by stores and chemists at 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per pot, or post free for same prices direct from The Zam-Buk Co., 39 Pitt Street Sydney.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer,

Sworn Valuer, Estate and Commission Agent,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Large List of Villas, Cottages, Shops, and Allotments.

Money to Lend Purchasers.

Valuations for Probate, Lodges, &c.

Auctions Conducted.

Insurances of all kinds Effected.

Rent Collecting a Specialty.

Buildings Financed, Arranged, and Supervised.

Address: 295 High St., Northcote. Telephone, Northcote 54.

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.

W. Freebairn & Co.

(SWORN VALUER).

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: O/s HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON, Close to Bell Station.

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.

REID'S

Delicious

1/3 TEA

Pure, Fragrant, Refreshing.

BUY IT TO-DAY.

GEO. REID,

TEA MERCHANT,

EXCELSIOR GROCERY STORES,

Corner Mitchell and High Streets, NORTHCOTE (Opposite Savings Bank).

And at

279 Westgarth Street, Northcote South.

Phone, Northcote 87.

Insurance Companies & Agents

The Gresham

Local Agent:

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer, Etc.,

295 High Street, Northcote.

Insurance Co.

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).

Established 1821.

TOTAL ASSETS OVER 6½ MILLIONS.

INSURE WITH

Guardian Assurance Co.

LTD.

Head Office: 452 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRE. ACCIDENT

Local Agent:

R. H. TAYLOR.

L. A. C.

ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer and Sworn Valuer, is Local Agent for the old-established

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION

Call on him at 295 High Street, Northcote, or Ring up Northcote 54.

A. A. BURGESS,

BUILDER,

12 STOTT ST., NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton station).

Houses Built to Order Anywhere. Only Skilled Workmen Employed. Best Materials Used. Land purchased, and Finance arranged for, if required.

SUN SHADES! DRESS GOODS!

J. W. MANKEY & CO.

DRAPERS, MILLINERS, & CLOTHIERS,

248-250 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE 248-250

Special Offerings for the month at half value.

Ladies' Sunshades.

Cotton and Wool Dress Goods.

Our Millinery—City Styles Northcote Prices

Ladies' Costumes—Rare Value.

Boys' & Men's Clothing—Here We Lead

We do all Manchester Goods a little better than others.

MANTELPIECES

TO BUILDERS AND THOSE ABOUT TO BUILD.

J. M. JOHNSTON & SONS

24 WATERLOO ROAD (off Bastings Street), NORTHCOTE

Desire to make it known that they are Manufacturers of MANTELPIECES of every description suitable for the Cottage or Mansion. Great Variety of Designs to choose from. Inspection cordially invited.

Give the Local Manufacturers a Trial.

You will find their Goods the Best and the Prices Right.

Ring up—Phone Northcote 309.

Merson's Moa Cycle Works

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

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/.

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.

NORTHCOTE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS, SATURDAY, 14TH DEC., 1912.

1. Open to Boys and Girls under 16 years of age, attending State Schools, Denominational Schools and Colleges.

Scholarships entitling holders to attend special course of instruction in full Business Course for 1 year free of charge.

Half-Scholarships.—Same as above at half usual fees.

2. Open to young people who have left school; those in business and anxious to improve their positions.

Scholarships entitling holders to attend classes in the evening receiving a full Business Course.

Half Scholarships.—Same as above at half usual fees.

We have Pupils who have attended Day Classes in the City, and their unanimous opinion is that they are learning as much in the evening under our system of instruction as they did at Day Classes, and so are able to "EARN WHILE THEY LEARN."

NO CLASSES. Absolutely Individual Tuition.

Application forms and all particulars with reference to Scholarship can be had either by post or personally.

Corner of Cunningham and McLachlan Streets, Northcote South.

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

NURSE DONOHUE, "CLIFTON" PRIVATE HOSPITAL, 18 High Street, Northcote.

Midwifery Cases admitted and attended daily.

Every care and attention.

No connection whatever with Nurse Sparrow Telephone, Northcote 58.

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

NURSE HUNTER PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Reg.) Midwifery Patients.

Every Care and Attention. Moderate. "Merna," 36 Gladstone Avenue, Northcote (near Croxton station).

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

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

Keep the Rain Off!

HAVE your Umbrella Re-Covered and Made to Look Like NEW at Mrs. PALMER'S, 287 High Street, Northcote. New Stock of Fancy Goods, Stationery Xmas Cards and School Requisites.

Announcements.

Hill's General Agency,

320 High St., Northcote (5 doors from Separation St).

Apartments To Let, Furnished or Unfurnished.

Board and Residence Arranged.

Registry Office for all kinds of Employment (always vacancies).

Secondhand Books Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

Splendid Assortment of Xmas Novelties, Post Cards, Stationery, Haberdashery, Latest Novels, etc., etc.

Stamps in any quantity.

Houses and Land For Sale. Insurances Effected.

Insurances Effected.

All Leading Papers and Periodicals on hand. Deliveries twice a day.

320 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (5 doors from Separation Street).

XMAS! XMAS! XMAS!

Miss A. Lewis,

350 QUEEN'S PARADE, NORTH FITZROY,

Has just opened a Large Assortment of New Goods for Christmas and New Year Gifts, including—Glassware, Vases, Dessert and Afternoon Sets Silver-Mounted Brushes and Combs Shaving Sets, Jewel Cases, etc.

Toys and Dolls in large varieties.

Also a large assortment of Xmas and New Year Cards and Stationery.

Open every evening for cards and stationery.

Weekly payments taken.

FONE NORTHCOTE 88 J.

THE FIXUS CO.

115 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE

PAINTERS CARPENTERS PLUMBERS

Fixers Of All Things About a House.....

ESTIMATES GIVEN

NORTHCOTE

AUCTION ROOMS

J. E. CARROLL & Co. 349 Collins Street, Melbourne, Auctioneer and Estate Agents, wish to notify the residents of Northcote and surrounding localities that they are opening a BRANCH of their business at 308 High Street, where premises have been specially built for their business.

Regular Weekly Sales each Friday of Furniture, etc.

Outside Sales of Villas, Vacant Land, Houses and Effects conducted on the shortest notice.

Prompt cash settlements on day of sale.

J. E. CARROLL & CO., 349 Collins St., Melbourne. 308 High St., Northcote.

COME!

Where the Tree Ferns Grow

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

Williams' New Continental Tea Rooms

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

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

Refreshments and Confectionery of all kinds.

REMEMBER—

WILLIAMS',

RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock! Small Prices! Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

PHONE 6074

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.

Why go to Melbourne for Xmas Presents?

PINK & SON

Desire to intimate that they have on hand a large stock of beautiful Christmas Presents.

Every Article Manufactured on the Premises.

Weekly Payments taken.

REPAIRS of Every Description

241 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (opp. Theatre).

Licensed Buyer of Wrought Gold.

A. E. WOOLHOUSE,

Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,

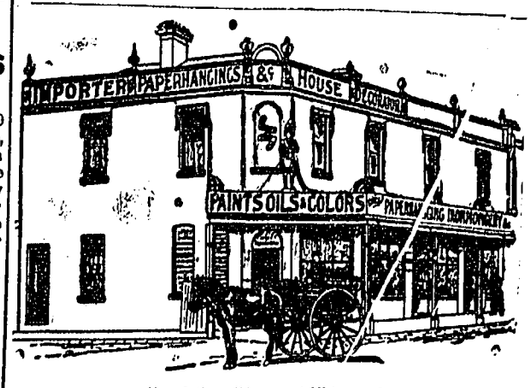
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).

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 SPOKESMAN.

I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
Its 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 billetoffered 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 Building Ironmongery, Lime, Cement, &c., stocked. Oils, Colors, Glass, at Lowest Rates. The smallest as well as the largest jobs undertaken.

Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs. Telephone, Northcote 390.

Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,

05 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.

Phone, Northcote 98

Water Meters Fixed.

JOHN SHAW

(Licensed by M. & M. B. of Works),

GENERAL & SANITARY PLUMBER,

305 High St., Northcote.

Sewerage, Gas and Water Connections attended to.

Gas Fittings, Baths, Sinks and Troughs in stock.

Household Utensils Repaired.

Estimates Given for all Branches of the Trade.

Sand & General Carter

Manure, Garden Soil, Filling, Metal Screenings, Ashes, Gravel, Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.

Manager: T. JOHNS, "Hill View," Dundas Street, Preston.

Announcements

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 has equipped 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 and Collars 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.

Also at HIGH STREET
(in New Shop near Shire Hall)

NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK.
Magnificent Lot of LADIES' BAGS
(imported direct).
Price and Quality Unsurpassed.

FONE NORTHCOTE 88 J.

THE FIXUS CO.

115 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE

PAINTERS
CARPENTERS
PLUMBERS

Fixers Of All Things About a House.....

ESTIMATES GIVEN

FRED. SMITH,

UP-TO-DATE HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST,
242 High Street, Northcote.
Cleanliness and Good Workmanship.
A Good Assortment of Smokers' Requisites.
Shaving Outfits. Fancy Goods.
Razor Setting a Speciality.

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

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

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.

Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for prevent ing contagion. Established 1856.

W. G A P P S,
UNDERTAKER,
MOOR STREET, FITZROY,
Near Labour-in-Vain Hotel,
And High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda.
Also Branch Kennedy Street, Heidelberg.
Tel. No. 60, Heidelberg Exchange.

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

Northcote Leader.

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

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

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

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912.

Printed and published by the proprietors, H. 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.

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).

Landscape Gardening

Gardens Laid Out by
—— Experts ——
Also Kept in Order by Month or Year.
Terms Moderate.

C. JACKSON

249 CLARKE ST., NORTHCOTE

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

We make a speciality of Repairing Hopeless Breakages

¶ Especially if they are Watches or Clocks. If we cannot repair your Watch or Clock, then it is useless to take it elsewhere.

¶ We have repaired so many Watches and Clocks that we know what to do, and what not to do.

¶ The sooner you bring your Watch or Clock here the sooner will it be made alright.

¶ Large variety of Jewellery, Silver and E.P. Ware [illegible] and Spectacles [illegible].

WM. WALKER, WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
95 High Street, Northcote South.

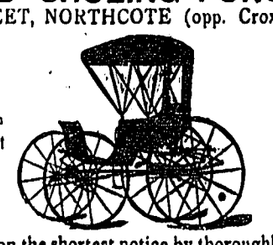
FARMERS AND GRAZIERS
Of Preston & Epping shires.

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

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.

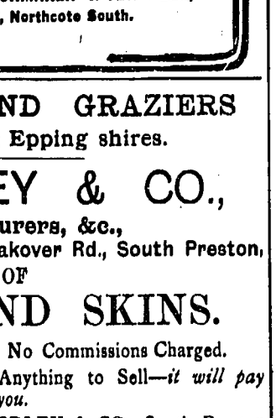
FOR HIRE (by day or week):
Drags, Wagonettes, Abbot Buggies, Wagons, Jinkers, Lorries, Spring Carts & Drays; also good reliable Horses and Ponies.
Picnics and Parties specially catered for.

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 £2 18s 6d.
Write for Catalogue.

Wallis Bros. & Co.
Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,
Cromer Street, Preston.
Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.
Phone, 6393 Central.
Manufacturers of the Famous "Bolo" Stoves, Co Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, One-Fire Stoves (all Sizes) & Ranges.

Xmas is Coming—And Shands are Getting Busy

¶ If You Want Your Xmas Suit made in the inimitable "Shand" style—with the perfectly sitting collar and fine broad shoulders—it is necessary to place your order NOW!

¶ We don't wish to disappoint YOU, but we can only turn out a definite number of orders between this and Xmas. Tailoring hands are like black diamonds—very rare—which makes it impossible for us to put on extra labor for the Xmas trade.

¶ We have some Ideal Xmas and Summer Suitings awaiting your inspection. May we have the pleasure of your inspection, or will you send name and address for patterns.

ARTHUR SHANDS
THE FASHIONABLE CLOTHES MAKER
88 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE
Phone, Northcote 97

CARL OLDENBURG,

Saddle, Harness, and Collar Maker

Corner of High and Elm Sts., Northcote (Opposite Brickworks)

Has a Long Record as Manufacturing the Best Class of Goods.

Buggy Harness from £4 10s upwards. Gig Harness, £5 10s upwards. Dray Harness, £5 10s upwards. Collars from 12s 6d to 22s.
All Classes of Bags, Portmanteaus, and Braces kept in stock. Also Whips, Bits, Sponges, all Best Brands of Hames, Back Chains, Tug Chains, Plough Chains, Dressings by Best Makers, Axle Grease, and all other Stable Requisites kept in stock.
THE BEST IS ALWAYS THE CHEAP
THE PRICES ARE RIGHT.

Grand Display of
CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES!

Come and Inspect our Windows.

Dolls, Pianos, Go-Carts, Rocking Horses, Motors, Antimony Boxes, Brushes, &c., —— suitable for Presents. ——

Splendid Stock of Useful Articles to select from.

We also make to order Tents, Blinds, Hammocks, &c.

—— Why go further and pay more? ——

E. A. HOSKING
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch
Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove).
Next meeting—December 12.
Open.
Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia. No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.
A. C. WILLIAMS, President.
J. TYMAN, Secretary, High St.

I.O.R.,
STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217
MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.
Next Meeting—2nd January.
Juveniles meet every alternate Tuesday.
BENEFITS:
Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week.
Following 6 months, 10/ week
Afterwards during sickness, 5/- week.
Funeral—£20 at death of member.
£15 at death of member's wife (if insured).
FEES:
Benefit members, 1/- week upwards
Honorary members, 1/- quarter
Proposition Fee, 2/6
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary,
38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

IF You have any FURNITURE that requires RE-UPHOLSTERING or RE-CANING, or if you want a NEW SUITE at Wholesale Price, call or write to J. ELDER, Upholsterer, Bruce Street Preston, who will promptly attend to you.

Stud Notices

TROTTING STALLION,
RED CLOUD
(Registered)
The only High-Class STANDARD BRED Horse standing and travelling district.
Red Cloud (2.30) by Owhyee (2.11) ex Norella (2.34) champion breed mare of the State, dam of Royal Sovereign (2.20½).
Terms:—Two guineas at service, and 3 guineas when mare produces live foal. Write for cards.
C. RIDLEY,
Arthurton Road, Northcote

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.

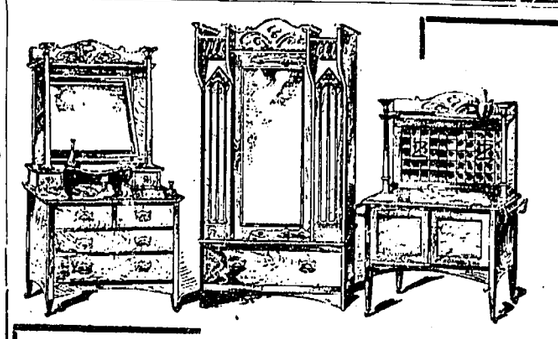
NORTHCOTE, PRESTON.

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
304 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.

Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.

FURNITURE REPAIRED.



Beautiful Bedroom Suite Only £25

The old adage that "the best is always the cheapest" is highly exemplified in the beautiful Bedroom Suite here illustrated.

As adornments to the room the unique design and decoration of the three pieces will be a constant pleasure to gaze upon.

This Suite is made in Walnut, Ash or Oak, free from split or warp, and consists of:—4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, with large bevelled plate glass, cut through pediment, and large drawer; 4ft. Toilet Table, with large bevelled plate glass, two jewel drawers, and four large roomy drawers; 4ft. Washstand with marble top, three inch tile back shelf, two enclosed cupboards, metal towel rails.

Every Furnishing Requirement can be seen at CLAUSCEN'S. An Illustrated Catalogue forwarded on request.

CLAUSCEN & CO.
FURNISHING ARCADE
194 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,
GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,
Cowkeeper and Dairyman

Cattle and Premises under inspection the Board of Public Health.
Pure Milk Direct from the Cow to the Consumer. Strippings and One Cow's Milk a Specialty. Absolutely free from coloring matter or preservatives.
No second dealing or with other traders.
Deliveries twice ally in Northcote and surrounding.

Established 30 years.
London and Devonshire Dairy,
20 HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE.

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

F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN,
Premises specially adapted for the business. Inspection of dairy invited.
Two Deliveries in Northcote only.
Your recommendation solicited.
Local agent for Talbot Milk Company.

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.

Announcements

E. W. INGHAM

Is successor to Mrs. McKinder as the well-known

HAM & BEEF SHOP
HIGH STREET, THORNBURY,

and will conduct the business on the same successful and popular lines.

All Goods stocked will be the Absolute Best

Scrupulous Care will be taken in regard to all Meats and Small Goods.

HINT TO HOUSEWIVES:
When the table is short of something tasty, something appetising, always remember

INGHAM'S

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.

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.

Matchless Tailoring!!!

If You Want to Look Your Best at Christmas, Consult

O'Brien & Down

Their Suits to Measure are
——Unsurpassed for——

Style, Fit, Quality and Price!

Call Without Delay.

253 Bourke Street, City.
284 Smith Street, Collingwood.

Every Business Man
Who has not a Standing Advertisement in this Paper is not giving his Business a fair chance.

Corner High Street and Woolton Avenue, Croxton
(Late J. Pugh's).

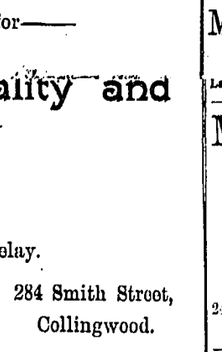
ALF. NORTON

Has Re-Modelled and Enlarged the premises and christened them as above, and intends living up to the name by
Stocking this Shop Completely with the Best Class of Goods, Selling at Fair Prices, Treating all with Civility, and Giving Every Attention to Customers' Requirements.
A Trial Order will be greatly esteemed.

SPECIAL
CONFECTIONERY DEPARTMENT
Under the supervision of Mrs. Norton. Choice Goods, Soft Drinks, &c.

CLEANLINESS and CONVENIENCE, ensuring COMFORT, CHEAPNESS, and EFFICIENCY, are the characteristic —conditions of COOKING WITH A—

GAS STOVE!



The Perfection of Roasting, Baking, Boiling, Grilling.
Simplicity of Working.
Heat Easily Regulated.
No Risk of Burning or Spoiling Materials.
Saves Time and Labor.
No Waste of Fuel.

GAS COOKERS can be obtained on hire at 1/6 month, or on Hire Purchase.
Small Deposit and Monthly Payments. Liberal Discount for Cash.

GAS IRONS, 4/6 each.
Appreciated and Recommended by Every User.

Full particulars on application.
METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY, 186 Flinders St., Melbourne
Phone 8103 (6 lines).

rs

H. C. Saunders,
Practical TAILOR,
269 High Street, Northcote.

It has been said—"Why doesn't Harry Saunders advertise more than he does" The reason is that his fit, style and workmanship speaks for itself.

The Latest Spring and Summer Patterns in stock.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALTY.

Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston

Arch Wilkinson

TAILOR & MERCER,

Is now showing New Goods for the Spring and Summer Seasons.

A splendid range of New Suitings in all the latest shades to choose from. Straw Hats in the most Up-to-date Shapes. Fashion and Tennis Shirts in great variety. Hats, Ties, Collars, and Hosiery, etc., etc.

Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality

ADVERTISE.

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

Dress and Fashion.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE,
High Street (opp. Town Hall).
MRS. SHIELS
(Miss Barry)
Is now making a Display of Up-to-Date and Smart Styles in
SPRING 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., NORTHC
Late with Miss Wood, Westgarth

MISSES MATHER
COSTUMIERES
(Late of Flinders Street).
ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING, in Latest Styles.
COATS and SKIRTS a Speciality.
241 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill (near Tram Terminus).

MRS. ROCK
Intimates that she has opened as a
MILLINER
In one of the New Shops next London Bank, High Street, Northcote.
Latest Styles in Spring and Summer Millinery.
If you want a useful becoming hat at a moderate price come in and see our selection.
You are sure to be satisfied both as regards price and style.
MRS. ROCK, HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

MRS. BELCHER,
COSTUMIERE,
"BEATRICE," GADD ST., CROXTON.

Announcements

T. KERR,
PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER
76 and 328 Smith Street,
COLLINGWOOD

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Speciality.
Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.
REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
Tea and Coffee always ready.

FOR CATCHY & UP-TO-DATE
PRINTING
SEND YOUR ORDERS TO THE
Leader Office,
NORTHCOTE.

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.
3 p.m., Young Men's Bible Class.
4 p.m., Holy Baptism.
7.30 p.m., Evensong.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.
Christmas Day.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and 11 a.m.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "The Soul's Deep at Thirst."
Evening subject, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."
Special Christmas Hymns and Anthems.
Fellowship Association at 10.
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH
Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Mr. G. HUNTER
7 p.m., Rev. P. N. KNIGHT, B.A.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. P. N. KNIGHT, B.A.
7 p.m., Young Men's Service. Preacher, Rev. C. CARNE, subject, "For Sale."
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

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

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Mr. L. ROBERTS
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. R. WILLIS.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. LEO. PEARCE (a Candidate for the Ministry); 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject—"The Wise Men from the East and His Star."
SOUTH PRESTON.—11, Mr. C. PERRIN; 7 p.m., CANDIDATE PEARCE, of the Colling wood Mission).
All Welcome.

Public Notices.

MR. A. B. PHILIPPF, TEACHER of VIOLIN (Royal Academy Music, London), Has Vacancies for Few Pupils in New Year. Terms Reasonable. Correspondence invited. 33 McLACHLAN ST., NORTHCOTE.

AT KAY'S SCHOOL SHOP, Hawthorn Road, Northcote (opposite State school) a REAL LIVE FATHER XMAS will arrive about 8 o'clock on Monday and Tuesday Evenings. Come and See the XMAS TREE.

SWIMMING and DIVING.—12 lessons, 21s; single lesson, 2s. E. Lamb, City and Fitzroy Baths.

MID ON CHRISTMAS GOOSE CLUB.

1st, No. 337.
2nd, No. 149.
3rd, No. 231.

"To all my friends who still hold me in kindly remembrance (although I don't deserve it):—Hullo! the Season's greeting."

Harold A. Hutton

114A Gawler Place, Adelaide, S.A.

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," 20 Helen St., Northcote. Trust Moneys To Lend.

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

Applications will be received by the Council of the Town of Northcote until 12 noon on the 13th January, 1913, for the position of Assistant in the Rate Collector's Office. Salary at the rate of £65 per annum.

Applications to be endorsed "Assistant."

Personal canvass of Councillors will be deemed a disqualification.

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

Municipal Offices,
18/12/12.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

Take Notice that unless claimed and all Expenses paid, a Cream Pony Mare, about 13 hands, branded 8 on off shoulder, will be sold at the Council's Enclosure, Roberts Street, at 12 noon on the 23rd inst.

A. T. HATTON, Ranger.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

Smart Office Boy required. Salary, 10s per week. Applications, in own hand-writing, close 4 p.m. Monday, 23rd December.

A. DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO MAKE A RATE.

Notice is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the Shire of Preston intend, at a Meeting of the said Council to be held on the 23rd day of December, 1912, to Make a General Rate of Two Shillings in the Pound on the Net Annual Value of Rateable Property in the Shire of Preston.

It is intended that the said Rate shall be made for the period commencing on 1st October, 1912, and ending on 30th day of September, 1913, and shall be due and payable on the 24th day of December, 1912.

The Estimate prepared in accordwith Section 267 of Local Government Act 1903 is deposited for the inspection of ratepayers at the Shire Office, Preston.

A. DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

16th December, 1912.

Xmas Sale of Millinery

MRS. HOLLAND

118, 120 and 122 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

Has opened a Great Variety of Untrimmed Hats in Chip, Tagel, Panama, and Pandan.

Chip Hats from 1/11
Panama from 6/11
Pandan from 1/6, suitable for holiday wear

Also Trimmed Hats, all shapes and prices.

Corsets from 1/11 to 17/6 to suit all figures

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Trimmed Millinery at Lowest Prices. Ladies' and Children's Untrimmed Straws in Newest Shapes.

Newest Neckwear to Suit All. See our Special Lines of Fancy Hosiery, Gloves, Veilings, Singlets and Aprons.

We stock everything in Children's Woollen Goods

MRS. POWELL

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. ||| QUEEN'S PDE., CLIFTON HILL.

T. E. REDMOND,

Ironmongery, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant,

410 High Street, Northcote.

"Congo" Never-Leak Roofing Felt

Suitable for all kinds of Roofing, including Bungalows & Tent Flys.

In rolls 36in. wide by 24 yds. long. Each roll contains 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,	25/-	per roll	CONGO DAMP COURSE	
2-ply	"	32/-	"	4½ in. wide by 72 running feet	
3-ply	"	40/-	"	9½ " " "	
Each roll contains 216 square feet.				14½ " " "	
				18½ " " "	

FULL STOCK SEASONABLE DELICACIES.

Choicest Brands Western District Butter Chaff, Wheat, Maize, Bran, Pollard, etc
Leave us your address We will be pleased to call for your order, deliver same promptly, and give you every attention
First Quality Goods throughout. Prices Right. Country Orders promptly despatched. A Trial Solicited.

E. B. WIDDOWS, Up-to-Date Grocers, High St., Upper Northcote

Smart Spring Styles in Shoes

There's not a Shoe want of yours that cannot be adequately met by one or other of the many smart, up-to-date Spring styles in English, American, Continental and Australian Shoes we are now showing. Behind every Shoe we sell is our warranty of quality and good service. Your inspection is cordially invited, and places you under no obligation to purchase. Write for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide," free on request anywhere.

Robert Hurst

"The Home of Good Footwear,"
293A HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE

All Suburbs, Ballarat, and Wonthaggi.

L.H.W.

Death.

HOWE.—On the 10th December, at his residence, 16 Separation street, Northcote, James Howe; aged 76 years.

Funeral Notice

HOWE.—Friends of the late Mr. James Howe are respectfully invited to follow his remains to the place of interment in the Northcote cemetery. The Funeral is appointed to leave his residence, 16 Separation street, Northcote, This Morning (Saturday, 21st December) at 11 o'clock.

H. J. R. LEWIS Undertaker, High Street, Northcote.

The Leader

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21.

THE HOLIDAYS.

The "Leader" will be published as usual next Saturday.

Advertisers and correspondents are to forward their copy as early in the week as possible.

There will be no issue of the "Leader" on Saturday, 4th January, 1913.

Localisms.

Cr. Lees on Monday evening moved that the question of floating a loan for the installation of electric light in the town be referred to the committee of the whole. The motion was agreed to.

Northcote South Ratepayers' Association's annual Christmas treat to the children of the town will be held in the town-hall next Monday night.

Notice is given elsewhere that it is the intention of the Preston shire council at its meeting on Monday next to strike a general rate of two shillings in the pound on all rateable property in the shire, which shall be due and payable on and after the 24th inst.

Mrs. Leonard Baker, principal of the Northcote School of Music, has handed to the secretary of the Northcote Free Library the sum of £7 5s, being the net proceeds from the annual students' concert held recently in the Methodist school hall.

Northcote library patrons are notified that the institution will be closed on the 24th inst. at the usual time and will remain closed during the holidays—that is from the 25th December to the 2nd January, both dates inclusive.

A deputation from Preston South complained to the Minister of Education on Wednesday that at the local school the water supply was very defective, the pipes being corroded. The school was unsewered, although it was within a sewer area. Mr. Billson said that he would get in touch with the Public Works department, and endeavour to have the works fixed during the holidays.

Equal to the best.—Walker's fancy goods and toy store, next Slott and Bastings, Northcote, is overflowing with a beautiful assortment of goods suitable for Christmas and New Year presents, all under city rates.

When framing their estimates Northcote Town Council increased their officers' salaries as follows:—Town clerk, from £350 to £404; surveyor, from £300 to £338; rate collector, from £182 to £208; assistant clerk, from £104 to £130; foreman of works, from £182 and allowance to £220; hall-keeper, from £156 to £177 13s 4d; inspector, from £200 to £225.

The erection of Northcote municipal buildings has been carried out in three stages, and the formal laying of a foundation stone has marked the commencement of each. Mayor Verso laid the foundation stone of the main portion of the building, Mayor George Plant (father of Cr. F. J. Plant) of the council chamber, and Mayor Jellicoe of the town-hall. Between the first [illegible] elapsed.

Mr. James Howe, one of the oldest [illegible] of Northcote, passed away at [illegible] residence, Separation street, on Thursday, the advanced age of 76 years.

The "Romance of the Palm Grove," a story told on the borders of the Gulf of Naples, is the feature picture at the Thornbury open-air show to-night, conveyance to which may be made by motor busses.

Hallam and Hallam, drapers, Northcote, are showing a lovely assortment of goods for holiday wear, and inspection is invited.

Under the Faulkner-Smith direction a musical festival is to be given on Christmas night at the Princess theatre. Miss Molly Carew, Madame Maggie Stirling, Miss Mary Stirling, Miss Muriel Cheek (of Adelaide), Mr. R. Maurice Jones, Mr. Robert Hambleit, Mr. Horace J. Bock, Mr. Walter T. Barker (harpist), Mr. A. Weston Pots (flautist), and E. Napoleon Boffard will take part.

J. W. Mankey and Co., drapers, Northcote, announce wonderful value in Xmas and New Year goods, some of which are enumerated in our advertising columns.

The Rev. T. C. Carne will conduct a young men's service at the P.W.P. Methodist Church to-morrow evening, his subject being "For Sale."

Bro. H. Johnston, of Gandy street, Northcote, has been installed as Worshipful Master of Victoria Felix Masonic Lodge.

The Rev. W. J. Williams, of South Preston Methodist Church, is away for his annual holiday. His work on Sunday next at Preston and South Preston will be taken by Mr. Leo. Pearce, of Collingwood Mission.

There will be a special service on Sunday evening at the North Preston Methodist Church. The Rev. E. E. O. Knee's subject will be appropriate to the season, viz., "The Wise Men from the East and their Quest." Christmas carols will be sung by the choir and during the evening Mr. C. Moseley will sing "The Star of Bethlehem."

F. G. Smith, draper, High street, has a fine stock of articles suitable for Christmas gifts.

Townspeople are invited to inspect furniture made of Australian timbers, together with toys, dolls, and ornaments, at E. A. Hosking's furniture shop.

The Shire of Preston invite applications for smart office boy at a salary of 10s per week.

A. B. Philippe, teacher of violin, McLachlan street, Northcote, intimates that he has vacancies for a few pupils in the new year.

The Christmas Fair which was opened last Saturday afternoon at "Heather Brae," 19 Helen street, will be continued this afternoon and evening. The children hope to see all the parents and friends present at this, the close of their fair. [Advt].

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

Next Thursday (Boxing Day) a garden fete and sports gathering will be held in the recreation reserve, Epping. In the evening a dance is to take place in the shire hall. Particulars are advertised.

Winning numbers of the Christmas goose club are advertised.

The annual picnic and sports will be held at Yan Yean reserve on Wednesday, 1st January, when the usual attractive programme of fancy and national dancing, foot-racing and other athletics will be presented. There will also be tug-of-war contests and such amusements as swings, merry-go-rounds, Punch and Judy, band music, &c. The admission is sixpence and the proceeds will be devoted to charity.

Property Sales.

Slott and Bastings advertise that they will hold a clearing sale of allotments in Northcote and Preston as advertised elsewhere.

Slott and Bastings report the sale of 14 allotments in Gibson's paddock, frontages to Separation street and Mitchell street. Plans of estate may be had at auctioneer's offices.

Nicol, Miller and Co. will sell this day as follows:—D.F.W.B. villa at 55 Clarendon street, Northcote at 3, five allotments in Flinders street at 4, and dwelling, 106 Plenty-rd., at 4.30, as advertised.

NEW TRAMWAYS.

THE PROPOSED ST. GEORGES ROAD TO PRESTON EXTENSION.

PUBLIC MEETING AT CROXTON.

A public meeting under the auspices of the Northern Tramways Extension League was held at the Methodist School hall, Croxton, on Wednesday evening. There was a good attendance.

The meeting was delayed till 8.30 in the expectation that the Mayor of Northcote (Cr. Johnson) would arrive and preside, but when he did not come Cr. Ottery the Mayor of Fitzroy, presided. Cr. Ottery said he would much prefer to see the Mayor of Northcote presiding over meetings of this kind in his own district. He also explained that the idea of holding this meeting was to form such a strong public opinion that their representatives would do their utmost to have their wishes consummated. All the people living along the route should throughly interest themselves in the question.

Mr. Membrey, M.L.A. said he was pleased to be present to support a movement for the extension of tramways in the district. First of all he would like to say regarding the opening up of the pipe track along St. George's Road as a public highway he had been in close communication with the Premier who only that day had informed him that when the session was over he would go seriously into the question and see that justice was done. (Applause). He had advised the Northcote Council not to sign the agreement which had been sent to them by the Metropolitan Board, as he believed that in the near future the question would be settled and there would be a proper roadway up St. George's Road. As for this tramway extension he believed they would get it if the people showed the same determination about it as the people South of the Yarra did about getting their lines. He would advise them to go on holding meetings and to agitate till they got their wishes complied with. His position on the Traffic Commission had given him a great interest in the question of transport, and he would be pleased to assist this movement in every possible way. (Applause).

Mr. M. Hannah, M.L.A., moved—

That this meeting of ratepayers assert that it is necessary to construct a tram along St. George's Road to Preston and support the efforts of the Northern Tramways Extension League to obtain same.

If they could succeed in bringing this movement to a successful issue they would do more than they could imagine for that end of the district. What was now vacant land will soon be covered with a large population and the improved travelling facilities would be a great boon for all. The new line would be the means of bringing far more revenue to the town than ever would be lost on the High street line. Such a line would serve a greater population in a few years' time than any tramway that he knew of. The Railways Standing Committee would probably enquire into the proposal during the first week in the new year and all the people along the line of the route should be doing their duty.

Cr. Woolhouse seconded the motion with great pleasure. No one would be more delighted than himself to see a tramway brought along St. George's Road. And he did not think that there was one of the Northcote councillors but was prepared to support this project up to the hilt. Though a member of the Metropolitan Board he could not sympathise with his colleagues in the attitude they had taken up in regard to the pipe track along St. George's Road. He (Cr Woolhouse) had always been an advocate for the opening up of the pipe track. The Board took up the position that they held the fee simple of the land, 22 municipalities having originally purchased it.

Cr. Tharratt said he was delighted to be with them and to find that the people were at last waking up to their own interests. He believed the Northcote Council would not only support a tram along St. George's Road, but also one along Hamilton Street in the Eastern portion of the town. They could not have too many means of ingress and egress, and good things such as tramways should be spread over the town and not limited to one part.

Cr. Henderson also supported the resolution and expressed the hope that everybody would give the movement their enthusiastic support.

Ex-Cr. Pearl, having supported the resolution, said that it was the Government [illegible] under which the Metropolitan [illegible] the property that any portion of [illegible] by the Government for the purpose of roadways should be handed over. He would like to deny all connection with a letter in last week's *Leader* signed "Progress", though he might say he was in accord with the sentiments expressed. One of the best paying lines in Australia would be through Fitzroy via Napier Street, to the city.

Ex Cr. Robb moved that all present be urged to join the leagues and do all in their power to further the interests of same.

Mr. J. Sutch, in seconding the motion, said he hoped the Northcote council would be ready to fall in with the other councils in the formation of a trust.

Cr. Schwaebach, in supporting the motion, said he was pleased that someone had taken the initiative in this fine movement. He was thoroughly in favour of an electric tram up St. George's Road.

Mr W. H. Smith said he knew the Preston councillors were in favour of the movement, but it would have been better had some of them been at the meeting.

The chairman said they were probably waiting for a meeting in their own district.

It was decided that a public meeting be held in Preston on or about the 8th January.

The Mayor of Northcote (Cr. Johnson) and President of Prestonshire (Cr. Crisps) were elected vice-presidents of the league.

NORTHCOTE TRAMWAY.

ARBITRATION AWARDS

A flat rate of 9/2 a day has been agreed to between the Northcote Tramway Company and the association for gripmen and conductors. The working day will consist of eight hours, with overtime at the rate of time and a quarter after the first hour and time and a half afterwards. For work on public holidays time and a quarter will be paid for the first hour, and time and a half afterwards. Ordinary rates will be paid for Sunday work, and no annual leave has been granted. The agreement takes effect from December 1, and it will continue till June 30, 1916.

The above award involves the lessees (Mr. Meakin and Mrs. Thomas) in an extra expenditure of about £1200 a year—a very heavy impost seeing that they took up the lease under certain conditions.

Prior to the award being made the men had been offered in conference 9s a day. Judge Higgins appeared surprised that such an offer had been made, and said that under the special circumstances of the lessees he thought it a very liberal one.

Farewell Social to Mr. W. J. Baty.

Last Wednesday night at the Congregational Church an opportunity was given to the members to say farewell to Mr and Mrs Baty and family, who are removing to Malvern. For 20 years they have been closely identified with the church. A large number of friends assembled, and the pastor presided. A musical programme was submitted, in which the following took part—Misses A. E. and D. Miller, Messrs Wood, Baty, Carson, and Geo. Duncan.

Valedictory speeches were tendered by Rev. A. R. Bunton and Messrs Brace, Miller, and Sherwood, all eulogising the whole-souled way in which Mr and Mrs Baty had worked in every department of the church's activity. Practical evidence of the esteem in which they are held was seen in the costly and beautiful illuminated address which was presented to Mr. Baty, and the choate cake tray, which was handed to Mrs Baty, who feelingly replied. In a happy and humorous manner Mr Baty recounted the history of the church, and gratefully acknowledged the gift of their love.

Refreshments were provided by the ladies, and after a verse of "God be with you" the meeting concluded with the benediction.

To Let

PRESTON.—Six-roomed House, Percival street, 12/6; all conveniences. Apply Oliver, 82 Tyler street.

THE MAYOR OF NORTHCOTE.

CR. B. E. JOHNSON is another native of the town who has attained the dignity of the mayorship. He first saw the light here 46 years ago, and is a son of the late Mr. Robert Johnson, one of the earliest residents in the district. After leaving school he assisted his father in the building trade for about 12 months, when he became apprentised to Mr. A. McIntosh and learned the bakery business. After another 3 years' spell at the building trade, the opportunity presented itself of buying out Braidling Bros., who had succeeded to the business founded by the late Mr. Edwin Bastings. Mr. Johnson has devoted himself to the business with such effect that from being one of the smallest to one of the largest bakery businesses in the metropolis. As a matter of fact it has grown from a 5 bag proposition to an 180 bag, which means an output of 25,000 loaves per week. He has also established a cake industry that has become one of the largest in Victoria. In four different years he has been president of the Master Bakers' Association. He has also passed through the chairs of the local Rechabite Tent. Though only a little over two years in the council he was at the time of his election as Mayor chairman of the finance, quarry, and tramway committees. Cr. Johnson, owing to the pressing nature of his business, has been able to spare but little time for public duties, but now that he has been placed in a responsible position he has made such arrangements as will leave him free to do justice to all the requirements of his office. The Mayoress, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Agar, of Werribee, will no doubt ably assist the Mayor in the discharge of his social duties.

NORTHCOTE TOWN HALL.

FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

Back in the "eighties" Northcote's municipal men had big ideas, so big that it has taken 25 years to realise them. It is just about that time since the plans of the municipal buildings were made and approved, and they were to be carried out in three sections, first the municipal offices, next the council chamber, and lastly the main hall. Before the third stage was reached, however, the boom period in which the scheme was launched came to an end, values began to fall and revenues to dwindle, with the result that the council soon found itself desperately hard pushed to make both ends meet. To proceed with the erection of the hall then was unthinkable, but as the time of financial stringency passed the project was again and again returned to, but up till last year—when provision was made for it in the loan schedule on the casting vote of the then mayor (Cr. Bastings)—it was always defeated, the majority considering that the money required could be better spent in other undertakings. It seems fitting that in the very year the town got back to its old boom valuation the item should have been passed. Undoubtedly better hall accommodation has been required for years past, the present building (which is the "supper room" of the original scheme) being overcrowded on the occasion of the most ordinary functions, and numbers of entertainments having to be taken out of the town each year for want of a proper place to hold them in.

While he was in office the late mayor (Cr. Bastings) took an exceedingly active interest in bringing this long deferred project to completion, and as we have said the item was included in the loan schedule, and a tender—that of Mr. T. Cochram, jun., at £3900—accepted for the work.

The honour of laying the foundation stone of the new hall fell to the lot of the new mayor (Cr. B. E. Johnson) and he marked the occasion by the presentation by a number of representative [illegible] as a practical [illegible] which was to be brought up St. George's road certain undesirable obstacles there might be swept away.

The mayor, in response, expressed his pleasure in seeing so many representatives of adjoining municipalities present. The invitation list would have been much larger only that they had not the necessary accommodation. He hoped to see Northcote still go on progressing. He was born in Northcote and hoped to remain here a long time yet. He could say that Northcote was controlled by a body of men who had the interests of the town at heart. Their one desire was to make it a model suburb.

Cr. Redmond, in an excellent speech, proposed "Municipal Institutions," touching pertinently upon topics in which they were mutually interested, such as the proposed tramway along St. George's road to Preston, the making of Darebin road to the town boundary and the construction of a bridge over the Darebin Creek, and also a tram line to link up the municipalities of Essendon, Northcote and Heidelberg.

The Mayor of Fitzroy, in responding, said that the next big event in the history of Northcote would be its proclamation as a city. He was sure that day would be hastened by the construction of a tramway along St. George's road.

The President of Prestonshire having conveyed his congratulations to Cr. and Mrs. Johnson said they did hope in Preston soon to see such a tramway coming through their territory as had been referred to. The southern eastern suburbs were setting them an example in the matter of trams, having during the first few years spent £300,000. As for the hall it should have been built years ago. They were only a small community at Preston, yet their hall gave them £800 a year, or enough to pay interest and sinking fund on the whole building.

The president of Heidelbergshire said if a bridge over the Darebin Creek could be built at a reasonable cost he thought Heidelberg would pay its share.

Cr. Bastings, in proposing "The Architects and Contractor" said there was no one prouder than he to see this consummation to the long agitation for a town hall. Last year when visiting other municipalities he had felt ashamed that Northcote had no proper municipal hall to invite the people to. He would very much like to see the hall provided with a balcony and properly completed outside. Fitzroy had spent £64,000 on its hall, Collingwood £9,0000 odd, while the expenditure in Northcote would only be £20,000, including Post Office and Court House.

Mr. S. Smith (for the architects) and Mr. Cockram (contractor) responded, the former expressing the hope that the council would see its way to at least complete the front of the building in Westbourne Grove.

"The Press" was honoured at the instance of Cr. Lees and responded to by Mr. Whalley.

The Mayor of Fitzroy gave "The Chairman," and the Mayor in reply said the Mayoress and himself during their term of office had made up their minds to do their level best for Northcote.

The Hon. W. H. Edgar, Minister for Public Works, the Hon. W. H. Evans, M.L.C., Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., and Mrs. Membrey, the mayor and mayoress of Fitzroy, Cr. and Mrs Ottery, the president of Prestonshire and Mrs. Crisps, the president of Heidelbergshire and Mrs. Rank, and Cr. F. T. Hickford, representative on the Fire Brigades' Board, and Mrs. Hickford.

Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., in introducing the mayor, congratulated the residents on the prospective early completion of the splendid pile of municipal buildings. He had had the privilege of being present at the laying of the first foundation stone 24 years ago. Northcote had grown since then & the necessity had been found for completing the building. When completed the residents would no doubt be proud of it, and delighted to meet together in much larger numbers than they were formerly able to to.

The Mayor said it gave him great pleasure to have been asked to lay the foundation stone. Considering the remarkable progress of the town—new houses were erected last year at the rate of 8 a week and the population had gone beyond 19,000—they were only doing the right thing in completing the hall, as they had to have more room to accommodate the larger number of the towns folk. The Mayor then gave some interesting figures showing the progress of the town during the past 28 years. In 1884 the valuation was £21,412, the population 2,000, and the number of houses 450, while in 1912 the valuation had risen to £126,057, the population to 19,186 and the houses to 3383. Last year alone the increases were—valuation £15,800, population 2204, houses 421. The new hall would be a room 84 feet by 45 feet and would comfortably accomodate 800.

The Hon. W. H. Edgar said he was glad to be associated with the laying of this foundation stone. It was just 28 years since he settled in Preston, and ex-Cr. McIntosh and Cr. Smith were the only ones of the "old brigade" he saw around him that day. It was right to cast a kindly thought on those who had done good work in the past and laid deep and strong the foundation of these municipalities. It pleased him to see the heads of all the surrounding municipalities commingling in this function. It showed a disposition to unite their forces and possibly in the future their districts would be rolled into one.

Having been presented with a silver trowel suitably inscribed as a memento of the occasion the Mayor then, admist cheers, declared the stone "well and truly laid."

On the stone is inscribed the names of the mayor and councillors that of the town clerk and also that of the architects Messrs. Smith and Ogg.

The present work consists of the completion of the town hall and provision of suitable ladies & gentlemen's cloak rooms and retiring rooms and the sewerage of the whole of the municipal buildings. The dimensions of of the hall are 83 feet 6 inches by 45 feet 6 inches, the stage will be 24 feet deep, having a proscenium opening 20 feet wide by 18 feet high. The ceiling of the hall will be waggon shaped 30 feet high at the walls and 35 feet in the centre. The floor will be of kauri traversed for dancing. The work is to be completed by the end of May.

MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

After the ceremony the mayor and mayoress entertained the company in the present hall, where refreshments were tomptingly set out on small tables, and a band discoursed sweet music.

The toast of "The King," proposed by the chairman, was honored by enthusiasm.

Cr. Hayes proposed the toast of "Parliament." As for the Federal Parliament one thing certain they were "spending the money." He hoped it would be all right when the day of reckoning came. He was glad the State Government had taken up the electrification scheme. It was going to help the municipalities out of a lot of their troubles by providing better travelling facilities. It would also go a long way towards solving the housing problem by enabling the people in the congested suburbs to get further out.

Mr. Edgar, in responding, said this Parliament has passed 60 measures, which, he believed, constituted a record, the next best being 08. They were still passing bills, and he did not know but that they might reach the century yet. (Laughter). Regarding the electrification scheme, Mr. Mora said the facilities offered for it here were such that, when completed, it would be an object lesson for the whole world. The coming into operation of the Country Roads Bill also would benefit both producer and consumer, and be a boon to the people generally.

Mr. Evans, M.L.C., said that the Legislative Council's close examination of the electrification scheme was fully justified, seeing that some five or six million pounds of expenditure was involved.

Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., who also responded, predicted that the electrification scheme, in which he was greatly interested, having been a member of the select committee and also of the Traffic Commission, would go through the Legislative Council by a majority of 2 to 1.

The Hon. W. H. Edgar proposed "Success to the Town of Northcote," remarking that he had always taken special interest in the municipalities of Northcote and Preston. He humorously hinted that in the [illegible] which was to be brought up St. George's road certain undesirable obstacles there might be swept away.

The mayor, in response, expressed his pleasure in seeing so many representatives of adjoining municipalities present. The invitation list would have been much larger only that they had not the necessary accommodation. He hoped to see Northcote still go on progressing. He was born in Northcote and hoped to remain here a long time yet. He could say that Northcote was controlled by a body of men who had the interests of the town at heart. Their one desire was to make it a model suburb.

Cr. Redmond, in an excellent speech, proposed "Municipal Institutions," touching pertinently upon topics in which they were mutually interested, such as the proposed tramway along St. George's road to Preston, the making of Darebin road to the town boundary and the construction of a bridge over the Darebin Creek, and also a tram line to link up the municipalities of Essendon, Northcote and Heidelberg.

The Mayor of Fitzroy, in responding, said that the next big event in the history of Northcote would be its proclamation as a city. He was sure that day would be hastened by the construction of a tramway along St. George's road.

The President of Prestonshire having conveyed his congratulations to Cr. and Mrs. Johnson said they did hope in Preston soon to see such a tramway coming through their territory as had been referred to. The southern eastern suburbs were setting them an example in the matter of trams, having during the first few years spent £300,000. As for the hall it should have been built years ago. They were only a small community at Preston, yet their hall gave them £800 a year, or enough to pay interest and sinking fund on the whole building.

The president of Heidelbergshire said if a bridge over the Darebin Creek could be built at a reasonable cost he thought Heidelberg would pay its share.

Cr. Bastings, in proposing "The Architects and Contractor" said there was no one prouder than he to see this consummation to the long agitation for a town hall. Last year when visiting other municipalities he had felt ashamed that Northcote had no proper municipal hall to invite the people to. He would very much like to see the hall provided with a balcony and properly completed outside. Fitzroy had spent £64,000 on its hall, Collingwood £9,0000 odd, while the expenditure in Northcote would only be £20,000, including Post Office and Court House.

Mr. S. Smith (for the architects) and Mr. Cockram (contractor) responded, the former expressing the hope that the council would see its way to at least complete the front of the building in Westbourne Grove.

"The Press" was honoured at the instance of Cr. Lees and responded to by Mr. Whalley.

The Mayor of Fitzroy gave "The Chairman," and the Mayor in reply said the Mayoress and himself during their term of office had made up their minds to do their level best for Northcote.

Look Here, Old Chap!

You're a careless beggar about your Clothes, but it won't do. Get a decent-looking, well-cut Suit, and you'll look fifty per cent. better—and get on better, too.

¶ I know a place where they'll make you a tip-top Suit, and fit you well at a moderate price. You go and see them. The name is

WARDROP

The "Quality" Tailor,
Corner Smith and Johnston Streets,
COLLINGWOOD.

Have a look at their Hats and Mercery, too.

NORTHCOTE ESTIMATES.

HAVE TO BE CUT DOWN.

TOO LARGE AN OVERDRAFT TO FACE.

Last week the Northcote Town Council spent a whole night considering the estimates of receipts and expenditure for the coming year. The consciousness of a prospective increase in the revenue from rates of £1700 odd evidently put councillors in a liberal frame of mind, for when they finished their labours in the early hours of the morning their estimated expenditure amounted to £26,450 4/2, while their receipts (allowing for everything) only came to £23,412 8/10.

Under these circumstances the Mayor (Cr. Johnson) and the chairman of the finance committee (Cr. Hayes) felt it their duty to consider the matter further, and bring down an amended estimate on Monday evening.

Cr. Hayes said that when they proceeded to strike a balance they found that they were short to the extent of £3,037 15/4. To get over this difficulty they recommended the cutting down of works to the extent of £1100, and only making provision for reduction of overdraft to the extent of £717 15/6, instead of £2655 10/10.

Cr. Hayes said that he did not wish it to go forth that in cutting down these items they were reducing their expenditure on works as compared with last year; the figures for this year showing an increase of £2027. The trouble this year had been caused by the fact that on five items only—lighting, cartage, public work items, any labor and maintenance metal—the expenditure was allowed to exceed the estimate by no less than £2138. This showed great laxity on somebody's part. What was the use of having an estimate if it was departed from in this way?

They proposed to reduce cartage from £2000 to £1800, day labour from £2250 to £2100, maintenance metal from £1500 to £1350, and to cut out altogether the following items, viz.: Merri street fencing and construction, £100; Walker and McLachlan streets corner, £100; Beaver's road, metalling, £100; Separation street, metalling, £50; Clarke street E., metalling, £50; Clarke street W., metalling, £50; and Arthurton road, metalling, £50.

Cr. Smith: Let us spend the money provided and no more, and then we'll be on the right side.

Cr. Tharratt: Then we'll get nothing done.

Cr. Smith: My advice to the Mayor is to put his foot down and not let the estimates be exceeded.

Cr. Plant said he thought they would have to cut out these items. They would still be £800 to the bad. Unless the money was provided the works committee had no right to let things go through.

Cr. Dennis: The council has to pass them.

Cr. Plant: If we don't amend this estimate we will start next year with an overdraft of £5000.

Cr. Bastings said if they kept to the estimate there was only one legitimate thing to do—increase the rate.

Cr. Bastings went on to point out that it would be found impossible to finance street construction out of general revenue. It would only land them in difficulties. They would show their wisdom also by the earmarking a portion of their tramway revenue for the improvement of the property when it came to be necessary.

Cr. McDonell said in the present state of the finances he must object to the increases in the officers' salaries. He objected to the Beaver's road item being cut out. They should increase their revenue by going in for more municipal enterprises, such as municipal insurance, or even a municipal bakery. If they had run their own trams they would now have a credit instead of a debit balance.

Cr. Tharratt said Cr. McDonell's only practical suggestion was to cut down salaries. He thought he (Cr. McDonell) would have been the last to suggest that. He (Cr. Tharratt) was prepared to support an increase in the [illegible] Cr. Cole [illegible] to Wales street, and James [illegible] Martin and Clarendon streets.

Cr. Redmond presented a p[illegible] signed by 39 residents in Clarend[illegible] and Martin st., praying that the [illegible] struction of the right-of-way be n[illegible] proceeded with.

Cr. Redmond also presented a petition signed by 10 ratepayers praying that the construction of Clyde street be not proceeded with.

Mr. Oliver objected that the right-of-way was unnecessary. It was in good sanitary condition and was very little used now the places had been sewered. Besides it was unfair that they should be loaded for the construction of St. David street.

Mr. Hill said the construction of Clyde street was unnecessary. All would be pleased to pay in 12 months' time.

Mr. Schmidt expressed the same objection regarding Clyde street.

Mr. Wilson considered the expenditure on Clyde street unnecessary in view of the state of the street.

Mr. Pascoe objected as a resident of Clarendon street, having to pay for St. David street; but the right-of-way should be made. It was not in a sanitary condition.

Mr. F. Ludlow thought that in this apportionment the council had "made an honest attempt to do a fair thing." He said this though his account was £83.

Mr. G. E. Clarke strongly objected to the residents of Clarendon and Martin streets being loaded for the right-of-way.

Cr. Hayes said he had £130 to pay, and he did not like it; but it was absolutely necessary for the work to be done, and it should have been done on this plan originally, being the fairest thing. He also thought it necessary to make Clyde street. It was high time the council took some stand. He moved that the plans be adopted.

Cr. Redmond said that when he was canvassing the ward there was an outcry for streets to be made, and an effort had been made to get them under way. It was disheartening now to find the ratepayers coming to object. It was not so long since he picked a little child out of a dirty gutter in Clyde street, and the right-of-way also wanted making badly. A made street stood for progress, and also stood for health, which was the main thing they had to consider.

Cr. McDonell said there would always be trouble while they had such a silly policy of street construction. He would like to know if it was legal to load one street with part of the expense of making another.

The Mayor said he would not like to give an opinion off-hand, but the references in the Act said it could be done.

Cr. Bastings had no doubt of the council's power to do this. He would support the ward members.

Crs. Plant and Lees took the same view, though the latter anticipated trouble from the application of the principle further along the street.

The plans were then adopted.

Cr. Plant moved that the question of making a cash demand be considered by the committee.

LUNACY REFORMER FINED.

REFLECTIONS ON CHIEF JUSTICE.

C. Burchall, president of the Lunacy Reform League, was charged on Monday at the Northcote Court, before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Plant, Bastings, Lawrence and Bailey, J.'s.P., with having used insulting language in a public place, relating to one of the Supreme Court judges. Inspector McGillicuddy prosecuted, and defendant conducted his own case.

Plain-clothes Constable Frawley gave evidence that on November 21, a public meeting was held in connection with the Lunacy Reform League in the Northcote town hall, at which the defendant, in the course of an address, made use of insulting words referring to Sir John Madden.

Burchall: Whom do the words complained of refer to?—Sir John Madden of course.

Was he present?—No

Has he communicated with you, to say he had been insul

The Secret of the Oak Parlour.

By RICHARD WYVERN,
Author of "Paying a Debt," etc., etc.

(All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XII.

The Turn of the Tide.

Retlef's reception of Lorraine was pitched in the tone which an employer might adopt toward one of whom he was well disposed and inclined to encourage. He made but a slight reference to their former meeting, and none at all to the reason of the young man's dismissal from Hilsdon Ltd.

Everything having been satisfactorily arranged, the new secretary was installed at Mr. Retlef's house in Kingswood-street, Chelsea, where he took up his duties with alacrity. These, while being onerous enough, were confined to a limited portion of each day.

Lorraine soon discovered that the business of dealing in curiosities, as conducted by Mr. Retlef, was both extensive and complicated. In addition to his place in Soho, his employer ran another establishment in Bond-street, under a different name, and in this latter concern Sidney Austen possessed an interest. Mr. Retlef had many correspondents, or private agents, throughout the country, likewise on the continent, who were constantly offering curios, especially in jewellry and pictures, which the cunning dealer was ever ready to secure at the smallest possible outlay. Although Lorraine did not yet know, it was a peculiarity of Retlef's method not to inquire too closely how the seller had acquired the article he or she offered for sale. He bought without any troublesome questions, and always paid for the purchases in gold. The new secretary also discovered that Zeno often figured in his employer's transactions. She and Madam Ulcivet frequently visited country houses, and these visits were usually followed by purchases, the centre of the whole business being Mr. Retlef's house in Chelsea—it might be termed the brain of the concern.

Mr. Retlef showed his interest in Lorraine by inviting him to occupy chambers in a house in Boltover-street which he owned. The rooms, Mr. Retlef explained, were comfortably furnished, but had been singularly unfortunate in their tenants, and he, as landlord, offered Lorraine the use of them until a suitable occupier was found. This seeming generosity on the part of Retlef blinded the secretary, who did not know that the arrangement was the outcome of a long conversation between Sidney Austen and his employer. He, therefore, without doubting the motives of Retlef, took up his abode in Boltover-street.

The chambers in question were situated on the second floor of a small block, and consisted of two rooms looking to the back, the remainder of the floor being a large suite, occupied, as the caretaker told him, by Mr. Andrew Truscott.

Lorraine had just settled in the rooms, and made arrangements with the caretaker's wife "to do for him," as she termed attendance, etc., when Mr. Retlef entered.

The old man examined the rooms critically, passed his verdict on Lorraine's arrangements, suggested one or two improvements, then said:

"I understand Mr. Felter," and he smiled while repeating the name, "made clear to you the conditions upon which I took you into my employment."

"He did," was the reply.

"I wish to emphasise those conditions," continued Retlef.

"If you desire to retain my confidence you must both be discreet and reticent. Regarding everything which takes place within my house at Chelsea you will do well to be silent, and this applies to Sidney Austen."

Lorraine assured him that he would be silent on business matters. Retlef appeared satisfied.

"I have decided to pay half your first quarter's salary in advance," he said, and while speaking laid the money on the table.

A few minutes later he departed, and Lorraine accompanied him out on to the landing.

"These rooms," he said, meaning those opposite, "are occupied by Mr. Truscott, who is sure to make your acquaintance. He is nothing beyond being a harmless fool."

The surmise of Mr. Retlef proved correct, for a few days later Andrew Truscott, who had run up to town from Wares Hill, happened to meet Lorraine in the lift, introduced himself, and an intimacy sprang up between the two young men.

Lorraine fully expected Austen to call, and had prepared himself for the interview, therefore was not surprised when the latter, cool and smiling, as usual, walked into the sitting-room.

"I ought to be offended with you, Mr. Lorraine," he said, "the sudden manner in which you disappeared was not exactly the correct thing. It showed a very small amount of confidence in my humble self; besides, it was not friendly."

"That may be, but it was the only course that suggested itself at the time," answered Lorraine.

"There was really no necessity for your flight. May I ask if you enjoyed yourself when under the cloud?"

"No," was the quick reply.

"Your features bear the marks of suffering."

"And they speak the truth," returned the secretary with a straight look at Austen.

"Honor and self-respect failed you when put to the test," remarked the latter sarcastically. "Money never does; it can always be relied upon."

The conversation threatened to take a turn which Lorraine did not relish, and his brow clouded. Austen noted the look and, altering his tone, said:

"Your absence, which I did my best to account for, caused uneasiness to Mrs. Avillar, and was remarked upon by Lady Catherine, while Winifred has never ceased to be interested in you. It was a foolish mistake to allow yourself to drop out of her life, even for a time. She is a charming girl, and has many admirers."

Lorraine colored when Austen referred to Winifred, and the latter went on:

"The family are staying at Wares Hill, and I have been having a splendid time down there. Lady Catherine, as a hostess, is surpassed; no one knows better how to entertain a country house-party," and Austen launched into a long account of the entertainments in which he had taken part, never failing to mention the name of Winifred, and to hint that he—Lorraine—was a favorite in that quarter, then concluded by saying:

"I have been enjoying the cream, the sweets, of life, while you have been drinking of its dregs."

His companion smiled. "Yes; but the tide has turned," he answered.

"As a friend, though you did not treat me with the confidence that a friend expects, I am glad. Mr. Retlef will not fail you."

All through the interview Lorraine's manner had been restrained, now and then showing a nervousness which Austen was quick to interpret, and sought to allay by saying:

"You and I shall not again discuss the question of handwriting. We are likely to meet often, and during our future intercourse let that subject be barred."

The words came as a great relief to Lorraine, who, from the first meeting, had been attracted by Austen's personality. Now his doubts and fears vanished, his brow cleared, and he listened with pleasure while Austen recounted incidents of his visit to Wares Hill. He related the story of the scene in the Oak Parlor, which had caused such a sensation, never failing when his companion's interest lessened to introduce the name of Winifred.

It need not be supposed that either Mr. Retlef or Austen had the slightest intention of permitting such a valuable tool as Lorraine was likely to prove to slip through their fingers a second time. The two men had merely decided to change their mode of operations, the visit of Austen to Boltover-street being a preliminary move, intended to establish confidence in the mind of Lorraine, and so far it proved successful. Austen was pressed for money, so also was Retlef, and the matter would not brook delay; consequently their action must be prompt.

Both men felt that no arguments advanced by them would shake the young man's belief in right and wrong, which had successfully withstood their efforts, even in the black hour of misery. Still, they were determined, if human power could do so, to induce Lorraine to forge the name of Stephen Hilsdon, thus placing him completely in their power. One means suggested itself to the subtle Retlef, a path that has often been fatal to man, no matter how strong and brave. The cup of crime and dishonor was ready, and when the time came the fair hands of Zeno would present it to Eric Lorraine. Thus did the schemers hope to win.

At the same time there was, it may be mentioned, not that complete confidence between the two schemers necessary to gain success. Retlef was determined to strike at Stephen Hilsdon by bringing about a marriage between Lorraine and his daughter, after the latter had committed forgery. The marvellous similarity of the secretary's handwriting to that of Hilsdon rendered the actual imitation easy; the difficulty lay, when it came, to induce the young man to take the first step. That could only be done by finesse, both men felt, by laying a trap, with Zeno as the decoy, to lead in the unsuspecting secretary.

Austen, on his part, was quite prepared to dangle Winifred as a bait before the eyes of Lorraine, but when it came to actual marriage he would change his tactics. To save himself, and secure the goodwill of Hilsdon, he would give away both Retlef and his secretary, and in that way secure the hand of Winifred. There was, however, one element he did not take into account when forming his plans, and that was Lady Catherine.

Just as Austen was about to depart Lorraine said:

"I am sorry at not having thanked Lady Catherine for her kindness to me that evening in Park-lane; also at having caused uneasiness to Mrs. Avillar, whom I respect sincerely."

"I covered up your action as best I could," replied Austen lightly. "You will recollect that Lady Catherine's guests, from some cause, assumed that you were a titled individual hiding your identity. Well, I did not contradict their belief, nor did I confirm it. Only to Mrs. Avillar did I speak plainly; indeed, in her case, went perilously near the truth by hinting at family or personal reasons as the cause of your disappearance. Winifred was the most persistent in her questions, and so gave me most trouble. Your ignominious flight from the presence of Mrs. Avillar and Miss Hilsdon the day upon which you showed yourself outside the grounds of Low Ware was disconcerting, but rendered easier by the divided opinions of the two ladies, Winifred asserting that the man who turned his back upon them was yourself, while Mrs. Avillar, with equal firmness held otherwise. Why did you run?" he asked, with a laugh.

"I could not face them."

"Why?"

"I fear I cannot make you understand my feelings," replied Lorraine. "I was not fit—I mean after what had been happening—to speak to either of the ladies."

Austen smiled.

"You were prudent, certainly, if not courageous," he said, as he took his leave, and Lorraine was left to his own thoughts. These did not promise to be very agreeable or flattering to himself. The beautiful Zeno held him in her grasp, and he dared not think of the idol of his dreams. It was therefore a relief to him when Andrew Truscott entered.

"I say, old chap," he began, without any ceremony, "come into my place and smoke a cigar. These chairs of yours are not comfortable. I have had one sent from Waring's to-day; the shopman told me a tale, and I bought it. I want you to try the thing."

The chair having been tested and not found wanting, the hospitable Andrew continued:

"I have lots of whisky and stuff if you would like some."

"Not now," replied Lorraine, helping himself to a cigar; while Andrew went on to explain his latest trouble with Gladys Wigram.

"It's the old lady who's the humbug," he said. "I told you about the herbs and the two meals a day."

"Yes," assented his companion, adding, "Mrs. Wigram believes in scientific eating."

"I call it hygienic starving," remarked Andrew drily. "Her latest is eggs. Mrs. Wigram has discovered that an egg is not an herb or a fruit, and so must be flesh; consequently, she has banished eggs from her table. Isn't it ridiculous? How can a fellow be expected to marry her daughter?"

"The daughter is not the mother," returned Lorraine.

"A good thing, too," replied Andrew. "Now tell me what is your opinion of Gladys?"

Lorraine explained that he had only seen the young lady once, and his companion went on:

"The only girl at Wares Hill fit to hold a candle to Gladys is Miss Hilsdon, but she's not my style! That fellow Austen is sweet on her, and she favors him, or I am blind."

His last words caused Lorraine to turn sharply toward him, and there was a strange light in his eyes. That Sidney Austen should seek to win the regard of Winifred was repugnant to him. That the man who had suggested forgery should seek her hand caused his whole nature to rise in revolt, and the blood to rush to his face, while the further words of his friend fell on unheeding ears.

After a time Andrew invited Lorraine to accompany him to the Aldwych Theatre. "I think she said the Aldwych," he remarked.

"Who said?" asked Lorraine.

"Gladys," he replied. "I want you to accompany me. We'll go into the stalls. I want to show the old 'herb,' her mother, that I am independent, you know." As if to fortify himself for this show of independence, he added:

"Let's have a whisky or two before starting."

As the two took their places in the stalls of the Aldwych Theatre, Lorraine observed Mrs. Wigram and her daughter in solitary state seated in one of the boxes.

Just after the curtain rose Andrew whispered:

"Who is that ripping woman in the box on the first tier?"

"The old lady is Madam Ulcivot, the younger her daughter Zeno," replied Lorraine.

At the end of the first act Andrew asked his friend to introduce him, and Lorraine assented.

Accordingly the two made their way to Madame Ulcivot's box, where Zeno received them with her most charming smile, and many a well-directed glance from her great eyes. Andrew devoted himself to Zeno, while Lorraine listened to Madam Ulcivet.

Seating himself at Zeno's side Andrew refused to move until the end of the second act, despite the fact that Gladys and her mother stared at him from a box opposite.

Thus when the two presented themselves before Mrs. Wigram that lady showed unmistakable anger. Gladys, on her part, turned to Lorraine, leaving the fickle Andrew to the tender mercies of her mother.

"Is that person a friend of yours?" she asked, meaning Zeno.

"Never saw the lady before to-night in my life."

Mrs. Wigram compressed her lips, then asked further:

"Who is that rakish-looking old man just entering her box?"

The gentleman she referred to was Mr. Retlef.

"I could not say," he answered. "But Zeno's acquaintance amongst gentlemen is doubtless large."

"I should imagine so," replied Mrs. Wigram icily. "What a wonderful complexion!" she continued, in anything but a complimentary tone.

"Zeno does not live on herbs and things," said Andrew, chuckling at the left-hander he had dealt Mrs. Wigram.

Lorraine had considerable difficulty in eluding the curiosity of Mrs. Wigram, which was a relief to him when he saw the ladies seated in their carriage.

Andrew's independence was short-lived, for next day he escorted Mrs. Wigram and her daughter to Wares Hill, Mr. Wigram being detained in London by his Parliamentary duties.

Considerable excitement prevailed at Wares Hill over a reception and ball which the Mayor of Waresborough was to give in celebration of the centenary of the borough. The county families were to be largely represented at the gathering, while Madam Ulcivet and Zeno had arrived at Low Ware with the intention of attending.

Lady Catherine took a large party from amongst the guests at Wares Hill to do honor to the historic occasion, but her husband, who had hated such functions, declined to accompany her. Mrs. Avillar, who had been in London for a week, preferred the comparative quietness of Wares Hill. Sidney Austen being in town, he also was an absentee.

At a late hour that particular evening Mrs. Avillar made her way to the library for a book she desired to consult.

The library was reached by the same corridor as the Oak Parlor, being in close proximity to that room. Having secured the desired volume, Mrs. Avillar was returning to the drawing-room when she observed Stephen Hilsdon coming from the direction of the Oak Parlor. There was something in his gait that caused her to halt and regard him closer.

His footsteps were unsteady, for he staggered like a drunken man, and as he came closer she saw that his body shook as if with fear, while his face was grey and ghastly.

CHAPTER XIII.

What Hilsdon Saw.

The agitation of Hilsdon not only surprised but astonished Mrs. Avillar. It could be no ordinary incident, she felt, which had caused the stern master of Wares Hill to quiver like an aspen leaf. That some fresh horror had been enacted in the oak parlor was her first thought, and, confronting him with a face white as his own, she asked:

"What has happened? Is—is it in the oak parlor?" Hilsdon gave a spasmodic gasp, but otherwise made no reply to her rather incoherent words.

Mrs. Avillar was a strong-minded woman, and immediately determined to learn for herself what had taken place in the room in question. Drawing in the trailing skirt of her dress, she moved as if to pass him, but Hilsdon laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"You must not go there. Come into the library."

Walking unsteadily, he led the way into the room mentioned, then sank down on a chair, the perspiration showing in beads on his brow.

Mrs. Avillar was about to ring for assistance, but by an emphatic gesture he restrained her. "Get me some brandy from the dining-room," he said.

That lady was quick to obey, and in a few minutes returned with a tumbler half-filled with the liquor, which Hilsdon drank. The brandy steadied his nerves, but still he was silent. Mrs. Avillar, much agitated, stood by his chair, waiting for an explanation which came not, and she repeated the question.

By this time Hilsdon had recovered himself. "Has any of the servants observed me?" were his first words.

"I think not," she replied.

"No one must know of this."

"But——," began Mrs. Avillar, then stopped.

"Yes, I understand," he said, as if prepared to answer her unspoken words. "Be seared." And she obeyed, with anxious expectation.

"Lady Catherine told you of her dream; you will recollect the details," he said.

"Yes," she replied, and the still shaking man continued speaking in a hoarse whisper.

"I have seen it realised to-night."

Mrs. Avillar's pulses throbbed, but stilling her nerves she listened with a tearful interest, while Hilsdon described what had caused his agitation.

"It has," he began, "been my habit to visit the oak parlor every night before retiring. This I have made a practice of doing since the former scene, which you will remember, and to-night went there as usual. I opened the door, extended my hand and pressed the electric button just inside, but it failed to act. While I stood in the doorway, vainly trying to force the button, I seemed to be looking into a black abyss such as Lady Catherine saw in her dream. A dim light shone up from the depths below, and I saw in the distance the figures of the two men and that of a woman. It was only for a second or two the vision remained, then the light vanished, and all was darkness. Then there came to my ears a sound as of rushing water, like that made by a stream which has been dammed up, then suddenly released. At the same instant a blast of wind, damp and cold, swept through the room, while the door shut with such force as to knock me back into the corridor. I quickly recovered myself, then tried to open the door again, but it refused to yield, being held fast by the invisible power. The handle turned easily in my grasp, but all my strength could not move the door. Now you know all."

A silence followed, Mrs. Avillar being powerless to speak, while Hilsdon pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his perspiring face.

"My agitation shames me, and to you, Mrs. Avillar, it must appear foolish."

Mrs. Avillar did not reply, but sat very still and white, for in her mind was the accusing question: "Who killed Horace Avillar?" and which in a vague way became connected with the agitation of Stephen Hilsdon.

He had risen from his chair. "I will try the door of the oak parlor again," he said, in his harsh but natural tone. "Are you brave enough to accompany me?"

"I will accompany you," answered Mrs. Avillar in a tense whisper.

Hilsdon led the way along the corridor, and his companion followed. He tried the room door; it opened; then he pressed the electric button, and the light flashed into every corner of the apartment. Both entered, to find everything within its usual state.

"It seems as if my senses had deceived me," said Hilsdon with a grim look around.

Mrs. Avillar shivered, but made no reply.

All men and women, when brought face to face with an invisible force, are touched more or less by fear, for none who believe in a future state can deny the existence of unseen power.

Hilsdon was by nature superstitious, and held a strong belief in the supernatural. It was the one subject outside his business in which he took an interest, and he possessed a large collection of literature dealing with the spirit world from various points of view. The first shock over, he felt that he was face to face with one of the problems of the unseen which so many have tried to solve without success.

Mrs. Avillar, on the other hand, while not exactly eschewing the supernatural, would have sought the solution on more practical lines, imagination or optical delusion was probably her idea, but she could not doubt Hilsdon's word; indeed, his agitation was proof that he had witnessed a something which could not be explained by ordinary means.

"Before we quit this room, Mrs. Avillar," said Hilsdon, "I must ask you to pledge secrecy as to what took place to-night. I would prefer that neither Lady Catherine nor Winifred should know. My wife and daughter would insist on leaving Wares Hill, while I am determined to remain here and study the phenomenon."

Mrs. Avillar readily pledged herself to silence, then in a voice that trembled asked:

"Will it—do you think—reveal anything of—my husband?"

Hilsdon's heavy brows frowned darkly, and his eyes shot forth one of their fiery gleams.

"No," he answered.

"You remember the question asked in this room by unseen power?" she said, with trembling lips, but with her eyes fixed on Hilsdon's face. "It haunts me every hour of the day, and visits me in dreams by night."

"I do," he returned gruffly.

For a brief time the man and woman silently regarded each other. A shadow had fallen between them, awful in its possibilities, terrible in its suggestion.

"I have always refused to discuss your husband or his actions. Come, let us return to the drawing-room," said Hilsdon.

It was fortunate that nearly all those staying at Wares Hill had accompanied Lady Catherine to the ball in Waresborough, thus enabling the two to enter the drawing-room unobserved. Hilsdon had regained his normal stern composure, but the agitation of Mrs. Avillar, under due circumstances, must have caused comment.

(To be continued.)

HOME HINTS.

When baking potatoes, grease them first with a little butter, and when cooked they will be beautifully brown and crisp, with the glazed appearance that makes them so appetising.

To thoroughly clean saucepans after cooking oatmeal, fill them with boiling water, empty away and then fill with cold water, and the oatmeal will almost fall away from the sides of the saucepans.

When cooking a blancmange, while yet boiling mix a piece of butter with it, then you will find it turn out of the mould when cold without any trouble, and also that it will have a much glossier appearance.

It is a good plan to lay a thick sheet of white blotting paper under the covers of dressing-tables and sideboards. This will absorb any liquid which may be spilt before it can be reached and harm the wood.

In cases of illness, when ice is not procurable for cooling the head of a feverish patient, cut a strip of cucumber, peel rather thick, and lay the inner part on the forehead. It is deliciously cool, and remains so for a long time.

If you wish to know whether your coffee is pure sprinkle a small quantity on the surface of a tumbler of water. Pure coffee floats, the adulterated article sinks to the bottom and discolors the water. This is a simple but effective test.

When heating a pie stand it in a deep baking dish filled with boiling water and place on the stove for half an hour; then, twenty minutes before it is required, place it in the oven to heat the crust. It will be as good as if freshly cooked.

To sweeten jars and tins which have contained tobacco, onions or anything else of strong odor, wash the article clean, then fill it with fresh garden earth, cover it, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Then wash it and dry it, and it will be quite sweet and fit for use.

An easy way to clean decanters or bottles with small necks is to chop a potato into small pieces. Put these into the decanter with warm water and shake vigorously up and down. When the glass begins to shine, empty out the potato and rinse several times with cold water.

Before putting away spare silver, clean it thoroughly; wrap it up in dark blue paper with a few camphor balls in the parcel, and when the silver is unwrapped, even months afterwards, it will be found to be as bright as when placed away. Filigree ornaments should always be kept in dark soft blue paper.

Mustard keeps fresh much longer if it is mixed with water which has been previously boiled and allowed to get cold. A pinch of salt or a teaspoonful of vinegar likewise adds to its keeping properties, and the addition of a teaspoonful of castor sugar helps the mustard to overcome the grossness of pork or wild birds.

After washing glass, rinse it in hot water, and then plunge it into cold water in which a generous handful of starch has been dissolved. Drain the glassware on towels until perfectly dry. Then rub with a soft cloth, and it is done to perfection. Cut glass should be polished still further with a fine soft brush, which will get into all the cuttings.

Clothes-lines will wear much longer if they are boiled ten minutes before being put up.

In roasting meat turn out with a spoon instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

To make baked potatoes dry and mealy, just when potatoes are tender put a fork at least twice into each potato to let the steam escape.

To render boots and shoes waterproof in damp weather rub a little mutton suet round the edges of the soles. Beeswax is just as efficacious.

If a strong brine of salt and water is thrown over the coals less soot will collect in the flues and chimneys. The fire, too, will burn clear and bright.

A good substitute for a small funnel used in filling salt and pepper boxes may be made by utilising the corner of an envelope and cutting off the tip of the corner.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

What word is that in the English language the first two letters of which signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman? Heroine.

Why is a drawn tooth like things forgotten? Because it is out of the head.

It is hard to say which is the most helpless, the little baby or the great big man when he is asked to hold it.

It may be better to be born lucky than rich. All the same, it's mighty unlucky not to be born rich.

Saved by Soap.

"If you please, ma'am," said the tramp as he rushed to the open kitchen door, "would you be so kind as to lend me a cake of soap for half a minute?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you ever use soap."

"No, ma'am, it isn't that. You see, my partner down there by the road has got hiccups and I want to scare him out of them."

A Curious Word.

There is a word in the English language the first two letters of which signify a male, the first three a female, the first four a great man and the whole a great woman. The word is "heroine."

THE FORTUNE FINDER.

About the Vast Fortunes That Have No Owners, and the Men Who Benefit Thereby.

Is there a fortune waiting for you to claim it? There may be. There are thousands of people in Britain to-day who are entitled to money of which they do not dream—the gold that might mean so much to them in relieving them of want or in helping them to luxury lies unknown in the possession of others, and no one comes to say "That gold is mine," and carry it away. In time the gold is applied to other purposes, and the rich owner is none the wiser. The fortune has only "gone astray," like thousands of others. The persons entitled to it may be starving, and when he dies may be buried in a pauper's grave.

Every year has its record of fortunes for which no owners can be found. A few of these cases are made known in the papers, but of the vast majority the general public never hear. In one recent twelvemonth there were over a hundred and thirty cases in which fortunes, varying from twenty to two thousand pounds, were waiting claimants. There were, of course, hundreds of other cases in which the amounts were smaller. It has been estimated that between a hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand pounds on an average goes into the Court of Chancery every year in default of owners being discovered. Year by year the number of "lost" fortunes grows larger.

The Great Unclaimed Fortune Swallower.

The Court of Chancery is the court that takes care of the money the owners of which are known but cannot be found. If a thousand pounds is left to John Jones, and he cannot be discovered, the money will be paid into the Court of Chancery to hold it for him. The court takes remarkable good care of it. So much care that John Jones himself will not receive the slightest hint from the court that it has the money. At the time the money is paid into the court an advertisement for John Jones will have been inserted in three or four papers. If nothing comes of that the court takes the money and bothers itself no more about John Jones. Every three years it issues what it terms a list of moneys lying in the court—price one shilling. No particulars relating to money that has come into the possession of the court during the previous fifteen years are allowed on the list, and the list is so drawn up that you might be the rightful owner of twenty-thousand pounds lying in the hands of the court and might read it a hundred times over and gain no information as to the fact.

If William Smith of Birmingham, who died in 1897, left you fifty thousand pounds, and the money was paid into court, you would find some such entry of the fact as this: "Smith, William; account opened 1897; last transaction, 12th March, 1899; investment."

You will see that there is not the slightest clue here to the fact that William Smith was your old friend of Birmingham, and all mention of your name is carefully avoided. The Court of Chancery will not worry itself about you. It probably hopes that you won't turn up to worry it. The Court of Chancery is the great unclaimed fortune swallower.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley some time since stated that there were between thirty and forty millions of money in British banks unclaimed by its rightful owners—"unclaimed deposits." That the amount of unclaimed deposits in the banks is enormous is certain. A customer of a bank dying and leaving no clue to those interested in his estate that he has paid money into the bank, or that he has deposited valuables with it, it is no part of the bank's duty to inform anyone of the fact of the fortune being there. At the end of six years it has a legal right to appropriate the money or valuables to its own purposes.

In some of our colonies banks are required to make returns to the governments of the accounts in their hands which have not been dealt with during so many years. Such is the law in Canada, Victoria, South Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State. If such a return were made compulsory in England thousands would be astonished to find they had "a bit in the bank" who did not dream of such a thing to-day—and who will never know it.

"Do You See Your name in this List?"

"I am a hunter of people entitled to fortunes and who don't know it," is how a celebrated next-of-kin agent described himself. The first next-of-kin agency was established some sixty or seventy years ago. Since then there have been innumerable agencies, some honest and many of them frauds.

Carefully every day the agent sets to work to scan the newspapers for advertisements of persons sought for with regard to property. All such advertisements are cut out and pasted in his books in alphabetical order.

Say you see your name "John Tompkins" in such a list and are agitated as to the possibilities of a fortune awaiting you. If you write to the agent who publishes the book he will, or a fee, send you particulars of the advertisement in his book relating to John Tompkins. If you seem to be the real Tompkins he will, for a further fee, ferret out information that may enable you to make certain whether your are the real Simon Pure or not. There is not much romance about these fortune owner seekers.

£12,000 and a Three Years' Hunt

Occasionally, however, the agent speculates on his skill in tracking. He knows there is a fortune, say, of ten thousand pounds waiting John Tompkins, who in such and such a year resided at such an address. The money was left him under the will of Peter Snooks, who died in 1902. No one has ever been able to find Tompkins. The agent resolves to speculate in tracking Tompkins down. If he fails he may lose considerably. If he finds Tompkins he may share part of the fortune.

In a case some years ago, when an agent discovered that certain gentleman was entitled to a little fortune of £12,000, the legatee proved so ungrateful, after obtaining possession of the money, as to oblige the agent to sue him for his expenses incurred in obtaining evidence of his title and hunting him down. The agent was able to prove that he had actually spent no less than four hundred pounds in searches, travelling expenses, and inquiries. The search had occupied a considerable amount of his time during three years.

Clues that Lear the Fortune Owner Tracker.

The tracker of fortunes entitled to fortunes needs courage, patience, and smart detective ability. He has to work upon clues like the hunter of criminals. He may work for months amongst wills, directories, records of births, deaths, and marriages, and wade through lists of voters, and the whole key to the mystery may crop up in some clue of the most trivial kind.

A young man named Perry, who was supposed to have gone to South Africa, could not be traced when an uncle left him four thousand pounds. The chances are that a young fellow, about twenty-four will want his photograph taken some time or other for the girl he has fallen in love with. An agent who had an old photograph of the young gentleman reckoned on that. He had that photograph reproduced and sent copies to photographers in South Africa, together with the offer of a reward for any information that might lead to the discovery of the sitter. He found him.

A Fortune for You—but at a Price.

A knock comes to your door and a stranger enters.

"You are Mr. Thomas Smith, I believe?" he says with an ingratiating smile. "You once lived in Blank-st., Manchester, and you are the son of William Smith and Maria Smith, whose maiden name was Hopkins?"

"In that case," proceeds the stranger "I have reason to believe you are interested in a sum of forty thousand pounds."

You gasp for breath. You want information, but the stranger is by no means communicative. He replies that he cannot give you that information at present. Perhaps you will sign this first. He feels in his pocket and produces from his pocket-book a piece of paper on which is written something like this:

"I, Thomas Smith, of——, do hereby agree that in consideration of Mr. —— ('That's me,' says the stranger) placing me in possession of forty thousand pounds, or such smaller sum as I may be entitled to, I will pay him the sum of twenty per cent. on such sum recovered."

The percentage may be smaller or greater. The fortune-bringer wants his reward. Is he asking too much? If you refuse he may withhold the information, and—horror!—not a penny of those forty thousand pounds may be yours! But eight thousand pounds to "give away" at once!—well, that's the kind of problem you will have to face when the fortune-bringer knocks at your door.

A COW AFRAID OF A GHOST.

A farmer was laughing at the fear a superstitious neighbor had of ghosts, when his son interrupted him with the statement that cows were afraid of ghosts.

"Nonsense, Ralph, nonsense!" said his father.

"Well, father, you come down to the barn with me, and I will prove it to you now!"

So the farmer went, unbelieving, but curious to see what the boy was going to do. Stationing his father round the corner of the barn, where he could see without being seen, Ralph took an ear of corn—such an ear as a cow loves to munch—and tied a fine fish-line thirty feet long to the stalk. Then, getting inside the barn, he threw the ear of corn out where one of the cows could see it.

She walked up eagerly, opened her mouth, and thrust out her tongue for the treat; but, just as she thought she had it, Ralph jerked the ear five or six feet from her.

Putting her head, the cow studied that bit of corn for a moment thoughtfully. Its action was unexpected, but reflection seemed to convince her that it might have blown or rolled away from her, and she advanced once more. This time she approached it somewhat staggerly. Again she lowered her head and reached for it, and again the ear swiftly slid five or six feet out of reach.

"Whoof!" snorted the cow. Her eyes dilated with wonder. She held her head half lowered, and gazed wildly at that corn. Still she held her ground. She studied the strange ear intently for a minute. The thing was certainly lying still now; surely it was an ear of corn. She resolved not to be a coward. With wide eyes, distended nostrils, and lowered head, she went forward the third time very cautiously.

The ear lay perfectly still. Her confidence grew; her mouth opened; out went her tongue to lick in the corn—and away it jumped again. The cow sprang high into the air with a piteous bellow, whirled and, with flying tail and swinging head, bolted for the open gate and the pasture!

THE SEASONS.

I dreamt that I walked in a woodland dreary,
While earth in her wintry trance lay white;
My heart for the sweet spring's tale was weary,
For her buds and her birds' delight;
Then overhead, to my wish consenting,
A hidden bird shrilled loud and sweet,
And the leaves and buds, from their sleep relenting,
Blossomed and bloomed at my feet.
Still marvelling at the spring's fresh garlands,
My heart spake wistful the summer's name,
And lo! in the clouds from the tropic far lands
The twittering swallows came;
And the sunset skies of mother-of-pearl
Brooded and gleamed o'er the gliding wheat;
But low in the leaves piped the secret merle
Of the autumn's fate complete.
Now swarthy reapers fared forth a-mowing,
And the orchard yielded its luscious store,
And earth with her largess was overflowing
When the merle its tune forbore—
For, ah me! I had flown through each season's joyance,
And winter now fettered my dream's tired wing;
My heart was sighing its faint annoyance,
When the hidden bird sang of spring.

—Andrew Pollock.

ANTI-EUGENIC.

I thought that I would marry, and I started with a will,
Upon the supposition that a Jack could find a Jill;
But nowadays the fashion is to take account of stock,
And courting of our fathers' sort has met a sorry shock.
The first I loved was Mary, and Mary she loved me,
But up rose her old doctor, who said it mustn't be.
For he recalled her grandpop, and swore that he had fits,
So on this ground he trampled our poetry to bits.
Thereupon I tried for Susan, since Mary was no go,
And this time 'twas a lawyer who wouldn't have it so,
For in the country poorhouse were people of her name—
He wasn't sure that they were kin, but likely were the same.
Just so with Peg and Polly, likewise with Kate and Nan,
I seem to get no further than I was when I began.
I find that Jack and Billy are in the self-same fix;
The parson and the doctor hold the trumps and take the tricks.
I wonder how our forbears got along without this fuss,
Never dreaming their example'd seem deplorable to us.
I wish to goodness I'd been born before the microbe came,
Before each wriggling, squirming mote received a special name—
The glad unscientific days when people fell in love,
And married in their ignorance of all set down above.
They seemed to come out well and strong, and fit to do their part—
I'm thinking that what science needs is just a little heart.

It Looked That Way.

"Auntie," asked little Helen, "are you an Indian, or did you marry one?"

"Gracious, no, child, of course not!" said the young aunt. "Why do you ask such a question?"

"Well," said the child, "I saw several scalps on your dressing-table."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Blanch a couple of lambs' heads for a night in cold water, remove the brains and tongues. Put the heads into a pot of hot water, with carrots, turnips, onions and parsley. When it comes to a boil skim well, then put in the tongues. When all is nearly cooked take the heads out of the water and remove the jaw-bones. Skin the tongues while hot, put all into a buttered tin and pour warm water over it, then allow them to taken a golden-brown color. Dish neatly, placing the tongues between the heads.

Peas with Bacon.—To a pint of fresh peas add a quarter of a pound of bacon or hame cut in small pieces and a little butter. Put a little pepper in the cooking water. Be careful to take the peas off the stove as soon as they are done, or they will turn yellow and harden.

Tomato Salad.—Slice two large ripe tomatoes rather thin, then mince finely two mild onions. Arrange the tomatoes around a dish for table; place a spoonful of minced onion upon each slice. Have ready a gill of freshly-picked shrimps, and also two hard-boiled eggs. Remove the yolks of the latter and fill the whites with the shrimps; cut a bit off the end of each egg to enable the egg to stand. Put the yolks into a basin and make them into a smooth mayonnaise sauce with oil and vinegar. Lastly, stir into the mixture one gill of cream, and sweeten to fancy. Pour the whole over the eggs just before sending to table. Garnish the dish with small tufts of watercress.

Compote of Cherries.—One pound of cherries, a quarter of a pound of sugar, the strained juice of one lemon. Wipe the cherries carefully and separate them the one from the other. Trim the stalks with a pair of scissors, leaving only from an inch to an inch and a half on each. Put the cherries into a saucepan with the sugar and strain in the lemon juice. Put the lid on the pan and stew gently for fifteen minutes, or until the cherries are cooked without being broken. Lift them carefully on to a glass dish and pour back into the saucepan any juice which may be round them. Boil this juice for a few minutes longer, and then pour it over the cherries.

Madeira Pudding.—Half a pound of rough puff-paste, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, a quarter of a pound of flour, half a pound of strawberry jam, three eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Roll out the paste to about half-an-inch in thickness, and with it line a pudding-dish; use the scraps to make the edges nice. Spread the jam in the bottom of the dish, beat the butter and sugar till very light. Beat the yolks of the eggs well and add them; then the flour, baking powder, and flavoring, and lastly the whites of the eggs very stiffly beaten. When thoroughly mixed spread this over the jam, dredge some sugar over, and put in a moderately hot oven to bake till ready—for about three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot or cold.

Swiss Apple Tart.—Make short-crust pastry and roll it out rather thinly. Grease a ring seven or eight inches in diameter and place it on a greased baking-tin. Line this with the pastry and double the pastry a little over the rim of the ring at the top to prevent it dipping down when baking. Prick the foot of the tart with a fork, line it with greased paper, and half fill it with crusts of bread or rice. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour, or until the pastry is thoroughly cooked. Then remove the crusts and paper, but allow the pastry to cool before taking off the ring. Peel, core and slice four apples very thinly. Put them into a saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of water, the thinly-peeled rind of half a lemon, and a little cold water. Stew carefully till tender, then rub them through a sieve, and let cool. Place the tart on a glass dish and fill it with the apple mixture. Decorate the top with whipped and sweetened cream and serve cold.

THE SILENT ONE.

Pity the man who has no gift of gab—
Who, though his brilliant thoughts may fairly race,
Must stand as speechless as a marble slab,
That has no epitaph 'graved on its face.

Oh, how he longs to sparkle with the rest,
To be as gay and friv'lous, and all that!
Oh, how he longs to spring one clever jest!
But knows that he did try it 'twould fall flat.

Some folks admire his silent ways and quote
The saying that still water runneth deep;
He yearns but to acquire the babbling note,
He'd give his all to talk, though talk is cheap.

He loves the girl whose tongue runs endlessly,
Whose talk is full of bright impertinence;
And, while he looks his mute idolatry,
She weds the man who pays cheap compliments.

He longs to comfort grief and cheer distress,
Longs to advise the erring and the weak;
He knows his silence goes for heartlessness,
But still his stubborn lips refuse to speak.

"Next time," he thinks, "I'll say the proper thing,"
And figures out a speech he thinks is good,
Though well he knows "next time" will surely bring
Mere silence or the dullest platitude.

The man who talks a lot will surely say
Full much for which the bitterest tears he'll shed,
But seldom will he kick himself the way
The mute one does for what he leaves unsaid.

While busy talkers join in merry strife,
And clever wits with clever wits contend.
A soul without a voice, he goes through life—
"A mute, inglorious Milton," to the end!

No Preference.

Old-Timer: The worst experience I ever had was when we ran

A LUCKY HIT.

By Marie De Perrot.

"I only wish Uncle Bill could see you! He always said you were no good at business, but I never saw anyone work so hard."

Joan Downing did not say this aloud, as she watched her husband eagerly running through the financial column of the newspaper. She would have loved to do so, interrupt her breakfast, throw her arms round his neck, and tell him that he was the dearest fellow on earth. Often in the past she had done so, and Jack had laughingly complained that she always sent him to the office hungry. But of late he had looked worried and was absent-minded. Perhaps he was troubled about business matters, as most men are?

The young husband was silently taking his breakfast, looking down as if he dared not meet his wife's eyes.

Around them everything spoke of comfort and life's ease. On the table at which they sat the silver shone brightly, thick carpets and hangings sheltered them from draughts, and the tea-urn was singing merrily.

"It is nine o'clock, Jack. Is it not strange that the postman is so late? Oh, there he is, knocking."

The man-servant brought in the letters and presented them to his mistress, who handed her husband those addressed to him. Then, before opening hers:—

"Your correspondence does not look at all interesting. All those horrid long envelopes!"

Jack Downing was not listening, but hurriedly scanning the pile of letters before him. An expression of anguish had settled upon his features, which soon yielded to one more resolute, but which made him look even paler than before.

Joan, with pleasure written on every line of her face, was holding a letter in her hand.

"Look at this, my dear boy! Uncle Bill has sent it for Baby Gladys. I never thought he would take so much trouble. Oh, he has pinned a fifty-pound not behind it, and has written on it, 'From Uncle Bill, for baby to buy a rattle.' After all, I am a little disappointed. I think he might have given us a motor. Never mind. You said you were going to buy one. But what's the matter with you, Jack? You look so strange. Are you ill?"

Joan's husband, with a nervous smile, as if to steel himself for the effort, had risen from the breakfast-table and came close to her.

"It is no longer any use keeping it from you, Joan. I have wished to tell you for the past fortnight, but never had the courage. Believe me, it's for you I have done it, and for baby, but especially for you. I wished to give you all the luxury you were accustomed to. Joan, I don't know how to tell you. I have been speculating. Langley told me that I would make five times as much—that it was an absolute certainty. And now—we are—ruined, and there is nothing left for me to do but to bolt—or blow out my brains."

Whilst he was speaking the sunshine had gradually left Joan's face, leaving it full of anxiety.

"A loss of money is not a deadly loss—money can always be replaced. Why do you say such awful things about leaving me or killing yourself? Surely you would never do such a cowardly thing, so long as you have baby and me to care for? There is my money; you can have it. It is not much, but it is yours."

"That also is gone. Oh, Joan, do forgive me! Langley told me that your money was as safe as in the bank."

The young man was shaken with great, slow sobs. Joan knelt down beside him and lovingly put her arms round his neck.

"It's no use giving in, Jack. Things are never so desperate as they seem at first, and I am always here to stand by you. Do not trouble about my money. I only wish it had helped. All I have belongs to you, but you and your life also belong to me. If you have to leave England, baby and I will come with you. As for the rest, never again speak of that terrible thing. You are breaking my heart."

It was now Joan who sobbed, but she at once pulled herself together. "There is no necessity to do anything desperate; there is always Uncle Bill. He doesn't care much for you, because you took me away from him; but he is very fond of me, and he will soon set matters right. Only try and explain things, so that I may make it clear."

John Downing pulled himself together with a great effort.

"Last spring, when we were in Nice, I met Langley at Monte Carlo. He told me about a company a friend of his was getting up, in which he was interested—the Laruguay Copper Mines. To listen to him, the concern was a little gold-mine, and to be a shareholder, a certain road to fortune. Uncle Bill was right when he told you that I had no head for business: but I was so eager to make money for you! Without consulting anyone, I asked Langley for five thousand one-pound shares. He said it was impossible—there were so few on the market. At last, after many assurances of friendship and the sacrifice he was making, he said he would let me have some of his own."

Here Jack Downing broke out into a laugh which frightened his wife even more than his outburst of grief. He grew calm again and continued:—

"I was so eager to obtain the shares that I prevailed upon him to let me have ten thousand. What a fool he must have thought me!"

"How were you able to take up shares for ten thousand pounds?" asked Joan.

"I paid him two thousand five hundred pounds on account—almost all my ready money. Then again two thousand five hundred afterwards. This I had to borrow. Langley told me that, long before settling day, they would be standing at five pounds each. When I inquired from him he said a pool had been formed; the surveyors had sent back incomplete reports; new ones were expected hourly, and other things of that kind. It was all right, he assured me, and no need to worry. I had taken your five thousand pounds to pay the two instalments. Five thousand pounds are due on the first of next month, and I have not ten pounds left. Only yesterday I went to his office in Finsbury Pavement. He insulted me when I approached him, and says that I entreated him to give me the shares, which for a long time he refused to do. Unfortunately, the law cannot touch him. There is no help for me—but I cannot face the thing."

"Jack, do not speak so."

"It is the thought of you which makes life impossible. To have brought this disgrace upon you is more than I can bear. There are the furniture, the silver, and the wedding presents. They cannot touch those, and your uncle will help you and the child. My only comfort is that this does not mean actual privation for you."

"I can never forgive you for imagining a life for me without you. I am much more vexed about that than all the money. Never mind, I am not going to reproach you now, dear boy, when we both need all our courage to get out of this. Langley is a swindler, and a very clever swindler, too, but out of reach of the law. If only we had five thousand pounds, we might pull along. I feel sure Uncle Bill will help you, for my sake. All will come right. Whatever happens now or afterwards, promise me one thing, Jack—that you will never think of doing anything rash."

"You are a dear, brave woman," said Jack Downing, looking at his wife with a kind of awe. "Any man might be proud of such a wife, and you are far too good for me. Set your mind at rest, dearest. I solemnly promise that whatever happens I shall remain with you and our child as long as I have life. Whatever comes, we shall be together. I was mad with despair. All this has been a terrible lesson to me. Oh, Joan, if only we get out of this, I will prove that I am worthy of your love! Your courage inspires me with new energy."

"I must go and see Uncle Bill. I understand the whole thing. Have you the papers explaining the transaction? He will want to understand everything before helping us."

"Here are the documents." And, drawing some papers from his coat-pocket, Jack handed them to his wife. "I have made inquiries. I know the shares are worth nothing—not even the paper they are printed on. The whole thing is a colossal swindle. Still, I have taken them up, and must pay for them. When I asked Langley to lend me some money on them, he laughed in my face and asked me if I thought him a fool. He knew all the time it was a bogus company."

"Never mind about Langley," said Joan. "I know the type of man. I feel sure he would not disgorge anything unless compelled to do so. The papers will be useful. Cheer up; I feel sure all will come right."

One last embrace, and the young wife entered a taxi, which took her to Park Lane. There she alighted ten minutes later, and asked the driver to wait for her. The old butler, who had known her all her life, opened the door.

"Good morning, Parker. Is uncle in? I must see him at once."

Sir William was gazing rapturously at a piece of carving which once had stood behind the high altar of the Church of Dona Maria in Venice.

His niece, Joan, the bright, plucky little girl, had been his only love in life. Sir William had remained unmarried, and no lover guarded his lady-love more jealously than he watched over his niece.

Sir William looked up, and there was Joan standing beside him.

"Well, this is a happy surprise! I am leaving by the two o'clock for Rome, and intended coming round to say good-bye. You so seldom come to see me now."

"You dear, dear uncle! To-day I have come to see you and ask you to help us, for Jack and I have got into great trouble. You must not be annoyed with him; he meant it all for the best. It was to be for baby and me. He bought some shares on the advice of a man called Langley, and now they are worthless. Still, he must pay five thousand pounds on the first of the month. Oh, dear uncle, you will help us?"

"He has bought ten thousand pounds' worth of shares from Langley, without consulting me or anyone else? I could have told him that everyone has known for ages—that Langley is a scoundrel. Fifteen years ago he was mixed up in the Royce affair. No one had ever a doubt that he was the culprit, but they could not prove it. Everything depended upon that young Ward's evidence, and he disappeared at the most opportune moment for Langley. I shouldn't be surprised if he had a hand in that, too."

"Jack says it has been a terrible lesson for him. I am sure he will never speculate again. We shall be so grateful to you."

Sir William's heart was kind and generous, but he bore Jack an old grudge for stealing Joan, and, drawing a few steps back, as if afraid to succumb to Joan's influence, he said:—

"You are welcome to come back here with the baby and have everything just as before, but I have no money to drop in gutters. I cannot find money to help such a fool as—"

"Stop!" cried Joan, the indignant wife taking the place of the bright-eyed, loving girl whom Sir William knew "I will not allow you to insult my husband—no, not for all the money you might offer me in exchange. He may have erred in judgment, but he is a dear, noble fellow, and I love him. I never thought you would refuse me money, for what is money compared with affection? I thank you for offering to receive baby and me, but the duty of a wife is to be with her husband and to share everything with him." And, so saying, she vanished.

Despair, with its thousand teeth, was gnawing at the young wife's heart as she came downstairs. The old butler was waiting for her in the hall, but, looking into her face, was afraid to ask any question. Before closing the door of the taxi after her he said, quietly:

"God bless you, Miss Joan—I mean, Mrs. Downing. Where to?"

"Oh, anywhere—round the Park."

Soon she was whirling along the wide avenues. The outside aspect of things no longer existed for Joan, now that her only hope had failed. She was asking herself how Jack and she might be saved. She was determined to succeed, and there was no doubt in her heart that she would do so, for Joan belonged to the heroic type of women who believe that love accomplishes miracles, knowing at the same time that action is necessary. Suddenly she shouted down the tube, "Drive to Finsbury Pavement."

Arriving at the offices of Mr. Langley, she addressed one of the clerks.

"Oh, will you please take a message from me to Mr. Langley? I must see him, were it only for five minutes, on a most important matter."

The young clerk looked at her admiringly, and, ready to encounter even his chief's stern rebuke in order to please her, he replied:—

"I know that Mr. Langley is very busy. All the same, I will see if he can give you a few minutes. Please tell me your business and give me your card."

"Mr. Langley knows me very well, and I shall not keep him very long."

Joan had raised her heavy veil; she let it fall again, and sank down on a chair. Her emotion was intense; her very life seemed to hand in the balance. She sat motionless, striving with all her might to keep her self-possession.

"Mr. Langley will spare you a few minutes," said the clerk, returning. "Please step in." And, leading her through a large hall where many clerks were busy, he opened the door.

She entered a spacious room in which the air was heavy with tobacco-smoke. Rows of japanned boxes took up one side of the wall. Opposite there stood a big black safe. A desk was in the centre with a turning arm-chair of shining black leather, and in it was seated Mr. Langley, with a big cigar in his mouth. He got up, bowed slightly, sat down again, and continued smoking, beckoning to her with his hand to take the arm-chair closest to him.

Nathaniel Smart Langley was well preserved. His bland face might have weathered sixty summers, but he did not look more than fifty. He was middle-sized, rather plump, and had a clever, clean shaven face. His smile might have appeared benign to some. To Joan, at the first glance, it seemed that of the hawk who bears down upon his prey. He looked at her with his small, grey, piercing eyes from behind golden-rimmed spectacles.

"And what can I do for you, madam?" said Langley, surmising Joan to be one of the many ladies who came to him entreating him for help, and who paid him large interests for the money he gave them to pay their debts at bridge or to ward off a crisis due to their extravagance. "You said that you knew me, but I do not think that I have the honor of your acquaintance."

Joan got up and stood in front of him, a tall, slim figure. Without a word she raised her veil and confronted Langley with a pale face and hard, glittering eyes, an enigmatic smile playing round her mouth.

He winced under her look; an expression of fear came into his eyes which grew more intense as the seconds went on. He drew back his chair.

Joan came closer to him, her eyes looking mercilessly into his, and, in a low voice, she said:—

"I came to ask what my knowledge of the Royce affair is worth to you?"

A look of horror and dismay came to Langley's face. He seemed to see a spectre and cringed before the woman's fierce look, but his pale lips found the force to utter:—

"Have you Ward's papers? Good heavens! You are his daughter. I thought there was something familiar about you."

Stooping still lower, holding him spellbound under her gaze, the relentless voice continued:—

"You and I know how Ward died, don't we?"

Large beads of perspiration stood on the guilty man's forehead. There was no need of any explanation. Ward's daughter stood before him, and she held the incriminating papers he had never been able to find, and for which he had looked so eagerly after he had done away with his young partner. It all seemed yesterday. It had been the stiffest hour of his life, but after all it had been a bold stroke to which he owed his fortune, and success had dated from that day. Life was too short to repent, but the past had come out of its grave and was now facing him. The avengeress stood before him, but silence and peace of mind could be bartered for. Langley laughed, but Joan heard fear vibrating in his voice.

"Well, this is rather a surprise—Ward's daughter calling upon me. You are evidently in need of money, and have come to see an old friend of your father's. I shall be glad to help you in exchange for the papers. What is your price?"

"I want ten thousand pounds in Bank of England notes," replied Joan, firmly, "in exchange for what I hold. In the presence of anyone you care to call in I will receive this sum in one hand, giving you the papers with the other."

Langley once again breathed freely. The sum was large, but he could amply afford it, and silence must be bought at any price. Rising to his feet, he said:—

"I think I can trust you. We had better settle this little business between ourselves. You are not bashful, young lady. What are you going to do with ten thousand pounds? It is a fortune. Believe me, I am happy to be of assistance to the daughter of an old friend, and the papers may be of interest to me."

Langley sat down, opened the right-hand drawer with a key, and pulled out a cheque-book.

"It is a large sum, my dear girl, but, as I said, I do not grudge it. Only what security have I that you will not come back for more?"

Joan gazed at him proudly.

"Do I look like a blackmailer? You said just now you thought you could trust me. You'd better do so; there's nothing else to do."

The financier rang the bell, and, handing the cheque to the commissionaire, said, peremptorily:—

"Look sharp. Bring back the money at once in ten thousand-pound notes."

Joan sat down, the strain almost overpowering her. For the first time, with a great rush of joy, her thoughts went to her husband. The money was not yet in her hand, and presence of mind was more necessary than ever.

It was the joking voice of Langley which broke the silence.

"Well, young lady, you are a splendid business woman."

"How dare you?" interrupted Joan, feeling that a displaced word might betray everything, even at this late hour. "How dare you speak to me? Do not try me beyond endurance, or I will leave you and your money here."

Langley leant back gloomily in his seat and lit a large cigar, at which he puffed away insolently. After a few minutes the door opened, admitting the commissionaire, who laid out the ten thousand-pound notes before his chief and retired. Langley carefully counted and gathered them up, folding them in the middle.

Joan had unfastened her heavy fur coat, and, opening her dress, drew out a bundle of papers, handed them to Langley, and put the notes carefully in their place.

Langley rose as if to dismiss his visitor; but Joan stood undaunted before him.

"Examine the papers first," she said, quietly.

He pulled them out of the envelope, and, to his utter amazement, behold Jack Downing's share-warrants instead of the letters which he had written to Ward fifteen years before, and which he expected to find.

"Yes, those papers represent the ten thousand pound shares which you sold to my husband. You have bought them back at their face value."

The financier's expression was ghastly.

"But where are your father's letters which you promised to give me back? Where are they? I must have them. You are not going to blackmail me for any further sum?"

"Set your mind at rest," said Joan, proudly. "All I needed was to get from you what you owe to my husband, Jack Downing. I am not Ward's daughter, and cannot give you the letters, for I know nothing about them; but the secret of your life lies between God, yourself, and me. I leave the punishment to Him. It depends upon you that the past never awakens again. Don't cheat any more, and you will never see me again."

And, so saying, Joan opened the door, and Langley was alone.

Half an hour later Joan was in her husband's arms, laughing and sobbing in a breath. When they both had grown quieter, and baby had been fetched to celebrate the event, Jack said:—

"But how could you possibly know all about Langley?"

"You dear old foolish boy. Do you not understand? I knew nothing; I know nothing now. I only clutched at what Uncle Bill had told me. His conscience did the rest. It was a lucky hit."

THE UNLUCKY HOPE DIAMOND AGAIN.

The long chain of catastrophes that have overtaken the families possessing the famous Hope diamond has again been recalled by the sudden death of Mrs. John Roll McLean, wife of the proprietor of the "Cincinnati Inquirer," and one of the most prominent women in Washington society. Her son, Mr. Edward B. McLean, only purchased the diamond last January, and presented it to his wife.

The romantic story of the Blue diamond, which weighs 44¼ carats, and is valued at about £25,000, is largely blended with tragedy. Murder, suicide, madness, and other misfortunes have pursued its owners from the time when Madame de Montespan first wore it, and lost her influence with the Grand Monarque.

In 1642 it was brought from India by M. Tavernier, a famous Belgian traveller who had made six journeys to the then remote country in forty years.

Tavernier sold it to Louis XIV., and it continued one of the Crown jewels of France until the Revolution. It was sent to Antwerp with other Crown jewels to be reset, and in 1871 was returned to the custody of the National Assembly. It was then valued at £120,000, but Mr. Streeter, the London jeweller, valued it in 1899 at only £18,000.

The Blue diamond was deposited with the French Regalia in the Garde Meuble, and in 1792 was stolen. The thief was never caught, and for thirty-eight years the Blue diamond of France disappeared completely.

In 1830 it became known that Mr. Daniel Ellason had the stone in his possession, and after it had passed into the hands of Thomas Hope, a wealthy banker, experts decided that it was the better portion of the Tavernier Blue.

Thomas Hope's daughter married the late Duke of Newcastle, and was mother of Lord Francis Pelham-Clinto Hope. Since that date it has been known as the Hope diamond, and was settled by Mrs. Hope as one of the family heirlooms on Lord Francis Hope. Mr. Hope had paid £18,000.

Lord Francis Hope had the stone in 1887, and until it was sold in 1901 it was not worn by anyone. Lord Francis Hope married the actress Miss May Yohe, and subsequently divorced her.

After it passed from Lord Hope it was lent by Prince Kanitowski to Lorens Ladne, a beautiful actress at the Folles Bergere, and he slept her from a box the first night she wore it.

The Prince two days later was stabbed by revolutionists, and the broker who sold the diamond went mad.

The next owner of the stone, a Greek, is said to have been thrown over a precipice and killed, with his wife and two children. The favorite of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, Salma Zubayha, was wearing the jewel on her breast when the Young Turks broke into the palace. She was shot dead by her master, the bullet striking close to the diamond.

Then a Mr. Habib, who owned it, was drowned at Singapore.

A year ago Cartier sold it to the McLeans for £50,000; but when Mrs. McLean heard its record she would not ratify the bargain. Finally Mrs. McLean, it is said, liked the stone, and £36,000 was paid for it.

THE NOSE HAD IT.

The following story was told by Mozart at the time he was a pupil of Haydn. Haydn had challenged Mozart to compose apiece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the challenge. All being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music and, much to the surprise of Haydn, handed it to him, saying, "Here is a piece of music which you cannot play and I can; you are to give the first trial." Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when, stopping all at once, he exclaimed: "How's this, Mozart; how's this? Here my hands are at both ends of the piano, yet here is a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music!" Mozart smiled at the half-excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, it must be remembered, was favored—or at least endowed—with an extremely long nose. Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme ends of the piano and, leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which nobody could play. Haydn burst into laughter, and acknowledged he was beaten.

THE CARE OF PIANOS.

If a good piano receives proper care its value increases with use, its tone becomes more mellow and more responsive, and its case richer in appearance. Damp is one of the worst enemies of a piano. Exposure to draughts, dust and direct heat from sun or fire is injurious. A piano should never be placed against an outer wall, neither should one end of the instrument be near the fire and the other practically touching the open window. A piano always sounds much better when raised on glass castors from the carpet. Whenever possible, the keyboard should face the principal light of the room, and if the cover is left open from time to time when the instrument is not in use, the ivory, celluloid, bone, or whatever other substance the keys are composed of, will not turn yellow.

Doubtful Consolation.

"Mary," complained the husband, "why do you suppose it is that people all say I have such a large head?"

"I don't know, I am sure, John," said his wife consolingly; "but never mind, there's nothing in it."

He does much who does a little well.

AT THE PIT HEAD.

That's her—Mad Rose, as they call her,
A beautiful lass, as you see,
Despite the fact that her tresses
Are as white as the snow can be.
Oh, she's harmless enough, poor lassie,
She simply sits there like so,
Watching the pit for hours,
As the miners come and go.

She'll sit there night and morning,
With her gaze fixed on the shaft,
Waiting her lover's coming—
Yes, that's where the lass is daft.
She won't believe he's left her
For ever this side of the grave,
And if you attempt to coax her
Away, she will only rave.

The disaster which robbed the lassie
Of reason, and, as you see,
Left her an object of pity,
And a figure of misery,
Occurred some while ago now,
When sixty lost their lives,
Leaving full many to mourn them—
Sweethearts, mothers and wives.

Amongst those sixty miners,
So suddenly torn away,
Was yon lassie's sweetheart—
'Twas the eve of their wedding-day.
Ah, there's no need to paint the picture,
You have heard it all times before,
The news of a big disaster;
What need, then, to tell you more?

Why paint once again the anguish
Of the scenes you know so well?
The tears and the moans of sorrow,
No pitying words can quell.
The grey-haired mothers in anguish,
Young wives with babes at breast,
Sweethearts, brothers and sisters,
All mingled and sore distressed.

You lass was one of the foremost
To reach the pit's mouth that morn,
And calmer than most, though her heart, sir,
Must have been racked and torn.
She knew he was one of the number
Entombed in that fearful gloom,
Yet she waited with wondrous courage,
To hear of her lover's doom.

Did he live? Was he dead? Such questions
Filled her poor mind just then,
As the rescuers brought to the surface
The mangled remains of men.
I was there, and admired her courage,
For I knew how her heart must grieve
At the thought of her broken love-link,
And on that, her bridal eve.

The rescuers strove like heroes,
In spite of the dangerous state
Of the mine, which at any moment
Might have brought them a similar fate.

There Rose still stood and watched them,
With a calm that was grim to see;
All around there were cries of anguish,
The sound of deep grief; but she
Retained that wondrous calmness
Till another explosion told
How hopeless the task of rescue,
Be the effort however bold.

They told her the mine was flooded,
That further attempts were vain,
That 'twas courting sheer destruction
To venture down there again.
So they held her away in silence,
And she never spoke a word;
I looked at her eyes and noticed
Exactly what had occurred.

Something had snapped up there, sir,
You could see by the vacant gaze.
The sorrow had killed her reason,
She seemed to be in a daze.
Her beautiful face was pallid—
Marble-like in its hue,
While her eyes were like burning embers,
That pierced you through and through.

They led her back to the cottage,
Back to the home which she
Would have graced as a bride on the morrow,
The morrow now ne'er to be.
They put no restraint upon her,
But let her roam whither she may;
Her favorite resort is the pithead,
Just where you saw her to-day.

You remarked on her curious apparel—
That's the dress she'd have worn as a bride;
She comes thus prepared for the wedding,
Thinking yet he will come to her side.
Ah, well, if it eases her sorrow,
To wait thus in her bridal array,
Who shall deny her the pleasure?
Who have the heart to say nay?
This life, with its sorrows, is fleeting,
And soon must her heart find peace
In that realm where no parting can sadden,
Where gladness and joy never cease.

—W. E. Manning.

THE FIRST "PAINLESS EXTRACTION."

Horace Wells, a dentist, of Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., is generally credited with the first use of "laughing gas" as an anaesthetic. Suffering himself from toothache, and dreading the pain of extraction, he induced a fellow-dentist named Rigg to administer nitrous-oxide and draw the tormenting molar.

Satisfied with the result of the experiment, Wells entered into partnership with W. T. Green Morton and started demonstrating the new system. But it was a rank failure. They were both derided as impostors, Wells feeling the public prejudice so keenly that he went out of his mind, and died insane.

Morton, however, continued practice, and after making a number of experiments with other on animals, decided to test the gas himself. On September 30, 1846, late in the evening (to avoid all chance of callers), he inhaled a certain quantity, and only awoke from complete unconsciousness to hear his surgery bell ringing violently.

He went to the door and found a patient (Mr. Frost) with a raging tooth, but without courage to have it drawn. He suggested to Morton that the dentist should mesmerise him, and thus render him subject to his will. Morton saw his chance, and said "he would go one better." Frost sank into a chair, the dentist summoned two assistants, saturated a handkerchief with ether, and applied it to the patient's mouth and nostrils. He "went off like a lamb," and after a bicuspid tooth was extracted, still remained motionless and speechless.

Morton was terribly alarmed, but found presence of mind enough to dash a glass of cold water in the patient's face. When Frost came to, the dentist asked, "Are you ready to have your tooth out?" and after receiving a feeble affirmative reply, showed him the extracted bicuspid.

The victory was won. On October 16 Morton removed a tumor from a hospital patient under ether. In December the first operation under an anaesthetic took place in England (University College Hospital). Morton lived till 1868, long enough to see the case of anaesthetic practically universal.

It Probably Was.

One of the big railroad lines has a regular form for reporting accidents to animals on its line. Recently a cow was killed and the track foreman drew up the report. In answer to the question, "Disposition of carcass?" he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Clara: "He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"

Sarah: "No, dear. Let him keep on thinking so."

He: My dear, you talked in your sleep a long time last night.

She: What did I talk about?

He: Why, it seemed to be mainly abuse of me.

She: wasn't sleep.

Seek honor first and pleasure lies behind.
He most prevails who nobly dares.
By-and-by is always too late.
Time wasted is existence; used is life.

Auntie: Why, Tommy, how you do grow!

Tommy: Yes; I think they water me too much.

Astonished Auntie: Water you too much!

Tommy: Yes, auntie; they bath me every night and morning.

Joe: How are you old man?

Arthur: Got a beastly cold, y'know.

Joe: Hard luck, bah Jove. Been going out in the cold without your monocle?

Arthur: No. Called on Henery at his house, and that wretched dog of his persisted in wagging his tail and creating a draught.

"So you were bound and gagged by bandits while in Italy, were you?" asked a sarcastic man of a friend who had travelled. "Regular comic-opera bandits, eh?"

"No," said the other, "there was nothing of the comic-opera style about them. The gags they used were all new."

In a certain drawing-room they were playing games, and one of the games consisted in everyone making a face, the one who made the ugliest to get the prize. After everyone had made the worst faces they possibly could, a gentleman went up to a lady and said:

"Madam, I think you have won the prize."

"Oh," said she, "I wasn't playing."

Bookseller: "This, sir, is an excellent book on swimming, and a very useful one, too."

Customer: "Useful?"

"Yes sir. If ever you find yourself drowning you have only to turn to pages 88 and 89, and there you will find full instructions how to save yourself."

Certainly It Did.

"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?" asked one man of his friend.

"Sure," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through?"

Easy.

"My dear," said the eminent surgeon's wife, "I shall need a new fur coat this year."

"All right," said the great man, "I'll look over my list and find some one who can afford an operation for appendicitis."

His Wife Again.

"By Jove! I came away from home this morning without a penny in my pocket!"

"What made you do a thing like that?"

"I don't know. But I guess my wife had a hand in it."

Never Thought of It.

Socialistic Tramp: They orter take all the money in the world an' divide it up equal, so every guy'd git his share, that's what they orter do."

Weary: You're wrong, Willie—dead wrong. If they ever done that the next thing they'd do they'd go an' divide all the work up equal, an' then where'd we be?

Protecting Himself.

"You admit, then," inquired the magistrate severely, "that you stole the pig?"

"I had to, boss," said the prisoner.

"Very well," returned the magistrate, with decision; "there has been a lot of pig-stealing going on around here lately and I am going to make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

Not the Substantial Kind.

The porter stood before the travelling man in an expectant attitude.

"Well, George," said the traveller, "can I give you anything?"

"Whatever your generosity permits, sir," answered the porter.

"Well, boys," replied the traveller, turning to his companions and winking, "let's give the porter three cheers."

The Swallow's Home.

The teacher in natural history had received more or less satisfactory replies to her questions, and finally she asked:

"What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?"

Long silence, then a hand waved.

"Well, Bobbie, where is it?"

"The home of the swallow," declared Bobbie, seriously, "is in the stummick."

Mike, the Literal.

A soldier crossing the barrack-square with a pail met a sergeant, who noticed that Mike was wearing a very disreputable pair of trousers. Intending to report him for unsoldierly appearance, he stopped him, and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To get some water, sir," answered Mike.

"What! In those trousers?"

"No, sor, in the pail."

Couldn't Beat That.

An American was boasting to an Irishman about the fastness of American trains.

"Why, Pat," said the American, "we run our trains so fast in America that the telegraph poles look like a continuous fence."

"Do they now?" said Pat. "Well, sir, I was wan day on a train in Ireland, and as we passed first a field of turnips, then wan of carrots, then wan of cabbages and then a large pond of water, we were goin' that fast I thought it was broth!"

Flustered a Bit.

"What's your order, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me," said the wild-eyed customer, "some medium boiled potatoes and some eggs with the jackets on."

"Eggs with the jackets on, sir?" queried the astonished waiter.

"I don't know whether I've got that right, or not, waiter," said the wild-eyed man, "but do the best you can with it. A big, red motor-bus had to jump out of my way about two minutes ago to keep me from running over it, and I'm a bit flustered."

Gratitude.

A little girl was weeping bitterly in the street, greatly to the concern of sympathetic passers-by. At last a benevolent old gentleman approached the little maid, and, patting her on the shoulder, inquired what was the matter.

"I've lost a penny, sir," was the reply given between sobs. The old gentleman promptly thrust a hand into his pocket and brought out a penny, which he handed to the little girl.

She looked at him askance for a few minutes and then remarked, in a tone more of sorrow than anger, "Oh, you wicked ole man, so 'oo had it all the time!"

CHINESE HUMOR.

To some persons Chinamen and American Indians stand as representatives of humorless peoples. As a matter of fact, each race amuses itself in its own way, but that way happens to be different from the way to which most of the world is accustomed. One of the British Consuls residing in China told a writer a story which shows the grim character of the Chinese humor. The Consul had arrested nine delinquents, intending to turn them over to the mercies of the native magistrate the next morning. Meanwhile he gave them into the custody of a Chinese policeman, and told him to lock them up, although there was no gaol at the Consulate.

The policeman was equal to the emergency. He solemnly saluted, saying, "I obey!" and marched his men off. Soon he returned, and announced that they were safely caged.

The Consul was curious to see how and where. He followed his policeman to the yard. There he saw the nine prisoner's dancing round the Consulate flagstaff, lugubriously chanting the Chinese equivalent of "Ring-a-ring-a-roses!" Whenever the dance showed signs of flagging the policeman stirred them up with a long pole.

They seemed at first sight to be holding each other's hands, but looking more closely, the Consul saw that they were handcuffed together.

"Well," said the Consul, "if they are chained in a ring round the flagstaff they certainly cannot get away. Why do you make them dance?"

"Ah," answered the Chinese policeman, with infinite cunning, "so that they cannot climb up the pole and get away!"

The Consul broke out into a loud British laugh, and tried to explain that the nine prisoners could not all climb up the pole at once; but the Chinaman had his idea, and held to it. So the dance went on.

A MATTER FOR INVESTIGATION.

A rather amusing story is being told by a Japanese gentleman in connection with the late Emperor of Japan.

As we know, the late Emperor was regarded with the greatest veneration by his subjects, and it appears that this attitude of awful reverence was maintained also by his Ministers, in spite of the fact that affairs of State made it necessary for them to see him and converse with him very frequently.

One of these Ministers, the Marquis Matsugata, used to experience agonies of nervousness every time he had an audience of his sovereign, and he was never able to say anything distinct in reply to him except the set phrase: "I shall have careful investigation made, your Majesty."

This generally brought him through a short audience, but one day unfortunately the Emperor condescended to discuss the Marquis's more private affairs.

"How many children have you?" the Emperor asked.

Back came the inevitable phrase: "I shall have careful investigation made, your Majesty!"

The story loses nothing from the fact that the Marquis had a very large family indeed.

WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS.

Had—The past tense of money.
Hades—Nothing to speak of.
Hail.—Hard-boiled rain.
Hair—A woman's crowning glory—except when she's asleep.
Hammock—One of Cupid's snares.
Hash—See dictionary from A to Z.
Hat—The thing your head is made to support.
Haughty—A woman wearing a better hat than her neighbor.
He—The only thing a suffragette would rather have than a vote.
Heiress — A restorer of ruined castles.
Heritage—Blaming it on to poor father and mother.
Hoe—An implement used for massaging the garden.
Husband—Merely an unfortunate fellow.
Hypnotised—The girl's ancient excuse when she comes home.
Hysterical—When you refuse to buy her another new hat.

Getting Used To It

It was in a country village, and he was making preparation for "flitting"—the fourth removal in about twelve months. The vicar happened to be passing, and remarked: "What! removing again, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"You are taking your poultry, too, I see. I think they will be getting tired of being moved about."

"Getting tired," said John; "why, bless you, sir, they are quite used to it now. Every time they see a furniture van they run into the yard and lay on their backs with their legs in the air, waiting to have them tied."

Wouldn't Be Tossed.

A dog, on a warm summer day, lay down in the shade and soon fell fast asleep. He was awakened by the noise of a huge bull approaching his shady resting-place.

"Get up," said the bull, "and let me lie down there!"

"No," replied the dog, "you have no right to the place; I was here first."

"Well," said the bull, looking innocently at the dog, but with a furious twinkle in his left eye, which made the dog's lower jaw give way, "let us toss up for it."

"Thank you," said the dog politely, "I never gamble," and he walked away.

Moral:
Virtue is its own reward.

Her Chance.

Edith was light-hearted and merry over everything. So one day her mother decided to invite a very serious young parson to dinner, and he was placed next the light-hearted girl. Everything went well until she asked him:

"You speak of everybody having a mission. What is yours?"

"My mission," said the parson, "is to save young men."

"Good," replied the girl. "I'm glad to meet you. I wish you'd save one for me."

She Had Been There.

Enthusiastic Citizen (about to visit America): How delightful it will be to tread the bounding billow and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the boundless sea! I long to see it! To breathe in great draughts of life-giving air. I shall want to stand every moment at the side of the steamer with my mouth open——"

Citizen's Wife (encouragingly): You probably will. That's the way all the ocean travellers do.

The Impoliteness of Curiosity.

The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent, and the minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"That's as fine a goose as I have ever seen," he said to his host. "Where did you get such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, parson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reticence, "when you preaches a special good sermon I never asks you where you got it. I hopes you will show me the same consideration."

It is almost as hard to live up to a good reputation as to live down a bad one.

SOAP FOR CLEANING VERY DIRTY HANDS.

It is well known that chauffeurs, mechanicians and others whose occupations are essentially dirty and involve soiling with axle-grease, cleanse their hands by washing them in petroleum essence or rubbing them with oil, before resorting to soap and water. This is not always practical or feasible. For this reason there have been brought out, with profuse advertisement, various special soaps, some of which are efficacious, while others are not. It is easy to prepare such products of incorporating with the soap some kind of abrasive substance which scrapes the skin and absorbs dirty grease. Do not use sand, which imparts, on use, a very disagreeable feeling, but finely sifted sawdust or cork powder, and use a sufficient quantity, 10 per cent., for instance, taking care to rinse it thoroughly and to avoid leaving the mass to stand as long as it is liquid. Practically and on a small scale, it is best to use a fat soap. Its efficacy can be increased by adding uniformly, before using, a little grease solvent, petrol essence, benzine, denatured alcohol, but not too much, because then the mass, too fluid, deliquesces when standing. There should be undertaken, for an industrial manufacture, a study of a combination of soap, sawdust and solvent, having exactly or nearly the same density as will produce a very permanent emulsion. Without doubt, one can easily obtain this by mixing various chlorine derivatives of hydrocarbons so as to obtain a solvent that will be non-combustible and but slightly volatile.

SAILS MADE BY HAND.

Perfect as modern machinery is, there are still some crafts in which no machine can compete with the human hand. A notable example is sail-making. The yachtsman must have hand-sewn sails. The quality of a suit of canvas is carefully adjusted to meet the strain to which each particular sail is subjected by the wind pressure.

The canvas of the Royal Navy is tested by stretching a piece of cloth and attaching heavy weights to shreds of it partially detached in the middle. Canvas is supplied in lengths, or "bolts," each forty yards long and twenty-four inches wide.

A ship of 4000 tons burden spreads about 12,000 square yards of canvas, while a cargo steamer of 7000 tons requires 3000 square yards. Crack racing yachts, with their enormous "white wings," carry between 10,000 and 15,000 square yards of canvas, and the cost of such a suit of sails is frequently over £1000.

DON'TS FOR ENGAGED GIRLS.

Don't make unreasonable demands on your fiance's time. Remember that his work must come first if he is ever to earn an income sufficient for himself and his wife. So don't be disagreeable to him if he is kept late at the office on an evening when he had promised to take you out. He will be just as annoyed about this as you are, and there is no need to make matters worse by having a scene.

Don't forget to pay every possible attention to his people, particularly his mother and sisters. They may, perhaps, be a little jealous of you at first, and, if you are foolish enough to resent this, the situation may become very unpleasant indeed.

Don't "spoon" or quarrel in public, for, by doing so, you would place yourself in a ridiculous situation and the onlookers in an embarrassing one.

Don't drag your fiance's name into every

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16th.

Present: Crs. Johnson (Mayor), Bastings, Schwaebsch, Hayes, Redmond, Henderson, McDonell, Tharratt, Woolhouse, Lees, Mason, Dennis, Smith, Glanfield and Plant.

THE PIPE TRACK.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote forwarding a plan showing the propsed roadway on each side of the pipe track.—Received.

WATER EXTENSIONS REFUSED.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote furnishing particulars of the estimated revenue derivable from the extension of mains in Darebin street, 31 chains; Station street, 22 chains; St. George's road, 4 3-4 chains; Wilson st., 14¼ chains; Beaver's road, 4 chains. They could not, under the circumstances, grant the extensions.

Cr. Redmond said he thought the council might assist these people to get the water.

The Mayor said that the Board would not take the council's guarantee except a revenue of 3 per cent. was shown; so they could do nothing.

The extension to Arthur street was also refused.

CROSSING OVER HUTTON STREET.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote stating that with reference to the council's request for permission to construct two pitched crossings over the pipe track at Hutton street, the work had been included in the agreement re pipe track.—Consideration deferred.

NORTH WARD EASEMENT.

The Closer Settlement Board wrote wishing to know what decision had been arrived at by the council regarding the opening of a rondway through from Flinders street to Mansfield street.

Cr. Redmond said they wanted this easement carried through.

Cr. Hayes presented a petition signed by 35 ratepayers, praying that the easement be carried through. They had offered the owner 25s. per foot for the land, but he wanted £2 2s. The North ward members had tried to get an amount on the estimates for this but failed. He, however, moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole with the object of trying to get it fixed up.

Cr. Redmond seconded the motion. In the North ward they paid £3517 in rates and got back practically nothing, so the council should assist them as far as possible to get this easement through. It would make a new north and south thoroughfare from Clifton Grove to Preston. Parents complained of having to send their children to school the present round-about way. The easement would only cost £180. Surely that was not too much to ask out of £3517.

The motion was carried.

IMPROVED RAILWAY SERVICE.

J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., forwarded a letter from the railway department to the effect that the commissioners would receive a deputation from the council on the 23rd inst. with reference to the local train service.

Cr. Plant: What extra trains are wanted? Are councillors aware that extra trains have just been put on?

Cr. Henderson: We want extra trains at night, between 8 and 9, 9 and 10, and 10 and 11. Another thing they want to bring forward was the grievance of not being allowed to break the journey on the Whittlesea train.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES UNION.

The Secretary of the Weights and Measures Union forwarded inspector's report for quarter ended 30/9/12, showing the number of persons dealt with as follows: Fitzroy 98, Collingwood 99, Brunswick 35, Northcote 17, Coburg 12, Heidelberg 26, Preston 8. Total, 325. Twelve prosecutions had taken place, 11 of which were for using unjust scales.

Cr. Redmond, the council's delegate, said the Union was endeavouring to get the power for the inspector (Mr. Murray) to prosecute in case of light weight. Northcote Council's contribution per annum was £12 13/0.

RE-REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR.

J. J. Randall wrote applying for the re-registration of the Croxton Park reserve, P. J. Slater for the re-registration of the Presbyterian schoolhall, and J. Newnham for the re-registration of the Rechabite hall.

These applications were referred to the officers for report.

COMPLAINT RE VALUATION.

The Glen Iris Brick and Tile Coy. wrote complaining of the excessive valuation of the company's land; and also of the kiln and stack, which were not completed.—To be informed that they must see the valuer.

John Leith also wrote complaining against the valuation of his property, at 120 Gladstone avenue.—Same reply as above to be given.

STATE OF JOHNSON STREET.

M. E. Bowden wrote directing attention to the bad state of the lower end of Johnson street.—Referred to works committee on the motion of Cr. Henderson.

REQUEST FOR ASPHALT.

E. Bailey wrote asking the council to asphalt the footpath in front of his two new shops in High street north, towards which he was prepared to pay half cost.

Cr. Redmond moved that the matter be referred to the ward members, who he thought, could get the matter fixed up out of the loan funds.—Carried.

RENEWAL OF LICENSES.

H. Bishop, John Jones, L. Dickinson, T. H. Henderson, made application for a renewal of their licenses.—Referred to the inspector for report.

OPPOSED TO A QUARRY.

Arthur Baddeley wrote stating that he intended to oppose the establishment of a quarry by the town council next to his property, and to appeal to the Closer Settlement Board for protection.—Referred to the quarry committee.

CONDITION OF WILSON STREET.

W. E. Griffiths wrote stating that the condition of Wilson street was a danger to health.—Referred to the inspector.

ROBERTS ST. DRAINAGE.

S. Drayton called attention to the defective drainage in Roberts street, which soaked through to his property.

Cr. Mason moved that the matter be referred to the works committee.—Carried.

JUNIOR OFFICER RESIGNS.

G. Johnson, assistant rate collector, wrote tendering his resignation, wishing to be relieved of duty from the 11th January.

Cr. Glanfield moved that the application be received with regret.—Carried.

Cr. Plant moved that the applications be invited for the position at a salary of £95 a year.—Carried.

TREE PLANTING IN THE EAST.

The Hon. Secretary of the East Ward Progress Association wrote requesting that the council procure trees for planting in the East ward streets on next Arbor Day.

Cr. Smith moved that the information be given. This was a very good move. They intended to improve the ward at their own cost.

THORNBURY EASEMENT.

A. A. Miller wrote forwarding cheque for £50, for easement in connection with Thornbury Park Estate.

Cr. Woolhouse moved that the letter be received, and referred to their solicitor for attention.

Cr. Smith seconded; carried.

INVITATION TO CHURCH.

Rev. Percy Knight, B.A., wrote inviting councillors to church, as an "act of thanksgiving" in connection with the election of Mayor.

Cr. Woolhouse moved, and Cr. Schwaebsch seconded, that the matter be left in the hands of the Mayor.

CLARKE ST. EAST

E. Thomas wrote asking that the channel in front of his premises, Clarke street E., be cleaned.

Cr. Dennis moved that the matter be referred to the works committee to see if any attention can be given.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE

Cr. Redmond (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. That accounts—general, £913 2/5, and loan 8, £343 3/4—be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Mary street drainage works.—That the tender of Mr. H. Watt, for the bulked sum of £815 8/, be accepted, the excess over the scheduled item to be provided by loan.

Cr. Hayes pressed for this matter to be deferred till the estimates were considered.

Cr. Dennis strongly urged the council to seize this opportunity of carrying out the work. Owing to the drainage trouble there they had had letters from the Board of Health, the Heidelberg Council, and the residents.

Cr. Tharratt: How much is the deficiency?

Cr. Dennis: £100.

Cr. Tharratt: That's not a large item.

Crs. Plant, Bastings and Henderson also thought the matter should be allowed to go through, and the clause was adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Hayes (chairman) submitted the report, showing that the receipts for the month had been £761 4/6, and the dr. balance £6321 3/3; also recommending:—

1. That accounts amounting to £1201 12/6 be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Arthurton road crossing.—That the claim of the Railway Department for the payment of the sum of £168 15/11, being the council's proportion of the cost of the re-arrangement of the crossing, be paid. Adopted.

3. Closing offices.—That the offices of the council be closed from the 25th inst. to the 2nd January, inclusive.—Adopted.

QUARRY COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

Cr. Henderson reported that the Mayor, Mr. Membrey, and himself had waited on the Closer Settlement Board re the quarry site. The Board would not commit themselves then, but the committee hoped to have something definite in a week's time. The committee were prepared to recommend the acceptance of a tender for the crusher; but owing to the hitch regarding the quarry, would defer doing so.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Lees moved that the question of floating a loan for the installation of electric light be referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Dennis seconded.

Cr. Redmond said he would have several items to add to the schedule in the way of necessary North ward works.

Cr. Smith thought the time was inopportune. They should let others do the installations, and then buy it from them, as was done with the trams.

Cr. Redmond moved that the question of spending the £1100 offered by the Closer Settlement Board for the construction of Flinders and Newcastle streets be referred to the committee of the whole.

The Mayor undertook to look after this matter, in the course of his other negotiations with the Board.

Cr. Plant complained of the delay in getting on with the drainage works at the east end of Mitchell street, for which the money was provided.

Cr. Dennis said the trouble was in not being able to get the necessary easements.

The matter was referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Dennis moved that the Railway Department be informed that the council were prepared to comply with their conditions regarding the approach to the Westgarth station, from Harper street. Mr. Norman, the engineer in chief, had promised that the overhead crossing at Candy street would be pushed on with as speedily as possible.

Replying to Cr. Plant, the engineer said there would be a report re the tip in the East ward at the next meeting of the committee.

Cr. Dennis moved that application be made to have the water extended to Edwards Crescent.

Cr. Redmond moved that temporary relief be given in Dundas street, where the drainage after heavy rain came through Mr. Pocknall's house.

Cr. Schwaebsch resigned from the finance committee, and Cr. Bastings was elected in his stead.

Cr. McDonell moved that the matter of giving temporary relief in Mansfield street, by the use of some sewer spoil, be referred to the engineer.

Cr. Henderson moved that Beaver's road be referred to the works committee for attention.

Cr. Glanfield called attention to the bad state of the roadway in Separation street.

Cr. McDonell related an experience he had had regarding the ambulance waggon of the Infectious Diseases Hospital. It was obsolete, and there was only one man to attend to it.—Cr. Dennis, the representative on the committee, to look into the matter.

Cr. Redmond said a small bit of justice would be done to the North ward, if, when printed, it was placed second on the list as its population and revenue demanded. He moved that it be always given this place in the future.—No seconder.

THE NEW RATE.

Cr. Hayes gave notice of motion re the striking of a rate of 2/3 in the pound.

PAN CHARGE.

The pan charge was fixed at 15/- per pan annually.

PURE FOOD.

CASES AGAINST LOCAL TRADESMEN.

At the Northcote Police Court last Monday, before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Plant, Bailey, Bastings, and Lawrence, J.'sP., several butchers were charged with breaches of the Pure Foods Act. Mr. Herald, jun., prosecuted on behalf of the council.

UNLABELLED MINCEMEAT.

Robert B. Stout, of High street, was charged with having sold unlabelled mincemeat containing a preservative.

Evidence was given by Inspector Gunts, that on 19th November he purchased some mincemeat from defendant. He took a sample to the analyst. There was no label on the meat. Analysis showed it contained .026 sulphur dioxide, which was under the amount allowed if the meat had been labelled. Mr. Herald said it was a technical offence.

The defence was that defendant had a pile of stamped wrapping papers adjacent to the scale. Defendant had given no delivery of meat. The inspector had taken it off the scales and put it into the tins. He (defendant) did not think it necessary to give a stamped wrapper when it was put into the tin receptacles.

A fine of 5s., with £2 17/6 costs, was imposed.

EXCESSIVE PRESERVATIVE.

Henry John Dinwoodie, of High st., was charged with having sold mincemeat which was not of the quality and nature demanded by the purchaser, in that it contained an excessive amount of preservative.

Inspector Gunts said the sample he obtained from defendant contained .201 of sulphur dioxide. Mr. Herald said the quantity was 570 per cent. in excess of that allowed.

A fine of 20/-, with £1 14/4 costs, was imposed.

Frederick Torcodo, on a similar charge, was fined 20/-, with £1 14/4 costs. A sample obtained from defendant showed .053 of sulphur dioxide.

Robert J. Coomber, of St. George's road, who was also charged, was fined 20/-, with £1 14/4 costs.

THE NORTHCOTE ROCKERIES.

HONORING ONE OF THE FOUNDERS.

THE "CORNWELL RESERVE."

At the meeting of the Northcote Town Council on Monday evening a letter was received from the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association, asking that a section of the rockeries be named Cornwell Reserve, in honor of the good work done by Mr. H. Cornwell, in collecting such a large sum of money towards their establishment.

Cr. Lees moved that the request be complied with.

Cr. Plant said he would admit that Mr. Cornwell had done a lot for the rockeries, but others had done good work also, and he would like to see the whole matter referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Dennis said he thought the motion might be agreed to. Mr. Cornwell was getting advanced in life and it was no use following the usual practice of waiting till people are dead before they honored them. By his indefatigable work in collecting funds Mr. Cornwell had done more than any 20 others in establishing the rockeries, and the section nearest his residence might well be called the Cornwell Reserve.

Cr. Hayes said he was second to none in the desire to honor Mr. Cornwell for the work he had done; but he would like to see the matter referred to the committee.

Cr. Glanfield referred to Mr. Cornwell as a "jolly old battler," and said it was "up to" the new councillors to honor him.

Cr. Redmond said they had a magnificent approach to the town, and Mr. Cornwell had done a lot towards providing it. They should not be like the Scotch and wait for years after Bobby Burns was dead before putting up a monument to him.

Cr. Smith: What about Dan O'Connell. (Laughter).

The motion was carried.

LABOR CARNIVAL AT NORTHCOTE.

Last Saturday afternoon a sports carnival was held at the Croxton Recreation Reserve, under the auspices of the Thornbury Labor League. Twenty per cent. of the net proceeds is to be devoted to the Mount Lyell Fund. There were about 1000 persons present. The Federal and State Parliaments were represented by Senators Barker and Russell, Mr. Frank Anstey, M.H.R., and Messrs M. Prendergast and M. Hannah, and the municipality by the Mayor of Northcote (Cr. B. E. Johnson). For the cycling and athletic events there were 200 entries, in addition to which there were physical drill displays by pupils of the Sacred Heart School, Preston; musical selections by the Trades Hall and Northcote Town Bands; merry-go-round, side shows, etc. The cycling events were controlled by I.C.C.A. officials, and the pedestrian events by local officials; and the programme was conducted in a capable manner throughout. The hon. secretaries were Miss M. Tucker and Mr. Syd. King, who, together with the committee, worked energetically to make the carnival a success. Following are the results:—

Boys' race, under 11: Charles Millbourne 1, W. Toomey 2.

Girls' race, under 15: Florrie Downes 1, M. Slattery 2.

Boys' bicycle race, 1 mile: J. Connell 1, W. Panter 2, W. Wallis 3.

130 yards handicap: First heat, J. A. Youlden, scr.; second heat, E. R. Campbell, 13 yds.; third heat, J. F. Mackay, 10 yards; fourth heat, W. Lang, 11 yards; fifth heat, A. Escott, 11 yards; final heat, W. Lang and E. R. Campbell, dead heat; J. A. Youlden 3.

Croxton bicycle race (2 miles): First heat, W. Brown, W. Frawley, W. Stevens, R. Matthews; second heat, J. Slattery, W. Matherson, H. Munro, J. Barker; final heat, J. Slattery, 180 yards, 1; W. Stevens, 50 yards, 2; W. Matherson, 250 yards, 3.

220 yards handicap: First heat, P. J. Sheehan 1, J. J. Day 2; second heat, G. T. Cockran 1, G. Higgs 2; third heat, E. R. Campbell; final heat, P. J. Sheehan, 11 yards, 1; G. T. Cockran, 3 yards, 2; E. R. Campbell, 19 yards, 3.

Ladies' race, over 18: Bella Cockran 1, Mrs. McNamara 2, Mrs. Grattan 3.

Union bicycle race: First heat, T. R. Kinleyside 1, W. Stevens 2, J. Slattery 3, C. Mutton 4; second heat, W. Frawley 1, V. Warrick 2, J. Barker 3, A. L. Ramsden 4; final heat, W. Frawley, 200 yards, 1; W. Stevens, 30 yards, 2; J. Slattery, 100 yards, 3.

Footballers' handicap: First heat, G. T. Cockran 1, H. Burns 2; second heat, S. Hartigan 1, A. Escott 2; third heat, H. Woodhouse 1, C. Bingham 2; final heat, H. Woodhouse, 8 yards, 1; S. Hartigan, 7 yards, 2; A. Escott, 11 yards, 3.

Thornbury bicycle race (two miles): First heat, J. Smith 1, W. Brown 2, J. Barker 3, V. Warrick 4; second heat, W. Matherson 1, T. Kinleyside 2, T. Murphy 3, A. L. Ramsden 4; final heat, J. Smith, 210 yards, 1; W. Brown, 300 yards, 2; T. Murphy, 160 yards, 3.

POLITICIANS ENTERTAINED AT TEA.

At the conclusion of the sports programme the committee entertained the Parliamentary representatives, the Mayor of Northcote, and others, at tea, after which Mr. Colechin proposed The Federal and State Parliaments.

In replying to The Federal Parliament, Senator Barker said it had been a strenuous session, and would be to the end. The most important measure passed was the Navigation Bill, and, coming after that, the Referendum Bills. All sorts of prophecies were being put forward in regard to the result of the elections. One Liberal organiser had predicted that in the eastern States the Liberals would sweep the poll. Yet, when that gentleman put up for municipal honors in Adelaide he was defeated by a Laborite by 2 to 1.

Mr. Anstey, M.P., also responded.

Mr. Prendergast, M.L.A., in responding to The State Parliament, said the Federal party would find the State party solidly behind it when the fight came. Unlike other States, it placed the welfare of the Commonwealth before its own advancement. The "Age" had advocated the placing of a seventh question—the initiative referendum—in the bunch to be submitted. The Labor party had advocated the inauguration of the initiative referendum some time ago, but could not get that particular paper to support it. They did not decry the High Court, but they said that the court should not have, as at present, the power of practically making laws. Its duty was to administer the laws passed by the Federal Parliament. (Applause).

Mr. Hannah, M.L.A., said that he was particularly pleased to be present, because it was only a few weeks ago he attended the inaugural opening of the Thornbury branch. The branch was to be congratulated on the activity it had shown in arranging that day's carnival, especially the secretaries, Miss Tucker and Mr. King. The State Labor party had put up a great fight, and secured the insertion of a vital amendment in the Electrification Bill. It was not so much legislation the country was in need of, but good administration of their laws. (Applause). He was a Federalist first and a States righter second.

The health of the Mayor of Northcote (Cr. B. E. Johnson) was also proposed and responded to.

ENTERTAINMENT AT NIGHT.

For an outdoor entertainment the conditions were perfect, consequently there was a large attendance at night. A long and varied programme was provided, consisting of pictures, fancy dancing, vocal and humorous numbers, all of which were well received.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE v. PRAHRAN.

This match was commenced last Saturday at Prahran, under ideal cricket conditions, on a perfect wicket. Northcote, winning the toss, batted first, and occupied the wicket for the whole afternoon, scoring seven for 202. A bad start was made, as Spicer and Billings, who opened the innings, were both out with only 7 on the board. Yeomans and Brown improved matters considerably, and added 61 for the third wicket before Yeomans was out to a good catch by Blackie off Bell, for 10 made slowly. Brown and McCarron were next associated, and carried the score to 102, when Brown was splendidly taken by Healy off Rogers, for another fine display of 76. Chesswas and Begg went cheaply, but Bailey's partnership with McCarron added 62, when Bailey was out l b w to Rogers for a neat and useful 31. With Vernon in 22 runs were added without further loss, McCarron scoring the whole of the runs while Vernon stonewalled. McCarron 73 not out, although starting slowly, warmed to his work and gave a good display of batting all round the wicket. The fielding of the Prahran team was always keen, and the bowling accurate, in consequence scoring was slow. G. Rogers was the best bowler, his figures being 30 overs, 11 maidens, 6 wickets, 98 runs. Bell, one for 36. N. Brown has again been chosen in the State team against New South Wales. F. Yeomans and F. Lugton represent the club in the Colts' team against Bendigo. Scores:—

G. Spicer, c T. Horan, b Rogers	5
S. Billings, c Stephens, b Rogers	1
F Yeomans, c Blackie, b Bell ...	10
N. Brown, c Healy, b Rogers ...	76
H. McCarron, not out	73
G. Chesswas, c Stephens, b Rogers	1
C. Begg, l b w, Rogers	4
R. Bailey, l b w, Rogers	31
Vernon, not out	0
Sundries	1
Total for seven wickets	202

Bowling: Rogers, six for 98; Bell, one for 36.

NORTHCOTE v. PRAHRAN.

An excellent wicket had been prepared at Northcote for this match, and Northcote, winning the toss, made good use of it, occupying the wicket for the whole afternoon for 260. The first wicket fell for 11, but E. Studley and A. Lugton made an excellent stand, and added 103 runs before A. Lugton was caught for a chanceless display of 53. Studley, who had made 42 in good style, was the next to go. Yeomans and Wilkinson went cheaply, and five were down for 135, when P. James and W. Ahern defied the bowling and took the score to 233, when James was bowled for a neat innings of 49. With only 9 added Ahern was stumped after a capital innings for 51, characterised by some free hitting. The only other batsman to make any showing was T. Clugton, who hit two sixers in his score of 17. E. Rush two for 14, McDonald two for 23. Junor three for 74, Christie one for 56, were Prahran's successful bowlers. The match will be concluded to-day.

THE CLUB ELEVEN.

In ideal cricket weather the N.C.C. Club Eleven were at home at Merri Park to Collingwood. A good wicket had been prepared, and Northcote were once again lucky in calling correctly. As in the Melbourne match, the early Northcote batsmen failed with the bat, four for 16, and five for 41, being the score when S. Boyd went to the wickets. He commenced slowly, but, getting his eye in, played a masterly innings for 54 before being caught off a mis-hit. He was well supported by R. Price 21, Trinnick jr. 18, and Trinnick, sen., 10 not out. The latter batsman is a new member of the eleven. He was the champion cricketer of the senior Fitzroy team a few years back, and should be of great assistance to the younger members of the club eleven. Northcote's innings totalled 134.

The Collingwood batsmen found Northcote's star trundler, May, out for business, and at 6 o'clock, six wickets were down for 58 runs (Pollock 23 not out); May securing five for 21. He bowled splendidly, and was unfortunate in having Pollock twice missed off his bowling. The game will be continued at 2.30 sharp, to-day.

PRESTON v. NORTH PORTS.

This match was started last Saturday on the Preston oval, in the presence of a good number of supporters of both teams. Preston won the toss and batted first, scoring nine wickets for 218, of which Jack Lawson made 89 by forceful cricket; G. Sykes 42, E Ryan 19, A. Frocke 16, G. Carson 13 (Riddleston 5 for 91, Lewis 3 for 43). North Port, none for 35 (Lambert 16 not out, Hutchinson 20 not out). The game will be continued to-day. Preston batted one man short, keeping a place for Blundell.

The Preston Club are to be favoured with another visit from the Baillieston team during the Christmas holidays. The locals have arranged a programme which will keep the visitors going. On Boxing Day a match will be played in the oval, starting at 11 a.m.. The ladies of the club have arranged light luncheon at 1 o'clock, afternoon tea at 4 p.m., and a dinner at 7 p.m., in the Library Hall, after which a musical programme will be given by the locals. The Preston supporters are invited to share in giving the visitors an enjoyable time.

H.A.C.B.S. Competition.

Preston v. South Melbourne.

Preston, 77 (J. Tuttle 20, H. Moffatt 11, J. Howard 11; Daley tour for 23, Ameer four for 16) beat South Melbourne, 49 (Skinner 10, being the only batsman to reach double figures; D. Moffatt six for 21, M. Martin, three for 22), by 28 runs on the first innings.

Preston H.A.C.B.S., having an off-day, will play local Methodist C.C. this afternoon; commence at 2 p.m. Afternoon tea will be supplied by ladies.

Metropolitan Baptist Competition.

Northcote v. Richmond: Richmond, first innings 20 (Webb six for 7, Gillies one for 10); Northcote, first innings, two for 143 (Walpole 49, McCann 66, Gillies 18 not out).

Northcote Presbyterian A v. East Brunswick.—Brunswick, 147; Northcote, 7 for 78. To be finished to-day.

Presbyterian B v. Richmond.—Richmond, 108; Northcote, 2 for 31. To be finished to-day.

CHURCH NEWS.

Last Sunday the annual communion breakfast of the Men's Sacred Heart Society took place at St. Joseph's Church, when about 250 men approached Holy Communion. The church was packed and all were much impressed. Next year it is hoped to double the members. This breakfast was a great success. Stirring speeches were delivered by Rev. V. Willis, Cr. Redmond, and Messrs Thos. Berry, Jowett and Coles.

NORTHCOTE PICTURE THEATRE.

THREE STAR PROGRAMME.

Rarely is it the privilege of picture-lovers to witness such a unique and gigantic programme as is being presented this week at the Northcote Theatre. It includes three special star attractions, namely, "The Relief of Lucknow," "Rock of Ages," and "The Lion Tamer's Revenge." Each of these pictures are veritable masterpieces and appeal to every class of the community. The pourtrayal of the most significant scenes of the Indian mooting are intensely impressive, dazzling and pathetic. "Rock of Ages" is a superb and wonderfully beautiful picture, "The Lion Tamer's Revenge" is a daring and thrilling presentment of circus life, and "The Will of John Walden" is a singularly fine western drama. There are many others of a humorous nature, constituting altogether a combination of picture delights and thrills never surpassed. This great programme will be shown for the last time to night.

The children are to be specially catered for this afternoon. In addition to an excellent juvenile programme each child will be presented with a toy or gift.

On Monday the feature picture will be "The Dandies' Club," a thrilling detective story.

On Christmas afternoon and night an appropriate programme will be presented, including "The Life of the Saviour" in "living pictures," to see which is to realise the wonderful triumphs of the living picture

On Boxing Day, afternoon and evening, there will be a complete change of programme, the star exclusive being "Kidnapped," a sensational story of revenge.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, 16th DECEMBER.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs Plant, Bastings, Lawrence and Bailey, J's.P.]

CLAIM FOR WAGES.

Montague Johnson proceeded against L. Hauser, baker, for the recovery of wages alleged to be due. Mr. Fyffe appeared for complainant.

Johnson stated that he had been definitely engaged by the defendant to drive one of his carts at the rate of 48s a week. He started on the Monday, and was taken round by another driver. He was again taken over the round on the Tuesday. When he went to work on the following day, he was peremptorily discharged, and told that the old driver was to be kept on. He was given 10s for the two days he had worked. He now claimed the balance of the week's money, and an additional week's wages in lieu of notice.

Dr. Cole—How is he entitled to a week's wages in lieu of notice, in view of the Wages Board determination?

Mr. Fyffe—It is a matter of common law and established custom that a servant should receive notice and give notice.

Dr. Cole—The question is whether or not that has been altered by the Wages Board's determination. A case of similar nature will be argued before the Full Court on Wednesday.

Defendant swore that plaintiff had come to him without any city experience, and he had been engaged on approval. The driver going round with plaintiff complained that he (plaintiff) was too slow. He (defendant) thereupon told plaintiff that he would not suit, and paid him for the two day's work.

The Bench held that plaintiff had been engaged on approval, and dismissed the case.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS

Gwalia Lodge, U.A.O.D., held their annual Christmas entertainment for members' wives and children at the lodge room on Monday evening. There was a large attendance and a most enjoyable time was spent by all. To while away the time till the arrival of Father Christmas, a short musical programme was rendered, as well as a turn by Mr. McCormack's Punch and Judy, which was immensely enjoyed by the juveniles. Then followed an interval for refreshments, after which Father Christmas made his appearance, and each child received a toy from the well-laden tree.

The Lady Northcote, P.A.F.S., Christmas tree was opened by Cr. Bastings last Thursday night in the Druids' hall. Mr. Bastings was wishing the children a happy Christmas when he received a telegram from Father Christmas saying he would be there at 8 o'clock. He arrived to time and presented over 200 toys to as many happy children, not forgetting the sick children at home. He also remembered a few of the poor. Each child had ice cream, bag of lollies and prize packets, which they greatly appreciated. Mr. Semmens made a splendid Father Christmas, and great credit is due to Mrs. Semmens secretary, and Mrs. Edmonds who worked hard to make it the success it was, and also Miss Ledra for the Christmas tree.

BOWLS.

Thornbury experienced a double reverse, Prince's Park winning both the A and B engagements.

Northcote A team enjoyed the sweets of victory for the first time this season, wresting the laurels from the City club. Herrington's rink was principally responsible for the victory, Girling being also "up."

Hallam & Hallam, drapers, announce that they will be open on Tuesday (Christmas Eve) till 10 p.m.; also on Friday, 27th, till 10 p.m.

CHIEF OFFICER LEE AND A FIREMAN'S LIFE.

WHAT HE REALLY DID SAY.

Being under the impression, that Chief-Officer Harrie B. Lee had stigmatised a fireman's life as a lazy one, Northcote councillors were prepared, on Monday evening, to "deal it out" to him for passing what they deemed to be an unjust reflection upon what are admittedly deemed a fine body of men; but all the sting was taken out of their criticism by the reading from his sworn evidence before the wages board what Mr. Lee actually did say.

It was as follows: If actual work at fires is alone considered then a fireman's life would be a lazy-sort of life, for fire fighting occupies an infinitesimal part of their time. A difficulty is found in many stations in finding enough work to keep the men in bodily health. The chief drawback to the life is the monotony of it. That is the reason we have physical training and exercises, and mechanical employment."

Cr. Smith said that, after all Mr. Lee had said nothing derogatory regarding the men. That little word "if" made all the difference.

After discussion it was decided, on the motion of Crs. Redmond and Bastings, that the council has every confidence in the men; but evidently the evidence given by Chief-Officer Lee had been misconstrued.

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

Every Evening at 8.
Matinees Saturdays and Holidays at 2.30.

This Afternoon at 2.30.
SPECIAL GIFT MATINEE.
SPECIAL GIFT MATINEE.
SPECIAL GIFT MATINEE.
Each Child Attending will be presented with a Toy, &c.

TO-NIGHT.
TRIPLE STAR PROGRAMME.
TRIPLE STAR PROGRAMME.
TRIPLE STAR PROGRAMME.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.
Impressive, Startling, Pathetic.

ROCK OF AGES.
Superbly Beautiful and Touching.

THE LION TAMER'S REVENGE.
A Throbbing Story of Circus Life.

THE WILL OF JOHN WALDEN.
A Star Western Drama.

And Many Other Diverting and Entertaining Fixtures.

MONDAY NEXT.
Complete Change, including
THE DANDIES' CLUB.
THE DANDIES' CLUB.
THE DANDIES' CLUB.
A Thrilling Detective Story.

CHRISTMAS DAY.
CHRISTMAS DAY.
CHRISTMAS DAY.
Special Programme Afternoon and Evening.
The Leading Film will be
THE LIFE OF CHRIST.
THE LIFE OF CHRIST.
THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

"A large audience, consisting in great part of clergy, witnessed with silent and strained attention the unfolding of the picture drama called by those who produce it "From Manger to Cross." If the exhibition were to be judged simply by the canons applied to other cinematographic work, there could be only one verdict. Marvellous effects of arid, sun-drenched landscape, alive with the vivid, picturesque figures that people it to-day as they did nineteen centuries ago. So it began; and in all the long succession of scenes to the terrible end there was never one failure to produce such an effect as if one stood oneself in the midst of the scene and watched things as they happened. It is a safe statement to say that no one who saw them will ever think of the last hours of our Lord without a vivid memory of them."

BOXING DAY.
BOXING DAY.
Afternoon and Evening.
SPECIAL HOLIDAY ATTRACTION:
SPECIAL HOLIDAY ATTRACTION:
KIDNAPPED.
KIDNAPPED.
A Sensational Story of Revenge.
Together with
A HOST OF PICTURE GEMS.
FIRST-CLASS ORCHESTRA.
Prices:—6d, 1s, and 1s 6d.

GIBSON'S PADDOCK, GIBSON'S PADDOCK,
NORTHCOTE CENTRAL. NORTHCOTE CENTRAL.

133 ALLOTMENTS ALLOTMENTS 133
40 x 150
40 x 150

EXCEPTIONAL TERMS: EXCEPTIONAL TERMS:
£2 10s Deposit Each Lot.
Five Years' Terms.
Quarterly Payments.
NO INTEREST. NO INTEREST.
NOTE THE REBATES: NOTE THE REBATES:
10 % if Cash paid in 2 months.
5 % if Cash paid in 12 months.
2½ % if Cash paid in 5 years.
No Lawyer's Fees.
Free Titles, except Government Fees.
GOOD BUILDING LOTS.
Good Drainage.
Handy Tram and Station.
Plans To-Day or any day at
STOTT AND BASTINGS'
STOTT AND BASTINGS'
STOTT AND BASTINGS'
Offices,
203 and 521 High St., Northcote.
Phone 1976.

Auction Notices.

THIS DAY.
On the Lots as under.
ALLOTMENTS.
NORTHCOTE and PRESTON.
3 o'clock—Darebin Road, Northcote, south side, near Salisbury Grove, 34 x 100; also opposite above, 34 x 100.
3 15—St. David Street, Northcote, corner Derby Avenue, 110 x 110.
3 15—Derby Avenue, Allotment 50 x 100.
3 30—Raleigh Street, Northcote, fourth side, near St. David Street, 66 x 115.
4 o'clock—Bell Street, Preston, opposite Catholic Church, 40 x 110.
Title, Certificate. Terms at Sale.
STOTT and BASTINGS, Auctioneers, Northcote. Phone 1976.

THIS DAY.
At 3 o'clock on the premises,
55 Clarendon Street, NORTHCOTE.
D.F.W.B. VILLA Property known as "ROSSMOYNE,"
Situated in a Magnificent High Position.
Streets and Footpaths All Made and Paid for.
NICOL, MILLER & Co., and STOTT & BASTINGS, Auctioneers in conjunction, have received instructions from Thos. Hay, Esq., who is leaving the district to take up his residence at Mornington, to sell by Public Auction as above, his well-appointed and tastefully laid out home, containing 6 large rooms, vestibule, washhouse, bath, pantry, lobby, gas stove, water meter, beautiful flower garden and large fernery, 3-stall stable, coach-house, seed room (holding 3 tons of chaff), hay loft (holding 5 tons hay), fowl runs and chicken pens, brick paved yard; sewered; land 66 x 115.
Also at 4 o'clock on the land, account of same owner.
5 MAGNIFICENT ALLOTMENTS,
Flinders Street, close to Cable Tram.
A Great Opportunity for Builders. 320ft. frontage, or in frontages to suit purchasers.
Title, Certificate. Exceptionally Easy Terms at Sale.
Particulars from Nicol, Miller & Co., and Stott & Bastings, Auctioneers in conjunction.
THIS DAY.
At half-past 4 o'clock on the premises,
108 PLENTY RD., SOUTH PRESTON.
MORTGAGEE'S SALE.
BRICK SHOP and DWELLING,
4 nice rooms and conveniences, sewered, suitable for grocer, small goods, or boot shop. Frontage 14ft. 8in. to Plenty Road by a varying depth of about 98 ft. 5 inches, and being portion of the land more particularly described in Certificate of Title, Vol. 2040, Folio 409,699, Parish of Jika Jika, County of Bourke, subject to and with the right to use of party walls on north and south sides; now let.
NICOL, MILLER & Co., Auctioneers, Upper Northcote.

Land For Sale.

LAND, 40 x 118, near Croxton railway station, on new tram line; cash or terms. Hurst, Station street, N. Fairfield.

Wanted to Sell.

BICYCLE, "Tartan," Fontaine's best, won in Arc Union, absolutely new, guaranteed. Bargain, £10. Apply Ernest Lees, Auctioneer, 295 High Street. Phone, Northcote 54.
PONY, Jinker and Harness; will separate. J. G. Chirgwin, Northernhay St., N. Preston.
GREEN STUFF, 1 or 2 Acres. Apply Cooper, Settlement, Thomastown.

Printing!

Work of Every Class executed at the LEADER Office

MID-SEASON BARGAINS
GREAT VALUES IN DRAPERY at
HATTAM AND HATTAM'S
TO-DAY (SATURDAY) AND RIGHT ON TO XMAS.

White Muslin Costume, skirt with row of embroidery and tucks, deep hem, blouse trimmed with insertion, down front and collar; regular price, 9s 11d. Bargain price 4s 11d.

One piece Linene Costume, Maygar sleeves, neatly tucked and p'ped. Special bargain, 5s 11d.

Children's Maygar Tunics, piped with black and white, made of Linene, and in assorted colors. Bargain price 1s 6½ d.

500 Children's Print and Zephyr Dresses, a great assortment, worth 1s 11d each. Bargain price 1s.

6000 yds. of White Embroidery, 2½ inches wide, worth 1s 11d doz. By buying a large quantity we are able to offer same at 1s doz.

500 yds. Tussore Silk, 35 inches wide, well worth 2s 6d yd.—our special line. Bargain price, 1s 6½d yd.

12 inch Shelving Oil Baize, 25 different designs, regular value 4½d yd. Bargain price, 1s yd.

Superior quality Medium Calico, free from dressing, 36 inches wide, cheap at 6s 6d doz. Bargain price, 4s 11d doz.

Sunshades to be given away. 50 Sunshades, regular prices 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, all to be cleared at 1s 6d each.

Coin Spot Muslin, with frilled edge, 40 inches wide; regular price, 10½d yd. Bargain price 7½d yd.

Men's Imitation Worsted Trousers, special line at 6s 11d. Bargain price 5s 6d.

Boys' S.S.S. Galatea Blouses, all colors, light and dark blue drill collars, well worth 3s 11d. Bargain price 2s 6d.

500 Frilled Calico Slips, the greatest bargain in Melbourne, absolutely pure Calico, full wide frill. Bargain price 4½d each.

Boys' Galat

EPPING SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16th.

Present: Crs. Dea (president), McCoy, McCormack, Goss and Browne.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Health Department, forwarding copies, for distribution, of their poster pointing out the danger of the housefly as a spreader of disease.—It was decided to distribute same.

From Public Works Department, expressing themselves as satisfied with the acceptance of the lowest tender (£220) for road to Thomastown Settlement.—Received.

From Public Works Department asking if the unused road, west of allotment 4, Sec. 14, Parish of Wollert, A. Jolley, had been opened, and obstructions removed as requested.

From Connelly and Crocker, solicitors for Callaghan Bros., asking if the council is going to have the obstructions removed.

Cr. McCormack moved that the Department be asked if this road is licensed; and if not, that Mrs. Jolley be informed that if the obstruction is not removed within 14 days the engineer will be instructed to have it removed.—Carried.

From Railway Department, stating that the Commissioners' proposals, in regard to lighting at the Epping station, had now been carried out.

Cr. Davidson moved that the member for the district be informed that the promises made to the deputation had not been carried out.

Cr. McCoy seconded; carried.

From Shire of Numurkah asking this council to instruct its representatives in the Legislative Council to oppose the proposed amendment in the Local Government Act, allowing votes where rates have not been paid by June 10.

Cr. Davidson moved that the request be acceded to. There was no question about it that this provision in the Act was a great lever for the rate-collectors in getting in the rates. It was a very short-sighted policy on the part of the Government to try and eliminate it.

Cr. McCormack seconded; carried.

Lynch and McDonald, solicitors, wrote, stating that arrangements had been made for the removal of the house at the corner of Cooper and High sts., Epping.

Cr. Davidson moved that Mr. Vincent, who had purchased the house, be requested to remove it. The place was an absolute nuisance.

Cr. McCoy seconded.

From E. J. Andrews, forwarding balance sheet of the recent Presbyterian Church tea meeting and concert. The receipts were £22 14 6, and there was a net profit of £11 13 3.—Received.

From Mrs. Lynch, forwarding account for 10s., for half a day's ploughing at Clarke's.

Dr. Davidson said the agreement was that Clarke should do the ploughing. He moved that the account be sent on to Mr. Clarke.

Cr. Browne seconded; carried.

From Constable Woodhouse, sanitary inspector, stating he had visited Eden Park in connection with certain complaints made. At one farm he saw the remains of the carcase of a cow, which was no nuisance at the time, as only the bones remained. The farmer said he had bought it for his pigs to eat. He (the inspector) informed him that he would be prosecuted if he left any portion of carcases lying about. He visited other farms, but saw nothing objectionable.

Cr. Davidson moved, and Cr. Browne seconded, that the report be received, and a copy of the report be sent on to the Health Department.

Messrs. Green and Bargling, the successful tenderers for the Settlement road, wrote asking for an extension of time in connection with their contract, as the recent rains had delayed the harvest, and it was impossible to cart spalls.

Extension granted for six weeks on the motion of Crs. Davidson and Browne.

From G. McClelland, applying for an increase of his salary as treasurer.

Cr. Davidson: What is it now?

The Secretary: £10.

Cr. Davidson moved that the salary be increased to £15. He understood the work involved two or three trips to Northcote during the week of the meeting.

Cr. McCoy seconded the motion, remarking that the office carried a good deal of work, and also of responsibility.

Cr. McCormack said he was not going to oppose the motion, but they seemed to be all the time "rising."

Cr. Browne said he would like to see a better case made out. They should look into the duties and see whether the rise was justified.

The motion was carried.

FINANCE.

The treasurer (Mr. G. McClelland) reported having received since last meeting £157 1/10. The dr. balance (without accounts passed at this meeting) is £799 9/3.

The accounts for the month, amounting to £111 14/3, were passed for payment, on the motion of Crs. McCormack and McCoy.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Mr Loch reported re water supply for Epping township as follows.—I can not recommend a 4-inch main, as the supply would be a poor one for a town which has every prospect of growing. I would therefore prefer to resort to a 6-inch wood pipe main, which, for three miles, would cost approximately £1600. I now wish to refer to the matter of distance, and in the first place I am not quite certain on the matter of, as to whether there is a pipe main conveying the water, or portion of the same, from Yan Yean reservoir to Preston, or whether there is only a water race for portion of the way. If there be a pipe, then the distance for the main to Epping (corner of Main road and Cooper street) could be reduced to about two miles in length, and cost of 6-inch wood main reduced to about £1120. This would have to cross private property nearly all the way, and as it would be rather a benefit to the owners of such property, I do not consider, if we guaranteed to keep the main 2ft. underground, that there should be much trouble in getting them to grant us an easement over a strip of land for that purpose. There would also be the expense of reticulation in the town, say 20 chains of 4-inch main, and 40 chains of 3-inch main, and 80 chains of 2-inch main approximately, with stand pipes at various points, say £100. As regards the revenue, I only have at present a rough idea of what could be raised; but assuming that 72 houses would be supplied at a rate of 35s. each, or rather to average that amount and the State School, say at £2, and shire at £10, and Milk Company at £10, and a 50 per cent. rate on all places within ½ of a mile of a standpipe, and 25 per cent. on all places between ½ and 1 mile from a standpipe, and a 10 per cent. rate on all vacant lands, this should give us an amount approaching £175 a year; a sinking fund of 2 per cent. and interest at 4 per cent. on the 3-mile main in wood at £2000—£120, and payment to Board of Works on 1,750,000 gals. of water, £87 10/-; total, £207 10/-; deficiency, about £30. On 2-mile pipe line in wood, at cost of £1600; interest, sinking fund, £90; cost of water, £87 10/-; total £177 10/-. I give you this as merely a preliminary report, and will, when I have the complete information, put these figures into proper form so that you can better understand them.

Cr. Davidson, in moving that the report be received, said the engineer's estimate showed the scheme to be quite feasible. When the full report was brought forward even their Woodstock friends, who had always opposed the scheme, would probably come forward and assist them.

Cr. McCormack said that, notwithstanding what had been said to the contrary, he was never against a water supply for Epping so long as it was financial in a fair and just way.

The engineer said he thought a water supply for Epping could be financial without appeal to Woodstock.

Cr. McCormack wanted to know if all within a certain radius could be compelled to take the water. He noticed the Epping Milk Company had been included as a contributor. Well, they had already spent £100 in providing their own water. Till they had made up their minds as to whether they were going in for this scheme, he did not think they should put their engineer to a great amount of trouble as these preliminary investigations would involve.

Cr. Davidson: We must know how we stand before we can come to a decision.

TENDERS.

Constructing 61 chains of road Cemetery road west.—The tender of J. Brazil was accepted at £6 10/- a chain, on the motion of Crs. Davidson and McCoy.

Strange as it may seem, the contractor was able to tender at £1 per chain less if allowed to use hand-broken metal.

The tender in which the hand-broken metal was included, was naturally accepted.

HALL TARIFF.

Cr. Davidson moved that the rent of hall be reduced as follows: 10/- per night without, and 17/6 with, piano; they would have the hall let far oftener at these rates, and under them the hall would pay better.

Cr. McCoy seconded.

Cr. McCormack moved an amendment that the rent be £1 with piano, and 15s. without.

Cr. Browne seconded the amendment, considering Cr. Davidson's proposed reduction too drastic. They had spent about £200 in improving the hall and providing it with a piano, on the promise that a larger revenue would be derived; but this had not been forthcoming.

The amendment was carried.

Cr. McCormack moved that the charges for charity be as follows: 5/- for hall, and 5/- for piano.

Cr. Browne seconded.

Cr. Davidson moved an amendment, that the charge be 5/- for hall, and 2/6 for piano. No seconder.

The motion was carried.

Cr. Davidson moved that all committees appoint two of their number to assist the police officer on the occasion of their running local entertainments.

Cr. Browne seconded; carried.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. McCormack moved that the engineer be empowered to dispose of the night cart now standing useless in the back yard; also the unused standpipe in Bodycoat's road.

Cr. Davidson: Why not include the crusher. (Laughter).

The motion was carried.

Cr. Davidson moved that the daymen attend to the Spring street footpath.—Carried.

Cr. McCormack moved that, in view of the state of the finances, that all works be suspended till 1st March.

This was modified to the permanent daymen being retained for employment when necessary.

Cr. Davidson said he had been promised Young's road. He was assured that very little time would be lost by waiting for the March meeting.

The audited statement of accounts, duly audited and found correct by the Government auditor, was submitted for adoption.

Cr. Browne moved that a separate ledger account be kept for the crusher, and that £66 9s. be charged against it this year, and £10 for the next 10 years. This was agreed to.

Cr. Davidson desired to know if a reasonable amount was spent on day labour according to the revenue of the Shire.

The Engineer said the employment of day labour was largely governed by a council's ability to secure trustworthy men. As far as he had seen, the daymen of Epping were conscientious workers, and the amount expended on day labour was not exorbitant.

The accounts were finally settled and allowed, and a vote of thanks passed to the officers, Messrs. Ryan (secretary) and Loch (engineer), for carrying out their work in such a satisfactory manner.

Cr. Davidson expressed his dissatisfaction with the way the Thistle Act was being administered.

Cr. McCormack said that unless the Act had been altered, it was almost impossible to secure a conviction.

It was decided to consult the Municipal Association as to the state of the law on the matter.

HOME HINTS.

To make baked potatoes dry and mealy, just when potatoes are tender put a fork at least twice into each potato to let the steam escape.

To render boots and shoes waterproof in damp weather, rub a little mutton suet round the edges of the soles. Beeswax is just as efficacious.

If a strong brine of salt and water is thrown over the coals less soot will collect in the flues and chimneys. The fire, too, will burn clear and bright.

A good substitute for a small funnel used in filling salt and pepper boxes may be made by utilising the corner of an envelope and cutting off the tip of the corner.

When baking potatoes, grease them first with a little butter, and when cooked they will be beautifully brown and crisp, with the glazed appearance that makes them so appetising.

To thoroughly clean saucepans after cooking oatmeal, fill them with boiling water, empty away, and then fill with cold water, and the oatmeal will almost fall away from the sides of the saucepans.

When cooking a blanc mange, while yet boiling mix a piece of butter with it; then you will find it turn out of the mould when cold without any trouble, and, also, that it will have a much glossier appearance.

It is a good plan to lay a thick sheet of white blotting paper under the covers of dressing tables and sideboards. This will absorb any liquid which may be spilt before it can be reached and harm the wood.

In cases of illness, when ice is not procurable for cooling the head of a feverish patient, cut a cucumber, peel rather thick, and lay the inner part on the forehead. It is deliciously cool, and remains so for a long time.

If you wish to know whether your coffee is pure, sprinkle a small quantity on the surface of a tumbler of water. Pure coffee floats, the adulterated article sinks to the bottom and discolours the water. This is a simple, but effective test.

When heating a pie, stand it in a deep baking dish filled with boiling water, and place on the stove for half an hour; then, 20 minutes before it is required, place it in the oven to heat the crust. It will be as good as if freshly cooked.

To sweeten jars and tins which have contained tobacco, onions, or anything else of strong odour, wash the article clean; then fill it with fresh garden earth, cover it, and let it stand for 24 hours. Then wash it and dry it, and it will be quite sweet and fit for use.

KEEP HANDY

In the home, workshop or factory a pot of Zam-Buk, the ideal first-aid dressing for cuts, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, and skin injuries. Its active vegetable constituents being so pure and wholesome,

Zam-Buk

is a perfect healing Balm for every day household use. Zam-Buk soothes pain, prevents festering and blood-poison, and heals perfectly by growing new skin. Zam-Buk, therefore, should be kept handy

FOR XMAS MISHAPS

Law.

MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE

SOLICITORS

AND

CONVEYANCERS,

136 and 138 Queen Street (between Bourke and Little Collins Streets), Melbourne.

Private address: Mr. A. M. LONIE "Craigielea," James St., Northcote.

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY

SOLICITORS,

PROCTORS,

CONVEYANCERS,

"THE OLDERFLEET" (First Floor), No. 475 COLLINS STREET. Tel. 196.

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

Local Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

HOLE AND WILKINSON

SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.,

Commercial Union Chambers, 413 Collins Street, Melbourne. Tel. 853.

W. J. HOLE, Commissioner for Victoria.

A. S. WILKINSON. Private Address—"Fyfingdales," King William St. Preston

LOCAL OFFICE: McGeorge's Agency, High st., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

FREDERICK HUGHES

SOLICITOR, &c.,

Commissioner of Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits,

LEADENHALL CHAMBERS,

28 MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.

Residence: Station Street, Preston.

ROBERTS AND ELLIOTT,

SOLICITORS,

EQUITABLE BUILDING, 314 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

Telephone 2854.

Trust and other Money to Lend.

A. GLEN ROBERTS, M.A.,

H. E. ELLIOTT, L.L.B.,

Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits.

Private Residence: "Dalriada," Darebin Road, Northcote.

Professional

A. W. ANGIOR,

EYE-SIGHT SPECIALIST

(Optician by appointment to V.R.A.)

Experienced Expert in scientific objective methods of accurately and thoroughly testing the sight and muscular balance of the eyes, correcting by the skilful use of the most approved scientific optical instruments the most complex errors of vision. The above methods are invaluable with children, deaf or dumb people, or illiterates, in which cases answers to questions as by the ordinary subjective methods would be either impossible or unreliable.

High-Grade Rimmed and Rimless Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, &c., accurately made, fitted and adjusted. Moderate Charges. Personal Attention. Phone 3151. 117 COLLINS ST. EAST (near Independent Church), MELBOURNE.

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—

London House, 97 Elizabeth Street (1 door from Collins Street).

Telephone 4161.

LESLIE C. WEBSTER, B.D.S., L.D.S.,

DENTIST,

Desires to announce that he has REMOVED to New Premises, THEATRE BUILDINGS, HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Evenings, 7 to 8.30.

Saturday afternoons, by appointment.

THOMAS WEBSTER, L.D.S., M.A.C.D.,

DENTAL SURGEON.

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Only Address—

306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL (Opposite Albert Hall.)

Trams Pass the Door. Phone, 6832J.

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.

W. STANLEY WILKINSON, B.D.S. (Melb.), L.D.S. (Vic.) D.D.S. (Penn, U.S.A.)

DENTAL SURGEON,

565 HIGH STREET, THORNBURY.

MONDAY and WEDNESDAY } 2 p.m. to 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

And at 80 Collins Street, Melbourne, by appointment.

DR. DENTON FETHERS, of 98 Collins Street, has taken up his residence in Spring Street, Preston (near the Preston Railway Station), where he may be consulted.

At Home: 9—11 a.m. 6—7.30 p.m.

Collins Street, 2—4 p.m.

Telephones: Northcote 361. Central 2057.

J. S. BARTLETT has opened a

FLORIST'S SHOP

Opposite Methodist Church, HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,

And is prepared to supply all kinds of Plants and Cut Flowers.

Floral Orders for Weddings, At Homes, &c. supplied on shortest notice at lowest rates.

WIT AND HUMOR.

I should like to have your opinion of my pictures, said an artist to a well-known critic.

It's absolutely worthless, the other replied shortly.

Oh, I know that, said the artist, but it would interest me very much indeed.

How did you manage to see everything in Rome inside of two days?

Well, you see, we got up early, my wife went to the shops, my daughter to the picture galleries, and I took in the restaurants. In the evening we compared notes.

She: It must be a hard blow to a man to be rejected by a woman.

He: Indeed it must.

She: Do you know, I don't think I could ever have the heart to do it.

A porter was coming out of a railway station with a terrior under his arm, when he was thus accosted by a passenger:—

"Hallo! And where is this fine little fellow bound for?"

The porter scowled disagreeably.

"You don't know where's 'e's goin',' he said sullenly; "I dunno where's he's goin'; nobody don't know where's he goin'. He's bin and et his label!"

"Say dad," said little Bobbie Wilkins, "I'll give you threepence for that five-shilling collar box I gave you for Christmas last year."

"Oh, I don't know, my boy," said Mr. Wilkins. "What do you want it for?"

"Why," said Bobbie, "you seemed to like it so much I thought I'd give it to you again next Christmas, and save a four and ninepence besides.

Little boy (who has just seen his mother dismiss the servant for staying away from home the previous night five or six hours without leave): Mamma, wasn't it very wrong in Mary to stay out so late?

Mamma (indignantly): Yes, Charlie, and very impudent, too, she was. But I won't keep such a person in my house.

Little boy: When are you going to dismiss papa?

Maud: When you broke the engagement, of 'course you returned the diamond ring he gave you?

Ethel: Certainly not! I don't care for Jack any more, but my feelings have not changed toward the ring.

XMAS Biliousness

Eating richer food and eating more freely than usual is the cause of many people being out of sorts to-day. Headache, coated tongue, "wind," bad breath, vomiting, dizziness, jaundice, and pains near the left shoulder blade and across the stomach, always yield to a few doses of Bile Beans after the midday meal and upon retiring. Bile Beans dispel these wretched symptoms; they restore the vivacity and brightness of renewed health. They differ from all ordinary pills and medicines in that they are composed of valuable extracts from roots and herbs, and can always be relied upon to cure.

1/1½ per box, 2/9 large size.

BILE BEANS

Insurance Companies & Agents

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.

W. Freebairn & Co.

(SWORN VALUERS),

HOUSE & LAND

Agents,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE

Houses for Sale—small deposit; balance rent.

Rents Collected. Insurances Effected. Loans Negotiated. Commissions executed.

Valuations made. Auction Sales arranged

Agents for the Manchester Fire Assurance

Membrey & Deane

(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),

AUCTIONEER, ESTATE FINANCIAL and INSURANCE AGENTS, SWORN VALUER

(Telephone No. 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, Accidents 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 Rail Station.

NORTHCOTE & PRESTON AUCTION and ESTATE AGENCY.

Gordon Garrett & Co.,

533-535 High St., UPPER NORTHCOTE.

Near Thornbury Station.

Insurances Effected. Loans Negotiated. Rents Collected. Valuations Made

Auction Sales conducted any district

Plans and specifications of houses prepared

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.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer,

Sworn Valuer, Estate and Commission Agent,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Large List of Villas, Cottages, Shops, and Allotments.

Money to Lend Purchasers.

Valuations for Probate, Lodges, &c

Auctions Conducted.

Insurances of all kinds Effected.

Rent Collecting a Specialty.

Buildings Financed, Arranged, and Supervised.

Address: 295 High St., Northcote. Telephone, Northcote 54.

The Gresham

Insurance Co.

Local Agent:

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer, Etc.,

295 High Street, Northcote.

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).

Established 1821.

TOTAL ASSETS OVER 6½ MILLIONS.

INSURE WITH

Guardian Assurance Co. LTD.

Head Office: 452 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRE. ACCIDENT

Local Agent:

R. H. TAYLOR.

L. A. C.

ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer and Sworn Valuer, in Local Agent for the old-established

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION

Call on him at 295 High Street, Northcote, or Ring up Northcote 54.

A. A. BURGESS,

BUILDER,

12 STOTT ST., NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton station).

Houses Built to Order Anywhere. Only Skilled Workmen Employed. Best Materials Used.

Land purchased, and Finance arranged for, if required.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR BARGAINS

AT

J. W. MANKEY & CO.'S

DRAPERS, MILLINERS, & CLOTHIERS,

248-250 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE 248-250

Wonderful Showings and Rare Values now being offered in all classes of Goods for the Holiday Season.

Ladies' White Muslin Costumes

Linene Costumes

Blouses, Skirts, Sunshades, Fancy Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Trimmed Millinery.

Boys' and Men's Clothing, Hats, Ties, Shirts, &c

MANTELPIECES

TO BUILDERS AND THOSE ABOUT TO BUILD.

J. M. JOHNSTON & SONS

24 WATERLOO ROAD (off Bastings Street), NORTHCOTE

Desire to make it known that they are Manufacturers of MANTELPIECES of every description suitable for the Cottage or Mansion. Great Variety of Designs to choose from. Inspection cordially invited.

Give the Local Manufacturers a Trial.

You will find their Goods the Best and the Prices Right.

Ring up—Phone Northcote 309.

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/.

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.

NORTHCOTE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS,

SATURDAY, 14TH DEC., 1912

1. Open to Boys and Girls under 16 years of age, attending State Schools, Denominational Schools and Colleges.
Scholarships entitling holders to attend special course of instruction in full Business Course for 1 year free of charge.
Half-Scholarships.—Same as above at half usual fees.
2. Open to young people who have left school; those in business and anxious to improve their positions.
Scholarships entitling holders to attend classes in the evening receiving a full Business Course.
Half Scholarships.—Same as above at half usual fees.

We have Pupils who have attended Day Classes in the City, and their unanimous opinion is that they are learning as much in the evening under our system of instruction as they did at Day Classes, and so are able to "EARN WHILE THEY LEARN."

NO CLASSES. Absolutely Individual Tuition.

Application forms and all particulars with reference to Scholarship can be had either by post or personally.

Corner of Cunningham and McLachlan Streets, Northcote South.

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.

NURSE DONOHUE, "CLIFTON" PRIVATE HOSPITAL, 18 High Street, Northcote.

Midwifery Cases admitted and attended daily.

Every care and attention.

No connection whatever with Nurse Sparrow Telephone, Northcote 58.

NURSE HOOPER, "LILLIEVILLE" PRIVATE HOSPITAL, Darebin Road, Northcote.

Certificated and Trained Nurses available for Outdoor Practice.

Tel., Northcote 221.

NURSE HUNTER PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Reg.) Midwifery Patients.

Every Care and Attention. Moderate.

"Merna," 36 Gladstone Avenue, Northcote (near Croxton station).

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

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

Keep the Rain Off!

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

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.

HERR 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 T.C.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.

L. NIEHOFF, 292 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Pianos, Music, and Phonographs. Cash or Terms.

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

Announcements.

Hill's General Agency, 320 High St., Northcote (5 doors from Separation St).

Apartments To Let, Furnished or Unfurnished.

Board and Residence Arranged.

Registry Office for all kinds of Employment (always vacancies).

Secondhand Books Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

Splendid Assortment of Xmas Novelties, Post Cards, Stationery, Haberdashery, Latest Novels, etc., etc.

Stamps in any quantity.

House and Land For Sale. Insurances Effected.

Insurances Effected.

All Leading Papers and Periodicals on hand. Deliveries twice a day.

320 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (5 doors from Separation Street).

XMAS! XMAS! XMAS!

Miss A. Lewis,

360 QUEEN'S PARADE, NORTH FITZROY,

Has just opened a Large Assortment of New Goods for Christmas and New Year Gifts, including—Glassware, Vases, Dessert and Afternoon Sets Silver-Mounted Brushes and Combs Shaving Sets, Jewel Cases, etc.

Toys and Dolls in large varieties.

Also a large assortment of Xmas and New Year Cards and Stationery.

Open every evening for cards and stationery.

Weekly payments taken.

JOHN PHILLIPS M.R.V.S.,

VETERINARY SURGEON AND EQUINE DENTIST,

92 HARBY ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day Telephone Central 6904.

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Darebin Rd. Northcote. Phone, Northcote 965.

The Moa leaves All Others Behind!

Merson's Moa Cycle Works

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

COME!

Where the Tree Ferns Grow

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

Williams' New Continental Tea Rooms

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

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

Refreshments and Confectionery of all kinds.

REMEMBER—

WILLIAMS',

RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock! Small Prices! Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

PHONE 6974

Why should Ladies call at

The Regal

98 Smith Street

Near Pool St.

Because they can have a Nice Lunch or Afternoon Tea.

High-Class Pastry and Confectionery.

Why go to Melbourne for Xmas Presents?

PINK & SON

MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS,

Desire to intimate that they have on hand a large stock of beautiful Christmas Presents.

Every Article Manufactured on the Premises.

Weekly Payments taken.

REPAIRS of Every Description

241 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (opp. Theatre).

Licensed Buyer of Wrought Gold.

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 billetoffered 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, at Lowest Rates. The smallest as well as the largest jobs undertaken.

Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs. Telephone, Northcote 990.

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, DECEMBER 28, 1912 [Printed and published by the proprietors, E. 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.

Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,
65 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 REVIVED CHARCOAL.

Plumbers.

Phone, Northcote 66
Water Meters Fixed.

JOHN SHAW
(Licensed by M. & M. B. of Works),
GENERAL & SANITARY PLUMBER,
[illegible] St., Northcote.
[illegible]ater Connections
[illegible] Household Utensils Repaired.
Estimates Given for all Branches of the Trade.

Sand & General Carter
Manure, Garden Soil, Filling, Metal Screenings, Ashes, Gravel, Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.
Manager: T. JOHNS, "Hill View," Dundas Street, Preston.

Announcements

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 has equipped 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 and Collars 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.
Also at HIGH STREET
(in New Shop near Shire Hall)
NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK.
Magnificent Lot of LADIES' BAGS (imported direct).
Price and Quality Unsurpassed.

FONE NORTHCOTE 88 J.
THE FIXUS CO.
115 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE

PAINTERS
CARPENTERS
PLUMBERS
Fixers Of All Things About a House.....
ESTIMATES GIVEN

FRED. SMITH,
UP-TO-DATE HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST,
242 High Street, Northcote.
Cleanliness and Good Workmanship.
A Good Assortment of Smokers' Requisites.
Shaving Outfits. Fancy Goods.
Razor Setting a Speciality.

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

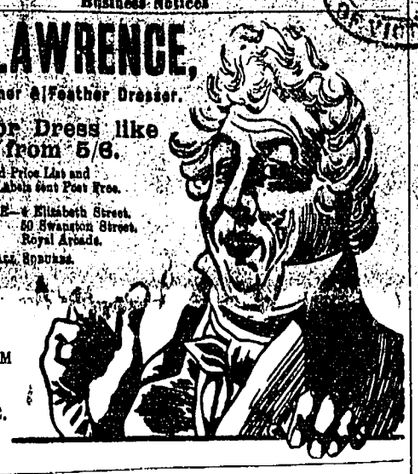
IF you are running an Entertainment of any kind, be wise and
ADVERTISE it thoroughly

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.

Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for persons dying contagious. Registered 1907.
W. G. APPS,
UNDERTAKER,
MOOR STREET, FITZROY,
Near Lebanon Palm Hotel,
And High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda.
Also Branch Burgundy Street, Heidelberg.
Tel. No. 80, Heidelberg Exchange.
Patent and every description of coffins 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.
Agents Required.

Offices & Works
CUNNINGHAM STREET,
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).

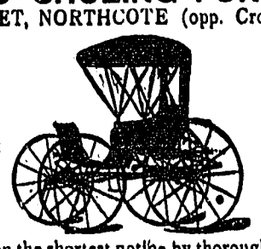
Landscape Gardening
Gardens Laid Out by Experts.
Also Kept in Order by Month or Year.
Terms Moderate.
C. JACKSON
249 CLARKE ST., NORTHCOTE

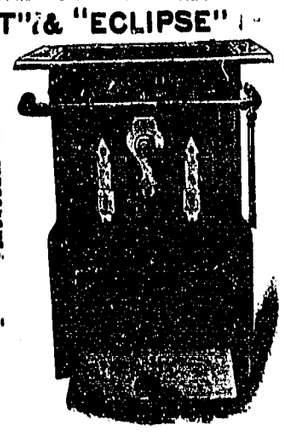
MISS E. COOPER, Hair Specialist, "Brixton," 274 McKean St., North Fitzroy. Weak and Falling Hair a Speciality (Electric Treatment). Head and Face Massage, Manicuring, Hair-Dressing, Cutting, and Shampooing. Combings made up. Tonics, Scalp, and Skin Foods highly recommended. Ladies attended at their own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

We make a speciality of Repairing Hopeless Breakages

[illegible]ially if they are Watches or Clocks. If we ca[illegible] repair your Watch or Clock, then it is useless to [illegible] elsewhere.
[illegible]ired so many Watches and Clocks that [illegible]at to do, and what not to do.
[illegible]bring your Watch or Clock here the [illegible] made.
[illegible]. to suit all sights.
WM. WALK[illegible] WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
95 High Street, Northcote South.

FARMERS AND GRAZIERS
Of Preston & Epping shires.
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

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 One 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 circumscribing the oven with a case or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combustion rendered complete.
Prices from £3 18s 6d.
Write for Catalogues.

Wallis Bros. & Co.
Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.
Phone, 6961 Central.
Manufacturers of the Famous "Bobs" Stoves, Cast Iron Dovetailed Washing Copper Frames, Cast-Iron Stoves (all kinds), & Ranges.

Xmas is Coming—And Shands are Getting Busy

¶ If You Want Your Xmas Suit made in the inimitable "Shand" style—with the perfectly sitting collar and fine broad shoulders—it is necessary to place your order NOW!
¶ We don't wish to disappoint YOU, but we can only turn out a definite number of orders between this and Xmas. Tailoring hands are like black diamonds—very rare—which makes it impossible for us to put on extra labor for the Xmas trade.
¶ We have some Ideal Xmas and Summer Suitings awaiting your inspection. May we have the pleasure of your inspection, or will you send name and address for patterns.
ARTHUR SHANDS
THE FASHIONABLE CLOTHES MAKER.
88 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE
Phone, Northcote 97

CARL OLDENBURG,
Saddle, Harness, and Collar Maker

Corner of High and Elm Sts., Northcote (Opposite Brickworks)
Has a Long Record as Manufacturing the Best Class of Goods.
Buggy Harness from £4 10s upwards. Gig Harness, £5 10s upwards. Dray Harness, £5 10s upwards. Collars from 12s 6d to 22s.
All Classes of Bags, Portmanteaus, and Braces kept in stock. Also Whips, Bits, Sponges, all Best Brands of Hames, Back Chains, Tug Chains, Plough Chains, Dressings by Best Makers, Axle Grease, and all other Stable Sundries kept in stock.
THE BEST [illegible] THE [illegible]
THE [illegible] ARE REASONABLE.
THE PRICES ARE RIGHT.

Grand Display of
CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES!
Come and Inspect our Windows.
Dolls, Pianos, Go-Carts, Rocking Horses, Motors, Antimony Boxes, Brushes, &c., suitable for Presents.
Splendid Stock of Useful Articles to select from.
We also make to order Tents, Blinds, Hammocks, &c.
—Why go further and pay more?—
E. A. HOSKING
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch
Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove).
Next meeting—December 26.
Open.
Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia. No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.
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—2nd January.
Juveniles meet every alternate Tuesday.
BENEFITS:
Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week.
Following 6 months, 10/ week
Afterwards during sickness, 5/- week.
Funeral—£20 at death of member.
£15 at death of member's wife (if insured).
FEES:
Benefit members, 1/- week upwards
Honorary members, 1/- quarter
Proposition Fee, 2/6
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary,
38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

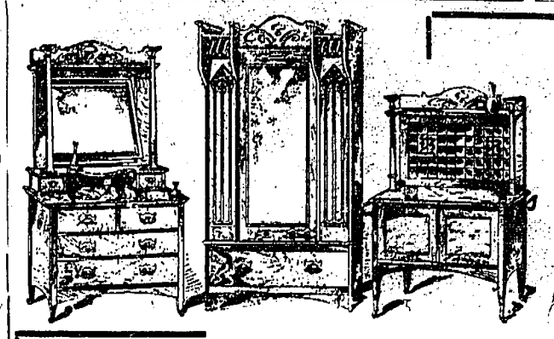
IF You have any FURNITURE that requires RE-UPHOLSTERING or RE-CANING, or if you want a NEW SUITE at Wholesale Price, call or write to J. ELDER, Upholsterer, Bruce Street Preston, who will promply attend to you.

Stud Notices

TROTTING STALLION,
RED CLOUD
(Registered)
The only High-Class STANDARD BRED Horse standing and travelling district.
Red Cloud (2.30) by Owhyee (2.11) ex Morella (2.24) champion breed mare of the State, dam of Royal Sovereign (2.20½).
Terms:—Two guineas at service, and 3 guineas when mare produces live foal. Write for cards.
C. RIDLEY,
Arburton Road, Northcote

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.

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
304 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.
Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.
FURNITURE REPAIRED.


Beautiful Bedroom Suite Only £25
The old adage that "the best is always the cheapest" is highly exemplified in the beautiful Bedroom Suite here illustrated.
An adornments to the room the unique design and decoration of the three pieces will be a constant pleasure to gaze upon.
This Suite is made in Walnut, Ash or Oak, free from split or warp, and consists of:—4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, with large bevelled plate glass, cut through pediment, and large drawer; 4ft. Toilet Table, with large bevelled plate glass, two jewel drawers, and four large roomy drawers; 4ft. Washstand with marble top, three inch tile back shelf, two enclosed cupboards, metal towel rails.
Every Furnishing Requirement can be seen at CLAUSCEN'S. An Illustrated Catalogue forwarded on request.
CLAUSCEN & CO.
FURNISHING ARCADE
194 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

Milk Suppliers.

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

Established 30 years.
London and Devonshire Dairy,
20 HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE.
Every Precaution taken that Sanitary or Veterinary Science can suggest to produce Pure Milk.
F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN.
Premises specially adapted for the business. Inspection of dairy invited.
Two Deliveries in Northcote only.
Your recommendation solicited.
Local agent for Talbot Milk Company.

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.

Announcements

E. W. INGHAM
Is successor to Mrs. McKinder at the well-known
HAM & BEEF SHOP
HIGH STREET, THORNBURY,
and will conduct the business on the same successful and popular lines.
All Goods stocked will be the Absolute Best
Scrupulous Care will be taken in regard to all Meats and Small Goods.
HINT TO HOUSEWIVES:
When the table is short of something tasty, something appetising, always remember
INGHAM'S

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.

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.

Matchless Tailoring!!!
If You Want to Look Your Best at Christmas, Consult
O'Brien & Down
Their Suits to Measure are
—Unsurpassed for—
Style, Fit, Quality and Price!
Call Without Delay.
253 Bourke Street, City.
284 Smith Street, Collingwood.

Every Business Man
Who has not a Standing Advertisement in this Paper is not giving his Business a fair chance.

Corner High Street and Woolton Avenue, Croxton
(Late J. Pugh's).
ALF. NORTON
Has Re-Modelled and Enlarged the premises and christened them as above, and intends living up to the name by
Stocking his Shop Completely with the Best Class of Goods, Selling at Fair Prices, Treating all with Civility, and Giving Every Attention to Customers' Requirements.
A Trial Order will be greatly esteemed.
SPECIAL
CONFECTIONERY DEPARTMENT
Under the supervision of Mrs. Norton. Choice Goods, Soft Drinks, &c.

CLEANLINESS and CONVENIENCE, ensuring COMFORT, CHEAPNESS, and EFFICIENCY, are the characteristic—conditions of COOKING WITH A—
GAS STOVE!

The Perfection of Roasting, Baking, Boiling, Grilling.
Simplicity of Working.
Heat Easily Regulated.
No Risk of Burning or Spoiling Materials.
Saves Time and Labor.
No Waste of Fuel.
GAS COOKERS can be obtained on hire at 1/6 month, or on Hire Purchase.
Small Deposit and Monthly Payments. Liberal Discount for Cash.
GAS IRONS, 4/6 each.
Appreciated and Recommended by Every User.
Full particulars on application.
METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY, 186 Flinders St., Melbourne
Phone 8163 (6 lines).

Tailors

H. C. Saunders,
Practical TAILOR,
269 High Street, Northcote.
It has been said—"Why doesn't Harry Saunders advertise more than he does" The reason is his fit, style and workm[illegible] speaks for itself.
The Latest Spring and [illegible] Patterns in stock.
LADIES' COSTUMES A S[illegible]

Plenty Rd. & Garnet St[illegible]
Arch Wilki[illegible]
TAILOR & MERCER,
Is now showing New Goods for the Spring and Summer Seasons.
A splendid range of New Suitings in all the latest shades to choose from. Straw Hats in the most Up-to-date Shapes. Fashion[illegible] Shirts in great variety. Hats, Ties, Collars, and Hosiery, etc., etc.
Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality

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

Dress and Fashion.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE,
High Street (opp. Town Hall).
MRS. SHIELS
(Miss Barry)
Is now making a Display of Up-to-Date and Smart Styles in
SPRING MILLINERY
at Moderate Prices, and will be pleased to see her friends and old customers at the above address.

DRESSMAKING.
MISS WRIG[illegible]
DRESSMAKER,
13 HERBERT ST., [illegible]
Late with Miss Wood, Wes[illegible]

MISSES MATHE[illegible]
COSTUMIERES
(Late of Flinders Street).
ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING in Latest Styles.
COATS and SKIRTS a Speciality.
241 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill (near Tram Terminus).

MRS. ROCK
Intimates that she has opened as a
MILLINER
in one of the New Shops next London Bank, High Street, Northcote.
Latest Styles in Spring and Summer Millinery.
If you want a useful becoming hat at a moderate price come in and see our selection.
You are sure to be satisfied both as regards price and style.
MRS. ROCK, HIGH ST., NORTHC[illegible]

MRS. BELCHER,
COSTUMIERE,
"BEATRICE," GADD ST., CROXTON.

Announcements

T. KERR,
PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER
76 and 328 Smith Street,
COLLINGWOOD

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Speciality.
Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.
REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
Tea and Coffee always ready.

FOR CATCHY & UP-TO-DATE
PRINTING
SEND YOUR ORDERS TO THE
Leader Office,
NORTHCOTE.

Church Notices

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.
Tuesday, 11.30 p.m., Watchnight service.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
Morning at 11.
Evening at 7.30.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
..ng, Rev. J. A. CROCKATT.
..g, Rev. R. W. ROCK.
..ble Classes will NOT meet.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. P. N. KNIGHT, B.A.
7 p.m., Mr. H. TRIGG.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. T. C. CARNE.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.
7 p.m., Rev. W. MOORE.

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

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Mr. C. HUTTON.
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. C. SPENCER

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. J. ORTON; 7 p.m., Rev. NICHOLSON
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. NICHOLSON; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE.
All Welcome.

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/.

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 quart.

20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
Evening Classes at the College.

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

NURSE DONOHUE,
"CLIFTON" PRIVATE HOSPITAL,
18 High Street, Northcote.

Midwifery Cases admitted and attended daily.
Every care and attention.
No connection whatever with Nurse Sparrow
Telephone, Northcote 58.

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

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

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

Public Notices.

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.

MELBOURNE NORTH PROVINCE.
NORTHCOTE DIVISION.

The General Lists for the above division are now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge until the day appointed for revision, at my office, at every Post Office within the division.

(Signed),
F. W. BRAIDING,
Registrar at 182 High St., Northcote.

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

Keep the Rain Off!
HAVE your Umbrella Re-Covered and Made to Look Like NEW at Mrs. PALMER'S, 287 High Street, Northcote. New Stock of Fancy Goods, Stationery, Post Cards and School Requisites.

Law

MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE
SOLICITORS
AND
CONVEYANCERS,
136 and 138 Queen Street (between Bourke and Little Collins Streets), Melbourne.
Private address: Mr. A. M. LONIE "Craigiclea," James St., Northcote.

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY
SOLICITORS,
PROCTORS,
CONVEYANCERS,
"THE OLDERFLEET" (First Floor),
No. 476 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, 343 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Tel. 853.
W. J. HOME, Commissioner for Victoria.
A. S. WILKINSON. Private Address—"Fyllingdales," King William St. Preston
LOCAL OFFICE: McGeorge's Agency, B gh St., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

FREDERICK HUGHES,
SOLICITOR, &c.,
Commissioner of Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits,
LEADENHALL CHAMBERS,
28 MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.
Residence: Station Street, Preston.

ROBERTS AND ELLIOTT,
SOLICITORS,
EQUITABLE BUILDING, 314 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.
[Telephone 2864.
Trust and other Money to Lend.
A. GLEN ROBERTS, M.A.,
H. E. ELLIOTT, L.L.B.,
Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits.
Private Residence: "Dairlada," Darebin Road, Northcote.

Professional

A. W. ANGIOR,
EYE-SIGHT SPECIALIST
(Optician by appointment to R.B.A.)
Experienced Expert in scientific objective methods of accurately and thoroughly testing the sight and muscular balance of the eyes, correcting by the skilful use of the most approved scientific optical instruments the most complex errors of vision. The above methods are invaluable with children, deaf or dumb people, or illiterates, in which cases answers to questions as by the ordinary subjective methods would be either impossible or unreliable.
High-Grade Rimmed and Rimless Spectacles and Eyeglasses made, fitted and adjusted. Moderate Charges. Personal Attention. Phone 8151.
117 COLLINS ST. EAST (near Independent Church), MELBOURNE.

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—
London House, 97 Elizabeth Street (1 door from Collins Street).
Telephone 4161.

LESLIE C. WEBSTER,
B.D.S., L.D.S.,
DENTIST,
Desires to announce that he has REMOVED to New Premises, THEATRE BUILDINGS, HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Evenings, 7 to 8.30.
Saturday afternoons, by appointment.

THOMAS WEBSTER,
L.D.S., M.A.C.D.,
DENTAL SURGEON.
Crown and Bridge Work a Speciality.
Only Address—
306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL
(Opposite Albert Hall.)
Trams Pass the Door. Phone, 6832J.

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.

W. STANLEY WILKINSON,
B.D.S. (Melb.), L.D.S. (Vic.)
D.D.S. (Penn, U.S.A.)
DENTAL SURGEON,
585 HIGH STREET, THORNBURY.
MONDAY and WEDNESDAY } 2 p.m. to 9 p.m.
FRIDAY, 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
And at 80 Collins Street, Melbourne, by appointment.

DR. DENTON FETHERS,
of 28 Collins Street, has taken up his residence in Spring Street, Preston (near the Preston Railway Station), where he may be consulted.
At Home: 9—11 a.m.
6—7.30 p.m.
Collins Street, 2—4 p.m.
Telephones: Northcote 361, Central 2057.

J. S. BARTLETT
has opened a
FLORIST'S SHOP
Opposite Methodist Church,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
And is prepared to supply all kinds of Plants and Cut Flowers.
Floral Orders for Weddings, At Homes, &c. supplied on shortest notice at lowest rates.

Xmas Sale of Millinery

MRS. HOLLAND

118, 120 and 122 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

Has opened a Great Variety of Untrimmed Hats in Chip, Tagel, Panama, and Pandan.

Chip Hats from 1/11
Panama from 6/11
Pandan from 1/6, suitable for holiday wear

Also Trimmed Hats, all shapes and prices.

Corsets from 1/11 to 17/6 to suit all figures

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Trimmed Millinery at Lowest Prices. Ladies' and Children's Untrimmed Straws in Newest Shapes.

Newest Neckwear to Suit All. See our Special Lines of Fancy Hosiery, Gloves, Veilings, Singlets, and Aprons.

We stock everything in Children's Woollen Goods

MRS. POWELL

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. ||| QUEEN'S PDE., CLIFTON HILL.

T. E. REDMOND,

Ironmongery, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant,

410 High Street, Northcote.

"Congo" Never-Leak Roofing Felt

Suitable for all kinds of Roofing, including Bungalows & Tent Flys.

In rolls 36in. wide by 24 yds. long. Each roll contains 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,	25/- per roll	CONGO DAMP COURSE	42 in. wide by 72 running feet
2-ply "	32/- "	9½ " " "	
3-ply "	40/- "	14 " " "	
Each roll contains 216 square feet.		18½ " " "	

FULL STOCK SEASONABLE DELICACIES.
Choicest Brands Western District Butter Chaff, Wheat, Maize, Bran, Pollard, etc
Leave us your address. We will be pleased to call for your order, deliver same promptly, and give you every attention
First Quality Goods throughout. Prices Right. Country Orders promptly despatched.
A Trial Solicited.

E. B. WIDDOWS, Up-to-Date Grocers, High St., Upper Northcote

Smart Spring Styles in Shoes

There's not a Shoe want of yours that cannot be adequately met by one or other of the many smart, up-to-date Spring styles in English, American, Continental and Australian Shoes we are now showing. Behind every Shoe we sell is our warranty of quality and good service. Your inspection is cordially invited, and places you under no obligation to purchase. Write for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide," free on request anywhere.

Robert Hurst

"The Home of Good Footwear,"
293A HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
All Suburbs, Ballarat, and Wonthaggi.
L H W.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28,

In the coming year Northcote should be able to realise its motto "From good to better things." The past year was one of record progress. New houses to the number of 421 were erected, the valuations increased by £15,600, the revenue from rates by £1779 and the population by 2301. With increased growth comes increased responsibilities, of course. This was shown by the fact that in preparing the annual estimates of receipts and expenditure the council never found it more difficult to "square the ledger," and at the same time provide a reasonable scheme of works for the town. The ratepayers at times got very impatient with the seemingly slow progress made, but perhaps it is as well to bear in mind the old adage that "Rome was not built in a day." Looking back over the past 20 years certainly vast improvements have been made. One pleasing feature to be noted is the improvement in High street, and it is certainly time that it came into its own as a leading business thoroughfare. The day must come when it must be another Smith or Chapel street. Some good business premises have been erected lately. Many more of an even better type are wanted, A great factor in the advancement of the street would be the installation of electric light, which from present appearances, we might anticipate in the near future. The new year should see a good improvement in the tramway service. Additional cars are being put on, and the largely increased wages should secure the services of the best men, who, with proper supervision should be able to keep the cars in as good a condition and give a service generally, well up to the high standard set by the M. T. and O. Co. It may be hoped that the last has been seen of the great dead works of drainage which, in recent years, have involved the town in an expenditure of over £25,000, when the always expanding resources of the town will be available for more reproductive works. A fine city is to be made of Northcote if only all will pull together, and it is to be sincerely hoped that this will be done.

A deputation from the Northcote town council, introduced by Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., waited on the Railway Commissioners on Monday to ask for several improvements in the service. The Commissioners replied that there were no cars available at present to provide extra trains in the morning as suggested. In regard to the request for a 9.26 p.m. train, the Commissioners pointed out that from a tally of the passengers travelling on the line between 8.40 and 9.40 from Princes Bridge it would appear that there was no justification for another scheduled train. They would, however, run the 10.26 p.m. Friday night train every night for the future. The question of periodical tickets would be looked into, and it was promised that consideration would be given to the question of providing access to Westgarth station from Cunningham street. The Commissioners regretted that there was no warrant for the construction of a subway at Northcote.

The estimates of receipts and expenditure of the Preston council, which have just been framed, provide for a rate of 2s in the pound, which is expected to bring in £4525 5s. Other items such as—Sanitary fees £375; licenses £169; Government endowment £650; meat supervision fees £250; tar paving £180; hall fees £140; and refunds from loan bring the total receipts up to £7467 12s. The principal items on the expenditure side are—Contracts in hand £720; sanitary service £350; supply of horses and drays £800; contingencies £210; salaries £807; lighting £300; meat supervision £230; law expenses £150; tar paving £200; interest and sinking fund on Loan No 1 £700; contribution to Fire Brigades Board £135; day labour £800; metal £650; rides money (east £50, central £50, west £100) at the rate of 2s in the pound was duly struck at the meeting of the

It looked like a good stroke of business when the council decided that the work of lifting the pitchers in the High street channel should be done simultaneously with the sewerage operations in the north ward, the idea being that the material from the latter work could be used in raising the bed of the channel, but things have not turned out as anticipated. Either through want of judgment or want of supervision, far too much material was deposited in the excavation, and the spectacle has been seen for many days of one man digging the stiff clay out again and another man with horse and dray carting it away. This sort of thing is especially regrettable in view of the difficulty in finding money to carry out necessary works.

NORTHCOTE PICTURE THEATRE

Throughout the holidays the above theatre has been well patronised. The matinees on Christmas Day and Boxing Day were largely attended, and on Christmas night there was a particularly good attendance. This is the first time in the history of the town that residents have been provided with indoor amusements during the holidays. The programme on Christmas afternoon and night was exceedingly appropriate, the feature picture being "The Life of Christ," which was realistically and impressively portrayed.

On Boxing Day an entirely fresh programme was submitted, with Pathe's star exclusive, "Kidnapped"—a tale of a sister's treachery and jealousy—as the chief picture. It is supported by a splendid and diversified collection of other popular and entertaining subjects, particulars of which are advertised.

Next week there will be the customary double change. On Monday an adaptation of Rider Haggard's novel, "Jess," and a superb "Hollandishe" sensation, "The Great Steel Secret," will form the chief attractions; whilst on Thursday "The Massacre at Santa Fe," a thrilling romance of the early days, will be the feature.

Special matinees are announced for this afternoon and New Year's Day.

The toy matinee last week was an immense success. Nearly 1000 toys, &c., were distributed, and those children who were disappointed were presented with a ticket entitling them to free admission to the matinee on Christmas Day or Boxing Day.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

The annual picnic and sports will be held at Yan Yean reserve on New Year's Day. Special trains and cheap fares have been arranged from the city, and an excellent programme has been provided for the entertainment of picnickers.

Ratepayers interested in the finances of the shire will find the annual statement of accounts on page 4 of to-day's issue.

Look Here, Old Chap!

You're a careless beggar about your Clothes, but it won't do. Get a decent-looking, well-cut Suit, and you'll look fifty per cent. better—and get on better, too.

¶ I know a place where they'll make you a tip-top Suit, and fit you well at a moderate price. You go and see them. The name is

WARDROP

The "Quality" Tailor,
Corner Smith and Johnston Streets,
COLLINGWOOD.

Have a look at their Hats and Mercery, too.

Localisms.

Owing to the holidays there will be no issue of the Leader next week. We wish all our readers a "Happy New Year."

On Christmas Eve High street, Northcote, presented a busy scene. The footways were crowded with people and almost every shop was full of customers. There appeared to be an immense trade doing in toys and Christmas gifts, and business generally must have been very good.

Taking the opportunity afforded by the festive season the members of the Fourth Estate who attend the Preston court on Tuesday (after Mr. Lonie had given the Bench the compliments of the season) presented Mr. I. Barrow with a smokers' outfit, Mr. J. S. Whalley, in making the presentation, said the idea of the Press representatives was to acknowledge Mr. Barrow's always friendly and genial attitude towards them, which they greatly appreciated.

We have received a copy of the Salvation Army Almanac for 1913, and we would like to say it is the most nationally suggestive, the most delightful Australian Almanac we have seen. The picture is of a splendid boy bending down a branch of glorious golden wattle blossom. Some sweet and beautiful verses by Mrs. Adjutant Parsons make a fit accompaniment to the the picture. On the whole it is about the finest tribute to our treasured national flower we can remember. Every home in Australia will have to be supplied before the people are done wanting these almanacs.

As advertised it is the intention of the Northcote Town Council, at a meeting to be held on the 13th January next, to strike a rate of 2s 3d in the pound on all rateable property within the town.

Master C. Forrester, who is leaving the employ of the Preston Council to take up a junior clerkship at Hawthorn City, was on Tuesday presented with a parting gift by his fellow officers in the form of a nice gun metal watch. Mr. Dean, shire secretary and engineer, made the presentation, and expressed the hope that Master Forrester would go on doing his best as he had done in the service of the Preston Council.

The Northcote Lyric is now open every evening under the direction of the Modern Enterprise Co., who have secured the services of Mr. E. C. Hickling as manager. An excellent programme is promised for to night, including a sensational drama entitled "The Convict Brand." On Monday the usual change of programme will be submitted, introducing Gaumont's dramatic production, "The Legend of Cagliostro."

The message of the spear, "Moora Neoya," an Australian production, will be the principal picture shown at the Thornbury theatre to night.

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

CORPORATION STAFF ENTERTAINED.

In accordance with a good mayoral custom the mayor (Cr. Johnson) on Monday evening entertained all the outside employes of the council, & asked the public works committee and the chairman of the finance committee to be present to give them an opportunity to see the class of men in the council's employ. After having partaken of the refreshments provided the mayor wished all the compliments of the season, and spoke generally on the conduct of the men and the work required by the council, and also referred to the death of an old employe, Mr. J. Walsh. Crs. Henderson, Redmond and McDonell also spoke, expressing their pleasure at being present on such an occasion. Mr. Swift, Mr. Howitt, Mr. Membray, and Mr. Charles Broadhurst replied, the latter, as the oldest employe, on behalf of the men. He stated that he was employed by the Northcote council when they only employed one man, viz., himself. After spending a social hour together the mayor and mayoress were thanked for their thoughtfulness, and when the company broke up each man carried away an Xmas cake (the gift of the mayor) to his wife.

On Monday evening the mayor invited the committee of the Northcote Fourth Estate association, who were entertained at dinner in the town hall. [illegible] hour was spent. Cr. Henderson proposed the toast of "The South Ward Ratepayers' Association," complimenting them on the good work they were doing in the south. The president (Mr. Bredin) replied. Mr. W. J. Dennis gave "The Town Council," and the mayor replied.

On Christmas eve the mayoress entertained at her home the choral singers of the Methodist Church, also the Salvation Army band, who had been discoursing appropriate music during the night.

Preston P.L.C.

The above met at the Rechabite hall, on Monday evening. There was a good attendance, Mr. Lewis, president, in the chair. Correspondence relating to the political outlook was submitted, and stimulated an animated debate. The announcement that two of the comrades were debarred from attending through ill-health impelled the president to impress on members the obligation of the fraternal side of the movement, viz., to visit the sick, and assist the distressed. Another prominent feature of the meeting was the nomination and election of members. It was humorously suggested that if the average was sustained, and the elections deferred to the limit allowed, the agitators' occupation would be gone. By way of diversion, it was decided to invade the municipal arena, when an aldermen from England will descant on the merits of municipal enterprise, as compared with neglected opportunities that are manifest here. Night schools, a branch of the Working Men's College, and other subjects, had to be adjourned owing to the protracted debates occasioned by the correspondence

Preston A.N.A.

The above held their usual meeting, the president (Mr. J. Parnell) in the chair. There were close on 100 members present, and three new members were elected and one proposed. The shooting for Mr. Jarvis' gold medal is to be on two meeting nights, and be a handicap shoot. Mr. Webster was presented with an 8-day clock for his wife, and an A.N.A. pendant for himself, for services rendered to the branch. He suitably responded, saying he hoped to do the same in South Australia as he had done in Preston. Mr. Douglas reported re proposed library fair, and it was decided to congratulate the school committee on their proposal re baths. The branch have an attractive syllabus for the half year, and the committee want the support of every member in carrying it out. The officers wish the members a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23.
Present: Crs Crispe (president), Robertson, Howe, Warr, Stanlake, Braithwaite, Paterson, Allchin and Bricknell.

CHIEF OFFICER LEE'S REMARKS.

Chief Officer Lee wrote forwarding copy of his sworn evidence before the wages board, showing what he actually did say in reference to a fireman's life. Received.

THE PIPE TRACK.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board wrote forwarding plan showing roadway along the pipe track.—Referred to the committee of the whole.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT ENGINEERS

G. A. Taylor, secretary of the Institute of Local Governing Engineers of Australasia, wrote expressing appreciation of the progressive spirit displayed by this council in connection with the attendance of their engineer at the recent annual conference. In permitting his attendance the council also gave a momentum to a movement which is directed for the betterment of Australian Local Government.—Received.

SEWERAGE EXEMPTION.

J. H. Thompson wrote asking to be exempted from sewering a loose box.

Cr. Bricknell moved and Cr. Howe seconded that the request be complied with, subject to the approval of the Board.

WATER EXTENSIONS.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote agreeing to an extention of the water in Elizabeth street, from Bell street north for [illegible]. The [illegible] estimated revenue was 3 1-8 per cent.

Referred to the committee of the whole, on the motion of Crs. Howe and Bricknell.

OFFER OF A TYPEWRITER.

The Smith Premier Typewriter wrote offering one of their machines for £28, £16 cash and balance at beginning of next financial year.

Cr. Allchin moved that a reply be sent that the council did not intend to go in for a typewriter this year.

Cr. Braithwaite said he thought they would be doing a wise thing to accept the offer. If they did not go in for a typewriter they would not be toeing the mark of progress. The smallest businesses now found them beneficial. He moved an amendment that the offer be referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Stanlake seconded.

Cr. Allchin said he was the one who first recommended that a typewriter be purchased; but the council, having already decided against it when considering the estimates he could not support the motion.

The amendment was lost, and the motion carried.

RENEWAL OF LICENSES.

J. C. Hutton, Sterling Soap Co., John Adams, W. H. Thompson, J. Bryant, G. Alexander, wrote applying for renewal of their noxious trade licenses. Referred to the inspector for report.

NEW SUBDIVISION.

E. Bailey wrote forwarding for approval new plan of subdivision of land at corner of Flett street and Plenty road.—Referred to engineer.

WEIGHBRIDGE PERMIT.

J. Kellan wrote stating he proposed to put down a weighbridge in connection with his business in High street, and asking permission to be allowed to make it a public weighbridge.—Referred to the committee of the whole with power to act, on the motion of Crs. Howe and Warr.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Mr. Dean reported receipts for the fortnight £29 16/8, and overdraft £1883 18/7.

INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Mr. Daye reported in connection with W. Braithwaite's application for approval of his premises under the Factories Act, that the place was in good [illegible] approved.

MEAT INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Mr. Howse reported having inspected and branded for the fortnight carcases of meat as follow:—Cattle 78, sheep 1124, pigs 678.

JUNIOR CLERK.

The Secretary reported that four applications had been received for the position of junior clerk.—Referred to the committee of the whole on the motion of Crs. Stanlake and Bricknell.

REQUIREMENTS AT STATE SCHOOL

Cr. Howe reported that Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., and Mr. Evans, M.L.C., had introduced a deputation consisting of the president and himself to the Minister of Education regarding the condition of things prevailing at the South Preston State School, and to which attention had been called at last meeting. Mr. Billson affected to be very much surprised at what he heard, and that the matter had been allowed to drift on as it had. He said the matter of the water supply would be attended to at once, and the sewerage of the school would also be attended to, the probability being that it would be dealt with as a work of urgency, and not sent to the Works Department.

The President said action had already been taken in the direction of giving the school a proper water supply. Regarding the sewerage of the school, Mr. Billson was thoroughly in sympathy with them, and said the matter would probably be attended to during the holidays. So they had done some good in getting the Department to move in these matters. The thanks of the council were due to Mr. Membrey for the fact he displayed in getting the matter before the Minister in the manner he had done.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Bricknell drew the engineer's attention and the inspector to the boxthorn hedges overgrowing the footpaths in Dundas street.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £77 13/4 be passed for payment.—Adopted.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

The report was submitted by Cr. Allchin (chairman) recommending:—

1. That accounts amounting to £241 1/1 be passed for payment.—Adopted.

HALL COMMITTEE.

Cr. Bricknell (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. Letter, Preston Library Committee, requesting free use of hall for bazaar 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th May, 1913.—That the request be granted.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

Cr. Howe (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. Re Estimates 1912-1913.—It is resolved that the council do approve and adopt the estimate submitted, showing, as detailed therein, that the sum of £7457 12/0 is required for the several purposes in respect of which the council is authorised to expend the same; that the net annual value of property assessable in the Shire of Preston is £15,202 10/0, and that a general rate of two shillings in the pound is necessary to raise the required sum of £7457 12/.—Deferred for consideration with orders of the day.

2. Letter, Town of Brunswick, re flock manufacturing.—That the City of Brunswick be informed (1.) that there are no flock factories in Preston; (2) therefore there is no council By-law dealing with boiling of rags to be made into flock.—Adopted.

3. Letter, Stott and Bastings, re condemned house in Wood street.—The house is not to be inhabited until renovated to the satisfaction of the Shire building surveyor, and the health officer.—Adopted.

4. Letter, London Bank, Fitzroy, re drainage of land Plenty road and Wilcock street.—That the bank be informed that the original resolution of the council must be adhered to.—Adopted.

5. Letter, J. Adams and Co., re additions to licensed premises in Oakover road.—That the request be granted.—Adopted.

6. Letter 680, M. and M. Board of Works, re water reticulation in Edwardes street.—That the Board be informed that the council do not require any fire plugs, and they will execute a deed indemnifying the Board against action for trespass; and the council will undertake to defray the cost of relaying the pipes should any deviation of the street or alteration of the levels, etc., hereafter necessitate such work, providing that Mr. Thomas D. Edwardes will execute a similar deed and undertaking with the council.—Adopted.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

Cr. Howe moved, in accordance with notice given, that a rate of 2s. in the pound be struck, and that Mr. J. A. P. Ham be authorised to collect same.

MARRIAGES.

On the 4th of December, at the Methodist Church, High street, Northcote, a pretty wedding was celebrated. The Rev. P. Knight joined in matrimony Mr. J. William Malmberg, of Clifton Hill, to Florence L. Hannah, second daughter of Mr. M. Hannah, M.L.A., of Northcote. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory duchesse messaline trimmed with silk applique, the train trimmed with orange blossom and lovers' knots. She wore the customary wreath and veil, and carried a shower bouquet of carnations, lilies and perennial [illegible] the wreath being the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Lily Hannah and Miss Ruby Malmberg, sister of the bridegroom, who wore dresses of white embroidery and carried bouquets of pink roses. The best man was Mr. Victor Malmberg, and the groomsman, Mr. Ernest J. Hannah. The church was prettily decorated by the girl friends of the bride. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a gold pendant set with pearls and aquamarines; the bride to the bridegroom, a travelling rug. The bridesmaids wore pearl spray brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. Afterwards a reception was held in the Collingwood town hall, about 100 sitting down to the wedding tea. The usual toasts having been honored, the happy couple left to spend their honeymoon at Lorne.

HOWE—BROADHURST.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Wednesday, 18th December, at All Saints' Church, Preston, when William B., eldest son of Cr. J. P. and Mrs. Howe, of "Rainhamville," Regian street, Preston, was married to Sue, second daughter of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Broadhurst, of "Congleton," Murray road, Preston. The vicar of the church, Rev. Eva, conducted the ceremony and the choir assisted in the musical portion of the service. The church had been very daintily and appropriately decorated by the friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charming gown of charmeuse satin with trimmings of real lace and orange blossom, and wore an elaborate wreath and veil and carried a sheaf of Madonna Lilies. Miss Elsie Broadhurst, sister of the bride, officiated as bridesmaid, and was frocked in a becoming gown of maize satin charmeuse, with an overdress of ninon trimmed with band made of [illegible] roses. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of pink sweet pea and asparagus fern. Mr. Harry B. Howe acted as groomsman. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Congleton," the residence of the bride's parents, where the guests subsequently sat down to a wedding tea served in a marquee which had been beautifully decorated. The usual toasts were honored and the company was entertained with a musical evening, the many songs and [illegible]rous stories being well rendered. The happy couple subsequently left amidst the [illegible]-wishes of those present for their honeymoon, which is being spent in the [illegible]. The presents were:—Father of bride, mother of bride, house linen; bridegroom, dinner service; mother of bridegroom, pictures; Mr. and Mrs. Burchell, clock and jam dish; Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], fruit service; Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], salad bowl; Mr. Thorpe [illegible], silver sugar scuttle; Mr. and Mrs. Broadhurst, cutlery; Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] (Sydney), oil painting; Miss Dean, silver [illegible]; Mr. Davis, cut glass salad bowl; Mrs. Matthews and Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, silver hot water jug; Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, silver entree dish; Mr. and Mrs. Allchin, silver butter basin; Misses N. and R. Howe, [illegible]; Miss D. Howe, jardiniere; Misses L., C. and Master Ted Broadhurst, silver salt cellars; Mr. H. Howe, copper fender and fire irons; Master F. Broadhurst, palm stand; Mrs. Harris, tea cosy; Mr. and Mrs. Bailey (Sydney), picture and tray cloth; Mr. G. Howe, velvet pile tablecloth; Mr. and Mrs. Olney, silver butter dish; Misses M. and R. Hardess, tea set; Mrs. and Miss Zwar, salad bowl; Mr., Mrs., and Mr. E. Hull, pair vases; Mrs. and Miss Atherton and Mrs. Brumfitt, ornament; Mr. and Mrs. Hourigan, bronze ornament; Mr. H. and Miss Barwood, afternoon tea set; Misses F. and R. Bailey (Sydney), table centre; Mr. W. and Miss Rowe, silver butter cooler; Miss White, oil painting; Misses F. and O. Sterry, oak pedestal; Mrs. Body, silver serviette rings; Messrs G., N., and Miss Embleton, case fruit knives and forks; carrying shop and Japan shop hands of Messrs J. P. Howe and Co., silver teapot; Miss Broadhurst, silver cruet; Mrs. Murray, wicker chair; Mrs. Harvey, canary; Mr. and Mrs. Brooker (Sydney), clock.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Terrific Head and Back Pains.

Bile Beans a Safe and Sure Remedy.

Mrs. E N. Campbell, of 7 Rae Place, Woolloomooloo, Sydney, says:—"Severe attacks of dyspepsia made me very down-hearted and disinclined for work. I suffered greatly with wind round the heart and stab-like pains in back. Every time I would breathe I would gasp, the pain was so acute. My liver became sluggish, which caused me to have awful headaches. I dreaded riding in trams or any conveyance, the vibration causing terrific head pains. Frequently I had attacks of dizziness and two or three years ago these were so bad that I fell down in the street. General debility caused me awful suffering and my life became intolerable.

"I was tired of experimenting with various so-called cures and remedies, for nothing which I took gave me any relief. However, I commenced a course of Bile Beans, which was the starting point of my lost health being restored to me. Bile Beans quickly banished the headaches and pains in the back, and roused my liver to normal activity. In a short time the flatulence had ended and I was able to get about without fear of dizziness or painful symptoms. I regularly took Bile Beans until all my ailments had gone, I was freed from debility, and once more I enjoyed the best of health. Since Bile Beans cured me I have never had any return of my old troubles."

Bile Beans banish headache, piles, liver trouble, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, debility, stomach disorders, anæmia and female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores.

A cautious old Scotch farmer was about to select a day for advertising the sale of his crop of growing grain.

"I wish," said he to the auctioneer, "that we may have a good breeze at the auction"—only he called it a 'roup.'

"A good breeze," said the auctioneer, "What can a breeze have to do wi' a roup?"

"Mair than ye imagine," replied the farmer. "When grain's wavin' wi' a good breeze, it looks a heap thicker—they see the same heads twa-three times."

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH

ITS MISSION FULFILLED.

The object for which this church came into existence having been achieved, it was decided by its members that the time was now fitting to discontinue its services, and to close the church. The final service was conducted by Mr. Bredin on Sunday, 15th inst., and on Monday evening a social was held, and the final gathering of the members and their friends took place. The hall was crowded. Apologies were received from Mrs. Moodie, Mr. Membrey, and Mr. Sinclair. After a few musical items and recitations had been disposed of, Mr. Watt reviewed the work of the committee. He stated that when Mr. Ferguson was suddenly called away, a few of the members of his congregation took upon themselves the charge of his widow and two young children, and felt bound in duty to save them—as far as possible—from all worldly anxieties. To do this the committee found that it had to entirely depend on the kindness and goodwill of Mr. Sinclair, who took the pulpit and Mrs. McCaughey, who officiated at the organ. Mr. Sinclair, on [illegible] was succeeded by Mr. Bredin, [illegible] by Mr. C. Timming, Mr. W. [illegible] Mr. Membrey. To the [illegible] the members of the church [illegible] vey their most hearty [illegible] thanks. On behalf [illegible] he thanked [illegible] who have [illegible] wife and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MONA'S XMAS PLEDGE.

By Jeannie M. Mackay.

CHAPTER I.

'Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.'

Chill December, the midnight of the year with its shortest days and gloomy nights, ruled the land; darkness without but brightness and joy within, for it was Christmas Eve.

But the night was not dark, although it was Christmas Eve, for the broad full moon shone over moorland and meadow, throwing a ghostly light on the faces of the snow-clad hills and the cliffs, which cast their shadows on the glittering waters of the Mere. The Mere, a sheet of shallow water, was situated at the foot of a green valley and rolling uplands and lofty hills.

About a mile above the Mere, where the valley spread out into a broad tract of country, stood the village of Greenholm. To the right were stretches of agricultural land; to the left the park and the stately old mansion of Ellesmere.

To-night Ellesmere was ablaze with light from basement to attic, and a dusky glow pervaded the terraces, penetrating into even the bosky recesses of the park. Behind the house, with its terraces and gardens, gathered a dark half-circle of moorland and hills. The high ground and tops of the hills were covered with snow, but the lower part was black, with here and there the twinkling light of some farmhouse or cottage.

In one of the old-fashioned rooms of Ellesmere sat Lady Maxwell, dressed in black. She was a stately dame, verging on sixty, whose straight, unbending figure was in perfect keeping with the stiff, high-backed chairs and spindle-legged furniture which the room contained. She sat with her hands clasped on her lap, and her eyes fixed on the wood-fire burning in the grate. While time had left her some traces of youthful beauty, it had also brought into prominence the hard lines about her mouth, and had done nothing to soften the hauteur of her grey eyes.

"Jane," said Lady Maxwell, addressing her maid, who had entered the room, "has my grand-daughter descended to the drawing-room?"

"When crossing the hall I saw Miss Mona talking to Master Claude."

Jane was an old and privileged servant, who considered herself almost one of the family.

Lady Maxwell smiled complacently, and with her jewelled hand smoothed the rich folds of her silk dress as she asked:

"Do you think she is fond of her cousin Claude?"

Jane coughed ominously, and looked as if she knew a great deal, but whatever she knew she apparently determined to keep to herself.

"Miss Mona was always a fanciful child," she said, "and, to be sure, there is no accounting for tastes; but she is certain to love Master Claude in time."

Lady Maxwell drew her thin lips together.

"Love him!" she repeated; "love is a dangerous thing for one in Mona's position to dally with. The men of our house have always subordinated their feelings to the material welfare of our race, have never been led away by any silly sentiment, but have married according to their rank. Mona must marry Claude. He will adopt our name in addition to his own. With the union of the two properties a new era will dawn on the Maxwells of Ellesmere."

Meanwhile, where was Mona, the granddaughter of Lady Maxwell, and the object of her solicitude?

While the above dialogue was taking place she might have been seen gliding down the grand staircase—a dark cloak thrown over her light dress—out by a side door, and across the moonlit lawn. She walked rapidly along a footpath until she came to where a gnarled oak, many centuries old, spread its leafless branches over the damp ground.

Leaning against the trunk of the tree was a young man. He took a step or two forward to meet her, and held out both hands.

"Mona, darling, I did not expect that you would be able to meet me to-night."

"It is Christmas Eve, Frank, and I would not break a Christmas promise," said Mona, in a sweet, musical voice.

Frank drew her closer to his side.

"All your rich and high-born guests at Ellesmere have not made you forget me?"

"No, Frank," she answered simply. "Why should I forget you? I do not wish to do so."

"My darling, I doubt if I am acting rightly in meeting you unknown to Lady Maxwell, winning your love in this clandestine manner. I do not fear for myself, but for you, Mona, for these delightful meetings of ours have never yet been darkened by a cloud, and we know that love is sometimes doomed to mourn."

"Not our love, Frank," she said with a sweet smile. "But why talk so strangely to-night? Surely you are not jealous, or dream even that I could bestow my love on another?"

"No darling, I am loved too well. Perhaps if you were to become coquettish and wilful, jeer and flout my love, it might make me laugh and be merry," he replied, looking fondly at the girl at his side.

A ripple of bright, silvery laughter escaped the lips of Mona.

"Then I shall dance at the ball to-night with all the young men, and flirt with cousin Claude, and perhaps you will be jealous, although you won't see me."

"Do, darling, enjoy yourself, for I know that your heart is mine."

"I do wish you were coming to the ball, Frank."

"What would a poor scholar like me do in such a brilliant scene? Your rich friends would turn their backs on me. Outside, under the canopy of heaven, we are equals; in the ballroom you would be the Lady Ellesmere, and not the Mona I love."

"But some day, Frank, you will have to see grandmother."

"Yes, darling, but we must wait until I have done something, made a name for myself, then I will return and claim my bride."

"Oh, Frank, you are not going away," said Mona, drawing closer to her lover.

"I must, dear. In a few days I leave for Edinburgh. I have already lingered too long, and every hour that I stay here delays the day of my return."

"Then go, Frank, but do not think that although you are absent I will forget you. I shall count the days and nights until you return."

Frank bent down and pressed kisses on her burning cheek.

"Darling, although I am absent you will ever be present in my mind, and your sweet face will remain in my memory, and nerve me to face difficulties and to conquer. You see the feathery flakes of snow are falling round us, so soft, so pure, and white, but not all their whiteness and purity can match the love I have for you. Mona, your highborn friends may point to me, and I will know that, like the birth, but not the proudest of them can love you with a greater love than mine."

Mona drew back a little from her lover and looked into his face. The flakes of snow were falling on his dusky hair and dark clothes.

"I could not love a man for either his rank or his wealth," she said; "but I love you, Frank, for yourself. Take this rosebud; it is a Christmas rose which I pulled for you; its rich petals are the fit emblems of our love. Keep it until you cease to love me, and when that day comes send it back tome, and I will know that, like the rose, your love has withered."

The young man took the rosebud and kissed it.

"Cease to love you! That will be when I cease to live."

The snow was now falling faster and thicker, festooning itself on the branches of the trees and spreading a white covering over the ground. But the two lovers still lingered, for love is loth to part, especially when the parting may be for years. At length Mona tore herself from her lover's arms, and walked slowly back toward the house through the falling snow.

Frank Russell stood beside the trysting tree and watched her figure disappear: for he dared not approach nearer the house lest he should be seen, and he would not have the breath of scandal fall on his darling. He was but a teacher, a nameless and unknown man, while she was the heiress of Ellesmere. Love has frequently little regard for reason or the fitness of things, and the love of Frank and Mona had sprung up, and grown to unusual strength. For nothing adds so quickly to the passion and feeds its flame so readily as stolen interviews and secret meetings.

Frank remained where he was for a few minutes, when a tall man, wearing a dark ulster, emerged from beneath the trees and came up to his side. Looking up in his face, he asked:

"Who are you, and what are you doing here at this hour?"

"I was merely walking through the park," he said, with some hesitation.

"That can do no possible harm," answered Claude. "But a stormy night, a lonely part of the park, snow falling thick, is hardly the time or place that even a romantic schoolmaster would choose for a walk."

There was something in his tone which caused Frank to pause before answering.

The fact was that Claude had seen Mona and Frank meet, and had also overheard their conversation. On more than one occasion had he done this, and knew the relationship in which they stood to each other. Claude was not bad in any sense of the word. He was [illegible] proud, but rather good-natured. He loved his cousin Mona, and the thought that she had given her heart to this low-born teacher, his inferior in position, in everything, rankled in his breast; and when jealousy enters the mind of man or woman it changes the nature.

"I confess my behavior does seem strange," said Frank, beginning to move away.

"What if I were to tell you that your excuse is worthless, that, in fact, you came here to meet my cousin Mona?"

His secret was out, and all its consequences rushed through the mind of Frank; but the overbearing tone of Lindsay grated on his ears, and he said hotly, "I am not obliged to answer to you for my actions."

"In this instance you are, for I am the nearest living male relative of Mona," returned Lindsay. "Such meetings can only end in unhappiness and dishonor."

His last words aroused the anger of Frank.

"Miss Maxwell's honor is as safe in my keeping as yours," he returned. "True love never injures the object of its love; it is when passion adopts the name and disguise of love that dishonor follows."

"Your distinctions are too fine," returned Claude; "but all this tomfoolery is of no use, this boy and girl romance will not stand the test of time. Besides, even if it were to do so, the relations of Mona would never consent to her marriage with you."

"Mr. Lindsay, I am willing to believe that you have the welfare of your cousin at heart, and that you are interested in her, for how can you be otherwise? But she loves me. I leave in a few days to carve out a career for myself in the world; when I have succeeded I will return and claim my bride, and not all her relatives can prevent our marriage."

His contemplated absence was welcome news to Claude, as before his return many things might happen. If he could only succeed in throwing some discredit on Russell, in creating a quarrel before he left the district, all might come right. Under ordinary circumstances Claude Lindsay would have scorned acting a dishonorable part, but where love is concerned a man will do many things from which he would otherwise shrink.

"I give you credit for being sincere," returned Lindsay. "But fortunes and reputations are not made in a day; the heart is apt to become hard in the process, and love is crushed out. But go your way. Your secret is safe with me; I will do nothing to injure Mona."

He did not say, however, that he would do nothing to injure her lover.

In silence the two men walked through the trees until they came to an open space from which they beheld the light shining from the windows of Ellesmere House, when Lindsay stopped abruptly.

"I know what you desire most," he said. 'It is to see Mona once again before you go."

Frank looked up quickly, and turned his longing eyes towards the lighted windows, but did not speak.

"You shall see her," continued Lindsay. "Return home, dress yourself, and meet me here at eleven. Dancing will have commenced, and I will introduce you to the ballroom, where you will see Mona, the queen of the ball."

"Do you mean fairly in this?" asked Frank, who was inclined to look upon the offer as a generous one.

"I do," returned Claude, but had it been daylight Frank would have seen his eyes gleaming.

"No harm can come to Mona?"

"None!" answered Lindsay, and again his eyes gleamed.

For a few moments Frank hesitated, then said:

"I believe you mean well. This is Christmas Eve—to Christians it ought to be the most sacred of all nights of the year. A promise given or a pledge made to-night is ten times more sacred than if made at any other time. You would surely not act a base part toward your cousin Mona; I will trust you."

They shook hands and parted. Claude returned to Ellesmere, while Frank sped across the snowy landscape to his home, delighted that he would again have the chance of seeing his love and hearing her speak

CHAPTER II.

The ballroom at Ellesmere was a grand old room, within whose walls many a brilliant company had assembled, and many fair couples on many festive eves circled in the mazy dance over the smooth surface of its polished floor. The company who gathered there on this Christmas Eve comprised the rank and wealth of the district and the best families of the county.

There were many fair girls there whose youthful charms required no art to adorn, others in the glory of their womanhood, decked with satin and jewels. But few of those present could compare with Mona, the peerless lady of Ellesmere. Hers was not a beauty of face and feature, but rather of the heart and mind. Those beauties of the heart softened the light in her eyes, rendered her smile more sweet, and her gentle bearing had won the affection of her inferiors and endeared her to all.

She had opened the ball with Sir Walter Elliot, danced with her cousin Claude various times, and, indeed, had rarely missed a dance. Fond of dancing, even the absence of Frank cast no cloud on her enjoyment.

Absent did we say? not so; but leaning against the wall in a corner was the tall, slim figure of the schoolmaster; for Claude Lindsay had kept his promise and introduced him to the ballroom, and he stood there in the shadow watching Mona.

He saw her enjoying the dance with all the enthusiasm of youth. He saw her smile, heard her voice, and the ripple of her silvery laughter. No one in the room appeared in better spirits or enjoyed the dance more, and Frank could not help thinking that Mona did not feel his absence deeply.

He saw her surrounded by the titled and wealthy of the county, men who would not recognise or look at him. He felt the great gulf that lay between his position and that of Mona. Nor did he like her so well in the ballroom, for there she was the lady of Ellesmere—surrounded by the pomp and rank of wealth—and not the sweet maiden of his love. Farther and farther she seemed to drift apart from him, wider and wider grew the gulf that separated them, until in his mind it seemed he had only come there to learn his own littleness and that Mona could be happy without him.

At this moment Claude Lindsay came and stood at his side.

"I will go now," said Frank in a hoarse voice. "I have seen enough."

Claude saw from the look on his companion that his scheme was likely to bear fruit, and he answered:

"You must speak to Mona. You know I promised you an opportunity. See," he said, "cross to the other side of the room and you will meet her as she enters from the supper-room."

Frank did as desired, and he saw Mona leaning on the arm of a Captain Jamieson, whom rumor said was the greatest profligate and scamp in the county. He saw her looking up into the man's face and smiling. Unable to control his feelings longer, Frank stepped forward into the light and confronted them.

At the unexpected sight of her lover Mona disengaged her arm from that of Captain Jamieson.

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, taking a step forward and holding out her hand, while the color mounted to her cheeks.

Her words rose above the hum of conversation around, and all eyes were turned on the two. At the same instant Mona realised that she had imprudently shown her love for this man. The pride of her race gathered on her brow, and she drew back with a hauteur which Frank had never before observed in her behavior.

It confirmed his own thoughts. Surely his Mona, his idol had been making a fool of him, and clasping his hands to his face he rushed from the room.

Not all the tact of Lady Maxwell could hide the significance of the incident nor cover the confusion of her granddaughter. Mona fled to her own chamber, and neither the entreaties nor commands of her grandmother could induce her to return to the ballroom.

Next morning she appeared with swollen eyes and pale cheeks, telling of a night of tears and sleeplessness.

Lady Maxwell, having learned from Claude that the schoolmaster had left the district, never again directly alluded to the incident, but kept a close watch on the girl's movements.

During the weeks and months that followed Claude was assiduous in his attentions to Mona; but the absent Frank never wrote or sent her the least token to indicate that he lived. When Lindsay saw her drooping and pining, withering like a flower from which the sap had been withdrawn, he felt regret and remorse for the mean part he had played.

Another Christmas Eve was approaching, and Mona seemed to become brighter and happier, but when he sought to whisper words of love in her ears, she turned away, saying:

"No, Claude, it cannot be. I promised Frank, and with his own lips he must dissolve that promise—with his own hands restore my Christmas pledge.' And Claude was silenced.

But time never stays its footsteps, and months rolled on until Claude could bear it no longer. "Mona," he said, one day, "I will find Frank Russell if he is alive."

CHATER III.

Leaving the breezy uplands and snowclad hills of the border, we find ourselves in the smoky atmosphere of an Edinburgh street, amidst the bustle and hurry of city life. 'Tis here we must seek the student, where fortunes are made and lost, reputations, either good or bad, sought and lost.

In a dingy, dark street, in a barely-furnished and commonplace looking room, we find Frank Russell. Darkness has set in, the shutters are closed, the gas is lighted, and Frank sat in his armchair gazing at the rising and falling fire. There was little in the room that was interesting and less that was pleasing to the eye; but Frank was oblivious to everything—he appeared lost in some day-dream or trance. The visions which flitted across his mind were pleasant; for a smile crossed his lips and spread over his pale features.

Frank had come to Edinburgh with high hopes, and with his whole soul entered into the struggle. He had studied hard, tried desperately to win that position which would enable him to claim Mona as his bride—to bridge over the gulf which separated them, and which his sensitive and imaginative nature had exaggerated and enlarged. But he had discovered that the road to fame was steep and hard to climb. He had never written to Mona for he feared lest the impression created at the ball was true, and that she did not love him, and without a belief in her love he could not have struggled on. But on the day that he achieved success he would claim the redemption of her promise. It was doubtful, however, if the sun would ever rise on that day; for ill-health had overtaken him, and Frank sat in his armchair, disheartened, broken-spirited, and weary, showing traces of the conflict in his pale, sickly features and thin, waxen fingers.

His weakness had now become apparent to himself, for he could only work a few hours, and that to little purpose, and the day of success was farther distant than ever.

To-night he had forgotten the present altogether in one of those strange moments peculiar to certain natures, when the mind travels back to the past and some scene is reproduced as vividly as if it were being enacted over again. Frank was enjoying one of those brief moments of oblivion, and a happy smile stole over his wasted features and kindled a new hope in his heart.

He stood once more by the trysting tree at Elesmere, with Mona by his side. The snow was falling soft and pure as it had done on that Christmas Eve when she had given him the rosebud, the pledge of her love. But near them was a dark and turbulent river, in whose current great black masses seemed to float, and over it hung a thick mist which the eye could not penetrate, and the water appeared to roll on and on into space. And it seemed to him he handed back the faded rosebud to Mona, and that she took it and smiled, yet the tears ran down her cheeks.

And now she faded from his sight, and darkness fell upon him, and he felt himself borne across the rushing river, and he could hear the water gurgling beneath; when, lo! a bright light burst on his sight, and he stood before the lofty portals of a great and mighty city. The walls were of marble, the gates of pearl, with bars of gold. They opened at his approach and he was borne within amidst a joyous and happy throng. They led him on through stately streets, by noble buildings, great palaces and lofty temples, with pillars of gold and arches that flashed like diamonds. The sweetest music floated on his ears like a thousand lutes blending their most ravishing notes, and there was a radiant glow of light all round, and yet he saw no sun. But he saw a magnificent country with mighty rivers and great lakes, a lovely landscape, green and fertile; fruit trees lovelier than the orange, and richer than the clustering vine; flowers, sweeter and purer than the lily or the rose, or any other which decks the earth.

While he was gazing in wonder on their living beauties, a voice whispered in his ear:

"Rest here till Mona comes!"

He glanced away backward and saw the river with the mist hanging over it, and he knew it was the dark stream separating the present life from the future.

But a sharp ring at the door-bell sounded through the house; it dispelled the bright vision, recalling him to his bare room, with its hideous papering and ugly pictures.

A few minutes later Claude Lindsay entered the room. The sight of this man, so intimately connected with Mona, was a shock to Frank in his weak and nervous state, and for a moment he was doubtful if his imagination was deceiving him.

The great change in Frank startled Claude. When he saw him scarcely able to stand and his legs trembling beneath him, the tears gathered in his eyes, and his own mean conduct appeared in a ten times worse light.

He sat down, and in shamefaced sentences confessed his deceit. But if Claude was free and open in his confession, Frank was equally generous realising Mona could be nothing to him in this world. He was going to a land where class prejudice was unknown, and where all are equal, there to wait until Mona came.

"It matters not now," he said, "but I would like to see her once—just once."

"And you shall!" exclaimed Claude. "I will bring her here."

Next day he brought Mona to the bare parlor of the student. But Frank had reached the last stage of his journey. He lay in bed unable to move.

Claude opened the bedroom door and pushed her within, then, closing it, stood in the parlor, resolved that no eye should witness their parting.

When Mona reappeared she carried the faded rosebud in her hand—her Christmas pledge—and her eyes were swollen with tears and her steps weak and tottering.

"Stay with him, Claude, until the last," she said. "I will go home alone." And Claude stayed.

Leaving the darkness of winter behind we pass on to the brightness of spring, whose soft breezes have banished the snow from the hills, and the sunshine of April spread a green mantle over every bosky thicket and freshening lea. The trees in the woods of Ellesmere are budding, and all nature is shooting with new life; the birds are twittering in the branches, and the cattle lowing in the meadow.

In the drawing-room of Ellesmere House by the open window stood Mona and young Lindsay by her side. Her eyes were resting on the steeple of the church and the churchyard where Frank Russell lay, with the snowdrop and the daisy adorning his grave. After a time she raised her eyes to her companion's face and said:

"You have been very good, Claude. You will not leave me. Stay with me always. He wished it so; they were his last words."

And the April sun burst through the fleecy clouds, pouring its brightest rays on the terraces and gardens, and on the old mansion—an omen of future happiness for Mona, the Lady of Ellesmere.

It is the demands, not the promises, that make men of us; the responsibilities, not the enjoyments, that raise us to the stature of men and women.—F. T. Forsyth.

We have all felt the brazenness of words without emotion; the hollowness, the unaccountable unpersuasiveness of eloquence behind which lies no love.—Henry Drummond.

How the Children Saved the Home.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By HAMILTON ORTON.

All Rights Reserved.

It was Christmas Eve. The farm kitchen was all cosiness and warmth. A bright fire roared and crackled up the chimney, and the red glow shone on the decorated walls. The table was laid for supper. A good old Wensleydale cheese stood side by side with the yule cake. The frumerty was simmering on the hob, and there was a delicious smell of freshly made coffee and hot mince pies.

Jim came in from the lane covered with snow, and rosy and frost-bitten with the sharp air. He slipped off his clogs quietly and stole up to his mother who was sitting dreamily in the firelight, with her hands folded upon her white apron.

"It's snowing hard outside, mother," he said, sitting down upon the hearthrug and laying his tumbled head upon her knee. "I've been listening to the carol singers. They're off to the hall now, so father will be in directly for supper."

"Then you must be off to bed, my lad," replied Mrs. Horner. "I've toasted you a nice taste of cheese, and there's as much frumerty for you as you care to eat."

"Nay, I want no supper, thank you, mother," said the little lad. "I'd a lot rather sit here and talk to you. Last Christmas Eve you let us sit up and have supper with the men, and oh, we had a jolly time together. It's no fun eating supper when you're by yourself, and everyone wants to hurry you off to bed."

"Last Christmas Eve was different from this, my lad," sighed Mrs. Horner, while the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Ay, it was that," said Jim, reflectively. "Somehow Christmas doesn't seem like Christmas time. Last year we helped to make the pudding, and we put the currants in the cake—and on Christmas Eve we all had such a jolly supper, and Alice had on her best red frock, without a pinafore. And you dressed up swell, mother. We were all jolly and laughing, and father gave each of the men a Christmas-box and didn't they go home happy. But, somehow, it's different now. When we made the cake this time, we couldn't make you smile — and when you went to look in at the oven, I could see your tears kept falling. You're crying now, mother, and that's why you don't light the lamp, so that I can't see. There's plenty of snow in the yard to make a snow man, but Alice and I don't care to make one. We've never thought of making a slide, because we know you're sad, mother, and you won't tell us what's the matter."

Mrs. Horner could no longer hide her tears. She buried her face in her apron, and sobbed bitterly.

"We didn't want to tell you yet, lad," she said. "'Let the poor boys have their Christmas happy,' I said to your father, 'they will know the truth only too soon.' It's because we've got to leave here, Jim. We've got to leave the farm. It's the house where I was born, and the land where I was brought up on, and where my parents and my grandparents lived before me. It's the land that your poor old grandfath[illegible] had when he was young, and I'll [illegible] the death of him to leave it—he'll die of home-sickness before we get to the other country. We've not told him yet, and he thinks he'll end his days under the roof he began them in——" and Mrs. Horner broke down again, and began to sob afresh.

"Poor mother," said Jim, gently stroking her wet cheek. "Why have to go away from here? I thought the farm belonged to us."

"So it does, lad; so it does," replied the broken-hearted woman; and before your poor Uncle Jack went all was well. But your father never properly understood how to manage the land, and since your grandfather has grown too old to work there's been nothing but loss for us, nothing but loss. We kept hoping that poor Uncle Jack would come back to us, but he never did. It's more than two years now since he died. I said we must have Christmas in the old place—but it's a sorry Christmas for us, Jim; a sorry Christmas."

Jim rose to his feet, and lighted his candle for bed. His breast was too full even to offer a word of sympathy. He kissed his mother gently, and then went slowly up the crooked, winding staircase of the old fashioned house. His little sister was sleeping in the pretty, white-washed bedroom at the top, with the rows of cheeses in shelves round the walls, and the clean white curtains up at the windows. Above her head was fastened her motto for the coming year, which she had brought the week before from her class in Sunday School. Over it was nailed the Scripture clock she had won a prize for, with the texts all written in a round, childish hand. She had stuck a spray of mistletoe at her bed head, and just under it hung the little grey woollen stocking which mother's tender hands had knitted.

Jim went to the window and drew aside the blind. The country was shrouded in moonlight. The stars glittered down upon the snowy hills. All was silence. The carol-singers had gone to their supper, and it was not quite time yet for Santa Claus to start on his rounds. The boy stood reflecting for a few moments—then he turned to the bed where his little sister lay sleeping.

"Alice," he cried, abruptly. "I say, Alice."

The child rolled over, and rubbed her sleepy eyes at the sight of the light.

"Is it Christmas morning?" she asked, dreamily. "And has Santa Claus been with his sack of toys?"

"Sit up," replied practical Jim, "I want to talk to you."

Very reluctantly the sleepy child raised herself upon her elbow, for she was well used to her brother wakening her at all hours of the night, if he had a plan in view.

"You're half asleep, Alice," he said, impatiently, as the tired little head fell back on the pillow again. "Prop your eyes open and listen to me, for I've got the most important thing in the world to say to you to-night." Alice's sleepiness vanished like magic, and she sat up as straight as a dart to hear what the new plan was going to be.

"Do you believe in Santa Claus, Alice?" he asked, assured that he had got her attention at last.

"Why, of course," replied Alice, very much shocked. "He comes every year and fills our stockings with just the things we wished for. I wrote down this year that I wanted a nice new dolly, with golden hair, and eyes that opened wide. Don't you believe in dear old Santa, Jim?"

Jim looked unwilling to cast a doubt upon his little sister's faith.

"Sometimes," he answered slowly. "But I've been thinking, Sis, if Santa Claus can bring us what we ask for, he ought to be able to fill our stockings with money, and make us rich."

"But we are rich, aren't we?" asked the contented little girl. "We've got a pretty house to live in, and lots of pennies in our box."

"But we shan't have the house long," sighed Jim. And then, with his arms around her, he told the story which his mother had told him, and for some time they cried together.

"I know what we'll do," said Alice at last. "We can't get a letter off to old Santa, to-night, but instead let's ask God to send him with a big sackful of money to fill our stockings with. God can send the message to him quicker than a telegram can take it, and we're sure to have the money in the morning."

So the little ones knelt down on the moonlight floor together, and with clasped hands prayed that their stockings might be filled to the top with gold. Then, shivering and cold, they crept down beneath the blankets, and in a few minutes were fast asleep. Christmas morning came, and the two little grey stockings hung limp and empty at the bed-head. For the first time Santa Claus had entirely forgotten them. Not even the vestige of a sweetmeat in the toe.

"Perhaps Santa Claus hadn't so much gold in his purse," suggested Alice; "and he had to go back home to get more. Perhaps he will bring it to us to-night if we hang up our stockings, Jim." But Jim shook his head, and said that Santa Claus never came out on any night but Christmas Eve, and so they would not get their money.

But Alice didn't lose faith, and when the postman brought the letters she looked at the post-mark of every one of them, hoping that Santa Claus might have sent them a cheque by post after he returned home.

"There's a letter from Auntie Kate," said Mrs. Horner, wiping her eyes. She read it. "She's sending the usual Christmas parcel for the children. A new doll for Alice, and a pair of skates for Jim. She's making it rather a bigger one than usual this time, she says, and Mike is going to drive over with it to-night, but he wants one of us to meet him half-way, for his horse has got a bad leg, and the weather's not over good for him to be out."

"May I go, mother?" asked Jim, eagerly. "I could start early, and the parcel wouldn't be that heavy to carry back."

"Well, maybe you could, lad," replied his mother. "Father's none so well this morning, and the walk might do you good."

So after dinner Jim put on his warm top-coat, and, waving good-bye, set off along the snowy lane. Alice stood watching him out of sight, and then she dashed the tears away from her eyes, for even the thought of a nice Christmas parcel from Auntie Kate didn't comfort her much, and she only wished that Jim was safely back home, so that they could try to think [illegible] fresh plan for getting the money.

When she returned to the kitchen poor old Grand-pa was sitting alone by the fire. His white head was bent, and he was mumbling inarticulately to himself.

"Come hither, joy," he said, waving his hand, when he saw Alice. "Sit down by Grandpa. Quick! Before they come back. They've got secrets they tell together, that father and mother of thine, and they none want us to hear. But I heard them last night when they thought I was nodding. Poor old Grandpa's not so deaf as they think him, he isn't that. What were they saying, Alice? They never meant it, did they? They're not going to take poor old Grandpa away from the farm?"

"Oh, no! Not if they can help it," said little Alice, soothingly stroking the toil-worn hand. "Only—only——"

"Go on, joy, go on," cried the old man, fixing his misty eyes on her face. "Grandpa must know all. They think him too old, and they keep things from him; but you tell Grandpa, like a good little lass, and he'll look in his purse and find the brightest new penny he's got."

Alice put her arms round him, and laid her soft cheek against his wrinkled one.

"Would you be very sorry to leave here, Grandpa?" she asked, softly.

The old man's limbs trembled, and his voice shook as he answered.

"It would kill me, lass. From a little lad I have worked on this land, and I hoped that my lad would take my place when I was too old. He could have done it, joy, and for a time he did, and the land flourished well without me. Then he would go abroad, and he died away from us all—and now—now—I've to leave the old home. If I'd been young I would not ha' minded so much. But it's hard to be old—it's hard to be old, and Grandpa will be laid in his grave before he'll cross the waters to live in a land he's never seen."

"Dear Grandpa," said little Alice, whose tears were falling fast, "you mustn't have to leave here—oh, you mustn't. We've got a secret we're keeping, and perhaps——"

"Whist," interrupted the old man, "they're coming back out of t' parlor. Don't let on that you told Grandpa a thing, joy—don't you. They think he's deaf, they do, but he's not that."

Mr. and Mrs. Horner returned to the kitchen trying to look bright and happy, little guessing that the old man and the child were sharing their secret sorrow.

The afternoon dragged slowly away. Mrs. Horner lighted the lamp early, for no one cares for the gloom of twilight when they are in trouble.

The clock struck five, but Jim had not returned. More than once the father and mother went to the door and looked anxiously along the snowy road.

"He's very late," said Mr. Horner, uneasily, comparing his watch with the clock. "It's not more than half-an-hour's walk, and he's done it many a time before in less time than that."

Mrs. Horner laid the table for tea, and toasted the muffins, but still Jim didn't arrive.

The night was very dark, and it was beginning to snow. Mr. Horner was just fastening on his leggings to go and look for the wanderer when there was a loud thud on the door, and in rushed Jim, covered from head to foot with snow, but rosy and smiling with exercise.

"The biggest parcel you ever saw in your life, mother," he shouted. "So big that Auntie Kate had to come herself to help me to carry it."

"Here I am," said the merry voice of Auntie Kate, as she kicked the snow from her clogs, and came cloaked and hooded into the kitchen. "Ay, what a treat to see a bit o' fire, and I'm fair starved for a sup o' tea."

But none seemed to hear her. They were all looking at the tall, stalwart figure she was trying to screen from their view.

"Here's the Christmas parcel walked all by itself," cried a manly voice. "You wouldn't have known me, would you?"

Mrs. Horner uttered a scream, and the poor old grandfather tottered forward. "It's Jack," he cried gladly. "The Lord be praised; he's not dead, he's come back to us again."

"Come back to be a better son than I was before," said Uncle Jack, repentantly, putting out his strong arm and steadying the failing steps of the weak old man.

"But—but we thought you were dead," cried Mrs. Horner, bursting into joyous tears, while the children danced round him in delight."

"People are quick to spread wrong reports," laughed Jack, pulling off his snowy overcoat. "That came about through my bad illness. I meant to write to you after that, but I kept putting off because I decided to come instead. I've made a spell o' money over there, and if you'll have me, I'll come to manage the farm again. It's not doing over well, I hear, but we'll soon put that to rights."

"What does he say?" asked old Grandpa, putting his hand to his ear.

"That he's going to make your old age happy, father," shouted Jack. "But now let's have tea, for we're starved with our ride, and that Yule cake looks good."

"I knew God would answer our prayer, Jim," whispered Alice, as they squeezed each other's hands under the table-cloth. "It was too late to send a message to Santa, so He sent it to Uncle instead."

They all bowed their heads for the blessing before they commenced, but words would not come. "I can't say the grace," said Mrs. Horner. "I can only thank the Lord for the best Christmas we've ever had in our lives."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is coming!

There are some fine folks in the world who will sneer at it. They will tell you that times have changed, that Christmas "bores" them, that it is all "sentimental humbug," that, in short, Christmas is played out. These are, for the most part, the same people who sneer at the British army and the British Empire. They are people who "don't care for children," and lovemaking "fiddlesticks," sneer at married life, and turn up their exalted noses at the 'suburbs" and the provinces. Rather tiresome people they are, when you come to think about it, because they not only miss half the fun of life themselves, but they are anxious to spoil it for other people. We will waste no time with them except to ask one question. What would the world be like if some two thousand years ago the first Christmas had never happened?

And the spirit of Christmas has been crystallised for all time by Charles Dickens in "A Christmas Carol." Here [illegible] ago which sums up in a [illegible] the feelings which move [illegible] this time of the year.

[illegible] round the hearth [illegible] cake; and at his elbow [illegible] family display of glass, two [illegible] and a mustard cup without a [illegible]

These held the hot [illegible] from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire spluttered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"'A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!'

"'Which all the family re-echoed.

"'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all!"

This is the true spirit of Christmas, in all its varying forms, from the surroundings of splendor to the simplicity of the poorest cottage. It will be reproduced a thousand times throughout the length and breadth of the world this year again, and it is the spirit of Christmas, with its softening of the family circle, its forgiveness of past injuries, its remembrance of old benefits and good cheer, its sacredness and jolliness, which in this Christmas number we have tried to embody.

The appearance of the Christmas number is the first herald of the coming festivities, and wherever it goes, and into the hands of whomsoever it may fall, may the spirit of Christmas go with it: old and young, rich and poor, will turn over its pages, we hope, with pleasure. To all these we would repeat the words of Charles Dickens's immortal little hero:

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim.

SMILE.

He who smiles
And laughs away
The little trials
Of life to-day
Shall live to smile
And laugh away
A greater trial
Another day.

Turkey and Stuffing.

The Christmas season was at hand, and young Freshleigh had received a present of a turkey from his employer.

"You are quite sure you can manage it, darling?" he queried, anxiously, for the twenty-fifth time.

"Why, of course, Harry," retorted the young wife.

"All right," he said. "But don't forget the stuffing."

"Why," he remarked, blankly, a few hours later, as he cut into the bird, "whatever's this?"

"That, darling? That's the stuffing," said the young wife, with a smile.

"But it's—why, it's rhubarb!" he gasped.

"Of course, dear! I had an awful trouble to get it, too. But I like my husband to have what is proper. Did you really think your little wife had never heard of turkey rhubarb?"

They finished that turkey with sugar and cream!

Out of Date.

Modern Youth (aged six, talking in his sleep): Now, if the effect of eighty volts of electricity is equal in applied force to——

Santa Claus: Good gracious! Is this the youngster that I brought the yellow monkey on a red stick for?

"Say, Jamie," cried a punster friend, "what kind o' log shud a ship use on Christmas Day to measure its rate of speed?"

"Why, a Yule-log, of course, Yule loggerhead," promptly answered Jamie who was something of a punster himself.

"I think the goose has the advantage of you," said a landlady to an inexpert boarder, who was carving, or rather attempting that triumph of Christmas culinary art.

"Yes," retorted he, with the unkindest cut of all; "it apparently has so—in age!"

DOYLE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

By C. H. Edwards.

He had quarrelled with his wife at breakfast. What it was over he had no very clear idea; but he thought it was about the eggs. They were overboiled, and he did not like hard eggs; so he kicked up a row about it, the ending of which was the departure of his wife on a visit to her mother, with the view of spending Christmas with "darling mamma." That was how it happened. Doyle on his eggs was the beginning of it, and Doyle very much off his eggs was likely to be the end of it.

He was not in the least afraid. He could cook with the best woman that ever lifted a ladle, and he wasn't going to give his wife the satisfaction of knowing that she had done him out of his dinner. Oh, no; not if he know it. He'd have his dinner, and cook it himself, too, in spite of all the wives and mothers-in-law in the world.

So he set to work to clear the ground by washing up the breakfast things. As he only broke three saucers and a cup, and scalded the cat while he was at it, he felt disposed to congratulate himself, and faced the dinner problem with a cheerful spirit.

"What's it to be?" he muttered. "That's the first thing to settle."

Something [illegible] at least a chance of [illegible] to be, and he decided to go for a modest steak and potatoes.

His ideas of buying steak were the dimmest, and when the butcher's boy suggested that two pounds would be enough, he agreed on the spot. He took the steak, and as he did not know that suet was needed to fry it, he did not ask for any. After a refresher at the corner "pub," he reached home in high glee.

Then before he set to work to pare the potatoes, he built up a fire with the biggest chunks of coal to be found in the bunker—built it out on the hobs and half way up the chimney.

"Can't cook without a fire; I'll show Susan how to burn coal," he said, as he emptied the potatoes on the floor and squatted down beside them, knife in hand.

The art of paring the wily potato is not to be acquired all in a minute, and so he found as he sliced and gouged and scraped for an hour-and-a-half. The potatoes were big enough when he started certainly; but somehow, by the time he was done with them, he seemed to be in possession of a potful of marbles.

"No matter," he said, as he dumped down the pot on the fire, "they'll cook all the faster."

As he could not get on the steak till he got the potatoes off the fire, he lit his pipe and sat down on a chair to wait. One thing puzzled him a little—he did not know how long it took to boil a potato. The time was something between three minutes and three months, he thought, and so he resolved to give them an hour on chance.

Then it occurred to him that he might lay the table while he was waiting. He jumped up, and seeing what looked like a table-cloth on the dresser, seized it with a jerk.

It was a table-cloth, but not the table cloth; that was still on the table where he had left it. This one was wrapped round a lot of groceries, that, in response to his jerk, obligingly precipitated themselves into the middle of the floor.

Half blinded by a flying cloud of flour, he opened his mouth to say something suitable—and had it, and his nose and eyes as well, filled with a whirling dust of red-pepper.

Then he made for the water-tap in the scullery, and as he went he said things aloud.

When he came back he found that the imitation snowstorm had ceased. The floor was carpeted with flour, and in the middle of it lay a chaos of sugar, washing soda, jam, cheese, soft soap and smashed eggs.

Doyle's language was strong as he glowered at the wreck. "Where's the shovel?" he shouted.

By the time he had removed the mess to the dust-bin he was feeling rather warm, and

The Secret of the Oak Parlour.

By RICHARD MYVERN.
Author of "Paying a Debt," etc., etc.

(All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

The ball at Waresborough proved a great success from a social point of view, but Lady Catherine all through the evening was cross and discontented. This was not due to the lack of admiration that she always commanded, while in addition, being the great lady of the district, much deference was shown to her; this discontent being in the first place due to her husband at the last moment gruffly refusing to attend the function. The refusal her ladyship might have got over, and probably would, but when coupled with the behavior of Sidney Austen, gave ground for ill-humor.

Lady Catherine had not seen Austen since his hurried departure from Wares Hill, in reply to Retlef's telegram, nor had she heard from him. This her ladyship felt was neglect, and resented it accordingly.

The facts were that Austen was compelled to remain in town, and the reason for his doing so, had it been known to Lady Catherine, would have given her a shock of surprise. A portion of his time was devoted to the negotiations which [illegible] had entrusted to him, but the principle reason for his remaining being his own and Retlef's affairs. The financial position of the business in Bond-street was critical, and relief from pressure necessary to avert collapse, and what would prove worse for the two men, exposure. The opportune discovery of Lorraine offered a way of averting this calamity. After much deliberation Retlef and Austen had outlined a plan of action, by means of which they hoped to induce or entrap Lorraine into forging Stephen Hilsdon's name. This dastardly scheme would be set in motion without delay, and with the fair Zeno ready to play the part of innocent beauty, success appeared certain.

Austen, however, did attend the Mayor's ball, arriving late, having travelled by the last train. His appearance did not dispel Lady Catherine's ill-humor, but her reception would have been more cordial had his actions after entering the ball-room been wiser. As it was, her ladyship observed that before paying court to her he danced with Winifred, a proceeding which made her feel that she, Lady Catherine, held only second place in his estimation. The behavior of Austen from the point of view of his own selfish interests was ill-judged, for it gave Lady Catherine ground for jealousy, besides perilling his chances of securing the hand of Winifred. His influence over Lady Catherine was strong, nor had it ever failed him in the past, and he probably never reckoned on the possibility of losing her good-will. He forgot that her ladyship had more than once shown her secret love for him, and that the bitterest enemy a man could have is a woman scorned.

Her greeting was cool, but gradually became more cordial under his flow of words. Presently Winifred joined her step-mother, and when after a little Austen, taking Lady Catherine's consent for granted, again led forth the girl to dance, her ladyship watched their every move with strained eyes.

Later in the night, or rather early in the morning, Austen's conduct gave still further cause for distrust. Instead of returning to Wares Hill with her party, as Lady Catherine expected, he announced his intention of putting up at an hotel in Waresborough. This statement was either an untruth on the part of Austen or he changed his mind suddenly, for after the departure of the Wares Hill party he drove to Low Wares with Madam Ulcivet and Zeno. Nor was it until the following afternoon, just as tea was being handed round, that, cool and smiling as usual, he walked into Lady Catherine's drawing-room.

The chatter of small talk was in full flow, for the ball of the previous night afforded much scope for gossip, Zeno in particular being severely criticised.

"I consider her a person who ought not to be encouraged," said Mrs. Wigram.

"I quite agree with you, dear." The speaker, a Mrs. Tremaine, who had an unmarried daughter whose chief admirer had been captured by Zeno's beauty, was therefore inclined to be severe on the offender.

"Zeno is very lovely," said Winifred. "Don't you think so, Gladys?"

"In a way," returned Miss Wigram grudgingly. Zeno had received the attentions of Andrew Truscott with apparent delight, and so offended the otherwise good-natured Gladys.

"Zeno is ripping," said Andrew in a loud voice.

"It is not necessary to shout the fact," remarked Mrs. Avillar, as she accepted a cup of tea from his hands. "What of Gladys?"

"I don't count Gladys," he answered. "She knows; but look at the old lady; she is furious!"

This was true, for Mrs. Wigram, with an angry look at the offending Andrew, said:

"One always meets objectionable persons at promiscuous gatherings such as that of last night."

"It's the price we have to pay for encouraging them," said Mrs. Tremaine.

"Give me variety," put in Andrew, the irrepressible. "There is very little interest in always meeting people who are cast in the same mould, who look the same, dress the same, speak the same, and think the same. A variety show is more entertaining than the conventional theatre any day."

"Then we may take it that this Zeno is in the variety line," remarked Mrs. Avillar with sarcasm.

"They are all jealous of her beauty," returned Andrew, without replying to Mrs. Avillar's words. "But you have never met Zeno," he concluded.

"No," replied Mrs. Avillar; "that is an honor which I do not covet."

"You are as bad as the rest," answered her companion, adding: "Eric Lorraine thinks no end of her."

His remarks led to the conversation taking a new turn. In reply to Mrs. Avillar's questions Andrew related how he first met Lorraine, and described their visit to the theatre. He spoke with enthusiasm of his new friend, declaring that he was worth any number of such men as Sidney Austen.

Meanwhile Austen had taken a chair by Lady Catherine's side, and the two were talking in low tones.

Her ladyship had learned from both Mrs. Wigram and Andrew Truscott that the somewhat mysterious Mr. Lorraine had again appeared in town. Since then, by a few well-directed questions, she also learned the state of Winifred's feelings towards him, and as much of the history of his boyhood as she could glean from the same source. All her efforts to find a marriageable man whom Winifred would encourage had failed, and Lady Catherine now determined to try Lorraine. Give him every opportunity of seeing her step-daughter, and so play him off against the pretensions of Sidney Austen. Circumstances had prevented her from adopting this course at an earlier date, and now, without considering what the consequences might be to the two most intimately concerned, she resolved to take prompt action. When coming to this decision Lady Catherine was not aware that Lorraine had been in her husband's employment, nor did she know of his disgrace.

While conversing with Austen, Lady Catherine pulled from her pocket the telegram she had found on the writing table in the library upon the day he had so suddenly left for town.

"I found this in the library," she said, "shortly after your departure from Wares Hill, and have retained it until now," and while speaking handed him the paper. "It is fortunate the telegram did not fall into the hands of my husband. You know with what feelings he regards Mr. Retlef." Austen did know, and was thankful accordingly.

For an instant he showed some confusion, for he remembered that the contents of the letter he had written to Lady Catherine contradicted the telegram.

Lady Catherine noted his confusion, also the hesitation with which he proceeded to explain away the contradiction. Very plausibly he set about the task, stating that the business which took him to London was Mr. Hilsdon's, that Mr. Retlef's telegram had arrived just as he was about to start, and led her ladyship to infer that he was under a money obligation to Retlef, who on that ground required his presence—thus the urgent summons.

While a grain of truth underlay Austen's explanations, the real reason for his sudden departure was Retlef's desire to consult him regarding Lorraine, who had arrived in London that morning.

Lady Catherine appeared satisfied, then, very pointedly, asked him to bring Eric Lorraine down to Wares Hill for the week-end.

Her ladyship's words, and still more her manner, surprised Austen, for he could not understand why she, of all persons, should interest herself in Mr. Retlef's secretary. He knew Winifred would rejoice at again seeing the playmate of her school-days, but why Lady Catherine's eagerness for the youth's presence at Wares Hill? he asked himself.

She could have no motive that a revival of the boy and girl friendship which had existed between the two would serve. Personally, he had no objections to obeying her ladyship in what was virtually a command, but there and then he resolved that Lorraine should not enter Wares Hill until he had forged the name of Stephen Hilsdon. That done, Austen felt himself safe, for it would then be possible for him to turn Winifred's love for the youth, as she had known him, into loathing and contempt for the criminal he would have become.

Therefore, in reply to Lady Catherine, he spoke very guardedly of Lorraine, being careful to give away nothing as to his past or present position. He pointed out that Mr. Lorraine had been occupied with very important private affairs, and he doubted that even yet those affairs would permit his accepting her—Lady Catherine's—invitation.

Her ladyship smiled at Austen's laboured remarks, for she doubted his sincerity. Andrew Truscott had talked volubly, as was his wont, of his new friend, Eric Lorraine, and Lady Catherine had learned sufficient to lead her to suspect that behind Austen's grudging assent lay something which he was careful to conceal.

A brief silence followed, after which Austen let fall one or two seemingly ceaseless remarks, in the shape of questions, which her ladyship answered very adroitly.

Lady Catherine was quick to perceive that Austen sought to discover her motive for desiring the presence of Lorraine at Wares Hill. This her ladyship had no intention of revealing, and, meeting him with his own weapons, baffled his curiosity. She was too old a player of the game to show her trump card until the time for using it effectively came.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Will You Walk Into My Parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly.

While these events were taking place at Wares Hill, Lorraine was quietly discharging the duties which Mr. Retlef [illegible] him.

He frequently saw Sidney Austen during that gentleman's stay in town, and occasionally dined him to one of the restaurants. His best Austen was an interesting companion, and Lorraine enjoyed his society, as, during their intercourse, he did not refer again to the secretary's handwriting. This lulled the latter's suspicions, and he more than once congratulated himself on the good fortune which had brought him two such friends as his generous employer and Sidney Austen.

Occasionally he thought of his benefactor, Mr. Felter, being surprised because that gentleman had not communicated with him. He reasoned at times if it were not his duty to write to Mr. Felter, and thank him for what he had done on his behalf, but as yet had taken no action.

Lorraine was in the habit of spending one or two evenings a week at Mr. Retlef's residence in Chelsea, the "dealer in curiosities" being, for his own reasons, very hospitable towards his secretary.

On these occasions Madam Ulcivet and Zeno were usually present, but, with the exception of Austen, he met no other guests. There was always music, which, in itself, was enough for Lorraine's enjoyment, and, in addition, the society of Zeno, whose beauty had enthralled him.

Lorraine found that Zeno, in her private capacity, was a collector of curios, but of a different kind from those in which Mr. Retlef dealt.

The fancy of Zeno for collecting took singular, at times even ridiculous, directions. At first she devoted herself to picture post-cards, next to the trade-marks depicted on common match-boxes; then came a desire for small pieces of colored silk, but quite recently she had developed a craze for autograph hunting.

On this particular evening Zeno displayed the fruits of her efforts in that line to Lorraine, who, of course, became greatly interested, as he would have been in anything which this fascinating woman brought under his notice.

"They," meaning her collections, "are mostly the autographs of women, and none of them are very famous," she said.

"This is a very pretty signature, and Zeno read, "Violet Courtney." "She has written heaps of books."

"Can't say I recollect the name," replied Lorraine.

"None of her books have been published yet, but in her letter Miss Courtney advises me to keep her autograph, as it is sure to become valuable when she makes a name."

"Yes! When!" remarked Lorraine, with a laugh.

"How sarcastic!" returned Zeno; "and dear Miss Courtney wrote me such a nice letter."

A short silence, then Zeno said:

"The peculiarities shown in the handwriting of the various persons is an interesting subject for study. At least it is so to me. I think in time I will be able to read fortunes in that way. As you see, no two are alike."

"Oh, yes, there are resemblances, my dear," put in Madam Ulcivet. "The signature of Lady Betty Simpkin is very like that of Lady Catherine Hilsdon."

"I had forgotten these, mother, dear," answered Zeno. While speaking she handed the two autographs mentioned to Lorraine, who, after a brief examination, saw that there was a resemblance, but only a slight one.

"I must tell you that I am very clever with the pen, Mr. Lorraine, and will show you what I can do, if mamma does not object," said Zeno.

"You know, dear, that I do not like such ways of showing cleverness," answered her mother; "but if it is meant only to amuse Mr. Lorraine, there can be no harm."

Having satisfied her mother's scruples, the cause of which the secretary did not understand, Zeno brought forward a portfolio from a side table; also pens and ink. From the portfolio she extracted numerous sheets of paper in white and cream color, also various shades of very pale blue, which she arranged methodically on the table.

"This little bit of by-play," remarked Zeno, "is the usual show made by a conjuror before he performs his trick."

Lorraine smiled, whispered something in her ear, and she continued, smiles chasing each other over her face.

"When you see my work I think you will admit that it is clever."

"I know you are clever," he replied.

Zeno now seated herself at the table, and taking up Lady Catherine's autograph, proceeded to copy it very carefully. After a little she held up the fruit of her labor, saying triumphantly, as a delighted child might have done, "Look; even Lady Catherine would not see the difference."

Lorraine glanced at the paper.

"I think Lady Catherine would have no difficulty in deciding that it was not her writing," he said with a laugh.

"How very unfeeling you are," returned Zeno, with an air of well-assumed offence. "Mr. Truscott would have declared my imitation perfect, and paid me no end of compliments as well."

"Mr. Lorraine is too sensible to pay a compliment by telling an untruth," said Madam Ulcivet, with a glance at their guest.

"I am not quite sure of that, mother mine," replied Zeno, with one of her swift, elusive glances at Lorraine. "His soul, at any rate, is not above a bit of delusive blarney."

Zeno's imitation of autographs went on amidst much low laughter, proving a great source of amusement not only to herself but also her companion.

"Is your collection confined to female autographs, if the phrase is pardonable?" asked Lorraine, with a smile that lit up his boyish features.

"Oh dear, no," returned Zeno. "I have heaps of the male animal."

Taking a number of letters from the portfolio Zeno selected two, one of which she handed to her young companion, saying:

"To me that signature is of deep interest, it being the autograph of a millionaire. The creature's name is Jabez Monlter; it ought to have been Jabez Moneybags; guineas are stamped on every one of the bold, upright letters."

"They speak sovereigns," Lorraine replied lightly and laughingly.

Then Zeno continued:

"Try if you can imitate the millionaire's clumsy signature."

With mirth dancing in his eyes, the secretary did so, but his attempt was pronounced a failure.

"I cannot comp'iment you," said Zeno. "Your effort would probably cause Mr. Millionaire Moniter to laugh. Of course, yours is a different style of handwriting. Try this one; his is quite an ordinary hand." She did not repeat the name but placed the autograph of Stephen Hilsdon before him.

Lorraine laughed merrily, saying:

"I, myself, as you hint, being only an ordinary individual, may prove equal to the task of imitating this ordinary signature. Well, I'll try; but what is to be the reward if success crowns my efforts?"

"That depends," replied Zeno, with a smile that might have meant a great deal, accompanied by a glance from the depths of her sea-blue eyes which conveyed more.

Lorraine picked up the paper, for he had been standing by her chair while she was showing her skill, and examined the signature, but said nothing.

At the same instant Zeno, by a dexterous move of the hand, swift as that of a conjuror, changed the sheets of paper.

Still laughing, and his mind filled with the beautiful woman at his side, Lorraine sat down and wrote Stephen Hilsdon's name on one of the sheets, which Zeno had so cleverly placed in position of the low-shaded lamp, but asked him to try again.

This he did, and the second attempt was pronounced better, while Zeno appeared greatly amused by what he had done. A low ripple of laughter, and she said:

"You improve."

Again the bright, boyish smile swept over his face.

"With such a teacher a pupil could not fail," he replied.

There were soft whispers, which might mean much, or might mean nothing beyond the emotion of the moment. The laughter of the two mingled, and when the secretary produced another imitation, Zeno, with delight, acclaimed it as being perfect.

For Lorraine to imitate the signature of Stephen Hilsdon was, as we know, an easy task, and, little dreaming what the result of his action to-night would be, he, with smiling lips and shining eyes, beheld the delights of Zeno.

Playfully she handed the sheets of paper to Madam Ulcivet—for each signature had been written on a separate sheet—saying:

"Give your verdict, mother, dear. It should, I think, be good, better, best."

"Yes, dear," replied Madam Ulcivet, carefully adjusting her spectacles. That done, she proceeded leisurely to compare Lorraine's imitation with the original autograph of Hilsdon's.

"And the reward?" asked the secretary; "not only for being good, but better and best?"

Again Zeno turned the light of her wondrous eyes upon him, when a momentary change passed her features. The smile vanished from her lips, while in the depths of her eyes lurked something which, if given utterance to, might have expressed regret or sorrow, perhaps both—regret for what she had led the unsuspecting Lorraine to do, sorrow for what was to follow.

"Oh, the reward," she said; "yes, it is sure. You cannot miss it, Mr. Lorraine; it will not pass you by."

While Zeno was speaking Mr. Retlef and Austen entered the room.

CHAPTER XV.

Madam Ulcivet's Determination.

Upon entering the room Austen immediately engaged Lorraine in conversation, while Retlef, with a smile of satisfaction on his lips turned to Zeno.

"You have succeeded?" he said, in a low tone.

"Yes," she answered; "but I do not feel very proud of my work."

During the diversion caused by their entrance the actions of Madam Ulcivet passed without observation. That lady carefully folded up the sheets of paper upon which Lorraine had written Stephen Hilsdon's name, then thrust them into a pocket concealed in the folds of her dress. Quickly she replaced the autograph letters in the portfolio, carrying it with the pens and ink to a side table. Next she rang the bell, and, on a servant appearing, pointed to the papers which Zeno and Lorraine had been using, saying:

"Take those papers away and destroy them," then quitted the room.

Lorraine heard her order, saw the servant remove the papers, and, believing those upon which he had written Hilsdon's name were included, the subject passed from his mind.

After a little, and without exchanging any further words with Zeno beyond a simple good night, Lorraine took his departure.

As soon as the secretary had quitted the room Austen said:

"I desire to examine the signatures, and so judge if Lorraine's efforts will pass." He turned to Zeno, but while he was speaking that young lady had disappeared.

"My daughter has left the matter in my hands," said Madam Ulcivet, who had again entered. She spoke in her habitually low but distinct voice, at the same time seating herself opposite Mr. Retlef, while Austen remained standing, one hand resting on the table between the two.

The action of Madam Ulcivet surprised both men, a look passing between them; then Retlef said:

"Let me have those sheets of paper which, I presume, Zeno gave into your charge."

"She has done so," replied Madam Ulcivet, "and my intention is to retain them. As curiosities, showing how one man may imitate the signature of another, they are interesting." She spoke as one unaware of the purpose for which Retlef had set Zeno to obtain the forged signature.

The surprise shown by the "dealer in curiosities" quickly gave place to anger.

"Nonsense, woman. I have another use for them."

"Is Mr. Lorraine aware of the use to which you intend putting them?" asked Madam Ulcivet.

The small eyes of Retlef flashed, and without further parley, and in no very polite manner, he demanded the papers.

"On certain conditions," she replied, with a glance at the speaker. "Those signatures of Stephen Hilsdon have a price."

"You are trifling with me," he said. "It is madness on your part to do so."

But Madam Ulcivet remained firm; on her his anger failed to produce any effect.

The determined attitude of the old lady disconcerted both men, and Retlef, who was bitterly incensed, broke out:

"You shall not leave this house until those papers are handed over to me. I will have them."

While Retlef thus lost control of himself, Austen remained cool, and, with his never-failing tact, said:

"Those proofs of Mr. Lorraine's cleverness are of no value to you, madam."

"But to you and Mr. Retlef they are," she retorted.

"Granted that they may be," returned Austen, "what is your price?"

"One hundred pounds for each," she answered.

Mr. Retlef was furious at being checked so effectively, and, springing to his feet, turned threatening to Madam Ulcivet.

"You dare not refuse to hand them over to me," he said.

His threat failed to move the old lady in the slightest degree, but Austen put in with insinuating sweetness.

"Madam, you put too high a value on the handwriting of Mr. Lorraine."

"It is not his handwriting, Mr. Austen, but his life, which I am bartering, and you know that I speak the truth."

But Retlef's anger at being checkmated by one whom he held, as he believed, in his power, had gone beyond control. He looked upon the action of Madam Ulcivet as insubordination, base ingratitude on the part of this woman and her daughter, who obtained from him the means of living.

"Madam Ulcivet," he said, "your action surprises me. I do not hesitate to recall to your mind what your daughter and yourself might have been now but for my silence. At a critical time in your history you were saved by my forbearance."

The circumstances referred to, being that in Madam Ulcivet's life, were certain incidents, known to Retlef, which placed both her and Zeno in his power.

Madam Ulcivet and her daughter were in the habit of visiting amongst the aristocracy, particularly those who had a struggle to maintain the position in the world which their ancestors had held. Through information supplied by the two, many rare and valuable curios had been purchased by Mr. Retlef for small sums, being afterwards sold by him to great advantage. Sometimes his agents secured articles by less reputable means than purchase, but all found their way to the "dealer in curiosities." The silence of Retlef had prevented a charge of theft being brought against Madam Ulcivet; thus she and her daughter were in his power. The beauty of Zeno had, in addition, proved a valuable asset to Retlef, which he compelled her to use when it was necessary for his purpose—as in the case of Lorraine.

Thus the refusal of Madam Ulcivet incensed him beyond measure. He would listen to no temporising, but with an oath demanded the papers.

Madam Ulcivet pulled out her watch, and, after consulting it, said very calmly:

"By this time they are safe."

The small eyes of Retlef shot baneful glances at the speaker. "Madam," he said, "I would have [illegible] even you credit for more caution. Are you prepared to defy me? What if I were to break my silence and give you over to the law?"

But Madam Ulcivet was not to be brow-beaten by the high-sounding fury of his words, and she answered quietly:

"I, too, could speak," and her sharp eyes returned the look of Retlef.

It was very galling for the "dealer in curiosities" to find one of his hitherto most pliable instruments turning against him, and for the moment he was powerless. But Austen, cool and suave, seized the opportunity to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"Madam," he began, "it cannot be your intention to break a beneficial connection with Mr. Retlef, which has lasted for so many years, over an unimportant trifle such as this 'affair Lorraine.' You name a price; is it not a little unjust to do so? Would it not be more reasonable to trust the generosity of our mutual friend?"

But Madam Ulcivet remained firm. "I quite understand the force of what you say. I am not exacting. I do not inquire what use you intend to make of the 'forged signatures; indeed, though I may surmise, I do not desire to know. I have named my price. To-morrow, at 12 o'clock, I will hand over one of the sheets containing Mr. Hilsdon's signature, on receiving, as I have already said, £100."

Austen now led Retlef a little apart, and, after they had exchanged a few sentences, the angry "dealer in curiosities" yielded to the inevitable, while Madam Ulcivet, having gained her point, left the house.

Next day, at the appointed time, the old lady handed over one of the sheets, and the two men critically examined the signature.

Satisfied with the result, Retlef, with ill-concealed temper, flung a canvas bag containing the money across the table, accompanying his action with a fierce scowl.

Madam Ulcivet, in no way disconcerted, cut the fastenings of the bag, then very deliberately counted the sovereigns. That done, she placed the whole in a small leather bag, which she carried, and left the room.

A brief consultation between the two schemers resulted in a bill, purporting to be signed Stephen Hilsdon, being drafted and cashed without delay.

One morning, a few days later, on reaching Chelsea, Lorraine was informed that Mr. Retlef was ill, and unable to attend business.

This sudden illness upset Mr. Retlef's plans and confined him to bed for several days. Having always enjoyed good health, the forced inactivity worried him greatly. It is probable that he suffered more in mind than he did in body, for the reason that he was compelled to leave his business at the mercy of subordinates, and in this he knew there was danger. To Lorraine he entrusted the carrying out of one or two very peculiar transactions, certain features of which puzzled the secretary.

On the fourth day of Mr. Retlef's illness Lorraine was summoned to his room. He found his employer in bed, propped up by pillows, looking very frail and weak. The secretary expressed his sympathy with the sufferer, whose answer conveyed the assurance that his affliction was borne with Christian resignation. A few preliminary remarks, then Mr. Retlef said:

"Owing to Mr. Felter's absence from Low Ware, I am about to entrust you with an important mission. The pledge of secrecy which you gave has been faithfully kept, and I only refer to it because to-day I am about to put your reticence and confidence in me to the test."

Lorraine assured him that he would faithfully keep his pledge, and Mr. Retlef continued:

"Go to my study and, with this key, unlock the large oak cabinet there. In one of the pigeon-holes labelled C., you will find a small packet of papers; bring them to me."

Lorraine obeyed. Without difficulty he found the papers, but, when abstracting them, knocked down a photograph which protruded from the pigeon-hole above. As he picked up the card, it attracted his attention, and he examined the portrait closely.

It was the photograph which Retlef had received from Newtyle, being the duplicate of the one Lady Catherine had found among her husband's papers, and had lent to Austen.

Lorraine knew nothing of its history, but as the outline of the features reminded him of Zeno he examined it with interest before replacing it in its receptacle.

On returning to Mr. Retlef's room, that gentleman gave him very precise instructions regarding his mission, which proved to be a visit to Low Ware.

"There is no time to lose," he said. "This man, Crastens, who is one of Mr. Felter's agents, may be waiting now. You see, but for this confounded cold I would have been there this morning. Drive to Victoria Station and take the first train to Waresborough. Pay Crastens the money which I have given you, when he will hand you certain articles of jewellery of great historical value."

Further and most minute instructions were laid down by Mr. Retlef, then his secretary departed.

During the journey in the train Lorraine had time to reflect on what lay before him. One thing puzzled him beyond measure, and it was what Mr. Retlef had repeated to him more than once.

"Remember that in this you are representing my friend, Mr. Felter, who is abroad at present. My name must not be mentioned." This he had impressed most emphatically upon his secretary.

On reaching Waresborough Lorraine took a cab to Low Ware, and, as instructed, rang the bell at the side door by which Mr. Felter had admitted him and Zeno on the night of his rescue. On this occasion the door was opened by Mrs. Goel, who, showing no surprise at this visit from her former guest, said:

"He's waiting."

"Who?" asked Lorraine.

"The man Crastens," she answered, and without further remark Lorraine made his way to the study which he well remembered.

A glance round showed him it was in the same condition as when he last saw it, and he had barely seated himself when Mr. Crastens entered.

In this man Lorraine had no difficulty in recognising the driver of the trap which he had seen during his stay at Low Wares. Although well-dressed, Crastens did not improve on closer examination.

"I desired particularly to see Mr. Felter," he said.

"I am here in his place," replied Lorraine, but, observing that Mr. Crastens hesitated before stating his business, handed over a note which Mr. Retlef had given him by way of credentials.

The latter read the letter. "Gone for a trip to the Continent. I see. Well, Mr. Felter is a jolly good sort. You bet he will be enjoying himself wherever he is. I can see that you are new to the business."

Lorraine answered in the affirmative, and Crastens continued:

"You would like to see the curios I have to dispose of," he said, with a laugh. "Well, there is no mistake about them, and here they are."

While speaking he took from his coat-pocket a small chamois leather bag; from this he pulled out a diamond tiara, which he laid on the table before Lorraine's astonished eyes. Two rings and a bracelet followed. The jewels flashed and glittered 'neath the gleams of the faint December sun shining into the room, while the secretary regarded them as one fascinated.

"They are worth a tidy sum," said Crastens. "How much has he sent?"

"Forty pounds, which is contained in this canvas bag," replied Lorraine.

"Forty devils!" cried Crastens. "That's cool and no mistake," and he poured [illegible] a torrent of words in which rich and treble mingled with frequent threatening oaths were prominent.

Lorraine, who did not understand his allusions and threats, was relieved when Crastens ended his grumbling by thrusting the money into his pocket and departing.

Left alone, the secretary again examined the different articles of jewelery with much interest and some misgivings. He could see that the tiara alone was of great value and decidedly modern. The same applied to the rings, which were the most magnificent he had ever seen. It was with a strange dread of coming trouble that Lorraine replaced the various articles in the chamois leather bag, then thrust them into the inside pocket of his coat.

(To be continued.)

WHEN RIVERTON PLAYS.

They're dancing to-night in the township; the hall is afiare with the gas;
There is mirth for the heart of a bushman, and joy in the eyes of a lass.
They have nailed the gay flags by the doorway, the green ferns droop down from the walls,
And softly the dancers are waltzing to music that rises and falls.
There's a stage at the end, a piano—the back has a lining of baize—
And the brown, tarnished keys wake to quaint melodies when "Dare-devil" Riverton plays.
He sits with his back to the dancers, his hand trembling over each note,
And his clothes are all shabby and faded, and the tie that he wears at his throat
Is thread bare with wear of the seasons; his collar is frayed at the edge,
And the hat on the chair close beside him could well be away on some ledge.
"A wreck of a man," they will tell you, and one "who has seen better days,"
But the folk seem to dance in the worlds of romance when "Dare-devil" Riverton plays.
Handsome yet, but withal, dissipated—on the wrong side of fifty to-night—
He slips his deft hand from the keyboard, and wearily turns to the light;
Awhile at the revellers gazing, he passes his hand o'er his brow,
And the Past from the Present awakens, and the old loves come forth to him now;
And smiling, the old folk are waiting on the steps of the years he surveys
As they waited, maybe, in the lost times ere he was "only somebody who plays."
Again he can see the gay dancers of his youth in that far-away land,
The old friends come crowding around him; he feels the light touch on his hand
Of the girls that he led to the ball-room in that fair English home that he knew,
Where the roses climbed high round the windows, and the scarlet geraniums grew.
He dreams of a face that was fairer . . . God! why was he reckless always?
"The lancers," they call—the dream-curtains fall; he turns to the keyboard and plays,
A young man, hot-blooded and headstrong; they tell how he came years ago;
"Came in for his share of the money, but squandered and drank it, you know.
Girl in the case, so they say, sir; and that is the truth you can bet;
Has led a rough life here and there, sir; hard case, but a gentleman yet!"
. . . Bent low by the stage, in the shadows, his touch o'er the finger-board strays,
And the folk seem to dance in the halls of romance when "Dare-devil" Riverton plays.

HIS FIRST VISIT TO A RACECOURSE.

By a Clergyman.

Ah, my brothers, is it not well at times to visit the haunts of sin and iniquity, that one may cogitate upon the vanities of the world? Is it not one's revolting duty to look upon evil that one may warn one's flock from the downward course, especially the racecourse; and cry, ere it be too late, "Pause, brothers—pause"?

With such thoughts, with such intents, I turned my unwilling steps towards the gates of the course, my brothers, and, paying one hard-earned shilling of my meagre stipend at the portal, passed through the turnstile, which seemed to say to me in grating tones, "Turn again, Chadband—thrice blessed mortal! Sheep among wolves, dove among hawks, minnow among sharks!"

But did I turn back, my brothers? Nay. With a conscience void of offence, I passed on and mingled with the ribald crew. My cultured mind urged me towards the jewelled throng who perambulated a certain green sward, a certain happy valley, a certain patch of pleasure. But I desisted. This glitter, this show, this Vanity Fair seemed abhorrent in my eyes. Besides, only ticket-holders and members of the club were admitted, and, providentially, I was unprovided, unprepared, unendowed with the prescribed portion of pasteboard.

In humility of spirit I bore the buffetings of the carnal crowd and stood on tip-toe, if, perchance, I might, through much tribulation, catch a fleeting glimpse, a passing glance, a momentary vision, my brothers, of the equine strivers after bauble victory.

Five minutes by my gold watch and chain, a gift of loving esteem (see the inscription) from my sincere admirers, the ladies of my congregation, must run their slow-paced course ere the champing steeds, urged on by their relentless riders, should start upon their mad career; and I looked around upon the crowd, devoid of collars, devoid of soap, devoid of manners, and felt that I was, indeed, a ray of sunlight in a dark place.

Certain individuals, certain gents—perchance Gentiles—dressed in a style unique but vulgar, stood upon boxes and endeavored to overcome all other voices, all other barrel-organs, all other tin-whistles, all other Towers of Babel, except their own. I knew not what they said. To my auricular organ it sounded something like "Two-to-one-bar-one-odds-on-the-field." Was it Welsh? Was it Choctaw? Was it Esperanto? I know not, brothers.

As many gave them money I thought haply they were collecting funds, gathering sinews, cadging comforts for the widows and orphans; so I, too, bestowed a coin of the realm upon one of these, who presently gave me a slip of paper in return—a receipt, I presume.

Now were the equine competitors drawn up in line, my brothers. On their backs mere boys, dressed in colors such as matched the rainbow. A cry rang to heaven like the sound of many waters, proclaiming that the harrowing orgy of horseflesh had commenced. I made a futile effort to see if the poor dumb brute whose name appeared upon my receipt were among the first to pass by.

A man, a heathen, a dweller in the tents of iniquity, whose unshaven chin and dilapidated headgear proclaimed him a son of Belial, requested to be informed "who I was a-shovin' of." This ungrammatical query I disregarded, yet continued to wrestle, to combat, to struggle to secure a clear course for my vision. Then this bestubbled ingrate, my brothers, gave me a blow on my nasal organ, whence my gore, my blood, my vital fluid, flowed freely.

However, I was cheered, comforted, refreshed, on hearing the name of the noble steed, the sobriquet of which—Darling Daisy, if my memory serves me—appeared on my receipt, proclaimed as the winner in this cruel competition. Then—I know not how—I suddenly found myself with my clerical hat filled full of silver, heaped up, running over, so that there was hardly room to contain it. Bread cast upon the waters—hundred-fold—well buttered, after many days!

Scarcely, however, had I received this unexpected largesse from the gentleman on whom I had recently bestowed a florin, when the bristling ruffian who had assaulted my olfactory organ knocked my hat—wilfully, I fear—and a'as! my brothers, my store, my precious boon, my little haul, was scattered abroad, and a very unedifying spectacle of greed and grabbing ensued.

Did I stay to upbraid those men for depriving me of what I had fondly hoped to devote to charitable purposes? No, my friends; no! I rather sought to extricate myself from this impious crowd; I wished to shake the dust of its filthy lucre. Thinking of my train, I felt for my watch. Alas! my brothers, my gold watch and chain, the inscribed token of love and esteem from my dear sisters, had been surreptitiously extracted from my pocket, from its resting-place next my heart, where it had nestled so long, by the nefarious fingers of one of those who had so roughly and rudely treated me!

Thus, devoid of watch, devoid of chain, devoid of silver, devoid of gold, devoid of precious stones—my tie-pin being also gone—devoid of everything except Toreath, which I here proclaim unto you, I staggered through the gates and, failing—battered, bruised, crushed, smashed—was kindly escorted to my train by a Good Samaritan of our well-conducted police force.

A Doubtful Success.

Last Christmas the landlord of a certain inn was charged with conducting a lottery on his licensed premises. From the evidence of the police it appeared that the defendant had offered a duck to be won by one of his customers.

There was an entrance fee of sixpence, and the matter was decided with dice, the highest thrower being the winner. In the course of his evidence, one of the witnesses was suddenly interrupted by the magistrate.

"And did you win anything?" he asked.

"Well, although I got the duck, I shouldn't like to say," replied the witness. "I've a considerable doubt about it."

"Nonsense!" replied the magistrate. "If you won the duck, you must remember it."

"Oh," was the calm reply. "I was awarded the duck right enough, your worship, but as five of the unsuccessful competitors turned up at my house for dinner on Boxing Day, I'm still doubtful if I won anything!"

Highwayman: "Halt! Your money or your life!"

Victim: "It's no go, stranger. My wife's in the same line of business always at Christmas time, and she's just finished with me."

There is a story of a canny Aberdeenshire Scot who had been persuaded to buy two tickets for a subscription sale at a bazaar. He won the first prize, a bicycle, but on being told of his good fortune, instead of hugging himself with delight, he said:

"Weel, weel, that's just my luck—buyin' twa tickets when ane would ha'e dune. It's a hale saxpence wasted!"

Men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme dislike to be told of their duty.—Burke.

All good things can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad.—Charles Dickens.

The sluggard is bidden go to the ant; but, alas! after Christmas how often does he go to his uncle.

"GEORGE."

A HUMOROUS AND SEASONABLE INTERLUDE.

George was given to me by an aged and gouty aunt before she went abroad.

I did not want George at all—in fact, I would have given many shillings to have had George transferred to the sphere of soup before he was left at my house in a hamper, making weird and horrid noises.

George, I should explain, was a turkey. It was rumored that he had been in aunt's family for years, and of his age no man could speak with certainty. He was the last of a famous brood kept by my uncle, long since deceased, and when aunt was ordered to live abroad she sent him to me as a parting gift, and hoped I should look after him for ever.

I hoped he wouldn't live quite so long as that, and when I took him out of the hamper he nearly died on the spot for biting my thumb.

(I should mention that it was aunt's humorous butler who had christened the bird "George," because it reminded him of his brother, who drank.)

George was evidently quite well, and when I lifted him out of the hamper and felt his muscles, I was glad that I hadn't got to eat him.

"Lor', sir! Whatever's that?" asked Jane, as George, turbulent and defiant, looked round the kitchen like one of the demon birds in a pantomime.

"This, Jane, is, I am credibly informed, a turkey!"

"For Sunday, sir?"

"Alas! no, Jane. For ever. Look out, the brute's in the bread-pan."

Escaping from my grip, George had literally flung himself into the bread-pan, and after trying to pick up a whole loaf in his massive beak, attempted to fly up on to the dresser.

He fell back, an agitated and querulous heap, and was secured by Jane, who flung her apron over his head, and only at my earnest solicitation refrained from sitting on it.

"Where's 'e goin' to sleep, sir?" asked Jane. "'E looks awful, don't 'e? I shall lock my door every night if 'e's goin' to be in the 'ouse."

"The question before the meeting, Jane, is as you suggest—Where is George going to sleep? There's the sofa in the drawing-room, my bed, and the old dog-kennel. You hold him while I look out the kennel."

Jane took George on her lap, still with the apron round his head, and begged him in endearing terms to sit still.

When I returned in half-an-hour, after having fixed up the kennel in the garden, I found Jane in the same position, with a look of awe and pain on her face.

"'Ush!" she said, with her finger to her lips, "'e's just gone off to sleep, I believe, sir. 'E's been growling at me somethin' awful, and I've got the cramp 'orrible 'cause I daren't move."

I really believe George had gone to sleep, for when I snatched him angrily from Jane, he brought away her apron in his claws and her cap in his beak, and was evidently explaining in his own language that he'd see me blowed before he was put in the kennel.

By this time George had evidently taken a thorough dislike to me, and was yearning for the butler, who must have pandered to his basest desires, for he gave me a parting peck that just missed my eye, and dug a hole in the bridge of my nose.

At an early hour the next morning I was awakened by a tapping on the window-pane, and, as I fully expected, there was George on the window-sill.

How he got there I don't know, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he'd been over the wall and borrowed a ladder, for George was clever. I hastily pulled down the blind.

Later, George evidently established a reign of terror below, for when I went downstairs into the kitchen he was staring through the window with a sinister look of triumph on his face, and in the corner crouched the cat who had for long been champion of the back garden.

"The cat only looked into the kennel, sir," explained Jane, "and George

LOVE—IN THE EXTREME.

A YARRA ROMANCE.

By Will W. Rock.

She was not surpassingly beautiful. There was a certain lack of symmetry in her features that would have disqualified her in a beauty competition. But she was an optimist, and a smile was for ever playing around the corners of her mouth. The chief attraction of her face lay in her eyes—great brown, liquid eyes, which barely hinted at the great thoughts behind them. She could, moreover, pull and steer a boat in a business-like manner that suggested the possibility of her being able to manage a small household in a similarly capable way. So, at least, I was tempted to think as I sat opposite to her in a small skiff on the Upper Yarra one afternoon in October. Her name—what does it matter? I called her Hermione.

The muddy and much-maligned stream was looking its best that afternoon. The soft, caressing hand of Spring was on the river; willows at the water's edge dripped moisture and delicately shaded tints into the colour scheme. Nature breathed warm in our faces as we drifted lazily down stream. The scene was exquisite in its freshness, and a sudden silence fell upon us. It was broken by Hermione, who occasionally affects an interest in my work.

"Why not write a story on Love," she said, "not a milk and water affair. Saturate it with love. You'll be sure of one half of your public at least."

"Love!" I [illegible] "Impossible! [illegible] I'll bet you, you can. Let's make it a wager—a new hat to a case of pipes. If you write it, I pay; if you can't do it you buy me the hat. Will you take it?"

Everyone knows how hard it is to resist the appeal of a pair of brown eyes. I took the bet.

II.

Days, weeks, months slipped back into the abyss of the past. I began to hope that Hermione had forgotten the wager. At times I was haunted by the fear that the pseudo bet was one of the cleverest schemes for getting a new hat that had been invented in modern times. On the subject of love my mind was as infertile as a boiled cabbage. Never before had I been faced with such a paucity of ideas. Not the vestige of a plot presented itself. Love! Bah! the thing was foreign to me. I gave it up.

Was it luck or Kismet that forced me out to walk a mile or two one Sunday evening in March? It was a beautiful night; warm, sensuous, soothing — a night that breathed of the infinite. The new moon, low in the sky, threw the house shadows more than half way across the streets as I tramped down Rucker's Hill. Just beyond the boundary of the suburb there is a stretch of road that, amidst the rapid growth of the city, has retained its simple rusticity. It is lined by rough two-rail fences, and bounded on either side by open paddocks. Perhaps it is the opportunity it presents of escape from bricks and mortar, or the fact that its lights are conspicuous by their absence, that makes this stretch of roadway a popular Sunday night promenade. Be that as it may, on the first night of the week the road is invariably crowded with a laughing, chattering throng that swarms along its footpaths.

The crowd was unusually large on that particular Sunday evening, so that I found it difficult to pick my way through it. Rows of raucous-voiced youths perched on the fence rail shouted senseless remarks at short-frocked precocious young misses who passed. At intervals, groups of girls and young fellows blocked the pathway. Occasionally a squad of men met a detachment of girls. An interchange of amiable banter followed; the group broke up into couples, which fell into the endless procession along the road. Up and down in two long chattering streams they passed. Was this the future hope[illegible] of my country? I listened to their conversation—empty, vapid, vulgar. No trace of serious thought showed in any word of it. The futility of it all was appalling.

The road grew wearisome. I climbed the fence, and striking off through the paddocks, sought the peace of the river. It was a relief to stretch one's limbs on the grassy slope of the high bank, at the bottom of which the Yarra whispered and moaned its way to the sea.

Everything was very still. The faint breath of air that crept along the valley had hardly strength enough to rustle the leaves of the tall gums.

Suddenly came the sound of voices—the bass tones of a man and the nervous giggle of a girl. They were coming down the hill on the other side of the hedge. Just opposite me they stopped, and sat down on the bank, so close that, by thrusting my hand through the hedge I might have touched them. They were silent awhile; then one spoke.

"It won't be long now, little girl." It was a manly voice, though the speaker was apparently little more than a youth. "I've got sixty pounds in the bank now. Just as soon as I get the hundred, you can name the day."

The girl laughed—a merry, chuckling laugh. "Oh, Artie; won't it be great!" She had a peculiar voice, low-pitched, husky, musical; a voice that, skilfully manipulated, might work the ruin of a strong man. "And Artie, dear," she ran on; "there's somethin' I've wanted to tell you. I've got £20 of my own in the Savin's Bank."

"Well, what about it?" queried the youth. "You'll probably need it some day."

"But I want you to have it. I do, really. I want you to put it in with yours. That'll leave us only £20 to get." She slipped her arms around his neck. "I'll hurry on the weddin' day, dear. Do say you'll take it."

The young man seemed to be considering the proposition. "All right," he agreed; "if it hurries on the wedding, I'll take it. But you must take it back, and bank it, as soon as we are married."

They fell silent awhile. Then the girl spoke:—

"Artie, dear, you do love me, don't you?" Her voice had almost a sob in it.

"Of course I love you, silly. What's the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes I start thinkin', and then I get frightened. You'll always love me, Artie, won't you? Oh, if you weren't true to me, I'd die. I'd finish myself off; I would really. God knows I mean it."

"Why, sure, I love you. Ain't I going to marry you." His words had a sound of finality in them. He petted her and soothed her, and a little later, laughing, they scrambled up the hillside and were gone.

An hour afterwards as I sat gazing downwards at the darkening river, those words in that low, sweet voice were still ringing in my ears: "Oh, if you weren't true to me I'd die. I'd finish myself off. I would really. God knows I mean it." Surely this was Love! At last I had found it—strong unfailing and undoubted.

III.

Spring followed a singularly mild winter, and the spring racing season opened with a brilliant flourish. To redeem an old promise I took Hermione to the cup. It was a record day, a day of record times and record crowds. Fortune favoured the public in the big race of the afternoon, and it was a smiling crowd that poured back into the city at its close.

We dined at a first-class hotel that evening. The big dining-room was crowded with a brilliant throng. The music, the lights, the well-groomed men and beautiful be-jewelled women contributed to the gaiety of an unusually gay scene. I glanced at Hermione, and saw that I had struck oil. The novelty of its setting lent a flavor to the meal. All around us were private parties, groups of four and six, recounting the adventures of the day. At a small table not far away sat an absurdly over-dressed young woman, who had already drunk a little too deeply from the "gold top" in front of her. Her fingers were plastered with rings, her bare arms and neck were hung with glittering gems. She was attracting a good deal of attention, and apparently relished it. With her was a young man of nondescript features and budding moustache, who did not appear entirely at ease. He was drinking hard in his effort to keep pace with his companion.

A waiter caught my eye, and the glint of a coin simultaneously.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Them? Oh, that's Arthur and his bride. Bit of a character, the bride, ain't she? Oh, they're genuinely married all right. Been stayin' here since Caulfield Cup. They say he had his savings on Paulcon at 20 to 1. Must a' bin in the know. He scooped about fifteen hundred. Believe it went to his head. He padded up and down the lawn, and thought he owned the earth."

"When did the lady appear?" I asked.

"She came on the scene out there. Saw Arthur, took him in tow, and brought him back to town with the winnings. She played the game all right. Fairly fascinated him. They were switched at the registrar's, and —well, you can see the finish loomin' up ahead already."

The dinner was a complete success. It could hardly have been otherwise on such a night, and in such brilliant setting. At its close Hermione suggested the river as a fitting climax to the day. Ten o'clock found us pulling lazily along a rippling silver pathway between the willows. The night was warm and still. We had crept silently around a bend, when there was a sudden gleam of white among the bushes on the opposite bank, a faint cry, a splash, and all was still again.

Three swift strokes brought us level with the spot. Hermione, white-faced and silent, leaned over the stern. Then, suddenly, something rose to the surface—a pale face, long dark hair that streamed behind, and two arms that clawed the air. Hermione caught the girl as she came by on the current, and we towed her to the bank.

Slowly we brought her back to consciousness. At last she opened her eyes. "Why didn't you let me drown?" she moaned; "why didn't you let me drown."

Her voice startled me. Where had I heard it before? In a flash the scene on the river-bank came back to me—the lovers, their reiterated vows, the final words in that husky, musical voice, "Oh, if you weren't true to me, I'd die. I'd finish myself off. God knows I mean it." Apparently the girl had taken herself seriously.

We brought her back to the city in the boat. Sitting with Hermione in the stern she told her story. This was to have been her wedding day. She and her fiancee had been saving for over a year. A fortnight ago they were happy. They had scraped together enough to buy the furniture and start their home. Then came the calamity. The girl sobbed again at the thought of it.

"Someone gave 'im a certainty," she said, "'e took the money to the races, thinkin' 'e would make us rich."

"And lost everything" I broke in. "The young fool!"

"No, 'e won. That's the pity of it. It turned 'is 'ead. Some woman got 'im, and fairly 'pnotised 'im. 'E went away with 'er. She made 'im marry 'er, and now they're livin' at a swell place, and spendin' the money. Oh, it's more than I can bear."

"Was his name Arthur?" I asked.

"Yes," she moaned, and her sobs broke out afresh.

In vain did Hermione sympathise with her. In vain did she point out to her that she was well rid of such a fickle lover, and that there were better fish still in the sea. The girl refused to be reconciled.

"No," she sobbed. "I shall [illegible] marry. I love 'im. I love 'im."

IV.

Christmas came with its [illegible] days, and the city [illegible] Healesville hills and the long beaches of Port Phillip. The first of the New Year found the whirl bustle in full swing again. J[illegible] days are hot and fagging. Under the plea of brain fag I vacated my old and modest restaurant for a new and infinitely more expensive one. In this establishment the food was dainty, well cooked, better served. Besides, its habitues were decidedly interesting, and even the casuals provided many a mild surprise.

I am one of those selfish individuals who like to monopolise a restaurant table, and generally succeed by fair means or foul in doing so. But, arriving late one Saturday afternoon towards the end of January, I was badly beaten. Every table in the long room was occupied by fashionably-dressed lunchers. I had overlooked the fact that this was a race day. With a grunt of disgust I dropped into a seat opposite a couple, who seemed to be more than half way through their meal.

The man was large, square-set, not to say portly, his features somewhat coarse, his hair streaked with grey. He was well groomed and kept; his linen being of remarkable beauty and brilliance. By the massive gold fob that adorned his waistcoat one might imagine that his pocket-book was as ample as his proportions. His companion was but a girl, pale-faced and pretty, who kept her eyes lowered to her plate, only furtively glancing at her neighbour as he made some conversational sally. The big man did all the talking; the girl seemed content to listen and eat. Obviously a prosperous city merchant taking his daughter for a long-promised outing.

My gaze went further afield. It was a merry company that filled the long room. A Saturday afternoon excitement electrified the atmosphere. The buzz of conversation, the shrill laugh of a woman, a hoarse guffaw from a table full of "sports" rose above the clatter of the crockery and the whir of the fans. The excitement was infectious. I found myself battling with the temptation to shelve some pressing work and take an afternoon off. Visions of the cool upper reaches of the Yarra floated before me—a skiff, a pipe, a girl to laugh, and——

I came to the earth with a shock. Something had happened. In my ears rang a familiar sound—the husky, musical voice of a girl. There could be only one voice like that. "Will you pass the salt, please?"

I stared at the girl opposite. She was looking squarely at me now, with a smile playing round the corners of her mouth. Yes; there could be no doubt of it; this was our friend, Miss Suicide. In my agitation I handed her the mustard. An exclamation trembled on my lips. But her eyelid closed, opened again, and I held my tongue. Their meal came to a close. The big man lit a cigar. He said he would get his things; told the girl to wait till he came back, and strode off down the room.

"Well," I said. She laughed.

"Aren't you surprised to see me 'ere?" she asked.

"Surprised doesn't quite describe it. I didn't know your father was in such good circumstances."

She giggled again. "S—sh!" she said, leaning across the table and touching my arm, "That ain't my father—'e's my husband."

"You're what," I gasped. "I thought——"

"Yes, we were married Christmas. 'E's the proprietor of the shop I worked in. 'E's awfully good to me; takes me everywhere. We're going to the races this afternoon. My, but you should see the other girls. They ain't 'arf jealous; oh, no." A ripple of laughter at this sally.

"But do you—are you fond of him?"

She leaned across the table again. "I love 'im," she whispered.

"But does he care for you?"

"Im? 'E just dotes on me. If 'e weren't true to me I'd die. I'd finish myself off. I would really. God knows I mean it. But——"

I raised my hand. The big man was coming back. He was armed to the teeth with tall hat, stick, and field-glasses. "Are you ready, m' dear?" he said; and she gathered up her things, and followed him. At the door she turned, flashed back a smile and was gone.

A merry little laugh at my shoulder woke me out of a deep study. Hermione dropped into the opposite chair.

"I only just caught sight of you," she said. "Tell me, what was that odd assortment?" She indicated the door by which the couple had recently left.

"That," I said, "wins for me a two-years-old wager. That was the final instalment of the story of love."

"WESTLEIGH," NORTHCOTE.

The annual distribution of prizes and concert took place in the Fitzroy town-hall on Monday evening, December 16, in the presence of a large audience. Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., presided. He congratulated the Misses Westgarth on the continued success of their college, and applauded the splendid character of the instruction imparted. Parents were fortunate in having such a high-grade and well-conducted school for their children. The Mayoress of Northcote (Mrs. B. E. Johnson) presented the physical culture medals, and Mrs. H. E. Bastings the sports trophies. The Misses Westgarth were the recipients of a case of cutlery and silver breakfast set.

The principals' twenty-sixth annual report showed a roll of 106 pupils. During the year the work had been steady and the competition for prizes strenuous. Miss Meta Inglis gained the distinction of being dux of the college. The result of the junior public examinations for 1911 was extremely satisfactory, and this year equally good results are expected. At the annual Church Missionary Association Examinations twenty girls competed and the whole of them passed, six receiving prizes and four honors. During the year the middle forms have devoted every Monday afternoon to plain needlework, learning to cut out, machine, and make clothing, which will enable girls to become useful as well as educated women. In future there will be three terms of thirteen weeks, instead of four; and at the end of each there will be a fortnight's holiday. Duties will be resumed on February 11th.

The following interesting programme was most creditably given and much appreciated: Chorus, Glorious Sunlight (Vincent); piano solo, Rondo Turc (Steivelt), Miss Gladys Olive; recitation, Christmas Camp, Miss Belle Warden; song, Barcarolle (Tales of Hoffman), Misses P. Ashley, E. Johnson, H. Reid, E. Gribble, W. Anderson, M. Gemmell, D. Appleyard, H. Creaser; chorus, Scarlet and Blue (Lemnoxe), Boys' School; recitation, Relief of Lucknow (musical accompaniment), Miss K. Hendry; chorus, Roses (Tomlinson), Junior School; piano solo, Meditation (Gabriel Morel), Miss K. Hendry; physical culture, Junior Class, (Mr. S. P. England, Member Bjelke-Petersen firm); chorus, Estudiantina (Lacombe); department drill, senior class; song, Miss Evelyn Ashley; piano solo, Sonata (Kuhlau), Miss Clarice Morgan; physical culture, Double work with assistance of Senior Division; chorus, Spanish Gipsy (Roecked); National Anthem.

PRIZE-LIST.

Dux of School—Meta Inglis.

J.P. Class—Eleanor Pilkington, Marjorie McQuie, Eva Gribble.

VI. Class—Jessie Inglis, Hazel Creaser, Verlie Dally.

V.—Dux, Winnie Anderson; Emma Johnson, Dorothy Appleyard, Alma Goodenough, Phyllis Clarke, Jessie Cook, Phyllis Ashley, Helen Reid, Clarice Salmon, Nancie Browne, Edith Greenland, Olive Whitehell; honor certificate, Vivie Steiner.

IV.—Dux, Helga Brennecke; Lily Gamble, Stella Lock, Gladys Olive, Bessie Andrew, Gladys Foreman, Alison Hutton, Carlie Brennecke.

III.—Dux, Dulcie Christian; Mona Reid, Mollie Strover, Ellie Johnson, Evelyn Girling, Gwen Salmon, Alma Johansen, Lois Creak; honor certificate, Addie Knight, Joan Whalley.

II.—Dux, Mollie Warden; Jean Purvis, Gertie Johnson, Ilma Bastings.

I.—Dux, May Potter; Helen White. Kindergarten.—Dux, Leila Strover; Phyllis Magno, Betty Appleyard.

Boys' Preparatory School.—IV.—Alfred Twentyman. III.—Dux, F. Lonie; L. Twentyman, N. Harrington, E. Robertson. III.B.—Dux, A. Morgan; K. Browne, E. Wilson, R. Harrington, L. Wilson. II.—G. Griffith, F. Wilson, I.—B. Moorman.

Kindergarten.—Dux, R. Pilkington; C. Girling, F. Lawrence, F. Holt.

Midwinter Class Prizes.—J.P.—Meta Inglis. V.—Verlie Dally. IV.—Lily Gamble. III.—Gladys Foreman, F. Lonie. II.—N. Harrington, L. Walker. I.—Isa Kelson. Kindergarten.—F. Dally.

Special Prizes.— Elocution.— Kate Hendry, Belle Warden. Music—Kate Hendry, Clarice Morgan. Singing (Miss Evelyn Ashley's prizes)—Emma Johnson, Phyllis Ashley. Joan Purvis, Mollie Warden. Drawing (Miss Finley)—Eva Gribble, Nancie Browne, Jean Crow. Painting.—Kate Hendry. Needlework—Dorothy Appleyard, Alison Hutton, Esther Moorman. Dancing (Mons. Bibron)—Emma Johnson. Physical culture (Messrs. Bjelke-Petersen)—Senior, Jessie Inglis, Ella Olive, Vivie Steiner; junior, Gladys Olive, Joan Whalley. Sports trophies.—Senior Tennis (gift of Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A.)—Jessie Inglis. Junior Tennis (Mr. F. J. Plant)—Dorothy Mall. Senior Badminton (Mr. W. Smith)—Eleanor Pilkington. Junior Badminton (Mr. W. Westgarth)—Verlie Dally. Old Collegians' Tennis (Messrs. J. S. and R. J. Whalley)—Doris Hayes.

KING'S COLLEGE.

The annual speech night and distribution of prizes took place in the Albert hall, Clifton Hill, on Monday, 10th December, in the presence of a large attendance, including a fine representation of "old boys." An excellent musical programme was given by well-known artists, under the direction of Mr. Pallott. Mr. J. W. Billson, M.L.A., who presided, commended the principal for the splendid work he was doing in educating the youth of the community, and wished the college every success.

In his annual report the principal (Mr. Cockrane) stated that true education meant something more than passing examinations. Character, duty, honesty, fair dealing and self-respect, were the essentials of manhood, and if they wished their sons and daughters to grow into honorable men and women, they must be properly equipped. Mr. Cockrane concluded by thanking the following for medals, trophies, and donations: Mr. Billson, M.L.A., Messrs McAlpin, McClelland, Fred Blacker, George Pitt, and Eric McKenzie.

Mr. Billson presented the prizes as follows:

Dux of School.—J. Blacker, badge, 1st reading.

V.A.—W. Warden—1st English, History, 2nd Geography and Arithmetic, Writing. R. McLean—1st Arithmetic, Algebra, Spelling, English and Bible.

V.B.—G. Staples—Reading, Spelling and History, Writing and Arithmetic. A. Williams—English, Geography, G. Bricknell—1st in Arithmetic, Writing, Mapping. F. McClelland—Latin, Spelling, Reading, and Writing. N. McClelland—1st Geography, Writing, 1st Mapping. J. Powell—1st Algebra, Reading and Arithmetic. R. Carah—1st Reading, 2nd Latin, English, Spelling, Algebra and Writing. L. Lisards—1st English, History, Spelling, Writing, Bible, French and Latin.

IV.A.—C. Blacker—Badge, 1st in French, Arithmetic, 2nd Spelling and Reading, Writing. Harry McAlpin—1st Geography, Reading, Writing, Bible. Emil Goette—1st English, History, Spelling, Reading, Algebra, Bible.

IV.B.—Harry Greenland—1st in History, Spelling, Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. Harold Allphin—Badge, 1st in Geography, Arithmetic, 2nd Spelling and Reading.

III.A.—Ernest McAlpin—Poetry, Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and Geography.

On the motion of the Rev. Mr. Jeffs, a vote of thanks was passed to the chairman.

Work will be resumed on Tuesday, 4th February.

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE.

The annual concert and distribution of the above college took place on Wednesday night in All Saints' school-room, before an overflowing audience of parents and friends. The action songs by the children were very good, and evoked hearty applause; and the other items on the programme were well received, especially the cantata, Soot and the Fairies, in which between 30 and 40 performers took part, and which was capitally rendered, and at times caused rounds of applause.

The principals' twenty-second annual report showed that the attendance was well up to previous years; that the work done by scholars at the various examinations was good; and that two pupils had not missed a single attendance for the year, one of whom, William Stacker, had not missed an attendance during the past five years.

The pupils presented Mr. Farr with a handsome cane chair, and Miss Rene Farr with a manicure set, which were suitably acknowledged.

His Worship the Mayor (Cr. B. E. Johnson) distributed the prizes, as follows:—

Class V.—Dorothy Clack, dux of school, 1st at Christmas, 1st at Midwinter; Lionel Jackson, 2nd at Christmas, 1st for Home Lessons; Grace Belgher, 2nd at Midwinter, 2nd for Home Lessons; Jack Heath, 3rd at Midwinter, 3rd at Christmas; Grace Mackenzie, Reading and Spelling; Mollie Denton, Writing and Spelling; Beatrice Stalker, Ethel Schieferdecker, Claude Peatt, William Stalker, General improvement.

Class IV.—Frank Laver, 1st at Christmas, 1st at Midwinter; Basil Reed, 2nd at Christmas, 3rd at Midwinter; Robin Docherty, 2nd at Midwinter, 3rd at Christmas; Winnie Cox, Arthur Laver, General Improvement.

Class III.—Gordon Brown, 1st at Christmas, 1st at Midwinter (equal); Dorothy McKay, 2nd at Christmas, 1st at Midwinter (equal);

Class II.—Arthur Peatt, 1st at Christmas; Vernie Waters, 2nd at Christmas; Ray Clack, Writing and Neatness.

Class I. (Upper Division)—Amy Clarke, 1st at Christmas; Marie Heath, 2nd at Christmas; Dolly Bailey, Spelling.

Class I. (Middle Division)— Edith Wright, 1st at Christmas; Cyril Jackson, 2nd at Christmas; Gladys Adlington, Arithmetic; Grenville Hing, Writing; Melville Copeland, Arithmetic.

Class I. (Lower Division)— Cecile Raymond, Reading and Writing; Gladys Pocknall, Reading.

Kindergarten Class.—Eva Johnson, Reading; Maie Hayden, Writing; Richard Peel, Kindergarten Work; Dorothy Laver, Edith Hill, Edith Ward, Alison Thompson, Jack Gore Stanley Frecker.

Prizes for Attendances.—Beatrice Stalker, William Stalker.

Sacred Heart School, Preston.

A children's concert was given by the pupils of the above school to a crowded house in the Preston shire hall, on December 11th. The nuns of the Good Samaritan deserve the highest praise for the way they trained the children. The opening chorus of the carnival was well staged and sung. It was followed by a duet by the Misses Savage, on the piano, which was cleverly rendered. In the hornpipe, danced by eight girls in sailor dresses, the dancing of Miss K. Hollowood deserves special mention for her gracefulness and ease, both in this and the following dances. The little haymakers of the younger girls was dainty and becomingly dressed. Aberfoylo, sung by Master J. Oliver, was well received. This boy has a beautiful voice, which could be trained to advantage. A fan dance by the senior girls showed a gracefulness rarely excelled on the public stage. Heads and Heels, by the bigger boys, was a most laughable affair. To see the way the boys turned heels over heads in the twinkling of an eye was very amusing. An Irish Jig by little Peggy Casey, a dainty little maiden of five summers, dressed as a Colleen Bawn, was well received, and her appearance and costume accorded well with her dancing, and all were as Irish as her name. A Nursery Medley, by Miss M. W. Williams as Bo Peep, Master C. Hollowood as Boy Blue, and Master E. Cashman as Tommy Tucker, aided by the girls of the junior girls, was well done. The duet, Where are you going My Pretty Maid, sung by Master C. Hollowood and Miss L. Beagley, was about the best song in the first part. Master Hollowood, as the gallant, did his part splendidly for a little boy, and the dainty coquettishness of Miss Beagley was much applauded.

The Drama of Tara, by the senior pupils, was the piece of the night. The stage was rather small, but allowing for that, it was splendidly staged, acted and sung. The songs fitted in well with the action of the piece. "Let Erin Remember," Go where Glory Awaits Thee," by the Princess. "The Minstrel Boy," "The Harp that Once," "The Meeting of the Waters," and "The Young May Moon" were among the songs sung by the boys. The dressing was all that could be desired, in both boys and girls, for richness, correctness of style of the period, and variety. The acting showed careful training. The principals thoroughly entered into the action and spirit of the drama. The limelight on the tableaux gave it the desired effect. The Prince of Master Frank Mildren was well acted, and dressed exquisitely. The Aged King of Master Tom Hollowood was well done, and Master G. Alexander looked well in the small part of the King of Mogle. The singing of the first verse of The Minstrel Boy by Master J. Oliver, was rendered with great feeling. There were also bards, warriors and messengers. The Princess of Miss I. McGinn deserves special mention. Her graceful dignity throughout and her pathetic sweetness when she mourns her dead prince were charming. The modulating of her voice and general control was much appreciated. Her singing of The Last Rose of Summer, with an invisible chorus, was beautifully rendered. The Minuet, danced by the attendants of the princess, was marked by gracefulness. Altogether it was a beautiful performance. Bucket and Spade Drill, by the girls, was followed by the most comical piece of the evening. This was The Wonderful Hat, by the boys, dressed in most wonderful nigger suits and hats of all descriptions, from the straw-decker to a terrible tall hat, and included many belltoppers. One little fellow with a walking stick was specially funny. Then followed Pinafore Song and Dance by girls, well done, and the evening wound up with a boys' drama, Inspector for an Hour. The schoolmistress of Master J. Oliver was well carried out, and the servant of Major Twigg (Master Tom Hollowood) was most amusing. The dunces' chorus was very good. The programme was repeated the following evening, when it went much smoother, as the children had got over any slight nervousness of the previous evening.

Lady's Purse Stolen.

The police have been informed by Mrs. Amelia A. Ahern, of Mitchell street, Northcote, that a purse, containing sovereigns and silver totalling £6, was stolen from her while she was shopping in the city on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Ahern stated that she discovered her loss when she opened her hand bag in a draper's shop.

Tenders.

TENDERS—Brick Additions, Alterations to Villa, 36 Wood street, Preston, Plans, specifications, Wilson, 182 McKean street, North Fitzroy, or on job from 2 o'clock, Monday 30th.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. PRAHRAN.

FIRST ELEVENS.

Northcote resumed their innings last Saturday with 7 wickets down for 202. Vernon, one of the not out batsmen, was late in reaching the ground, but Prahran's captain courteously allowed him to bat later. McCarron, 78 not out, was accompanied to the wickets by Lugton, but after adding 2 to his score he was caught by Martin off Rogers. His score included 7 fours and occupied two hours. Lugton and Vernon added 45 before Vernon was caught by Rush off Bell for a steadily made 16. F. Lugton, the colt of the team, showed great promise in scoring 33 not out, including four 4's. His best stroke is a fine off drive. Rogers, who secured 6 for 40 the previous Saturday, obtained 1 more for 31, Lugton punishing him severely. Bell secured 2 for 46. Northcote declared their innings closed at 3 o'clock with 9 wickets down for 256. This left Prahran 165 minutes to get 257 runs. The first wicket fell at 4 and the second at 15, but Tom Horan and Bell, by good cricket, added 104 for the 3rd wicket. Horan got 64 and Bell 48. Carkeek made 22 nicely, but with 40 minutes to play Prahran had lost 7 for 168. Stephens and Martin defied the bowling until six o'clock and Northcote had to be content with another drawn game. Scores—

Northcote, 9 for 256, innings declared closed

PRAHRAN.

Rush, c Plant b Bailey	..	4
Cohen, b Brown	..	4
Horan, c Begg b Brown	..	64
Bell, c Vernon b Bailey	..	48
Bowden, stp. Vernon b Bailey	..	0
Carkeek, c Billings b Brown	..	22
Blackie, b Brown	..	0
Stephens, not out	..	39
Martin, not out	..	23
Sundries	..	7
Total for 7 wickets	..	209

Bowling—Brown, 4 for 55; Bailey 3 for 55.

SECOND ELEVENS.

This match was concluded last Saturday at Northcote, when the locals sustained their second defeat. Northcote batted the whole of the previous Saturday for 260, but Prahran topped this with a score of 7 for 287. A splendid wicket had been prepared and the playing ground was much faster than when the locals batted. Ahern and Wilkinson were the opening bowlers and 4 wickets were down for 71, but the locals were beaten before another wicket fell, Healey and McDonald adding 208 before a separation was effected. Healey played a capital innings for 126 not out, marred only by one chance early in his innings, and McDonald, who was favored with more luck, scored 98. Two more wickets fell cheaply before time was called. The bowling of the locals was always good and the ground fielding excellent, but several chances were missed. A feature of the play was the wicket-keeping of James, who stumped four of the seven batsmen dismissed and allowed only 1 bye. Hayes 2 for 27, Ahern 2 for 50, Andrew 1 for 32, Wilkinson 1 for 42.

THE CLUB ELEVEN.

EXCITING 3 POINT VICTORY.

The match between the Northcote club eleven and Collingwood was resumed at Merri Park on Saturday and resulted in a win outright for Northcote after an extremely interesting and exciting finish. The scores on the previous Saturday were—Northcote, 1st innings, 134; Collingwood, 1st innings, 6 for 58. Collingwood continued their innings and succeeded in bringing their score to 108 before the last wicket fell. The locals, with a lead of 26 runs, commenced their second try, and the innings was closed with 7 for 82. Collingwood, with an hour to bat and 108 runs to win, had a sporting chance of victory, but the Northcote bowling, well handled, proved too strong, and the side was dismissed for 62 runs, Northcote winning outright by 46 runs, and scoring 3 points. The finish of the game was most exciting—5 minutes for play and 3 wickets to fall. Two Collingwood batsmen went with succeeding balls, excitement ran high. One wicket to get and three minutes of time left. The Collingwood batsman felt the strain, but kept bat straight and blocked them. 1, 2, 3, 4 balls of the last over had gone, but the 5th ball did the trick, and the Northcote boys cheered with joy as the timbers rattled. A word is due to the Collingwood team who played themselves good sports at a critical and exciting stage. Those who played best for Northcote were S. Boyd 54 and Tresidder 51 not out in batting, and in bowling May 6 for 49, S. Boyd 8 for 36, Trinnick 5 for 48. The club eleven now occupy second place in the Metropolitan League competition. They meet the leading and unbeaten Carlton team on January 11th at Carlton oval, and the N.C.C. committee will doubtless see that a first-class team is placed in the field on that day.

PRESTON v. NORTH PORTS.

This match was concluded last Saturday, the scores being Preston 218 runs (Lawson 69, Sykes 42, Ryan 19, Froebel 16); North Ports, 0 for 35. Lambert and Hutchinson, the not out men, brought the score to 73 before a separation was effected, the former being caught by Sykes off George Carson for 33. Next over Froebel bowled Hutchinson, who made 40 runs. The others did not make much of a stand, being all out for 119. Geo. Carson and P. Froebel bowled well indeed, Carson, who bowls a slow leg break, bowled 188 balls for 5 wickets and 55 runs; Froebel, 102 balls, 4 wickets for 39. North Ports in their second innings lost 2 for 104 (Hutchinson 53, Lambert 51; Carson, 2 for 16). The next match will be against the "Emu" next Saturday in the Preston oval.

Northcote Presbyterians v. E. Brunswick.—E. Brunswick, 147 and 102 (Harvey 4 for 37, W. Thomson 5 for 48, W. Richardson 3 for 20, J. Shand 2 for 25, N. Richardson 2 for 20); Northcote, 97 and 7 for 71 (Shand 28, J. Thomson 22 and 11, N. Richardson 22, Gough 22, W. Thomson 10 not out). East Brunswick won by 50 runs on first innings.

Northcote Presbyterians play Clarendon at Thornbury on Saturday, 4th January.

South Preston Methodists played a friendly match with the Preston H.A.C.B.S. on Saturday last on the latter's ground. The former won after a close and exciting game, by 18 runs. During the interval the H.A.C.B.S. club entertained the visitors at tea, and after justice was done to the good things provided, Mr. Freeman, on behalf of the Methodists, thanked the home team for their hospitality, and also the ladies for the way they had waited upon them. Father Willis suitably acknowledged the vote of thanks. Following are the scores:—South Preston Methodists, 115 (Wardell 23, Buller 21, Walker 12, Rats 19, Page 10; D. Moffatt 4 for 32, Hedigan 3 for 28, H. Moffatt 1 for 0); H.A.C.B.S., 102 (W. McDonald 28, J. Tuttle 20, D. Moffatt 19, H. Moffatt 16, J. Howard 10; H. Campbell 3 for 10, Maude 1 for 19, Wardell 1 for 22, Sharp 1 for 3).

BOWLS.

Thornbury A team scored another win on Saturday last, this time at the expense of the City Club. Dickson's rink with 30 to 10 was the principal factor, Clausen and Meakin's rinks being also a few up. B's and C's were both beaten by N. Fitzroy teams.

Thornbury green, which is in fine order, has been paid the compliment of being selected by the V.B.A. authorities as one of the trysting places for the single handed championship of Australia, which great tournament will commence on Monday, 30th. Eight rinks will be engaged from 10 a.m. Some fine play should be seen.

Northcote A's were down last Saturday to North Fitzroy, Bennell's being the only rink up.

Preston A's were defeated by Carlton, all rinks being down.

Merit Certificates.

The following eighth grade pupils at the Northcote school were successful in the merit certificate examination:—William Bash, James Membrey, Boland Gulliak, Mollie Stanley, Honor Jones, Doris Hassell, Florence Stone, Gertrude Newnham, Rene Tyson, Violet Taylor, Myrtle Fleisher, Dorothy Bryan, and Mary Dwyer. Twelve other pupils who failed in one subject will be allowed a further trial, and, if successful, will be awarded the certificate.

Wanted to Sell.

AT 77 St. David Street, Northcote.—Cor. Iron and Door, Wire Netting, Piping, Spouting, Tools, Chimney Tops, Boards, Kero. Oven, Watering Can, Xcut Saw, Axe, Bar, Sundries, 9ft. Gate and Post complete.

GIBSON'S PADDOCK, GIBSON'S PADDOCK,

NORTHCOTE CENTRAL. NORTHCOTE CENTRAL.

133 ALLOTMENTS ALLOTMENTS 133

40 x 150
40 x 150

EXCEPTIONAL TERMS: EXCEPTIONAL TERMS:

£2 10s Deposit Each Lot.
Five Years' Terms.
Quarterly Payments.

NO INTEREST. NO INTEREST.

NOTE THE REBATES: NOTE THE REBATES:

10 % if Cash paid in 2 months.
5 % if Cash paid in 12 months.
2½ % if Cash paid in 5 years.

No Lawyer's Fees.

Free Titles, except Government Fees.

GOOD BUILDING LOTS.

Good Drainage.

Handy Tram and Station.

Plans To-Day or any day at

STOTT AND BASTINGS' STOTT AND BASTINGS' STOTT AND BASTINGS'

Offices,

203 and 521 High St., Northcote.

Phone 1976

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23.

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Hayes, Tharratt and McIntosh, J.'sP.

FACTORIES AND SHOPS' ACT PROSECUTIONS.

A. M. Allan, 121 High street, was proceeded against by Inspector Peters for a breach of the Shops and Factories' Act.

Evidence was given by the inspector and also Mr. Hancock, secretary of the Grocers' Association, that a pound of butter was purchased at the shop at 8.25 p.m., whereas the shop should have been closed so far as the sale of dairy produce was concerned, at eight o'clock.

A fine of 1s. only was imposed, and no costs allowed.

H. Speers, fruiterer and greengrocer, 127 High street, was also proceeded against. His offence was that he allowed half a dozen eggs to be sold at 8.25 p.m. on the 11th December.

Defendant said that a few fresh eggs was the only article of dairy produce kept at the shop, and he did not know he was doing anything wrong.

Fined 1s.; no costs.

E. W. Ingham, who keeps a ham and beef shop, 517 High street, was fined 1s. for selling a packet of cheese at 8.30 p.m. on the 11th December.

Defendant said the previous owner had a permit. He had just purchased the business, and did not know but what the permit continued.

Mrs. L. Grant, fruiterer and greengrocer, 315 High street, was fined 1s. for selling ½ a pound of butter after 8 o'clock at night.

CARTING AFTER HOURS.

George Hounslow was fined 1s. for carting coal after half-past 1 on Saturday, 14th inst.

Inspector Hunt gave evidence that he found Hounslow carting coal at 2.55 p.m. Only a nominal penalty was asked for.

Defendant explained that he had been delayed by heavy rain the day before.

DEBT.

Joshua Pitt, tanner, proceeded against M. Flinn and Co. for the recovery of £38 18/3 for goods sold and delivered. Mr. A. M. Lonie for plaintiff.

Defendant said his terms were with this customer, cash fortnightly; but he had not paid up, and last time the money was applied for, he was practically told he would not get it.

Order for amount with £2 2s. costs.

FAILING TO VACCINATE.

For not having his child vaccinated Geo. Allen Riddell was fined 40s.

WANDERING CATTLE.

Alfred Thos. Hatton, town ranger, proceeded against the unknown owner of a wandering pony.

Fined 10s., with £2 7/0 costs.

John Jenner, John Lennie, Edwin Lennie, and Catherine Power, were also fined.

COMPLIMENTS OF SEASON.

Mr. Lonie took the opportunity of conveying to the Bench the season

WIT AND HUMOR.

Mrs. Newlywed: I think you are too mean for anything.

Mr. Newlywed: What's up now?

Mrs. Newlywed: You used to say you would die for me, and I've just found out that you haven't any insurance.

Bridgewhist: What is the subject of Mrs. Suffragette's lecture this afternoon?

Mrs. Clubwoman: The disasters of married life.

Mrs. Bridgewhist: I suppose she will have her husband on the platform as an exhibit?

Have you heard the news of the dean — was found dead in a box?

No, the vicar answered, excitedly. What dean was it?

Why, the sardine, of course!

Do you have your shirts done up at a laundry? asked Brown.

I do, replied Robinson, and it requires only about three washings to do them up very exhaustively.

A purchaser of a riverside property asked the estate agent if the river ever sometimes overflow its banks.

Well, replied he, it isn't one of those rabbit streams that are always confined to their beds.

I see you have my pamphlet on your desk, said the economist. What do you think of it?

It's betwixt and between answered the heartless friend. It's too light as an argument and not heavy enough for a paperweight.

Old Hewligus has the most remarkable memory you ever heard of!

What's peculiar about it?

He keeps his money in a big safe, and he can always remember the combination when he wants to put any money inside of it, but if you want to borrow a few pounds from him he can't recall the combination to save his life.

Can that prima donna reach a high note, asked the man who didn't know much about music.

A high note! exclaimed the enthusiastic manager. I should say so. A hundred pound note every song!

Do you think it is possible to make an airship absolutely safe?

Sure! replied the mechanician.

How?

Disable it before it gets a chance to leave the ground.

He: If I was rich, darling, would you love me more than you do?

She: Well, I might not love you any more, but I would look forward to our wedding day with a great deal more impatience than I do at present.

I ordered this steak not well done, said the impatient guest.

I know it, answered the intellectual waiter. But the cook is one of those people who believe that no matter how small a thing is it should be well done.

Scads: Blinks is a lucky dog; his wife fairly worships him!

Slacks: Yes, but she carries it too far sometimes. I was out there to dinner unexpectedly the other day, and she served up a burnt offering.

What makes you think the baby is going to be a great politician? asked the young mother, anxiously.

I'll tell you, answered the young father, confidently. He can say more things that sound well and mean nothing at all than any kid I ever saw.

Is mamma's good little boy ready to have his bath?

Oh, maw, cut out the goody-goody business! When a chap's six years old it's time to take him out of the kindergarten class. I'll take my splash in the tub when I've had a cigarette.

Here is a rare specimen of business humour, received the other day by a certain firm. It ran:

"Our cashier fell unconscious at his desk this morning. Up to that time, four p.m., we have been unable to get a word out of him except your names. May we say to him, with a view to his immediate recovery, that we have your cheque, as we think that is what is on his mind?

A doctor who on one occasion was giving an informal talk on physiology declared that it had lately been found that the human body contains sulphur.

Oh, indeed, exclaimed a lady listener! Then how much sulphur is there in a girl's body?

Well! said the doctor, smiling, 'the amount varies.'

And is that, asked the girl, why some of us make so much better matches than others?

A well-known viveur was talking about the extravagance and the heartlessness of New York.

I know a man, he said who was held up by a footpad the other night.

Hand over your money, the footpad growled, levelling a revolver at my friend. Or I'll blow your brains out!

Blow away! he said; I'd rather be in New York without brains than without money.

Yes, said the bashful and impecunious lover, I have made up my mind to ask your father for your hand.

Have you indeed! responded surpassing fairness. That will be lovely!

You are glad? he queried, as a shadow spread itself over his countenance at her not wholly looked for pleasure.

Glad isn't the word! she said. I will call and bring you flowers every day until you are able to be out again. I have never seen the inside of a nursing home!

The old lady from the country and her small son were driving to town when a huge motor car bore down upon them. The horse was badly frightened, and began to prance, whereupon the old lady leaped down and waved wildly to the chauffeur, screaming at the top of her voice. The chauffeur stopped the car and offered to help to get the horse quiet again. That's all right, said the boy, who remained composedly in the carriage. I can manage the horse. You just lead mother past.

A golfing he would go, so he bought a very complete outfit, and spent several hours dressing himself for the part. Then he hied himself to the course, and engaged a caddy to carry his expensive set of clubs. But he couldn't play golf. The nearest he could get to hitting the ball was lifting huge pieces of turf, which the caddy sternly told him had to be replaced. After the seventeenth miss, he lifted a large square of grass, and, holding it up, looked appealingly at the caddy.

"What shall I do with this?" he asked, despairingly.

"I dunno, sir," said the caddy, in disgust, "unless you take it home and practise on it."

Maudie: Pa, will our new mamma go mad after a while?

Father: What a question! Why do you think such a thing?

Maudie: Well, I heard her tell cook yesterday that she got badly bitten when she married you!

The Pride of the Home: Say, Pa, will my hair fall out, too, when it gets ripe?

CRIPPLED BY TERRIBLE ULCERS.

"Irritation Nearly Drove Me Crazy."

Perfect Healing by Zam-Buk.

Mr. Ambrose Lahiff, of 31 East Street, Surry Hills, Sydney, says:—"Twenty years ago through scratching a small pimple on my leg, sores formed. I applied an ordinary ointment which to all appearances healed them, but later this proved not to be so, for agonising ulcers broke out on my leg and commenced to spread. My leg turned black from knee to foot, and blood poison set in in its worst form. I could not stand, and had to lay up, while the pain, itching, and irritation nearly drove me crazy. The ulcers first broke out in one place, and then in another, and for five years I had a terrible time, often expecting to lose my senses.

"At last my son strongly advised me to use Zam-Buk, so I obtained a supply and applied according to directions. Very soon this excellent balm exerted its soothing influence by subduing all pain and irritation. Shortly after commencing with Zam-Buk, I was able to sleep well at night and the ulcers were gradually healing up. Persistence with Zam-Buk resulted in all poisonous matter being withdrawn, the ulcers healed, and new healthy skin forming on the surface of my leg where it had been bad for so long. It is three years since Zam-Buk cured me, and I have not had any trouble since. I can get about now with ease and comfort."

Zam-Buk is invaluable for eczema, ulcers, ringworm, blood-poisoning, festering, sores, bad legs, piles, cuts, scratches, bites, bruises, running wounds, and skin diseases and injuries generally. Sold by all stores and chemists, or direct from the Zam-Buk Co., 30 Pitt Street, Sydney.

GENERAL NEWS.

METHODISM SPREADING.

While the Wesleyans, in common with most other Methodist bodies, have numerically decreased during the last few years, says an exchange, the shrinkage since 1906 totalling some 15,000 members, the figures for Wesleyan Methodism throughout the world reveal, with the exception of the number of lay preachers, a substantial increase on the returns of last year. The official year book shows that there are 55,067 Methodist Ministers, 101,368 lay preachers, over 9,000,000 church members, and probationers, 7,895,000 Sunday-School scholars, and over 100,000 churches and preaching places. The present seating accommodation of the Wesleyan churches of Great Britain is 2,341,601.

A MONK'S RIFLE INVENTION.

Father Mario Bontempi, a monk who had taught physics and mathematics in the College of St. Anthony at Lanciano, Italy, has, it is reported, abandoned his monastic career. He invented an automatic rifle capable, it is claimed, of firing 350 shots a minute, and wished to patent it, and offer it to the Italian Government, but his superiors ordered him to destroy the model of so murderous a weapon. The inventor's ambition finally prevailed and Signor Bontempi, deprived of his monastic garb, is now, we are told, carrying on negotiations in Rome with the Ministry for War.

WELSH CALVINISM.

At a meeting of the Senate of the North Wales Calvinistic Methodist Association it was reported that Mr. David Davies, M.P., Llanddiam, had given a donation of £50,000 for the purpose of clearing the debt of the Forward Movement Missionary Organization, in Wales. The denomination has been struggling to clear this debt for many years, and there was great joy at the announcement of Mr. Davies' splendid donation. It is understood that £45,000 is to be devoted towards lessening the debt on the Forward Movement, and £5000 towards assisting the English Methodist Churches in the Counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth. Mr. David Davies has already placed the Welsh nation, and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists in particular, under the deep debt of gratitude by reason of his donations of hundreds of thousands of pounds to the Welsh National Memorial Fund for fighting consumption and other ameliorative organisations.

FEMININE ATTIRE IN CHURCH.

Since the Pope issued a fulmination upon modern modes of feminine attire a kind of ecclesiastical censorship has been undertaken by some priests (says a Church exchange). In each instance the tables have been turned on the clerical critics. One lady, who was expostulated with by a cardinal for wearing a low-necked blouse in church, triumphantly pointed to the semi-nude figures of the saints and angels. The Cardinal had to compromise the matter. Another, called upon by a priest to leave a church in Malta in consequence of her smart attire, sued the interfering crusader for putting a public affront on her. The priest was fined. Beehive hats and tight skirts have been especially singled out for criticism. A crusade against the abnormally large hats worn by so many ladies at church would be much more to the purpose. Why is no attempt made to prescribe the limitation of female head-gear in churches. Huge matinee hats obscure the view of the preacher, and no one can request their removal. The creation of church hats is surely an opportunity for the millinery world.

AEROPLANE ON FIRE.

M. Nieuport went up with a Voisin biplane at Mourmelon, intending to qualify for the Aero Club's certificate as a pilot. He had already made one circuit of the field, and was at a height of about 40ft., when some of the essence took fire. He tried to put it out, but took his hand burnt, and the flames spread to his clothes. The aviator's coolness saved him. He shut off the motor and allowed the machine to glide quietly to the ground, when he was able at once to put out the flames and to save himself as well as the machine, which was only slightly damaged.

Honey becomes Poisonous.

The wet summer in France brought out poisonous growths on which the bees battened without serious injury to themselves, but with evil effect to their honey. The bad honey is not distinguishable from the good. Only after he has eaten and suffered from consequent colic does the honey lover discover his mistake.

HOW GERMANY GETS CONTRACTS.

A striking instance of the usefulness of a tariff apart from its value for protective or retaliatory purpose was given by Mr. Bonar Law in a speech at Blackburn. He stated that a South American republic gave a large order for guns recently, but not to England. "I am informed," he said, "by gentlemen connected with an English firm that made the lowest tender and fully expected to get the order, that the German Ambassador to the republic secured the order at the last moment by offering to lower the German import duty on tobacco."

£8,500,000 A YEAR FOR HUNTING.

Half a million pounds is the amount spent yearly on hunting in Ireland, according to Mr. F. Barbour, M.F.H., who spoke at a meeting of the Irish Hunt Club delegates in Dublin lately. Ireland, he said, was hunted by 69 packs of foxhounds, harriers, and staghounds, with 1800 couples of dogs. The number of horses kept in connection with the hunt establishments was at least 450, and he estimated the cost of maintaining those horses and the dogs at £65,000 a year. That sum did not include masters' expenses. At a low computation the rent and maintenance of coverts and cost of earth-stopping and deer-finding would amount to £5000 a year. Quite 3750 people hunted with the packs, each of whom would spend at the lowest £100 yearly on their horses, hunting outfit, subscriptions, and travelling, making a total of £375,000. The expenditure for the whole of the United Kingdom, said Mr. Barbour, has been estimated at over £8,500,000 a year.

POISON IN WIFE'S TEA.

The wife of Walter Baker, of Inworth, Essex, charged her husband at Witham with attempting to murder her by placing strychnine in her tea. She said she poured out two cups of tea for herself and husband, and filled a mug for the child. She left the room for a few moments, and on returning picked up the cup, but noticed a difference in the colour of the tea. She tasted it, and found it bitter. She then asked the husband what he had done. He said that if anything was wrong the child must have put it in. Mrs. Baker added that her husband threw the tea away, but she noticed something at the bottom of the cup when he brought it back, and on his leaving she hid the cup. Her husband had told her that he would be only too glad to put on a black coat and follow her to the grave. Constable Tucker stated that the woman had handed a cup to him, which he took to Dr. Thresh for analysis, when it was found to contain poison.

1228th THAMES WARSHIP.

According to the researches of naval historians, the Dreadnought battleship Thunderer, which has been laid down at the Thames Iron Works Yard, Blackwall, is the 1228th British warship to be constructed on the Thames. The vast majority of this number belonged, of course, to the sailing days, and before the introduction of steel ships and steam machinery diverted the industry to the North country. A hundred years ago there were twelve yards on the Thames where warships were built, as follows: Gravesend, Northfleet, Blackwall, Woolwich, Deptford (3 yards), Limehouse, Rotherhithe (4 yards). The Thames Iron Works Yard is now the only one on the river.

CHANTECLER HAT MARTYR.

A too-fashionably-dressed young woman started out on a walk from her hotel at Geneva wearing a huge Chantecler hat crowned by a stuffed cock. In a short time she was joined by the genuine, whose whistling and noise attracted a further crowd, and the young woman ran through the principal streets to get rid of her tormentors. Taking a wrong turning, however, she entered a blind passage, while the crowd increased in number. Eventually a strong squad of gendarmes arrived, placed the young lady in a closed carriage and dispersed the crowd. She was driven to her hotel, uninjured, but her hat and robe were ruined. Owing to the crowd the tram service was delayed 15 minutes.

DRAMATIC PARIS TRAGEDY

A widow named Lavollee, 64 years old, who sold newspapers, was recently obliged to sell the furniture of her one little room to pay the rent. She was afterwards turned out and left on the street, with a family of three kittens. She had no food, and going down to the Seine, either by design or accident, fell in. A man in a boat rescued her, and she ran across the street in her dripping clothes, slipped, and fell under the wheels of a heavy van. She died a few moments later still clasping the three kittens in their basket. In the morning a priest who had seen the report of her death called at the police station where Mme. Lavollee had breathed her last, and claimed her body. She was his mother, of whom he had lost sight for over 20 years.

In one district in North Wales cancer causes one death in every eight amongst adults.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

FOR THE

YEAR ENDED 30th SEPTEMBER, 1912.

Statement of Assets and Liabilities.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Arrears of Rates	£395 2 2	Contractors' Deposits	£5 7 6
Wire Netting	7 0 0	Pound Trust Account	7 18 4
Cash in Hand	10 0	National Bank	581 5 8
Municipal Fund	246 19 4	Contracts	55 0 0
	£649 11 6		£649 11 6

Statement of Rates.

A GENERAL RATE of One Shilling in the Pound to the 30th September, 1912.

Riding.	Valuation.	Amount of Rate.	Amount Collected.	Amount Uncollected.	Total Arrears.
EPPING	£10,708 0 0	£535 8 0	£512 1 0	£23 7 0	£166 10 7
WOODSTOCK	8,649 0 0	432 9 0	385 4 9	47 4 3	228 11 7
	£19,357 0 0	£967 17 0	£897 5 9	£70 11 3	£395 2 2

Building Account.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
To Repayment	£13 5 0	By Balance	£100 5 0
„ Balance	89 18 9	„ Bank Charges	10 0
		„ „ Interest	2 8 9
	£103 3 9		£103 3 9

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure.

RECEIPTS.	Totals.	Woodstock Riding.	Epping Riding.	Trust Account.
To Balance	12 0			£9 15 10
„ Current Rates	£897 5 9	£385 4 9	£512 1 0	
„ Arrears of Rates	29 2 3	17 4 0	11 18 3	
„ Interest on Rates ...	18 19 2	10 3 2	8 16 0	
„ Government Endowment ...	225 0 0	112 10 0	112 10 0	
„ Grant Unused Roads ...	2 2 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	
„ Licenses—Equivalent Publicans' Slaughtering ...	48 0 0			
	2 0 0	25 0 0	25 0 0	
„ Dog Registration Fees ...	46 0 0	23 0 0	23 0 0	
„ Hire of Shire Hall ...	15 15 0	7 17 6	7 17 6	
„ Miscellaneous	2 1 0	1 0 6	1 0 6	
„ Waterstand, Thomastown ...	2 7 6	1 3 9	1 3 9	
„ Wire Netting	1 6 6	13 3	13 3	
„ Deposits	21 6 0			21 6 0
„ Bank Balance	£543 6 7			
„ Outstanding Cheques ...	... 37 19 1			
	581 5 8	302 10 3	291 11 3	
	£1893 2 10	£887 8 2	£996 12 6	£31 1 10

EXPENDITURE.	Totals.	Woodstock Riding.	Epping Riding.	Trust Account.
By Balance	£185 2 5	£13 6 6	£180 19 9	
„ Contracts	506 14 8	304 18 9	201 15 11	
„ Day Labor	416 2 11	185 14 9	230 8 2	
„ Salaries—Secretary, Rate Collector, and Valuer	95 0 0			
Shire Engineer	69 0 0			
Health Officer	10 0 0			
Treasurer	10 0 0			
Standing Counsel	5 5 0			
Poundkeeper	5 0 0			
Sanitary and Thistle Inspector, etc.	16 0 0			
Hallkeeper	13 0 0			
Caretaker, Epping Park ...	2 10 0			
Caretaker, Standpipe, Thomastown	2 0 0			
Dog Registrar	1 0 0	114 7 6	114 7 6	
„ Audit Fees	8 1 6	4 0 9	4 0 9	
„ Printing, Advertising, Stationery, etc. ...	38 19 9	19 9 9	19 10 0	
„ Bank Interest	11 6 3	5 13 1	5 13 2	
„ Public Charities	18 18 0	9 9 0	9 9 0	
„ Commission on Dog Fees	11 7 0	5 13 6	5 13 6	
„ President's Allowance	25 0 0			
„ Purchase of Stone Crusher	331 9 6			
„ Timber Purchased	18 15 9			
„ Miscellaneous	60 19 1	218 2 1	218 2 3	
„ Interest Building Account	3 5 0	1 12 6	1 12 6	
„ Repayment Building Account	10 0 0	5 0 0	5 0 0	
„ Deposits	17 16 0			17 16 0
„ Cash in Hand	10 0			13 5 10
	£1893 2 10	£887 8 2	£996 12 6	£31 1 10

JAMES RYAN, Shire Secretary.

Audited and Allowed—
FRED. GEO. WOOD, F.I.A.V.,
Government Auditor.

27/11/12.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer,

Sworn Valuer, Estate and Commission Agent,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Large List of Villas, Cottages, Shops, and Allotments.

Money to Lend Purchasers.

Valuations for Probate, Lodges, &c.

Auctions Conducted.

Insurances of all kinds Effected.

Rent Collecting a Specialty.

Buildings Financed, Arranged, and Supervised.

Address: 295 High St., Northcote. Telephone, Northcote 54.

The Gresham

Local Agent:
ERNEST LEES,
Auctioneer, Etc.,
295 High Street, Northcote.

Insurance Co.

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).

Established 1821.

TOTAL ASSETS OVER 6½ MILLIONS.

INSURE WITH

Guardian Assurance Co.

LTD.

Head Office: 452 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRE. ACCIDENT

Local Agent:

R. H. TAYLOR.

A. A. BURGESS,

BUILDER,

12 STOTT ST., NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton station).

Houses Built to Order Anywhere. Only Skilled Workmen Employed. Best Materials Used. Land purchased, and Finance arranged for, if required.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR BARGAINS

AT

J. W. MANKEY & CO.'S

DRAPERS, MILLINERS, & CLOTHIERS,

248-250 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE 248-250

Wonderful Showings and Rare Values now being offered in all classes of Goods for the Holiday Season.

Ladies' White Muslin Costumes
" Linene Costumes
Blouses, Skirts, Sunshades, Fancy Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Trimmed Millinery.
Boys' and Men's Clothing, Hats, Ties, Shirts, &c

MANTELPIECES

TO BUILDERS AND THOSE ABOUT TO BUILD

J. M. JOHNSTON & SONS

24 WATERLOO ROAD (off Bastings Street), NORTHCOTE

Desire to make it known that they are Manufacturers of MANTELPIECES of every description suitable for the Cottage or Mansion. Great Variety of Designs to choose from. Inspection cordially invited.

Give the Local Manufacturers a Trial.

You will find their Goods the Best and the Prices Right.

Ring up—Phone Northcote 309.

The Moa leaves All Others Behind!

Merson's Moa Cycle Works

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

Insurance Companies & Agents

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 arrange

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.

NORTHCOTE & PRESTON AUCTION and ESTATE AGENCY.

Gordon Garrett & Co.,

533-535 High St., UPPER NORTHCOTE.

Near Thornbury Station.

Insurances Effected. Loans Negotiated
Rents Collected. Valuations Made
Auction Sales conducted any district
Plans and specifications of houses prepared

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.

L. A. C.

ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer and Sworn Valuer, is Local Agent for the old-established

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION

Call on him at 295 High Street, Northcote, or Ring up Northcote 54.

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest prices given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Darebin Rd. Northcote. Phone, Northcote 363.

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.

HERR 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.

L. NIEHOFF,

292 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Pianos, Music, and Phonographs.
Cash or Terms.
Pianos Tuned, Regulated and Repaired.
Late of Collins, Beale, Brasch and Coy., Melbourne.

MR. A. B. PHILIPPE, TEACHER of VIOLIN (Royal Academy Music, London), Has Vacancies for Few Pupils in New Year. Terms Reasonable. Correspondence Invited. 33 McLACHLAN ST., NORTHCOTE.

Announcements.

Hill's General Agency,

320 High St., Northcote
(5 doors from Separation St).

Apartments To Let, Furnished or Unfurnished.
Board and Residence Arranged.
Registry Office for all kinds of Employment (always vacancies).
Secondhand Books Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.
Splendid Assortment of Xmas Novelties, Post Cards, Stationery, Haberdashery, Latest Novels, etc., etc.
Stamps in any quantity.
Houses and Land For Sale. Insurances Effected.
Insurances Effected.
All Leading Papers and Periodicals on hand. Deliveries twice a day.

320 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (5 doors from Separation Street).

XMAS! XMAS! XMAS!

Miss A. Lewis,

350 QUEEN'S PARADE, NORTH FITZROY,

Has just opened a Large Assortment of New Goods for Christmas and New Year Gifts, including—Glassware, Vases, Dessert and Afternoon Sets Silver-Mounted Brushes and Combs Shaving Sets, Jewel Cases, etc.

Toys and Dolls in large varieties.

Also a large assortment of Xmas and New Year Cards and Stationery.

Open every evening for cards and stationery.

Weekly payments taken.

JOHN PHILLIPS M.R.V.S.,

VETERINARY SURGEON AND EQUINE DENTIST,

93 NAPIER ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day Telephone Central 6204.

COME!

Where the Tree Ferns Grow

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

Williams' New Continental Tea Rooms

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

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

Refreshments and Confectionery of all kinds.

REMEMBER—

WILLIAMS',

RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock! Small Prices! Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

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.

Why go to Melbourne for Xmas Presents?

PINK & SON

MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS,

Desire to intimate that they have on hand a large stock of beautiful Christmas Presents.

Every Article Manufactured on the Premises.

Weekly Payments taken.

REPAIRS of Every Description

241 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (opp. Theatre).

Licensed Buyer of Wrought Gold.

A. E. WOOLHOUSE,

Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,

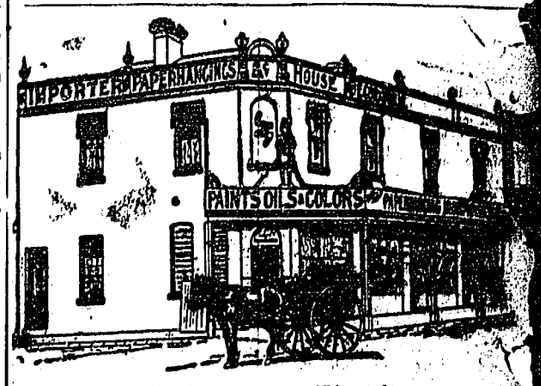
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).

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 billetoffered 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 320.