Northcote Leader

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Will Build on Your Land, or Buy Land you choose, Houses your Own Design, or Sell you Houses just finished, double or single-fronted. Best material and workmanship.

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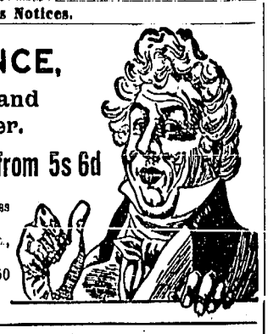
A Suit or Dress Like New from 5s 6d



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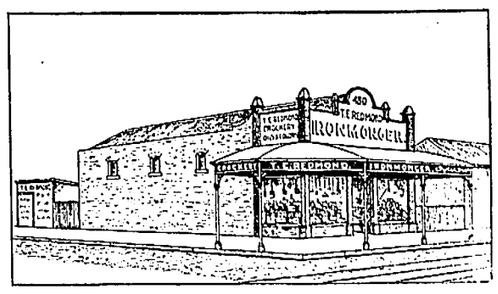

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IMPROVEMENTS: Taps at side, which enables a tray to be put in from the front to catch liquids boiling over. Browner light over top of oven to brown scones, etc. Flame top of Roaster which, while grilling, toasting, or roasting in Roaster, also heats top Oven for baking scones, cakes, etc., so that both Oven and Roaster are heated with one flame.

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Two top lights, £4. Three top lights, £4 8s 6d. (Bottom light under Roaster, 12/6 extra)

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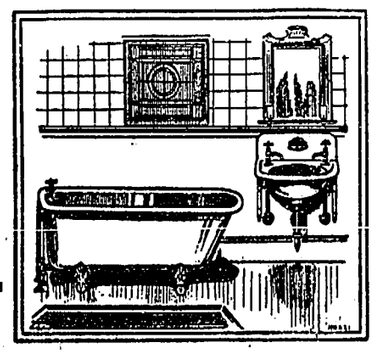

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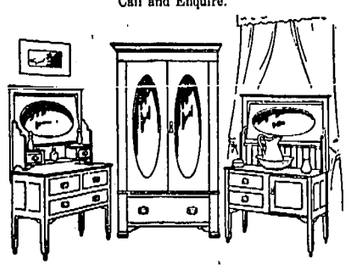

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"Yarrum" HIGH-GRADE TEAS

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"YARRUM" TEAS have a distinct, mild, malt flavor which at once appeals to your sense of taste and supplies that refreshing principle which you so much desire.

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Specially-Selected	An Ideal Family Tea	The Last Word in Value
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Church Notices.

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Sunday Services:
11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. A. C. Kellaway, M.A.
Special Collections for Home Mission Fund.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
7 p.m., "The War and Prophecy."
Special Collections for Home Mission Fund.

Rev. C. W. Wood.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister: Rev. R. W. Rock.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "The Two Sins Christ Most Strenuously Smote."
Evening, "A Great Thing to Say."

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES, Sunday, 4th October.
11 a.m., Rev. Alex. Hardie (Heidelberg).
7 p.m., Rev. W. Arthur Roberts.
Special Anthems by the Choir.
Offertory Solo, evening, Miss Beatrice Higginson.
Annual Conversazione, Tuesday, 6th, Bradford Hall, 8 p.m.

THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rossmoyne Street.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Mr. G. Landy.
7 p.m., Mr. S. E. Findlay.
Sabbath School, 3 p.m.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
HIGH STREET.
10 a.m., Brotherhood.
11 a.m., Mr. F. Boundy.
7 p.m., Rev. John Adams, subject, "Obedience Unto Death."
ST. GEORGE'S ROAD.
11 a.m., Mr. C. R. Kelly.
7 p.m., Mr. G. Hunter.
PRINCE OF WALES' PARK.
23rd Anniversary.
11 a.m., Rev. Joseph McIlroy.
3 p.m., Rev. Wesley Johns.
7 p.m., Rev. Robert Kelly.
See special advt.
CROXTON.
11 a.m., Rev. Lawrence Tait.
7 p.m., Mr. D. Thorpe.
All seats free. Strangers warmly welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH, St. David Street, Northcote.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY
Sunday, 4th October.
11 a.m., Rev. J. McIlroy.
3 p.m., Rev. Wesley Johns.
7 p.m., Rev. Robert Kelly.
Special Singing by the Choir. Morning Anthem—Chorus, "And the Glory of the Lord" (Handel), solo, Mr. R. Wynan; Afternoon Anthem—"I will Sing of Thy Power" (Sullivan), solo, Mr. E. Grainger; Evening Anthem—"The Heavens are Telling" (Haydn), solo, Mr. A. Graham. Male Quartette. Special Collection for Church Funds.

TEA & CONCERT, Wednesday, 7th October. Tea at 6.30. Tickets, 1/-. Children under 14 years, 6d. Grand Concert at 8 o'clock. Address by J. H. Betheras, M.A. Chairman, Rev. Robt. Kelly. Collection.

CROXTON Methodist Church (corner St. George's Road and Shaftesbury Parade). — Mutual Improvement Society's Church Parade, To-Morrow (Sunday) Night, at 7 o'clock. Address by the President of the Society (Mr. D. W. Thorpe). Special Singing by Male Choir.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
Preston.—11 a.m., Mr. — Parnaby (Student from Queen's); 7 p.m., Mr. W. Thorpe.
South Preston (Church Anniversary)—11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. J. W. Rowse; 7 p.m., Rev. E. W. Nye.
Pender's Grove.—11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. Davies.
All Welcome.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

ANNIVERSARY, SUNDAY, 4th OCTOBER, 1914.
Preachers:
Morning at 11 and Afternoon at 3, Rev. J. W. Rowse.
Evening at 7, Rev. E. W. Nye.

Monday, 5th October, GRAND TEA MEETING and CONCERT. Tea on tables at 6 p.m. Concert at 7.45 p.m. Admission to Tea, 1/-.
Arch. Wilkinson, Hon. Sec.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Pastor: Rev. B. Hewison.
Sunday Services:
11 a.m., "Why Redeemed?" (Communion).
7 p.m., "The Bible in the State Schools."
3 p.m., Men's Own, Mr. M. L. Carter, "The Evolution of Music: Its Use and Abuse."

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Martin St., Northcote.

Pastor: Rev. A. R. Bunton.
Sunday Services:
11 a.m., "Speak to the Earth and it Shall Teach Thee."
7 p.m., Choral Service. Favorite Hymns. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.
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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. quarter.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
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Pupils entered for Exams. Over 250 passed.
Theory Class, 6 p.m. on Thursdays.
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Local Office: At Office of E. & R. Bailey, Estate Agents, High Street, Northcote South, where Mr. R. Candy will attend on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

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The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3.

THE BATTLE OUTLOOK.

After three weeks' pounding at each other, the opposing armies in France are still in position, with sheaves of dead men lying in the spaces between. The ground taken up by the German army, after it was hurled back from the environs of Paris, reveals an insight into almost incredible preparations for war made by Germany. Cool, calculating malignity has been shown by them in a hundred different ways, but the quarry sites on the Aisne River, which which have provided their soldiers with and inpregnable stronghold, ready made, in the heart of the enemy's country, is perhaps the clearest illustration yet exhibited. Over a year ago certain areas on the Aisne River were taken up for quarries, and hills were cut into fortresses, the stone dislodged being probably sold to the French for building and other purposes, the money being thus provided by France for the work of quarrying. It now transpires that the ostensible quarry-owners were merely agents for Krupp's, and that emplacements for seige guns, safe storages for powder and shell, and trenches for soldiers were thus constructed, before the very eyes of the French officials, and that their purpose was not even suspected until the very contingency happened for which they were prepared. In the same way the march through Belgium had been provided for beforehand, where Krupps purchased land for the erection of factories. Here concrete floors were laid down, and it now appears that the floors were specially designed for seige guns that were to batter a way through the Seige fortresses. These arrangements bespeak Germany's previously settled intention to invade France, and throw a flood of light on the action of Germany in applying a spark to the European powder-magazine at a moment most advantageous to the carrying out of her settled resolves. The allies, however, have shown great skill and acumen in the conduct of the war, and have carefully refrained from delivering a frontal attack on the Aisne River, devoting their main energies to the flanking operations. During the past three weeks steady advance has been made on both sides, the ground being won at an enormous expenditure of men and material. In order to relieve this pressure on their flanks, the Germans have been compelled to make desperate sorties from their central quarry sites, the result being that on each occasion after leaving their protecting trenches they were driven back in disorder. At the present moment there are indications that the operations of the allies are likely to be followed with success, and that this terrible combat will end either in the retreat or the isolation of the German forces. The oncoming of winter threatens to impede military manoeuvres to a very great extent, and it is highly probable that prior to a rigorous season setting in Germany will make a supreme effort, as every day's delay render her position more critical. The German navy is evidently being saved for some big adventure, which will probably made within the next week or two. All her factories are working night and day arming and strengthening the ships, and when the naval "day" arrives and they grapple with the British fleet, it is highly likely that we shall hear that they are being assisted by a fleet of Zeppelin air-craft. Germany is known to have been building these machines for some time past, and the appearance of fifty of these monsters hovering a mile above the British ships may be one of the leading features of the battle. These airships carry bombs of terribly destructive power, and it is a moot question whether aeroplanes and hydroplanes could account for them before they had performed their allotted parts in the naval contest. We may rest assured that the British Admiralty is fully seized of the danger from this source, and has taken all conceivable measures to minimise it. The naval battle, it may be assumed, will be brought on in connection with some critical movement of the land forces.

At the Preston Police Court on Tuesday, before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Mr. Ellison, J.P., the shire rate collector proceeded against sundry defaulting ratepayers, securing orders for amounts claimed in each instance, with costs. A fine of 2s 6d was imposed on a parent for non-attendance of child at school, and 10s tax was laid upon cyclists, who had ridden on the footpath in Bell street. A case of insulting behavior, in which four young fellows were accused of trespassing in the Bradford hall on the occasion of a recent silver wedding, occupied the attention of the court till midday. At the conclusion of the evidence, Dr. Cole, P.M., said that there was ample testimony in support of the charge against all the defendants, the lads having evidently acted in concert. They were fined £1 each, with costs.

Sixty-three members of the First Preston Troop, under Assistant Scoutmaster Sone, mustered at the scout hall on Saturday and went through the fireman's lift and drag competition. Patrol Leader V. Finlay was the winner, with 98 points out of a possible 100; while the orderly patrol (seventh) was preparing tea, the other scouts played scouting games. After tea a short meeting was held and the signalling competition was completed. The greatest interest prevails as regards the series of competitions for the first. H. Bailey has passed Patrol Leader Dickens, and is now leading. Patrol Leader Hammond is a close third. To-night (Saturday) the parents' monthly social will be held, and a special circular has be sent to all parents regarding it. A programme has been arranged, with patrol leader in charge of different items. The swearing-in ceremony will also be performed. This month ten new members have joined the troop, and since the introduction of 2s 6d entrance fee 18 new members have joined.

A meeting of the Preston branch of the Red Cross Society was held in the shire hall on Wednesday. There were representatives from various friendly societies present. The date of the carnival was fixed for Saturday November 14, afternoon and evening, a torchlight and fancy dress procession to be held at night in connection with same. The following names were added to committee:—Nurses Gray and Payne; Mesdames Holliday and L. Sheppard; Misses Denton-Fethers and Robertson and Messrs Olney, Thorpe, Frobel, Hulley, Simmons, Daye, Fry, Dickens, Kirpatrick, W. Fyfe, Paarman, Henkel, Atkins, A. E. Newton, Maltzahn, and Douglass. Next meeting, Wednesday, October 7, at shire hall at 7.30. Public invited.

At the Northcote court on Monday, a young man named Stanislaus Fraser was charged with assulting the assistant station master, James Ross Young, on the night of September 26. J. R. Young stated that after the departure of the 11.30 p.m. train of September 26, Fraser and some other young men were noisy on the station. They appeared to be under the influence of drink. Witness cautioned them, and Fraser offered to fight him. When witness was on the west side of the platform, Fraser crossed the pit, although witness warned him. Fraser struck him on the mouth, breaking two of his teeth. Witness closed with him, and in the scuffle they both fell. A porter came to witness's assistance. During the disturbance Fraser used obscene language. Fraser was fined 20s, with 10s costs for the assault, and also 20s on a charge of using obscene langunge. The Bench declined to accede to his request for time to pay the fines.

Mr. W. H. Smith, secretary of the Northern Tramway Extension League, has been notified that evidence will be heard from representatives of the Northcote and Preston councils at State Parliament House, Rathdown street, Carlton, at 10 o'clock a.m. on Friday, 9th inst., and from representatives of the Northern Tramway Extension League at the same place on Tuesday, 3rd inst. On each occasion the Railway Standing Committee will sit in open court, so that those interested may hear the evidence.

Northcote Methodist Church. — On Wednesday evening last an interesting display of physical exercises was given in the school hall by the girls' gymnasium club, under the direction of Miss Christensen, the instructress. Mr. W. H. Gray presided, and the attendance was large. In addition to the exercises, songs and recitations were given by several ladies and gentlemen. During the evening complimentary reference was made to splendid work done for the club by the president (Mrs. A. Allen), the treasurer (Miss Stanley), and the energetic secretary (Miss Petrie).

The social committee of the Preston Football Club has arranged a series of entertainments, open to members and players, during the summer months, the object being to keep the players together. The first of this series is in the form of a rope-quoit tournament, and the result of the first games played (100 up) is as follows:—T. Warren beat L. Punch by 7; G. Eaton beat G. Green by 32; W. Gibbs beat M. Brewer by 66. The first round will be continued on Monday evening.

Princess Alice and Loyal Macartney L.O.L. held a social in the Northcote town-hall on Tuesday evening, which proved a great success. Bro. Mayberry, of the Grand Committee, was present, and in the course of the evening made the following presentations: — Sister Semmens, P.M., handsome salad bowl; Sister Hollywood, secretary, handsome cl ck; Sister Thomson, treasurer, neat hand bag.

There is a good deal of sickness about Preston at the present time. Mr. Fred. Wallis, of Station street, a member of the firm of Wallis Bros., the well-known stove makers of Preston, is among the sufferers. Mr. James Olver, of Tyler street, is still in the hands of the doctor. Mr. Newton, senr. of William street, a very old colonist, whose sons are connected with J. C. Hutton and Co., has had a very bad time, but is now making a good recovery.

Hattam's advertise a continuance of that famous spring show that they're holding. Hattam's is the rendezvous of all purse-wise folk just now. [Advt].

RETURNING TRAVELLERS.

ADVENTUROUS VOYAGES.

In connection with other sea-travellers in these days Mr. J. A. Walker, chemist, of Northcote (who last week returned from the old country) had an eventful time after the declaration of war. Up to that period his trip had been one round of pleasantness. He went to Scotland, all over England, visited Ireland (including, of course, the famous lake district); also touring France, Switzerland, and Germany. There was no whisper of war at any of these places, and he then returned to Scotland, where he was staying when news came to hand that war had been declared. Finding that all shipping arrangements were likely to be disordered, and that, although his passage had been booked for a boat sailing in about three weeks' time, there would be no certainty that the vessel could depart as scheduled, a chance of reaching home offered (through the agency of a friend) by being booked among the hospital staff on board the cargo steamer "Nestor." This chance was availed of, though many of the advantages of liner-travel were forfeited by so doing, as well as passage-money already paid. The latter item Mr. Walker left for his London solicitor to arrange as best he might. Life on the ship was dull, and somewhat long-drawn out, as the voyage was made round the Cape. At night no lights were shown, even the striking of a match on deck being strictly prohibited. That such precautions were not altogether unnecessary was proved on nearing Les Palmas (Spanish), where the noise of gun firing was heard some ten miles away. This was the "Highflyer" incident, already reported in Australian newspapers, in which the British steamer named captured a German armed liner that had previously captured several British ships. Thus the "Nestor" was then near enough to disaster to make the rest of the voyage a trifle nervy, and the travellers were glad to reach Australian shores in safety. Mr. Walker is looking, and feeling, extremely well, the holiday having greatly benefitted his health.

The R.M.S. "Osterley," which has among its passengers Messrs Foster and and Deane, who are both well known in Northcote and Preston, arrived at Perth on Tuesday. The "Osterley" has had eventful voyages since she was last in Australia. When she was home-ward-bound war was declared, and in the Mediterranean the captain received orders from a cruiser to proceed at full steam owing to the presence of the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau. No lights were carried at night, and every precaution was taken. One night in the Mediterranean a warship fired a shot across her bows. The passengers, who had retired, rushed up on deck, thinking it was an enemy's ship, but after a short conversation with the captain the warship disappeared. An anxious time was experienced during recent run to Colombo owing to the presence of the German cruiser Emden, which was reported to have sunk ten British ships, and is now reported as having been captured by a British or Japanese gunboat.

Lieut. Col. Braithwaite, of Preston, and Messrs Whalley Bros. are supposed to be on board the "Medina," which is now on her way to Australia, and is scheduled to be at Colombo on Saturday next.

On Thursday this week the following memo. was received from Mr. R. J. Whalley:—

Venice, Italy,
Thursday, 13th August, 1914.

We left Rome at midnight on Monday last, and are leaving here (Venice) this morning for Lucerne, hoping to cross the frontier at the first opportunity for England. Opinions vary, but there seems a big element of doubt as to when we shall get through. Information very meagre in these foreign lands.

Mr. F. E. Girling, another name well known to Northcote people, writes from London—

"I am leaving England on September 25th by the S.S. 'Orsova.' If the war makes no difference to the Orient Co's. programme we should arrive in Melbourne on November 2nd. I look forward every week for the 'Leader,' it is just like a breath of home to me."

LOCALISMS

The Preston branch Red Cross Society has decided to hold a carnival on Saturday, November 7.

School re-opens (fourth term) at King's College, Clifton Hill, on Tuesday next.

A meeting of the Northern Tramway Extension League will be held at the Albion hotel, on Thursday evening next, 8th inst., at 8 o'clock.

The monthly meeting of the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association will be held in All Saints' hall, High street, Northcote South, on Tuesday evening next.

A display of gymnastic exercises, etc., will be given by the guilds of Holy Trinity, Thornbury, in the Northcote town hall on Thursday evening next, in aid of the patriotic fund.

Mr. W. H. Pridgeon notifies elsewhere that he is now carrying on the business of the late A. Sanguinetti in High St., Northcote, where he has a huge stock of wall-papers and painters' materials. "Hang it" is his motto regarding wall-paper.

A floral fair, in aid of All Saints' Church, Preston, will be opened on Thursday next by Mrs. Albert Miller in the shire-hall at 3 p.m. Miss Rosa Alba will sing at the opening ceremony. There will be special attractions provided during the continuance of the fair.

On Wednesday next the pupils of Westleigh College, assisted by leading Melbourne artists, will give a patriotic concert at the Northcote town-hall in aid of the Red Cross Society. The admission is one shilling.

A masonic service is to be held on Sunday afternoon, 11th inst., in the shire-hall, Preston, when a collection will be taken up on behalf of the patriotic fund. A very attractive programme has been drawn up for the service, which begins at 3 p.m.

Owners of horses and cattle were fined in varying amounts at the Northcote Police Court on Monday for allowing their cattle to wander, and owners of unvaccinated children were mulct in £2 per head.

Constable P. O'Sullivan had a field day on Monday at the Northcote court in securing fines of 40/- each against parents for failing to comply with the Vaccination Act.

Important tenders, to be received up to 12 noon on Tuesday, 6th October, have been called by the Shire of Epping for works in connection with the Country Roads Board. See advertisement.

The Preston P.L.C. has arranged to hold a social and dance on Tuesday evening, 13th inst., to celebrate the victories of Messrs F. Anstey, M.H.R., and W. J. Beckett, M.L.C.

By advertisement, notice is given to Northcote ratepayers that the council numbering officer is Mr. A. T. Hatton, and no one else has authority to sell or affix numbers on houses within the city. The plate approved by the council is a white enamel with black numbers.

Mr. Reginald W. Brown, teacher of pianoforte, harmony, theory, etc., notifies that he has changed his address, and will now receive pupils at his residence, 74 High street, Northcote South.

Fountain pens appear to exude through mailbags on their way to Broadmeadows camp. The secretary of the Northcote patriotic fund sent half-a-dozen to members of the contingent last week, accompanied by complimentary letters. The latter arrived, but the pens have not yet materialised.

In the Northcote town hall on Thursday 8th inst., a grand gymnastic display, under the leadership of Mr. T. Robinson, will be given by the combined guilds of Holy Trinity, Thornbury. Tickets 6d. The proceeds are in aid of the Patriotic Fund.

A field trial of Wuchatsch's patent maize and pea sower will be made at the farm, Cemetery road, on Tuesday from 2.30 to 5 p.m., weather permitting. All those interested in the test are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tutton have joined forces with Mrs Leonard Baker on the teaching staff of the Northcote School of Music. Their qualifications for such position are undoubted, and the School of Music and Northcote residents are fortunate in securing their services.

Mr. Edward Fellowes, coachbuilder, High street, Northcote, is at the present time engaged in building 48 transport waggons for the military authorities. They have to be delivered in three weeks, and must therefore be made at the rate of more than one per day. The staff is working night and day, and there is already quite a procession of vehicles ready for delivery.

Mr. D. McIntyre, of the Preston post office, sustained a sad bereavement on Sunday last, in the death of his wife at the early age of 36 years. The funeral on Tuesday was largely attended by sympathising friends, the remains being interred in the Coburg cemetery. Members of the post office staff acted as pall bearers.

At the shire hall, Preston, to-night, there will be an entertainment in aid of the new Catholic school, the leading feature of which will be the presence of the celebrated St. Augustine's Champion Boys' Band.

The Rev. J. H. O'Grady and committee expect a large gathering at the Sacred Heart Church, Preston, to-morrow afternoon, when His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr. F. J. Carr, will perform the ceremony of blessing and opening the new school and the new presbytery. St. Augustine's band will render selections on the occasion.

All ladies admire nice, chic millinery. And all ladies have the opportunity of admiring it at Hattam's. Never before were such lovely hats seen in such profusion. [Advt].

In connection with the South Preston Methodist Church anniversary, which will be celebrated to-morrow, a tea meeting will be held in the school hall on Monday evening at 6 o'clock, to be followed by a grand entertainment in the church.

The monthly harmony night of the Northcote and Preston Scottish Society, held on the 28th, was very enjoyable. A large audience was well entertained by Misses Russell and Bland, and Messrs Harris, Martin, Howie, Harvey, Harmsworth and Adams with songs, and recitations by Messrs Taylor and Archbold. Dancing by Miss Livingstone and four little pupils of Mr. G. B. Brown and excellent piping by Bros. McPherson and Belsey made a "guid Scotch nicht."

The re-opening of the Lyric open-air theatre, Northcote, is announced for to-night.

Men! Your summer wearables await you at Hattam's. Tip-top assortments in hats, ties, fashion shirts, collars, sox, suits, etc. There's a truly grand selection just now. [Advt].

ELECTION NOTES.

During the past week the friends and supporters of the Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A. have been busy forming committees in the various centres of the electorate, and organising for the forthcoming elections. Meetings were held in the central, north and south portions of Northcote, at Preston, Fairfield, Alphington, Ivanhoe and Heidelberg, the greatest enthusiasm prevailing at each centre. During next week meetings will be held at the library hall, Preston, on Tuesday evening, and at Holy Trinity schoolroom on the same night, and on Wednesday night at the town hall. As many supporters as possible are asked to attend these meetings by advertisement elsewhere.

Northcote South supporters of the Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., are invited by advertisement to meet at Farr's schoolroom on Thursday evening next.

SUNDAY WITH THE SONS OF LIGHT.

AN "IMPRESSION" SKETCH.

MASONIC CHORAL SERVICE AT NORTHCOTE TOWN HALL.

"Impressions only—that's all."

'Tis Sunday afternoon. The Methodist Church choir, seated on the platform, seems to watch and wait; so does a crowded audience (or is it a congregation?)

The programme supplies a reason—this is to be a masonic service, and "brethren" are not yet visible. Without them it would be a case of "Hamlet" without the prince.

At the front of the platform are three oblong, cedar desks or tables. Painted in gold on the front of these is what looks like, and is evidently intended to be, a plumbrule, a level, and a square, such implements as are used by carpenters and builders.

Now, while waiting, it is evidently permissible for the audience to guess at what these are for, and what they might mean.

Suppose we try to think it out. Everyone knows that, when a carpenter wants to straighten an upright piece of timber, he puts a plumb-line against it, and soon has it point-blank to the heavens.

The plumb-line is a kind of straight-edge to true-up a line pointing from earth to sky. The level is a straight-edge pointing the other way about, namely, along the earth.

When the carpenter wants to test his flooring, he puts the level on it. When he wants to straighten uprights he uses the plumb-line. If he desires to try both the floor and walls of the building at one operation, he uses a square, which, as may be seen by the drawing on the centre table, is but a combination of the other two implements; the plumb-rule and the level being nailed together form a square corner, something like the letter L. In fact, the carpenter calls this implement an "L-square."

Well, how are these things to be fitted in with these freemasons, who are not working carpenters?

Come to think of it, a man is shaped something like a plumb-rule, with his head pointing away from the earth to the sky. That's one guess; but if we are going to regard him as a plumb-rule, how are we going to use him also as a level, or form him into a square?

Clearly something is wrong with the first guess, for he cannot be both up-and-down and straight-across at the same time.

But, stay—the man goes to sleep, and then he lies along the earth like a level. The something-in-him that kept his head pointing to the heavens while the sun was up, goes away in the dark hours, and he sinks to the earth in slumber. Perhaps this may be the "level" we are looking for?

The Eight Hours' day banner says:—"8 hours' labor, 8 hours' recreation, 8 hours' rest." Two of these 8's, it will be noticed, are enjoyed by man while in an upright posture, the third while lying down, asleep. Two parts of a day standing upright, and one-third lying extended at right-angles, surely forms for the twenty-four hours a shape like an L-square, the same as a carpenter uses.

Here we have found, therefore, a very funny thing about a man, namely, that his day-life and night-life shapes itself into a square regularly, day by day, all the way from the cradle to the grave. From this standpoint he may be regarded as an animated square, a living combination of plumbrule and level, going through phases of daily "squarings," just as the moon (in Tennyson's beautiful imagery) regularly "changes her silver sickle into her golden shield." At night man lies prone with the dust; in daytime arises, his head pointing away to the stars and infinity; then back to earth again, and so on till he dies.

Some people, too, might remember that the ancients used a square as an emblem of creation—"the work of His hands"—and it is certainly very curious to find that man, in his daily orbit, thus automatically pictures this symbol.

Applying this idea to a man's way of living, it may be inferred that if he, by fair business dealings, acquires a reputation among his fellows as a "straight-goer," it is as though he stands upright among them, as a plumbrule, and it may be anticipated that when such a man lies down at close of day he will sleep the sleep of the just.

Now, if we take, as an illustration, these two desirable things, "straight-goer" and "sleep of the just," and mentally tack them together in the shape of the letter L, thus we have an implement for guaging a man's character, just as the carpenter tests walls and floor by his steel or wooden square.

Just follow out this thought. A life-record that stands snugly against the upright edge, "straight-goer," and at the same time against the lower edge, "sleep of the just" (in other words, fitting exactly into the square thus conceived of) might be considered as being "squared," or fashioned into brick-shape—and perhaps this is the reason (though we never thought of it before) why people sometimes say admiringly of a man—"He's a regular brick."

If his daily uprisings be marked by straight dealing and his nightly lyings-down by the peace of a contented mind—the sleep of the just—there is thus shown an L shape, or brick-shape, when tested by a mental square one leg of which is represented by "straight-goer," the other by "sleep of the just."

Well, what follows? Having made man into a plumbrule, a level, a square, a brick—what next?

Bricks are used for building purposes. May a man be so used? Hardly—but yet, who has not read of a city, or a temple, whose walls are formed from twelve tribes of Israel, or something of that sort of material?—Oh, but that's "religious stuff," and the Grand Chaplain told us, a little later on, that freemasonry was not a religion, only a "handmaid to religion."

This seems, therefore, to be as much as we can get out of the symbols exposed to view, that these men, with blue and white decorations, in some way try to square themselves up like bricks; and, later, a funny thought comes along (perhaps dreadfully irreverent) born of the Grand Chaplain's remark as to their relation to religion—he called these men handmaids; we have figured them out as bricks. Combine the two ideas, and the product is "handmaid bricks." There, we've got to the bottom of it, and don't laugh, please.

These speculations are, of course, only guesses to while away the time, and vanish as a processional hymn is sung, preparatory to the entry of the "brethren."

The latter march up the hall—or should we call it the aisle?—in twos, and appear to be a goodly company indeed.

The eye rests at once on the color, blue, worn by the "brethren." Against the background of dark clothes, this showed up attractively, and as a young lady remarked, "looked real lovely."

There were two parties in the procession, one wearing light blue, and the other royal blue and gold. At the rear of each color scheme were officers, over whose heads were borne rods crossed in the form of an X.

The leading one of these officers was the Worshipful Master of the Lord Northcote Lodge, Bro. Littlejohns, a gentleman held in highest esteem among all classes of the community; and the other, the V.W. Bro. J. Goble, Grand Chaplain of the Order, who was to deliver the address of the afternoon.

A criss-cross shape, such as formed by the rods, was in the olden times a symbol of Blessing and Abundance (whatever its meaning might be at the present day), for one has only to remember that when aged, purblind Israel was about to bless Joseph's two children, the fond father placed his offspring in position for the elder one to receive the right hand, or major, blessing, but the patriarch, in accordance with old-time custom, crossed his hands in making the symbol of blessing and abundance, and so it came about that the right hand rested on the head of the younger.

Take note, also, that exactly the same sign is still made at the end of our feasts and merry makings, in Northcote and Preston, where visitors, having supped, and desirous of expressing good wishes before departing, sing Auld Lang Syne, and in the last verse cross hands, thus making the ancient symbol of blessing and abundance.

Is it not remarkable to find among these freemasons, just as was recently shown to be the case in district churches, that man is still carrying along the old-time picture alphabet that comes from the dawn of history, although meanings and significations may have been altogether forgotten long ago, or altered to suit other conditions.

Bro. Rev. J. Adams delivered an "invocation prayer," laden with beautiful words and thoughts, and afterwards read the first and second lessons well.

The choir sang the difficult anthem, "Hail, Gladdening Light," with credit to themselves and pleasure to the audience, and later, Handel's setting of "Oh, Father, whose Almighty Power."

Bro. Geo. Reid ably rendered a sacred solo, "Lift thine heart." Miss Reid playing the accompaniment. Mr. Bert Cox also sang (to Mr. Hansen's accompaniment) "The Lord is my Light," both singers receiving warm appreciation.

The Grand Chaplain then arose to deliver the address. In addition to very nice regalia, he wore a round golden emblem, the meaning of which was, of course, open for us to speculate upon. There was a metal book, upon a triangle, enclosed in a circle.

The speaker being a chaplain, it is only reasonable to conclude that the book represented was the Bible; the triangle, (as everyone knows) typifies God, though socialists recently adopted it as standing for socialism; and a circle, being an "o," a shape in which neither beginning nor ending point may be discerned, fitly has been chosen in all ages to represent continuity—eternity.

Taking the emblems in the order mentioned, a rough reading of these golden characters might be, therefore—"The word—of the Lord—endureth for ever." This is just the same phrase as the Psalmist recorded long ages ago, but it has been put into the picture-writing of the far-away peoples who lived when the world was young—or perhaps the Psalmist himself translated it from their pictures, just as we were enabled to do on Sunday last. Strange, isn't it?

Of the rev. gentleman's discourse, it may be said that it was very enjoyable; not too solid for a mixed audience, yet full of thinking matter for those who indulge in that luxury towards any subject outside their own business. Little fault could be found with its delivery, and the speaker held undivided attention throughout an admirable address on, "What mean we by these things?"

An offertory was taken, and handed to the mayor, Cr. Tharratt, J.P., who will send on the amount, £15, to the Ladies' Benevolent Society, to whom it should come as a welcome donation at the present time.

During the afternoon Miss Elsie Marshall, A.L.C.M., presided at the organ, and also played a selection, and her sister assisted at the piano.

During the singing of a recessional hymn the Brethren ceremoniously retired, thus closing a most interesting and successful service.

CHURCH NEWS.

The morning service at the Congregational church, Northcote, to-morrow will be of a special character. The pastor will deliver a homily on "Spring" and also how the earth is speaking of the Lord's second coming. In the evening the service will be fully choral. Favorite hymns will sung. At the close the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed.

At Holy Trinity Church on Sunday Rev. W. Wood will occupy the pulpit, his subject will be for the evening "The War and Prophecy." Special collection will be made for home mission fund.

Mr. Parnaby, a student from Queen's, will conduct the morning service in the Preston Methodist Church. It is said that Mr. Parnaby gives great promise of being a brilliant preacher. Mr. W. Thorpe, of Thornbury, will conduct the evening service.

Northcote Baptist Church:—On Sunday morning the Rev. B. Hewison continues his discussion on "Why Redeemed?" by way of introduction to communion service to follow. In the afternoon the Men's Own is being addressed by Mr. M. L. Carter on "The Evolution of Music, its Use and Abuse." The splendid reputation in the musical world Mr. Carter brought with him from London has been considerably enhanced by his choir work in Northcote, his latest triumph being the piloting of the junior Sunday school choir to victory last Monday night, in connection with the Baptist Sunday schools' competition. A beautiful shield will thus come into the choir's possession for twelve months. At the request of the Scripture Campaign Council, the pastor will speak in the evening upon "The Bible in the State Schools."

It is the intention of the Croxton Methodist Mutual Improvement Society to hold a church parade to-morrow evening, when the speaker will be the president of the society (Mr. D. W. Thorpe) who is an able local preacher. There will also be special singing by a male choir, consisting of members of the society.

The anniversary services in connection with the Wollert Methodist Church will be conducted to-morrow. Services will be held in the afternoon and evening, to be conducted by the Rev. B. L. Semmens. The celebrations will be continued on Wednesday evening, when the South Preston Methodist Church choir are to provide the programme.

On Sunday next Mr. Grant will have charge of the Brotherhood meeting at the High street Methodist Church, and will read a paper on "The Welcome Guest." Mr. F. Boundy, a student of Queen's College, will take the church service in the morning. The Rev. J. Adams will preach in the evening and take as his subject, "Obedience unto Death." He will also administer the sacrament of the "Lord's Supper."

South Preston Methodist Church anniversary will be celebrated to-morrow, when three services will be conducted. The Rev. J. W. Rowse will officiate in the morning and afternoon, and the Rev. E. W. Nye will conduct the evening service. The choir will render special anthems at each service under the leadership of Mr. E. W. von Mylius, with Miss A. Walker presiding at the organ.

The anniversary services in connection with the Preston Presbyterian Church will be held to-morrow. The Rev. Alex. Hardie, of Heidelberg, preaches in the morning, and the Rev. W. Arthur Roberts in the evening. The choir will render special anthems, and at the evening service Miss Higginson will sing an offertory solo. The annual conversazione takes place in the Bradford hall on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Good programme and refreshments.

The anniversary of the Prince of Wales' Park Methodist Church will be celebrated by special services on Sunday next, details of which are advertised. On the following Wednesday a tea meeting and concert will be held.

[A CARD].

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Principal: Mrs. Leonard Baker.

Mrs. Baker has much pleasure in stating that with her at the Northcote School of Music she has secured the able assistance of Mr. and Mrs. George Tutton, who will undertake the training and tuition of Pupils in Singing, Voice Production, Interpretation, Elocution, & Deportment.

Terms, etc., on Application.

OLD BOYS' GATHERING.

SOCIAL TO MR. H. C. HANNA.

Between 200 and 300 people attended at the shire hall, Preston, on Wednesday evening, many of them having travelled long distances to be present, in order to honor Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hanna, their former school teacher at Preston. The hall was set out with tables, at which the company was seated, Mr. Harold Hattam occupying the chair, and having on his right Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hanna, Mr. Blanchard (the singing master of olden days), and senior scholars. A excellent concert programme was presented, after which supper was partaken of, amidst merry chatter and interchange of reminiscences. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, gave a brief sketch of Mr. Hanna's connection with the Preston north and south schools, from the time of his appointment as a pupil teacher in 1874. Mr. Hanna had received recognition from the Department, and was steadily advanced until he reached first-grade rank, when he was transferred to Clifton Hill, in order that his services might be utilised in a larger school. It was noteworthy that all his promotions had been gained in the Preston schools. (Applause). The splendid gathering that evening was intended to express the scholars' appreciation of the worth of their old teacher. (Applause). Mrs. Hanna had also been a great help, assisting in the school work, and had been ever liked and esteemed. Old scholars who also spoke were Messrs Fred Bartlett, Bert Walker, Howell James, Harold Brokenshire, L. Newnham, W. Gibbs, and Cr. Warr, who all related humorous incidents of days gone by connected with Mr. Hanna and his old horse "Dick." The chairman then, on behalf of the committee and old boys and girls, presented a handsome 18 carat gold Waltham watch as a token of their high esteem, accompanied by the wish that their old teacher might be long spared to wear it. The presentation was marked by musical honors by the company.

Mr. Hanna, who was received with loud applause, feelingly returned thanks for the reception and warm-hearted welcome extended to him and his family that evening, the memory of which would be with him as long as he lived. He and the old scholars before him had had many meetings together, mostly happy, but some sorrowful—(laughter)—and he was pleased to know that so many of them had secured good positions in life. After some interesting recollections of the early days Mr. Hanna concluded by calling for three cheers for the Preston boys, and thanked the assembly for the loving regard expressed and for the visible token of their esteem, which he would be proud to wear. (Applause).

In proposing the toast of "The Old Staff of Teachers," Mr Robinson alluded to the services of Mr. Blanchard (singing master), Mrs. Howse (Miss Murphy), Mrs. Wood (Miss Molloy), Miss Rutter, Misses Carew, Miss Norton, Mrs. McKimmie (Miss Chisholm), Mr. McPherson and others. Mr. Blanchard responded feelingly, and Mr. Hubert Wood on behalf of his wife and other teachers. The assembly then joined hands for Auld Lang Syne, thus concluding a most successful and enjoyable reunion

Mr. W. Gibbs made a most efficient secretary to the movement.

PUPILS' CONCERT.

The annual concert by Mrs. Leonard Baker's pupils was given in the Northcote town-hall on Wednesday evening. The mayor (Cr. Tharratt) presided. In previous years Mrs. Baker has always had the assistance of her daughter and Miss Ruby Bond, but owing to the marriage of Miss Hilda Baker, and the severance of her connection with Miss Ruby Bond, the work has all fallen on Mrs. Baker's shoulders. The concert last year was in aid of charity, £18 8s 6d being available; this year it was for the patriotic fund, which will benefit considerably. Over 250 of the pupils have passed different grades of the Royal Academy of Music Exams.—a record of which Mrs. Baker is very proud. The programme opened with an orchestral selection by the Vice-Regal Band, whose tonal quality and excellent tune and time, under the baton of Mr. Charles Smith, afforded much pleasure to the large audience. Madame Maggie Stirling was in excellent voice and sang Allitsen's popular ballad, "There's a Land," so well that an encore was demanded, when Madame again sang in charming style. Her second contribution was "My Ships," and, as an encore, "Caller Herrin'," the latter sung in a manner irreproachable. Mr. George Tutton, who appeared in place of Miss Pengilly, sang two songs of his own composition (words by "Northcote.") The first number, "Heroes Who Never Turn Back," is a capital march song, the second, "Britons Still," being equally good. Mr. V. McGraw sang a first-rate baritone song, "Bombadier," and, later, "Lady Mine." Mr. Fred. Simmond's contribution was "Nelson's Gone a-Sailing." Miss L. Scott sang "Corisande" in promising style. Miss Ada Studd favored with "Do We Believe." The pianoforte pupils, one and all, showed evidence of the careful training they have received. Misses I. Rayment, G. Belcher, and E. McCraw played a trio by Bonheur; Miss I. Bunn, G. Garratt, A. Kelleher, and D. Villenoweth, "Ruckkehr Zur Stadt," and Misses L. Gordon and M. Thompson a pianoforte duet, "La Esmeralda"—a pleasing number. The first solo for piano was played by Miss Winnie Stackpool, who was recalled. The mazurka for six performers on two pianos was a novelty, and was played from memory by Misses G. Rayment, E. McCraw, N. Cole, and Masters A. Thomas, T. Villenoweth, and J. Willer. The two pianoforte duets, Durand's "Premiere Valse" by Misses D. Long and M. Grayson, and "Hungarian Rhapsody" by Misses F. Powell and D. Gordon were characteristic of the advanced teaching of Mrs. Baker. Miss Eileen Cooper played an impromptu in Ab, showing fair technique, a good memory, and considerable musical taste. The grand march "Triomphale," by Misses Q. Wilson and W. Oldenburg, brought a lengthy and interesting programme to a close.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

The management announce that arrangements have been made for a continuous supply of pictures during the war crisis, the programme to change twice weekly, every Monday and Thursday. Commencing next week, a programme of an interesting and varied character will be presented. For this Saturday night only, the chief star is, "The Colonel's Wife." Our old friend John Bunny reappears in a funny comedy "Bunny's Birthday."

For three nights commencing Monday next, Oct. 5th, a beautiful pathecolor military drama, "King in Name Alone," will be shown; this is a spectacular film play of exceptional merit. A particularly funny comedy "Max's Melodrama" will also be screened, in which Max Linder, the popular French comedian, who, the papers report, has been killed whilst fighting for his country against the German foe, essays the leading role. Another complete change Thursday next, Oct. 8th, the star being a thrilling detective drama entitled, "Circumstantial Evidence," and a Vitagraph feature, "The Crucible of Fate," and another Max Linder comedy, "Max on the Briny," will be included in an all-round excellent programme. The usual matinee for children this afternoon at 2.30.

Last meeting of the A.W.A., Northcote branch, was held in the town hall, on Monday, Sept. 21st. The ex-president, Mrs McClean, in the chair. After the business, an evening was given by Miss Harding, prizes being won by Misses Merriman and Freeman. Next meeting, Monday, Oct. 5th. Syllabus item, memory test. Prize given by Miss Pearl Finn.

THE TURMOIL

By PAUL URQUHART.

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CHAPTER XI.

I got through dejeuner as quickly as I could. Legros, who sat at table with us, never opened his lips, and Monsieur Hanoteaux was more reserved than usual. Madame Hanoteaux and I, therefore, had all the conversation to ourselves, such conversation as it was. I was nervous during the whole time we sat at table, lest the two men should rise from their seats and leave Madame Hanoteaux and myself alone. Each day and each hour of each day I found it harder to maintain the attitude of devout lover towards my host's wife, and in the mood I was then, excited and unstrung by the events of the morning, I felt that a private interview with Madame Hanoteaux would place too great a strain upon my powers of acting.

It was difficult enough to sit there and maintain my pose of dude and fool with Legros's eyes watching me furtively across the table, and Monsieur Hanoteaux taking no pains to disguise the utter contempt in which he held me. I wanted to be alone—quite alone, to figure out my position carefully. I hurried, therefore, through my meal, and as soon as I had satisfied the cravings of nature I made some excuse about writing letters, gave my hostess a look which I knew she would translate as one full of mystery and meaning, and left the room. Finding my cap and stick I slipped from the house, and, passing through the park gates, plunged into the forest beyond, and after walking for about a mile through a long green cutting, settled myself down with a pipe against the trunk of an old oak tree.

Legros's confession in the morning had cast quite a new light upon my undertaking. It was clear that my chief in London had imagined, when entrusting me with the task, that I should have to deal with the French Government, that it was an international secret which I had to discover. It was obvious now, from what Legros had told me, that we had all been grievously mistaken. It was the Central Organisation of Combat, that mysterious and awe-inspiring committee of unknown men who guide the cause of anarchism, who were building this airship, and their cause was a very different one to that of France. I felt a certain delight in the fact that I had to deal not with a friendly government, who after all were entitled to construct whatever weapons of destruction they pleased for their legitimate protection, but an organisation which had for its avowed object the ruin of all decently constituted human society. It gave my task quite a different aspect. I felt that I was no longer a secret agent prying upon the secrets of another nation, but the participant in a crusade against the enemies of mankind. In the glow of my idealistic enthusiasm I overlooked the fact that it increased my dangers tenfold. True, I need expect no interference from the French Government. They would be far from taking it amiss if I dragged to the light of day the secret of this terrible weapon of destruction, which was being built in the park of the Chateau de Lisle by a half-made Scotchman. But I should make myself the avowed enemy of the Central Committee of the Organisation of Combat, whose emissaries had before now defied the military forces of Europe, and struck down monarchs in the very heart of their capitals.

But if ever man had an incentive to perform an unpleasant duty, it was myself. I was strongly opposed to the anti-social doctrines of the anarchists, and for their propaganda of wholesale murder and outrage I had the most bitter hatred. Added to these feelings, which would alone have tempted me to dare all in discovering Monsieur Hanoteaux's carefully preserved secret, there was my love of Joan, and my indignation of the suffering she was enduring. Sitting there in the forest smoking furiously, I racked my brains for a plan of escape. So engrossed was I in my reflections that I never noticed a man who came wobbling down the long green forest road until his shadow, coming between me and the sunlight, made me look up. It was Von Bach—blue spectacles, black tangled moustache, umbrella and all!

"My young preserver!" he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you. You saved my life the other day. I am everlastingly grateful."

He beamed on me with such an affectation of warmth that had I not been perfectly satisfied in my own mind that my insistence on his taking his departure from the park had irritated him beyond words, I should really have believed him.

"To have been of such small service to you, sir, makes me hardly worthy of so much thanks."

"Ah, but I am grateful to you. I have been wanting ever since then to see you and thank you. You rest here, nicht war?"

He sat clumsily down by my side, and, taking off the little round green cloth hat that he wore, proceeded to mop his brow with a large bandanna handkerchief. Von Bach always overdid the part he was trying to play. He was endeavoring now to be a simple German citizen with rural manners.

"Perhaps you will wonder, my good sir, what I am doing in Mr. Hanoteaux's park the other day. I said to myself that you must think it curious."

"I thought it jolly unwise, don't you know," I replied. "But I suppose you wanted to see that funny ship they are building here."

My frank statement of the motives which I knew had prompted him to undertake that little adventure rather took him aback. But he recovered himself quickly.

"You are quite right. It was my curiousness. I had heard them talk about it in the neighborhood, and I went in to have a peep. Perhaps those things do not interest you?"

"Not a bit! All these tubes and cylinders and things are a fearful bore."

"Ach! that is a pity."

His genuine look of disappointment puzzled me. I wondered what he was driving at, and regretted that in my haste to disguise the object of my presence in the neighborhood, I had pretended a complete lack of interest. I endeavored to make amends for my blunder.

"By Jove! you are like my friend who was here the other day. He is never happy when he is more than a few inches away from a carburretor, and all those sort of things. He has been miserable down here till he managed to get permission to help on the construction of that silly machine."

The look of disappointment vanished from Von Bach's face. He hesitated a moment before he spoke, prodding at the ground with the point of his umbrella.

"Your friend, I wonder, would be prepared to do a little service for me for money—what is your word?—remuneration, that is it—for remuneration, f course."

"I shouldn't think he'd mind a bit; but of course it depends on what you wanted doing."

Von Bach became suddenly very confidential, edging up more closely to my side.

"I will tell you a little story, my friend. I am not what I seem."

I was quite aware of that. Not even Clarkson could have disguised Von Bach. But as the dramatic pause that he made seemed to denote a certain anxiety on his part for an expression of amazement on mine, I raised my eyebrows with astonishment, and uttered a "really," which was as good as a call before the curtain to Von Bach.

"It is a fact. You see me here, a plain German country-fellow, but I am more than that—I am an inventor; I have a head."

He tapped his forehead significantly, as if he were a geologist tapping at a rock to make certain of its nature. I kept my look of astonishment fixed upon my face.

"Now listen here. I invent an airship. It is the work of a lifetime. I do it all out on paper, and when it is complete this wonderful ship that is to conquer the heaven, I have all my papers and plans stolen. I say nothing to nobody, but I go, and I search, and I search until I discover the thief. It is this Scotchman, MacClintock. He is using my plans to build my ship. I cannot go to him and say, 'You are a thief, give me my plans,' for I have nothing to show that they are mine. I must get them back by stealth. If your friend would take them for me, I would pay him well. What say you?"

He scanned my face eagerly through his blue glasses. For once he had lied quite artistically.

"You have been treated jolly badly," I said. I feel for you awfully, you know. Still, a fellow does not like to be mixed up in that sort of thing, does he?"

Von Bach got very excited.

"But I tell you I will pay him," he said, stamping his umbrella viciously into the ground. "I will pay him well."

I had a sudden inspiration. Why should I not make use of Von Bach? We were opponents in a game, and the rules of the game permitted me to take every advantage possible. I should want some assistance in helping Joan to escape, and what better man than this German, whose relations with me were unsuspected.

"I couldn't really take any money, you know. It wouldn't look well, but if you would be prepared to do me a service, he might do the same for you."

"Anything, my friend," he said eagerly. "Anything that will get me back my plans."

"Well, look here," I said, breaking into the subject quickly, "the fact is that I am in love. That's why I am down here, doncherknow. The lady is a sort of ward of Monsieur Hanoteaux's—won't let her out of his sight; hardly allows her to go out of the house. Now, I want to get her away, and you can help me. If you go up to Paris and get the fastest car you can find, and be at the gates of the chateau to-morrow at midnight, we will get you back your plans."

Von Bach was enthusiastic.

"Ach! it is a romance, my friend. The young lady shall be yours. To-day—now, I go to Paris to find the car, and to-morrow night I will be at the chateau gates, and you will bring me the plans. Is that not so?"

"We had better not take the originals," I said cautiously. "It would be best for my friend to copy them. Then there would be no suspicion. But my friend will be able to give you information as well, about what is being done. He knows all about these sort of things."

Von Bach rose to his feet, and held out his hand.

"That is good," he said, as he shook mine warmly. "I go now. To-morrow at midnight."

He stumped up the long green road, swinging his umbrella excitedly. I watched him—a curiously comic figure—until he had disappeared from view.

Then I rose also and made my way back to the chateau.

CHAPTER XII.

It was not until after dinner that I had an opportunity of seeing Madame Hanoteaux alone—Legros took good care of that. The fellow watched me like a cat watches a mouse. He met me on my return from the forest, and he shadowed me for the rest of the day. In the presence of Madame Hanoteaux I could say nothing. When by way of relief from his attentions I sought the privacy of my bedroom, he must have remained outside in the passage, for I found him there two hours later. He would have made his escape had I not stopped him.

"Look here, M. Legros," I said, screwing my eyeglass into my eye, "your attentions are becoming too deucedly trying. Suppose you deny yourself the pleasure of being constantly in my society, until to-morrow morning?"

I have never seen so much hate and terror concentrated in a man's face before.

"Ah!" he said, "you cannot stop me watching you; remember, monsieur, if I fear, I also love."

"A very admirable sentiment, M. Legros, very happily expressed; but the point is, that I dislike these attentions of yours, and I beg you to relieve me of them. I don't wish to have the trouble of having a certain letter sent through the post to M. Hanoteaux. It might have such very unpleasant consequences for you."

The man's face was livid.

"I can also threaten, monsieur. If I suffer, there will be others who will suffer with me."

"My dear amiable slayer of helpless old men, I will reply to you in your own polite epigrammatic style. Remember, if I love, also I do not fear."

But all my threats were in vain. Nothing would persuade Legros to leave me alone with Madame Hanoteaux, and had it not been for the fact that he had to attend to his secretarial duties after dinner at the request of his employer, I should never have been free to lay my plans before my hostess.

As soon as we were alone I had to go through the inevitable formula of taking her hands in mine, and of listening to her wearisomely reiterated terms of endearment.

"Pauline, I said at last, "we have no time to waste. Your husband and Legros may return at any moment. I have made all plans for relieving you of this great insult that your husband has placed upon you. To-morrow this girl shall be got out of the house. I have arranged for a motor-car to be in readiness at the gates, and we will bring her out by the secret way, and through these windows. Once she is in the car, all will be well. Not till then shall I feel that I have fulfilled my promise to you, and helped to make some recompense to you for all the indignities you've had to endure. Perhaps, after that your husband will learn how to treat the most charming woman in the world."

My flow of melodramatic ranting brought the tears to her eyes. I felt almost sorry for her until I recalled her treatment of Joan.

"Ah, Mr. Lovegrove," she said, letting her head droop over my shoulder, "if only fate had been more kind to me, if only we had met before, then these years of torture would never have been."

What more she might have said of a similar kind was cut short by the sound of approaching footsteps, and in another moment her husband and Legros returned. No other opportunity occurred that evening of saying anything more, for Legros absolutely refused to leave. At about half-past ten I went up to my room, where I was shortly afterwards joined by Lake, who had been working overtime on the airship. I told him of all that had occurred, and of how I proposed to use Von Bach.

"What dost tha want me to give yon chap, then? I don't mind taking plans away from yon Hanoteaux, but it don't seem fair to MacClintock to let Von Bach have them. I've gotten tracings of all there is to be got—MacClintock gave them to me himself. He's scared lest Hanoteaux should collar them and leave him in the lurch. But I tell you straight, Purcell, it don't seem straight to hand them to Von Bach!"

"My dear George, don't be an ass. Von Bach is the very last person I want to have them. Give him any old thing you like. I don't believe he knows a spanner from a pulley, and as long as there's something more or less reasonable about w you give him, so as to keep his people quiet, he'll be as pleased as anything. Keep the tracings carefully, for with luck we shall be out of this place to-morrow."

I then launched into an explanation of all my plans for Joan's escape. Lake was to get M. Hanoteaux and Legros out of the way, by persuading MacClintock that he must consult them on some matter or other connected with the airship at about eleven-thirty. Madame Hanoteaux would have seen to the gates of the park being left unlocked—I was to take upon myself the pleasant duty of releasing Joan by means of the secret passage, and providing everything went well, I felt convinced that we should get away without any trouble.

During the pause that followed the recital of my plans a faint sound at the other side of the door attracted my attention. I rose from my chair, motioning to Lake to remain still, and, stepping softly across the floor, suddenly flung open the door. The noise of scurrying feet and the soft banging of a swing-door at the other side of the passage, assured me that somebody had been playing the eavesdropper, and I felt particularly satisfied that the person was Legros. But it was too dark to distinguish anyone.

"What's's the matter, Purcell?" said Lake.

"Legros has been listening at the door," I said. "We should have been more careful."

"It's a pity we didn't stick him this morning and get rid of him. Yon chap'll cause a deal of mischief afore we're through."

"Oh, I don't think so, George, old chap," I replied airily; "he's too frightened for his own skin."

But none the less, when Lake had taken his departure after saying good-night, I hardly felt the same confidence as my words seemed to indicate, and I spent a restless night, crowded with unpleasant dreams, which were but the reflection of the anxieties that obsessed my mind for the morrow. I was thankful when the day broke, pallid and cold, over the sea of forest trees. I rose as soon as the earth was bathed in sunlight, and, having dressed, packed two of my three portmanteaux, taking care to include the very few important papers I had got with me, and made my way quietly out of the chateau.

The park gates were locked, but having thrown my luggage over in advance, I managed to climb through. In half-an-hour I had reached Mr. Holroyd's house, and though it was scarcely four o'clock I had the good fortune to find the sturdy Yorkshireman already up and about. He greeted me heartily, showed no inquisitiveness as to my movements, and consented, without a question, to take care of my luggage till I should call for it that night. I managed to get back to the chateau before anybody was up, and as I had a long day before me I turned again into bed, where I dozed until nearly eleven o'clock. I was finally awakened by Lake coming into my room, and I took the opportunity of giving him my final directions in case no other chance should offer.

"If any trouble should occur to-night, George, remember you've got to get Miss Joan in the car, and get moving as quickly as you can. Never mind about me. If necessary, you must leave me to take care of myself. The main thing is to get Miss Joan away to a place of safety in Paris. If I am compelled to stay behind, go straight to Paris, and place those plans in the keeping of the Credit Lyonnais. Then you can come back here and see how I'm getting on."

"I sh uldn't like to leave thee, lad, alone among these foreign cutthroats."

"I'll pull through all right, George; don't you worry about that. I've as many lives as a cat, and there's only been one in jeopardy up till now—the one you saved in South Africa.

George's face flushed up to the roots of his hair, and with a muttered, "I'll see all's done as tha said, Purcell," he stamped out of the room. Nothing annoyed George more than reminding him of his good deeds. I am sure he would suffer an accusation of murder with greater equanimity than any reminder of his many acts of heroism.

The day passed slowly and wearily away. Madame Hanoteaux was anxious and distraught, and bid her feelings indifferently. I kept a close eye upon Legros, but though he shadowed me with the same persistence as he had shown the day before, I detected no signs that he suspected the little coup we had arranged for that night. I purposely kept away from Madame Hanoteaux lest any conversation we had on the subject that occupied our minds might chance on the watchful ears of the secretary.

We sat late that night after dinner, and M. Hanoteaux, who was in an unusually expansive mood, insisted on having some music in the salon afterwards. Madame Hanoteaux, whose voice was of the feeble and flutey order, sang one or two songs with highly embroidered accompaniments, and Legros, who was an accomplished pianist, kept us in a condition of wrapt enthusiasm, while he filled the salon with the wild passionate notes of Tschaikowski's great military tragedy of 1812. Madame Hanoteaux then pressed me to sing, and I could see by the fever in her eyes that her nerves could not well stand any pause in the proceedings. It was already twenty minutes past eleven, and the moment of action had almost arrived. So wild folly prompted me to select a passionate love song, one out of the collection of Indian songs by Laurence Hope. As I sang, the salon with its Empire furniture—Madame Hanoteaux with her discontented, coquettish face, the pitiless sardonic personality of M. Hanoteaux—the furtive treacherous glances of Legros—all vanished from my mind I sang the song to Joan—to my beautiful Joan, sad and lonely in her cruel prison in the west wing. My thoughts were of her, and of her only.

"Ah, I would the hours were fleet,
As her silver-circled feet,
I am weary of the day-time and the night,
I am weary unto death.
Oh, my rose with jasmine breath,
With this longing for your beauty
and your light."

As I brought the haunting accompaniment to a gradual diminuendo to the soft, almost silent last note, the spell was broken. I looked up quickly, with the affectation of a laugh. Legros was leaning on the piano looking at me, and the concentrated hatred and anguish in his face made me bitterly regret the song I had selected. I was a fool to have tampered with the man's emotions.

There was no time to repair the mischief. It had already passed the half-hour. Lake entered the room and begged M. Hanoteaux and Legros to go to MacClintock at once. Legros, I saw, would have stayed, but a peremptory order from M. Hanoteaux made him follow his master. We set about our respective duties at once. Madame Hanoteaux retired to her bedroom. Lake made his way through the French windows to the park gates, and I, seizing a candle, entered the secret passage.

As I stepped into the room in the west wing I found Joan sitting, as before, at the window, her beautiful head resting on her hand, looking out sadly at the starlit sky. She started as I pushed pack the panel.

"What is the matter?" she said.

"I've come to release you. We haven't a minute to lose."

She was a sensible girl, and stopped to ask no questions, though, if the truth be told, I should have been the better pleased if she had shown greater gratification. She flew to get her hat and coat, while I, with a spanner secured from Lake, broke open the lock of the door to give M. Hanoteaux the impression that she had escaped by that route. In less than a minute all had been accomplished. I carefully closed the swing door behind us, so as to avoid involving Madame Hanoteaux in the escape and, holding Joan's hand, I conducted her quickly down the long dark passage. As we passed through the salon into the night air, I heard her give a little sigh as of relief. Without a word we hurried down the long drive. As we neared the gates I could hear the rhythmical pounding of a motor. Von Bach had kept his word.

Still holding Joan's hand, we broke into a run. The open gates were not more than five yards away, when suddenly from within the shadow of the trees, six men dashed out across the drive. M. Hanoteaux and Legros were two of hem; the rest I could not distinguish for the darkness.

No word was spoken as they closed in upon us quickly. Joan, with a little cry of terror and despair, clung desperately to my side. Maddened with rage and irritation, I lunged out fiercely with my disengaged arm at the first man who touched me. He went down. But I knew how the struggle must end. There were too many for me. I felt them trying to drag Joan away. But I held on to her arm savagely.

"George! George!" I yelled at the top of my voice.

CHAPTER XIII.

A man sprang on me from behind. Another was trying to pull my feet from under me, and I did not dare to kick at him lest I should lose my balance and, falling, drag Joan with me. Somebody clutched my arm tightly, and though I managed to shake him off the first time, at the second attempt he got a hold that left me powerless, but I still clung to Joan's arm with grim determination. Someone tried to make me release my grip by bending back my fingers. I felt that I could not long sustain single-handed the combat. I heard Joan give a cry of pain as they endeavored to wrench her free from my grasp. I was in despair, when suddenly, through the gateway, I dimly discerned the burly form of George Lake come bullocking up the drive.

I have said that my friend, George Lake, weighs fourteen stone, concentrated into a body not more than five feet ten in height. Moreover, he is an old international Rugby football player, and his pace and agility are things to wonder at in a man of such a build. Once I am told, that in playing against Wales he came through a scrum that had been formed within a few yards of the English goal-line, picked up the ball and, running the whole length of the field, scored a "try," the seven backs who tackled him in turn falling off him like particles of matter off a revolving flywheel. It is a feat that still remains famous in the records of sport. I merely mention it here that I may not be considered guilty of exaggeration, when I describe the subsequent events of our struggle with the anarchists.

There was a shock like an avalanche. Some irresistible force seemed to have hurled itself into the struggle. The man at my feet suddenly loosed his hold with a groan. In the darkness I could not see, but I think George must have used his feet, thinking rightly that the circumstances justified any method of attack. The man who was grappling with my arm was bowled over by the momentum of his rush. I felt the hands that grasped me around my neck suddenly relax, the fellow evidently not being over-anxious to receive George's attentions. Lake ran around behind me, where the three remaining men were trying to tear Joan from my grasp. He fell upon them like Samson upon the Philistines, and they literally fled before his onslaught.

"Run and get into the car," I yelled to Joan.

She obeyed me none too soon. Hardly had she passed through the gates when the six men who had been thrown into disorder by Lake's fierce rush, came at us together out of the darkness in a compact body.

"Get to the car, Lake," I shouted; "you know what to do. I'll hold them back."

But for once George took it upon himself to disobey my instructions. I think, as a matter of fact, his blood had got the better of him, and he was physically incapable of leaving the fight.

"Nay; I'se not bound to go wi'out thee, lad. Let's back slowly to the gate, and we'll give 'em summat before we've finished with 'em."

It was too late to say anything more. Legros came at me with his head down savagely, and I gave him an undercut which made him drop like a stone. The rest of the fighting was a mere melee. As we slowly backed toward the gate, they closed on us again and again, and they did not lack spirit. Our chief difficulty was to keep them in front of us, and prevent an attack from the rear. Every now and again Lake cleared our flanks with a vicious rush which the Frenchmen eluded as well as they could. Foot by foot we backed, until at last we stood at the open gate.

Fortunately only one side of the gateway had been opened, and we were thus able to hold the passage without risk of being surrounded. Lake tried to swing the gate back, but it had been fixed by a hook which it was impossible to reach and loosen.

All this time I was consumed wit' anxiety for Joan. Her safety was the one thought in my mind.

"Make a rush for it!" I shouted to Lake, as I shook myself free from one of the Frenchmen who had come to grips with me.

"Nay, I'se not bound to leave thee." Lake was stubbornly defiant.

"The girl's safety is the first consideration," I shouted back. "If you are my friend, do as I tell you, for heaven's sake!"

It was an appeal which I never knew to fail, and it did not fail now. For a second he took up the offensive, causing our antagonists to scatter. Then, turning, he ran to the car and jumped in. I would have followed him, had not one of the Frenchmen at that moment suddenly flung himself full length at me, grasping me firmly around the knees. I strove to release myself, dragging him with me towards the car. The others came pouring through the gate. I tried to stop them, but in vain.

One of them attempted to board the car. I saw Lake's arm raised with a spanner in his hand; then suddenly the man sank limp on the road. The sixth fellow, who had been left behind in the drive, suddenly rushed through the gate, armed with a stick. I saw him coming, and tried to ward off the blow; somebody grabbed my arm from behind. I almost watched the stick descending.

"Go on!" I shouted. "Go on."

Then the stick fell with stunning force on my brow. I reeled before it and fell. The stars in the sky seemed to roll themselves into a dazzling circle of dancing, sparkling lights. But even as consciousness left me, I heard the sound of a clutch being put in and the sudden jarring of machinery; a noise that rapidly dwindled down to a soft musical purring sound that grew fainter and fainter. Then I remembered nothing more.

(To be Concluded.)

WAR AND THE FERTILISER INDUSTRY.

The great struggle for supremacy which is now raging in Europe has already affected the industries and commerce of the world to an enormous extent, but what the ultimate effect will be it is almost impossible to conceive.

Australia is indeed fortunate that she is so far removed from the actual scene of hostilities, and our farmers have cause for thankfulness that their crops and homes are not being invaded and devastated by an army, or their grain and produce and stock confiscated to maintain the enemy.

As a matter of fact, our wheat growers and wool growers are likely to benefit from the fact that both these industries are certain to be partially, if not wholly, paralysed on the Continent of Europe, this will mean increased prices for both wheat and wool.

But there are other industries which affect the farmer, and amongst these the fertiliser industry is perhaps one of the most important. This great industry is more especially affected by the present upheaval, in the case of fertilisers requiring potash, which is almost wholly imported from Germany.

The cutting off of these supplies of potash will necessarily limit the supply of fertilisers for fruit trees, potatoes, maize and other crops requiring this important plant food.

However, with regard to the great wheat-growing areas of Australia these require only superphosphate, and as the local manufacturers are able to supply the whole of the requirements of the Commmonwealth, the wheat growers are in the happy position of being able to maintain maximum crops with, at the same time, the prospect of obtaining better prices for his wheat.

The rock phosphate, which is the raw material from which superphosphate is manufactured, has, of course, to be imported, but the sources of this supply are situated mostly in the Pacific Ocean, and are not likely to be interfered with during the present crisis However, even should these supplies be cut off, the stock of rock phosphates held by local manufacturers is sufficient to meet all requirements extending over the next sowing season, i.e., for the 1915 wheat crop.

Australia may, therefore, be said to be in a happier position than any other active participant in the great war, and although, unfortunately, the prospects for the present wheat crop are far from good, there are still hopes of the drought breaking in time to assure a fair if not a record crop.

It is times such as these through which we are now passing that emphasise the importance of a country being self-supporting, and as far as fertilisers are concerned, the farmers of Australia should be sufficiently alive to their own interests, to say nothing of patriotic sentiment, to support the local manufacturers who supply an article second to none, and who, in their factories employ thousands of fellow Australians, who could be relied upon in times of stress to stand by our country against the enemy, whoever he might be.

USES OF SALT.

Salt is a splendid cleanser. Freely used in the scullery, it keeps sinks and vessels clear from grease and smell.

A weak solution of salt-and-water was advised by a famous specialist as a throat gargle for weakness and relaxation, and a weak solution of salt-and-water immediately relieves tired and aching eyes. Used night and morning it strengthens weak eyesight.

The best place in the pantry for an egg is in the salt-jar.

Salt cleanses and brightens carpets.

Makes an excellent dentifrice and mouth-wash.

When a fruit or wine stain is made on the white tablecloth, cover it immediately with salt.

Wash wickerwork in salt and water.

Stand the stalks of flowers in warm and salted water to revive the blossoms.

Sprinkle salt on an ostrich feather before recurling it before the fire with a knife.

Put salt on a fired chimney, or a too-blazing fire; on the stove when grease has been spilled and raises a disagreeable smell; on the sink if vegetable water has been poured down.

Clean eggspoons with salt.

A cup of hot water with a teaspoonful of salt taken regularly before breakfast relieves indigestion. A hot salt poultice relieves pain, especially rheumatism.

VERY MODEST, TOO.

The following appeared a few days ago in the agony column of a London newspaper:—

"Of Epoch-Making Importance.—To Someone Who is Rich.—I have a development, long desired and sought for, of enormous importance, value, saving, and benefit to the nation and individually. It will enable the country to save probably £100,000,000 annually, whilst it will yield some millions of pounds profits to us. I desire Someone who is Rich to provide about £25,000 for working capital to enable the results to be achieved, for a share of the profits. The advertiser is an able, experienced business man, forty years of age, and unmarried, and, therefore, can give his whole time to the matter. This is not a speculation, but a clear business proposition, the result of years of work.

FOR THE FARMER.

WOUNDS.

And How to Treat Them.

Wounds are of four kinds—clean-cut, torn, bruised and punctured.

A clean-cut wound, lengthwise of the muscle, is the easiest to manage. First we see how deep it is, and that there is no foreign substance in it, then stop the bleeding by applying hot or cold water. If a large artery has been cut, tie it. Put a teaspoonful of carbolic acid into a quart of water, and let a little run over the cut surface. If the wound is not deep the edges of it can be drawn together, by either silk thread or catgut steeped in the above solution. If, however, the wound is across the muscle, or an inch or more in depth, do not stitch, because the cut ends will move below the stitches.

Torn Wounds.

Torn wounds should have the bleeding stopped as above-mentioned, and then cleaned by letting water run over them. Do not try to sew them up. If the wound assumes an unhealthy appearance, use acetate of lead, ½oz.; sulphate of zinc, ½oz.; carbolic acid, one drachm; and water, one quart. Clean wound with water, and apply this lotion twice a day.

Punctured Wounds.

Punctured wounds are the worst of all, because they are liable to have foreign substances, such as hair and pieces of wool within, causing inflammation, mortification, and death. Probe the part to find the depth and direction of the wound, see if there is any foreign substance in it and remove it. Clean it as well as possible, then dip a piece of soft muslin in a solution of carbolic acid, three drachms; water, 4oz.; press this to the bottom of the wound, let it remain a few hours, draw it out, and put in a fresh one, and do this three times a day. When it begins to matter the danger is passed. Clean it out twice a day and inject a little of the carbolic acid lotion used for cut wounds.

Bruises.

Bruised wounds, if bathed with acetate of lead, ½oz.; water, one quart; several times a day, will not inflame. Sometimes matter will collect, and the parts swell up and be soft and puffy. In this case open it, and inject a little of the following twice a day—zinc chloride, 2 drachms; water, one quart. If it leaves a thickening rub with the following every second week: Biniodide of mercury, one drachm; lard, 1½oz.

Old Sores.

For old, unhealthy sores, such as are made by constant rubbing and will not heal, remove the cause, and apply a little perchloride of antimony with a feather. In three days a scab will come off, and if it looks soft and spongy apply a little more of the antimony every three days until the part becomes healthy. Then use zinc oxide, 1 oz.; lard 2 oz.; rubbing on a little daily. When the bruises are below the knee, in what is called the low order of tissue, more care will be required. Usually a low form of inflammation sets in, a yellowish discharge begins, and the surrounding parts swell up and become hard, the centre of the wound fills up, causing a bad blemish.

Wire Cuts.

The first thing to do in case of a barbed-wire cut on the leg is to put the animal where it can be kept quiet. Bathe the leg every half-hour for the first 24 hours with a lotion made of acetate of lead, ½oz.; sulphate of zinc, ½oz.; tincture of arnica, 2oz.; water, one quart. After the first 24 hours bathe it three times a day. If it fills up higher than the skin apply a little bichloride of mercury with a smooth piece of stick, but do not use more than will lie on a sixpence, as there is danger of the poison being absorbed.

If the animal is fevered, or its legs swell from standing, give the adult horse half an ounce of nitrate of potassium three times a day in drinking water, or a bran mash, for a few days, and give half this quantity to a yearling. If in an unthrifty condition, give the following — Sulphate of iron, 4oz.; nux vomica, 2oz.; mix and divide into 24 doses, one to be given a day in a mash, half the quantity for a yearling.

THE PERFECT HORSE.

This description of the stallion appears in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, written more than three hundred years ago; it still holds good:—

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, color, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

HOW A HORSE GROWS.

Horses continue to grow in height up to the age of five, but they do not—broadly speaking—reach full maturity until about six and a-half years old, although something depends upon the class of horse, as horses of the heavy breeds mature more quickly and become set at an earlier age than those belonging to the light-legged division. It is often reckoned that a horse has arrived at maturity when it becomes "full-mouthed," as it is termed, but that is quite wrong, for at that stage it is still some way off being properly matured. Horses get their "full mouth" when the last pair of milk teeth has been shed and all the permanent incisor teeth are up, this occurring when they are between four and a-half and nearly five years old, the exact time when the corner permanent incisors displace the corresponding milk teeth varying somewhat with different animals.

MAKE THE FARM RICH.

The time has come when it will be a humiliating confession to acknowledge that the farm is poor. Science is showing us how to build up our farms and society is demanding that we produce more at less expense. If we fail to meet our opportunities as producers we will be forced to give up the farm to those who know how.

Keep the harrow going in the orchard this month—once in ten days or two weeks. Especially after rains and before a hard crust forms.

Watermelons require a deep rich soil, and a sandy loam is best. If barnyard manure is used it should be mixed thoroughly with the soil and no clods or other material not fully decomposed allowed to interfere with the movement of soil moisture.

The horse is quite like a man, in that it is not well for him to eat heavily just after coming in from a hard day's work. Better let him rest a little while. Then the digestion will be a good deal better, and sickness more likely to be avoided.

THE POULTRY YARD.

GOOSE CULTURE.

In geese, much depends upon the breeding stock. It costs no more to rear a large goose than it does a small one.

For breeding, geese should be at least two years old, as a goose is not fully matured until that time. At a younger age the eggs will, as a rule, be found to be infertile.

A matured goose can stand cold at night so long as the feet can be kept dry. Some shelter, therefore, is necessary, and the floor of this should be well littered with straw or dried leaves. This shelter should be built on dry, elevated or well-drained ground. In most districts, however, this will hardly be found necessary.

Maize and oats can be fed once or twice a day to stock birds, but not enough should be given to take away the desire for grass or other forage.

A pasture which has a natural spring is an ideal place for geese. A goose requires considerable drinking water, but does very well without bathing water.

Dry nesting-places should be arranged, as the goose will not lay her eggs around in the dirt. The eggs should be gathered shortly after being laid, and kept in a cool place.

Hatching.

The goose may be allowed to sit upon the last clutch of eggs, if desired. But the hatching is generally done by large hens.

It requires four weeks for incubation. The goslings generally remain in the shell for twenty-four hours after the opening has been made.

After all the goslings have been hatched, they should be allowed to remain in the nest for a day. Afterwards, they should be given a good, warm, roomy coop with the hen mother. A wire run should be attached to the coop, and all placed on short, tender grass. Only the goslings should be allowed in the run, which should be removed to a fresh spot every day.

The Goslings.

The young should be fed table scraps, minced fine, or corn-meal mixed with milk. Drinking water must be kept near them at all times, and the vessel so arranged that the goslings can not get their plumage wet. Goslings readily suffer from dampness and cold.

At this stage of their lives they are small eaters, but in a few days they begin to eat voraciously, and it is astonishing how they grow from this time on until maturity.

In a week, should the weather be favorable, the hen can be allowed an outing of a few hours, but should not be allowed out long enough to tire the goslings.

Scalded cracked maize and other grains may be fed from now on, twice a day, until the geese are ready for market. In addition, however, there must be plenty of forage.

POULTRY MEMS.

Separate the cockerels from the pullets, and give the former some extra feeding; they can stand it. You will soon see the difference in both.

Don't judge the hen by her appearance. Ofttimes the best-looking hen in the flock is the poorest layer.

The incubator should be kept busy at this time of the year until all the chicks are hatched that you can take care of amply. Early hatched chicks have a better chance for life than the birds hatched late. Insects are always more prevalent in late summer. If the chicks are very young at that time the mortality is apt to be high.

Be careful where the machine is to be operated. But no matter how good the machine may be, it will not do good work unless attended to.

One thing can not be overlooked—good, fertile eggs. To have these, the layers must not be overcrowded. They must have good, pure, clean food, and must be thrifty hens, none of which are too old.

THE SOUR MILK CURE.

Milk is soured through the medium of lactic acid germs, and when the milk is free from other and noxious germs, sour milk has an extremely favorable effect on the system. It prevents and cures intestinal catarrh, dysentery, appendicitis, and other intestinal inflammations, including ulcerations, and is also said to prevent gallstones and assist in their cure. The sour milk germ is the insatiable enemy of certain injurious germs that take up their abode in the intestinal tract. It also neutralises the body poisons (auto-toxins), which are being constantly formed by the processes of life. These poisons are absorbed by the blood, especially when the bowels are loaded with fecal matter, or are constipated, and produce anemia through the poisoning of the red blood cells, headaches, nervous irritability, depression, tiredness, unrefreshed sleep, etc. Sour milk attack these symptoms at the source. When taken regularly the body is kept in good health, and promotes longevity. It is not only a powerful antiseptic, but it is an easily-digested food, so that while the body is being cleansed it is also being nourished. To make the sour milk, put a quart of fresh milk into a clean vessel, add one pint of hot water, powder a buttermilk tablet (Parke, Davis and Co.) and stir it into the milk. Cover the vessel with fine muslin, and set aside in a warm place. In about an hour the milk curdles and tastes something like junket. In about eight or ten hours the lactic acid is perceptible, and at any time from this on to 36 hours (average) the sour milk may be used. It is not desirable to let the milk stand too long. This point must be determined by the person using it. The longer it stands the more acid it gets, and after 24 hours in summer or 48 hours in winter it is not advisable to use it.

The sour milk should be set in the ice-chest or cellar for a little time before using, and before using should be beaten with a fork or egg-beater until quite smooth.

Counter irritants (rubefacients) stimulate the parts to which they are applied. They are used to produce irritation at a spot distant from a painful or inflamed area, in order to relieve the diseased parts by reflex action exerted through the nervous system upon the painful nerve or disordered capillary network." Cayenne, mustard, vinegar, acetic acid, alcohol, ammonia, peppermint, fresh scraped lemon peel, rosemary, thyme.

Sedatives soothe the nervous system, diminish pain, quieten excitability, and control over-activity of the muscular system. There is no remedy equal to cool water drinking and intelligently applied to the skin in the form of fuel baths or compresses. Stimulants increase the activity of organs or parts. Blood stimulants: Deep breathing of pure fresh air, bananas, strawberries, barley, bran tea, spinach, and watercress. Stomach (stomachics): Cayenne, cinnamon, cloves, aniseed, ginger, mint, pennyroyal, chamomile, centuary, horehound, raspberry leaves, dandelion, pepper and mustard. Nervos: Pineapple, lemon, and fresh fruits.

Styptics are used to stop bleeding, cold water, ice, oak bark, wattle bark, red gum, red rose petals, alum and vaseline.

THE BANANA AS A FOOD.

The banana is a complete food. Athletes have lived on them entirely without loss of strength. They must be properly ripened before use. As a rule, they are eaten too green. They are best ripened on the tree but it may be done artificially. Chittenden gives their composition as 22.6 per cent. energy and fat producing, and 1.8 per cent. tissue forming elements, with 75 per cent. water. Thus is it not only a perfectly balanced food, but it contains more muscle and bone producing substance than any other fruit. A green or yellow banana is not fit to be eaten under any circumstances; but should be kept till the skin is blackened. Sometimes the fruit is picked too green; when this is so, or when they have not ripened properly, they have a dark, solid substance in the centre. To ripen so that the best will be got from the fruit, buy a bunch or a number attached to the stem, cut off a thin section from the lower part of the stem, and place in water, to enable the fruit to retain its life as long as possible and secure its fullest flavor. Put in a place where they can obtain a certain amount of sunlight, in a dry atmosphere and at a moderate temperature. The first stage of ripening is indicated by the skin becoming

GERMANY'S NEXT MOVE

THE MENACE OF THE ZEPPELIN

By Henry Stead in "Stead's Review."

It is generally assumed that the much-vaunted German rigid dirigible airships, the creation of Count Zeppelin, are not going to play so great a part as was anticipated in this war. We learn that six at least of these monsters have been brought down and destroyed, and that the Germans can only have seven or eight of them left. Would that we could believe it! Dare we, though, shut our eyes to the possibilities?

First of all, are these airships which have been destroyed really Zeppelins? It is, we fear, highly improbable. The great rigid airship is not a scout, but the battleship of the sky. She would not be risked merely to spy out the land. That is the duty of aeroplanes and of the serviceable airships of the Parseval type. All German airships are classed as Zeppelins by the non-expert, whether they be of the rigid or non-rigid type, and it is not only possible, but indeed probable, that the aircraft reported as destroyed are Parsevals or other non-rigid ships who were about the business for which they were designed, namely, scouting and dropping small bombs. Then, again, are we justified in assuming that Germany has only the thirteen first-class airships mentioned in the reference books?

Has Germany Fifty Zeppelins?

If Germany has really been preparing for war and intended to provoke it, as is generally assumed, then we may be absolutely certain that she has far more airships than this. In any case private information proves thirteen to be considerably below the mark. In April, 1913, there were seventeen military dirigibles of various sorts, and five on order, in addition there were ten privately-owned airships in Germany. The Germans have equipment for turning out ten first-class airships and ten second-class. It does not take very long to build such ships. We have no definite data, but believe that a Zeppelin can be turned out in less than six months. If this be so, some thirty of these ships could have been built since the beginning of 1913. That is to say, Germany may conceivable have a battle fleet of aircraft nearly fifty strong!

Is the Cost Prohibitive?

The objection is naturally taken that the immense cost of turning out so many ships could not be hidden in the estimates, and that therefore she has not got them. Further, that Germans must think very highly of this third arm if they would strive so greatly to turn out such a large quantity of ships, which we know have again and again suffered disaster. To the first objection the reply is (1) that the cost of a Zeppelin is nothing like as great as is supposed; and (2) that even if they cost three times what they actually do, provision was made in last year's estimates which would have permitted them to be built.

Disasters and Achievement.

To the second objection we need only point to the way in which the Kaiser has thrown himself into the development of aircraft, to the large national funds which Germans have raised themselves to build airships and aeroplanes, and to the actual achievements of the rigid ships. To take the last first—1913 saw two terrible disasters when the "L1" and "L2," the two latest Zeppelins, were utterly destroyed, one in the North Sea and the other near Berlin. Prior to that other disasters had befallen earlier types, which had been destroyed by fire and wind. That is the side of the picture most people have seen. On the other is a long record of constantly increasing efficiency. Speed has mounted from thirty to fifty, and even sixty miles an hour. In fact, no airship is now classed as first-class that has not a greater speed than forty miles per hour. Regular passenger trips have been taken through the summer, from Dusseldorf to Cologne, and down the Rhine. Official visits have been paid in Zeppelins by ruling princes to one another. The range of the airship has been steadily increased until we hear of one, the "Sachen," flying from Baden-Baden to Vienna, a distance of 435 miles, in eight hours, and returning with equal speed. Another, the "L1," in fact, made a voyage lasting 31½ hours. This increasing reliability has been accompanied by a great advance in the arming and offensive power of the airship. Undoubtedly the Germans do consider that the Zeppelin is destined to play a great part in war. Thus far it has done nothing. Let us hope that it is not merely biding its time!

Cost £50,000, Not £500,000 Each.

With regard to the objection that the cost is prohibitive, that is an entire illusion. These things do not cost anything like as much as torpedo craft or submarines. The British Government purchased a Clement-Bayard from France for £18,000 last year, and the year before Count Zeppelin sold one of his latest ships to the German Government for £25,000. If we assume that the most recent type cost twice that amount to build, it is a mere nothing if what is produced is really efficient. At that rate fifty Zeppelins would only cost £2,500,000. Even assuming these vessels cost as much as £100,000 each, the Reichstag voted quite enough last year to pay for them. It is not a question of cost at all, but one of the capacity of the airship factories in Germany.

Germany Votes £8,000,000.

The importance Germany puts upon the creation of a third arm is shown by the amounts devoted to aerial defence by her last year. Great Britain allotted £822,000 for the purpose; France voted £1,500,000, and the French also raised a national fund. Germany, however, voted no less than £7,783,000 to be spent on an ambitious programme extending over four years. That is to say, about £2,000,000 a year if spent equally every twelve months, but allowing her to spend almost £8,000,000 as she chooses before 1918. If she were expecting war this year she may have used most of it already! In addition to this the Germans raised £200,000 privately in 1912, which was all spent in the construction of aeroplanes. As the finest military ones cost only £2000, that means one hundred machines all built to one type, and to judge by results in the war a very good type indeed. During 1913 an equally large sum was subscribed for the same purpose.

Size and Armament.

Naturally there are no definite particulars as to the size and armament of the Zeppelins. It is known, however, that the ill-fated "L2" was 487 feet long, 50 feet in diameter, and had a displacement of 27 tons. That is to say, she was almost as long as the Dreadnought and as wide as H.M.A.S. Sydney. The armament they carry is largely a matter of speculation. It is understood that they mount guns of great power for their size. They are solidly mounted on platforms below her rigid frame. Two on the forward deck, one on the after, and one also amidships. These guns are supposed to fire a shell which goes through inch steel at a great distance. In addition to their main armament they carry light quick-firing guns on a platform above the frame, to repel aeroplane attack.

Credited with Marvellous Shooting.

Rumor credits the airship with carrying light armor, the composition of which has been kept a secret, but which, although less than an eighth of an inch thick, yet spreads ordinary bullets like sealing-wax! Wonderful stories have leaked out every now and again about the marvellous shooting the Zeppelin gunners have achieved. It is said that whilst sailing at fifty miles an hour in wide circles, 6000 feet in the air, a Zeppelin shot to pieces, in seventeen minutes, a target, a silhouette of a whole village, set out on the plain near Metz. Special armor-piercing tests were carried out, and the tremendous force of the Macarite shells used was demonstrated. The deck armor of protected cruisers was easily perforated, and dummy magazines were exploded. This may not be true—we trust it is merely rumor—but the German field guns have been a revelation to everyone. Six thousand feet is over a mile, and riding at that height a Zeppelin would appear little larger than a lead pencil to the searching artillerymen below.

A Dropper of Bombs.

It is as a bomb-dropper, however, that the Zeppelin is most to be dreaded; but here again rumor only tells about its armament. It is certain, though, that a ship of this type could take up with her bombs weighing nearly two tons. The usual complement of such ships is 28 men, and the passenger variety have taken many more. It is popularly said that bombs of immense power will be used, and that the Ceiss sighting instrument enables them to be dropped with almost mathematical precision. It is known that these airships carry powerful wireless equipment, capable of sending messages for several hundred miles.

Airship v. Aeroplane.

The great advantage an airship has over an aeroplane for offensive military purposes is that she need not always be on the move. Her platforms are perfectly steady both for gun fire and observation, and she is able to outride the fiercest storm without danger. She can stay in the air all day; can, indeed, remain afloat for days together if she wishes. On the other hand she is nothing like as mobile as the aeroplane, cannot hope to equal it in speed. She cannot ascend with anything like the same quickness, nor can she attain the heights to which the aeroplane can mount. When in the air she is safe from wind and storm, but on the land she is at the mercy of the weather, consequently must have a house into which she can retire. This means the building of sheds in different centres, a provision already made by the Germans in Kiel, Cuxhafen, Hamburg, Wilhelmshafen, Heligoland, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Frankfort, Baden, Metz and Friederichshafen. Another great disadvantage the Zeppelin labors under is that she must rely upon an explosive gas to lift her into the air. She might be riddled with bullets without seriously affecting her buoyancy, but if one of her gas bags explodes her fate is sealed.

Zeppelin and Parseval.

Many people do not understand the difference between a Zeppelin and an ordinary dirigible of the Parseval type. To put this simply—the first is a rigid framework of aluminium and light steel into which a large number of separate gas bags are put, the second is a large gas bag to which a car is suspended. In the rigid type cabins and platforms are firmly attached to the framework within which the gas bags are stowed, several of the latter might be punctured and lose their gas without the airship falling. In the non-rigid type the car is suspended by wire ropes and hangs beneath the gas envelope. If this is punctured seriously the whole affair collapses at once. The non-rigids are smaller and more suitable for scouting work; the Zeppelin, the Schuette-Lanz and other rigid airships are for much more serious work, and thus far they do not seem to have been used in the war. It is a terrible thought to imagine fifty or more of these monsters of the air waiting the psychological moment to issue forth on a shocked world!

Seaplanes Our Defence.

It has always been assumed by navy men at home that in the event of war with Germany the Kaiser would strike hard with his fleet at once, or, if circumstances did not allow that, would try and wear down the watching British by mines, torpedo attacks and submarines, and then hurl forth his fleet, accompanied by submarines escorted by airships, to victory or defeat. We have always felt perfectly secure in our superiority in ships, men and guns, but the Zeppelins may make a vast difference. Fortunately we are well supplied with seaplanes manned by aviators who will not hesitate to hurl their machines headlong into a German Zeppelin, caring not that death is inevitable, so that they destroy this terrible engine of war!

Father and Son.

A gentleman in a provincial town owns a row of houses, and in one of them lives a married son of his who is noted for his miserly habits.

This had got to such a pitch that for several years his father had been unable to get a single penny of the rent due to him.

As he did not want to take harsh measures he at last went round to his son one morning and said:

"Look here, Tom, it's plainly no use my trying to get any rent out of you for that house of mine, so I've decided to give it to you."

"No fear," interposed the son. "I sha'n't have it."

"Why not, pray?" exclaimed the astonished parent.

"Because then," replied the unabashed son, "I'd have to pay th' rates and taxes; and goodness knows they are heavy enough in this town."

It isn't always the clock with the loudest tick that keeps the best time.

FOR THE SOLDIERS.

WHAT IS WANTED AT THE FRONT.

EVERYBODY CAN HELP IN RED CROSS WORK.

While the brave sons of Australia are responding so nobly to the Empire's call in the fight for Freedom and Justice, the women of our land have the opportunity to do good service in ministering to the comforts of Australia's and the Empire's Army. We are sending our sons to fight. Let them take their place in the battlefront under the best possible conditions. Troops leave Australia with everything they need, but as the war goes on they will need further supplies of warm clothing—remember they have to face a bitter winter in Europe—and it is here that everyone left behind can join in and help. The Australian Red Cross Society, with Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson at the head, has taken up this work, and the co-operation of all is invited. Anything of value is accepted—all sorts of clothing, foods, comforts, books, tobacco. There is hardly a business which does not supply something useful. Of course, certain articles are more needed. As Australia grows wool and its mills manufacture flannel, it is better to make woollen goods than to use cotton stuffs, all of which have to be imported, and so are much more expensive here than in Europe or America. The workers in those countries can supply these more easily and cheaply than in Australia.

All articles must be carefully cut, made and finished. Rough seams irritate the skin and bad finishing soon gives way and simply wastes material. Do not try to make great numbers, far better send a few well-made articles than many badly made ones. In war time and at busy hospitals there is no time to sort and pick out various sized articles, so all should be made large and loose. They can then be worn by nearly all soldiers.

The articles most required are shirts, socks and handkerchiefs, which are wanted in unlimited quantities. An extra shirt can be worn, and takes the place of pyjama jacket, nightingale jacket, or cholera belt.

Socks must be good, without seams or knots in heel or sole, as such would cause sore feet. Send the best socks that can be got or made—all warm sorts, cashmere or knitted wool, larges sizes, eight and nine.

Handkerchiefs, large white or colored, any serviceable material.

Pyjamas are used in hospitals, but not at the front. They should be large and long in leg, 10 to 12 in. opening in front, strong girdle string, and arm-hole 11 to 12 in. deep.

Underflannels, same as shirts, with short sleeves.

Towels are wanted in unlimited quantities, any sort and size.

Rolls of flannel and flannelette, butter cloth and calico are always very useful and can be used for many purposes at hospitals. Far better to send a roll of flannel than to cut it up into lengths and call them jackets.

Here, again, remember cotton goods are comparatively dear in Australia woollens are not.

Various knitted goods are useful, but do not make elaborate caps and large mufflers, as soldiers could not possibly carry them on the march, and in hospital a strip of flannel can be made to serve this purpose easily.

Sheets and pillow-slips are very acceptable. At least 1000 will be needed for the hospitals on troop-ships.

Old linen, if sound and clean, is very acceptable. Do not tear it up into triangles. Wash, boil to sterilise and dry it, fold and pack.

Some slippers, large and easy, will be wanted in hospitals and on troop-ships. Surplus, as in everything else, will be sent to Europe.

Cushions and pillows (soft) are also wanted on troop-ships.

Bandages—Thin calico, or finer materials (muslins) and cheap flannelette. Roll tightly and fix end with safety-pin. Four inches wide at least and six yards long.

In addition to clothes, pipes and tobacco are greatly needed. All sorts of chemists' and druggists' goods (medicines are supplied by the Department), soap, brushes of all sorts, combs, invalid foods, jellies, broths and sweets.

Grocers' Goods.—All kinds tinned goods (better class of goods and small size tins), cocoa, chocolate, biscuits, and such like goods. Here, again, Australia manufactures many goods of this sort to perfection. A large gift would be very acceptable.

Books and papers for use on transports and on ship hospital.

It is impossible to enumerate everything, but anything that is sent let it be good. Make clothing large to easily fit a man 5ft. 9in. or 5ft. 10in. in height. Buttons well stitched.

Roughly—Girth of all such articles 50 in.; arm-holes, deep, 11 to 12 in.; sleeves, 22 to 24 in. long; collar, 16½ to 17; length, 33 to 35, according to style. All seams properly turned and stitched, nothing rough to irritate.

Packing.

Tie all garments in bundles of ten, and tie ten bundles together. Protect properly with paper and outer covering of canvas or cloth. Label carefully, stating contents and number of each article, and forward to Officer-in-Charge, Voluntary Aid, at address which will be notified in daily press.

Articles may be sent at any time up to the conclusion of the war, and even after. Those in hand should be forwarded soon and at short intervals afterwards.

When forwarding parcels send by post complete list with number of each article to Officer-in-Charge, Voluntary Aid.

Do not pack sets of single articles in bags as was done for South African War.

Mode of Distribution.

Unauthorised goods are not allowed on troop-ship.

The following will be the principle of distribution—

1. Troops leaving will be given anything they need for use on ship. The Government supply a good outfit for all ranks, so that a great quantity will not be wanted. Soldiers are not allowed to carry anything not provided by regulation when on service.

2. Hospital ship and all hospitals on troop-ships will be well equipped with extra comforts as far as the supply goes.

3. Balance will be sent to England for use of all those who are fighting for us, whether they be British, Colonials, or our Allies.

Warm shirts (large), 16½ and 17 collars.

Socks, large and good, without seams, all sorts.

Handkerchiefs, all sorts, large.

Men's underflannels (large).

Blankets.

Pyjamas (large, warm).

Towels, all sorts.

Rolls of flannel, flannelette, butter-cloth and calico.

Bed socks, mittens, knitted caps.

Cholera belts (knitted or long flannel).

Cardigan jackets, sweaters.

Pillow-slips, sheets, old linen.

Bandages, four or five inches wide, five yards long.

Slippers, cushions and pillows.

Pipes and tobacco of all sorts.

Soap, toothbrushes, combs.

Any articles of food for sick, as cocoa, chocolate, invalid foods, jellies, broths, preserved milk.

Cutlery—knives, forks and spoons

N.B.—All articles should be made large, loose and plain, suitable for easy fit of man 5ft. 9in. or 5ft. 10in. in height. Each garment should be complete. Shirts and pyjamas with tapes on arms or legs are not advised.

A good, serviceable shirt for hospital and general use is made with following measurements—Girth 50-52 ins., length 35-39 ins., collar 17 ins., arm-hole 11 to 12 in. deep, arm length 22-24 in.

All goods made, articles received, and donations given should be forwarded as soon as possible to the Receiving Officer at the State Headquarters.

The headquarters of the Australian branch of the Red Cross Society are at the Federal Government House, Melbourne. Goods may be sent there or to the State Headquarters. Contributions of money should be paid into Central Red Cross Account, Commonwealth Bank, Melbourne.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Czar of Russia has a newspaper all his own. It is specially printed each morning for the Emperor of All the Russias and his secretary. This official paper is the most exclusive newspaper in the world. It is strictly limited in its circulation to the two copies printed, and presents a striking contrast with the papers whose circulation approaches the million mark.

• • •

A somewhat ancient story about "Bobs" which may be brought out in this martial time. A very tall gentleman at the club, believing himself a wit, on being introduced to the pocket Wellington, looked down on him and said, "Lord Roberts, I have often heard of you, but I have never seen you." To which "Bobs" replied—"I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

• • •

Even droughts have their sunny side in the metaphorical sense, declares the Federal weather prophet, who, moreover, directly contradicts from his records a statement made by a Victorian Foodstuffs Commissioner that this is the driest season on record. Mr. Hunt says that a drought this year will probably mean a finer season than would otherwise have been experienced next year. The soil will be rested and more productive. That is the way to look at it. Besides, there is no drought in Queensland, now a State of gigantic production, and in a large part of New South Wales and Victoria a good wheat season is assured.

• • •

When he was on his visit to Australia the keen eye of Kitchener picked out most of the men whom he desires to lead colonial contingents in the war. Among those he met were Colonel McCay and Colonel Monash, and to these officers he unbent in a way that at the time was thought to be significant by those who are familiar with the Field Marshal's quick way of choosing a man on sight.

• • •

Harry Lauder has finished up his tour of the Antipodes, and is leaving New Zealand en route for America, where he will make his seventh pilgrimage amongst the Yankees. Lauder, like a good many other artists in different ranks, has had his pitch spoiled a good deal by the war, but he thinks so well of Australia that he intends coming back here in the next year or two. He likes the country, he likes the people, and he likes their money, too.

• • •

Recreations of some of the new Commonwealth Ministers—Mr. Fisher, playing with his babies; Mr. Hughes, cross-country walking; Senator Pearce, studying defence questions; Mr. Tudor, swimming; Mr. Archibald, reading; Mr. Jensen, billiards; Senators Gardiner and Russell, cricket.

• • •

The Rev. Bob Jones, a famous Southern evangelist, agrees with another noted gospeller, the Rev. Billy Sunday, that New York, unlike London, Paris, and Berlin, is almost past redemption. After exploring that part of the city known as the "Tenderloin" and visiting a series of notorious lobster palaces, tango-rooms, and "halls of pleasure," he told the interviewers that New York is dancing on the brink of hell. The only difference between New York and hell is that New York is entirely surrounded by water. Women, he says, have converted the new freedom into license, and New York needs a great prophet to make character fashionable again.

• • •

The power of the will to control a badly-injured body was never better illustrated than in the case of Dr. Constantin, a volunteer aviator in the service of the Bulgarian army, who was fatally wounded by a Turkish bullet while sailing his aeroplane over the trenches at Tchataldja. Notwithstanding the shock, the pain, and the rapid hemorrhage, Dr. Constantin kept his nerve, and was able to turn his aeroplane around, guide it back to the Bulgarian lines, and volplane safely down among his friends. He died as the aeroplane reached the ground.

• • •

A scarecrow of the ordinary type placed in Mr. Howard Wilson's cornfields at Marmotte, Wisconsin, having failed to frighten the birds, was replaced by a feminine figure with a low-necked blouse, slit skirt, and plumed hat. Crows have now ceased to haunt the locality.

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Woorak has wintered well, and is expected to win the A.J.C. Derby this Saturday. He is owned by Mr. L. K. "McLeod," who is identical with one of the proprietors of Melbourne "Argus." For the Epsom Handicap the chances of Royal Laddie and Rathlea are favored. The Metropolitan Handicap on Monday may be won by Danaus.

BERLIN.

THE LAST CONQUEROR.

TRIUMPH OF NAPOLEON'S EAGLES.

(By E. George Marks.)

October 28 next will be the 108th anniversary of the triumphal entry of Napoleon into Berlin. Since the French eagles conquered at the great battle of Jena, in 1806, annihilating the power of the Prussians, no invader's flag has fluttered over the German capital.

The battle of Jena was fought on October 13, 1806. The advanced posts of the Prussians were stationed upon the Landgrafenberg, a high and steep hill, whose summit was deemed inaccessible to artillery. Napoleon at once saw the immense importance of this hill, and by a skilful disposition of his artillery drove the Prussians from it. From its brow the whole line of the Prussian army could be described, extending for many leagues. The Prussians deemed themselves invincible—a marshalled host trained in the school of Frederick the Great. The Prussian army was nearly 200,000 strong, and Napoleon had so manoeuvred as to detach the greater portion of the host. Hour after hour from the summit of the Landgrafenberg Napoleon, calm and passionless, watched and directed every movement of the French. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and Napoleon's eagle eye discovered that the Prussian centre was wavering. In an instant he had taken in the situation. One decisive blow at the weakening point and victory was his. Marshal Murat, the greatest cavalry leader the world had ever seen, the man who broke the famous Mamaluwe square at the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt, was launched against the Prussian centre. With a great white plume in his gorgeous headdress and a magnificent charger caparisoned in resplendent style, Murat dashingly led on an irresistible mass of 12,000 horse. The destruction of the Prussians was overwhelming. All order was lost, as the Prussian army, like an inundation, rushed from the fatal field. As soon as Napoleon saw that the Prussians had abandoned formation he once more played his famous game of massing his artillery upon the fugitives. The batteries ploughed the Prussians with a pitiless hail of lead.

Whilst this scene was transpiring upon the plains of Jena, another army of the Prussians, which Napoleon had prevented from junctioning with the army at Jena, were encountering a similar disaster upon the field of Auerstadt, 12 miles distant. As the fugitives of both Prussian armies met the confusion became tremendous. In wild dismay they threw down their arms and, forsaking their guns and their ammunition waggons, they fled, a rabble rout, across the fields, without direction and without a rallying point. The Prussians lost during that disastrous day 25,000 killed and wounded, and 20,000 were taken prisoners. Napoleon, according to custom, having despatched his various generals in pursuit of the vanquished, passed most of the night upon the battlefield superintending the care of the wounded.

To Marshal Davoust was most of the credit due for defeating the Prussians at Auerstadt. Napoleon was the first to recognise his great service, and for his dauntless intropidity he created him Duke of Auerstadt, and to honor him more appointed him to first enter Berlin with his Third Corps, thus giving him precedence in the sight of the whole army. Two weeks afterwards Napoleon called his officers around him and addressed them in the highest terms of admiration. Davoust stepped forward and said, "Sire, the soldiers of the Third Corps will always be to you what the Tenth Legion was to Caesar."

Prussia was struck as by a thunderbolt. Never before in the history of the world was such a Power so speedily and so utterly annihilated. It was but one month after Napoleon had left Paris, and the work was all done—an army of 200,000 men killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed; innumerable fortresses, which had been deemed impregnable and upon which had been lavished the wealth of ages, had been compelled to capitulate, and Napoleon was reposing at Berlin in the palace of the Prussian King.

On October 28, 1806, Napoleon's magnificent army, flushed with victory, with the French eagles glittering over the world-famed legions, entered Berlin, amidst one continuous roar of "Vive l'Empereur!" Prussia had provoked the war, and, by right of conquest, Prussia now belonged to Napoleon. At St. Helena Napoleon remarked to Count Montholon, "When I had Prussia at my feet I should have broken her power for ever; she can never be a friend to France; and look how she pursued me in the end!"

It was whilst Napoleon was occupying the palace of the King of Prussia that the Prince of Hatzfeld was the Governor of Berlin. He promised submission. An intercepted letter, however, proved that he was acting the spy upon Napoleon and communicating everything of importance that was transpiring in Berlin to the King of Prussia, who had fled to the confines of Russia. The Prince was arrested, and was to have been tried by court martial, and, if found guilty, to be shot in two hours. The Princess of Hatzfeld, his wife, in a delirium of terror, throw herself, in tears, at the feet of Napoleon and begged for her husband's life. A fire was burning in the grate of the room of the palace where the scene took place. Napoleon was deeply touched by her distress. The Emperor showed her the intercepted letter. "Is not that the handwriting of your husband?" he asked. Trembling and confounded, she confessed that it was. "It is now in your hands," said Napoleon; "throw it in the fire and there will no longer be any evidence against him." The Princess, half dead with terror and confusion, knew not what to do. Napoleon took the paper and placed it upon the fire. As it disappeared in smoke and flame he said to the Princess, "Your husband is now safe. There is no proof left which can lead to his conviction."

Napoleon went to Potsdam to visit the tomb of Frederick the Great. He was deeply impressed as he stood by the remains of this man of heroic energy and iron soul. For a time not a word was uttered. The sword of the Prussian monarch was suspended there. Napoleon took it down, examined it carefully, and then turning thoughtfully to General Rapp, his first aide-de-camp, said, "Did you know that the Spanish Ambassador presented me with the sword of Francis I.? The Persian Ambassador also gave me a sabre which belonged to Gengis-Khan, but I would not exchange this sword of Frederick the Great for twenty million francs. I will send it to the Governor of the Invalides. The old soldiers there will regard with reverence a trophy which has belonged to the most illustrious captain of whom history makes mention."

General Rapp ventured to reply, "Were I in your place, sire, I should not be willing to part with this sword. I should keep it for myself."

Napoleon glanced at his aide-de-camp a peculiar look, half reproachful, half comical, and gently pinching his ear, said, "Have I not then a sword of my own, Mr. Giver-of-Advice?"

PICTURE SHOW PRIZES.

MORE NOVELTIES AT THE "MOVIES."

The merits of the performers are not only the means relied on to attract people to vaudeville or picture shows in America. The same may be said to some extent in Australia, where in many towns beauty contests and baby competitions have been put on to swell the box-office receipts. The latest from 'Frisco is certain to be followed, and while the novelty lasts we may expect some entertainment. Writing to a friend in this district a young Australian now in San Francisco states—

I was at a particularly funny show at the Empress Theatre the other night, and must tell you about it. It was vaudeville, like most shows here are, but the big hit of the evening was "The Country Store." On surrendering your seat ticket at the door on entering you were given a check with a number on it which you were told to keep. This store was a turn in which they gave away free prizes by drawing from a box numbered tickets and calling them out to the audience. If you had the same number you had to go right up on the stage and get your prize, and it was as funny as a bag of oats to see what some of the things were.

It was a Saturday night I went and the first prize of the evening was a piano—some man won it, but he did not, of course, have to carry a piano away. He got what they call a "merchandise order" on one of the large music stores of the city.

The next prize was a pair of pretty vases which some lady won. The next was a jimcrack dandy—a brand new mattress for a double bed—gee! but I did laugh; I guess it was about the best laugh I have had since I have been here. Some guy won this, and he had to go up on the stage, of course, and carry it down to his seat! Another prize was a live fowl; another a ham.

Other prizes were a live lamb, an umbrella, a hat order. Guess you all know what these "merchandise orders" are, don't you? Well, they are practically a cheque for so much (in this case for three dollars), and is good on a particular store in the city. By presenting this order at the particular store in town the winner was entitled to get a hat to the value of three dollars.

ROTATION IN U.S.A.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;
In the summertime he woos her,
His own darling turtle-dove.

In the fall he seeks a lawyer
To undo the knotty twist,
And the winter finds him planning
For another springtime tryst.

The party frock she wore
Was nothing much before
And a little less than half of that behind;
For a bit of flimy lace
And some powder for her face
Was all the dance equipment she could find.

A man of forty-eight arrived in old Bendigo the other day. He came from the remote backblocks, and it was his first visit to the city. He explained that he had come to see the war. When he was told there was no war in Bendigo he leaned against a man who was propping up another man who was leaning against a post in Pall Mall and wept sudden and sore. He said there was nothing else to see that he couldn't see in Hobbs' Gully. Then he started back home to look for excitement.

Full many a rose is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;
Full many a lid is covering a bean
From which no barber ever clips a hair.

Consider how the mystical letter "K" crops up at every turn in the war tragedy. There is Kitchener of Khartoum to begin with, and that accounts for two most capital K's. Then there is Krupp that makes the German cannon and bombs, and the Kaiser who holds shares in the same. Also there is Konigsberg, and Kipling, who is said to be brooding over a patriotic ode to suit the occasion.

About Paints.

Unquestionably, paint is used to a great extent in Australia, owing to the number of wooden dwellings; but it is a regrettable fact that a very small percentage of the paint used is "made in Australia." Thoughtful people should recognise the value to themselves and Australia generally of encouraging and using paints, etc., made by our own people; work performed in this country must be for the good of all. Work draws a population needing to be housed, clothed and fed. Workers are consumers of farm and station products; they create a home market, which is always the best. Believing in the truth of these facts, Messrs. Charles Atkins and Sons Pty. Ltd., of South Melbourne, have laid down the latest and best paint-making plant procurable, and are employing only the finest raw materials in the production of their "Acon" brand of house and implement paints. To ensure reliability and uniformity in the "Acon" paints, they employ two qualified manufacturing chemists. Such enterprise undoubtedly demands the support and encouragement of the Australian people, who should obtain and use the "Acon" brand paints.

A race had just been run off, and the bar was thronged with the "boys."

"What's the funniest thing I've ever seen?" remarked the sporting gent in the check suit. "Well, I guess it was a dead-heat in an event where there was only one entry."

"How in the world was that?" asked a friend. "Was it a horse-race?"

"No," answered the sporting gent; "it was a crematical! You pay."

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The woman who puts all her money on her back these days looks as if she didn't have much to spend.

This is worth telling. A boy at Inverell, N.S.W., Claude Bedford, picked up two pound notes in Byron-street. Hearing that they belonged to a Chinese at the Empire Hotel, the boy promptly returned them to the owner. John got the fright of his life at seeing his money once more, and when he had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment, proceeded to reward the finder after his own fashion. He began by handing back one pound, but that did not come up to his idea of the requirements of the situation. He accordingly invested in a five-shilling Tatt's ticket on the boy's behalf, and then, so that the world at large should know what strange thing had befallen him, he put an advertisement in the local "Argus" publicly thanking the lad for his honesty.

THE SAILOR'S LAMENT.

Fifteen hundred ships lie idle at Hamburg.—Cable Item.

I signed me name fer a German boat
as a way to take me 'ome,
For I'd found meself in a land remote
where I 'ad no wish to roam,
An' I wanted to feel the fog in me
throat, an' the smell o' the English
loam.

We crossed the Line an' me 'eart
was gay, as 'earts turned 'omeward
are,
We went past Gib. on our westward
way, an' I give 'er a soft 'oorar;
But we raced by Dover at break o'
day, an' I couldn't look out that far.

I stood in the dawnin' an' felt the
grip of 'ome where me 'eart was
stowed;
I was only signed fer the 'Amburg
trip, then I didn't care where she
goed;
'Twas ho! fer to give all Dutch the
slip, and me fer the Mile End-road.

There was things I'd seen in the
'eavin' Bight as soon as our trip
begun,
An' things I'd thought in the 'ell-ot
night when we come to the Red
Sea run—
A woman? Yes; but 'er 'air is w'ite,
and she's only got 'er son.

We run like a liner that last dark
night, fer fear that a cruiser came;
An' I wish to Gawd we 'ad crossed 'er
light, an' seen 'er broadside flame,
For I'm 'eld in 'Amburg an' stowed
down tight, a pris'ner and in shame.

Or I wish we'd stuck in some wayside
port, all fever an' mungrove parks,
Where the bloomin' niggers in cos-
tooms short go swimmin' among the
sharks,
And the nigger ladies is full of sport,
an' quick fer a sailor's larks.

Fer this blighted town, where the
Germans yell fer vict-ries full o'
lies,
Is crazy with famine tha's worse than
'ell, or than 'ell could advertise;
While I think o' the 'ome I love so
well, an' sit an' damn me eyes.

I gaze with a lump in me bloomin'
throat at the mud an' the dirty
foam,
An' I think o' London that's far re-
mote, the Tiv. an' the 'Ipprodrome,
An' I curse the name o' the German
boat where I shipped fer to get
back 'ome.

The stage will never lack practical jokers. There was a play running in Melbourne in which a prisoner was obliged to read aloud a letter which the jailer brings on. It occurred to the latter that it would be a good joke to hand up a blank sheet of paper, and for a moment the prisoner, who had never taken the precaution to commit the letter to memory, was at a loss. But only for a moment! Then he said, "Jailer, I must make an avowal to you. Brought up by parents of low estate, I am unable to read. I beg that you will have the goodness to acquaint me with the contents of the letter." The jailer was nearly hoist with his own petard, but not quite. He replied, "Willingly, but I must first go in search of my spectacles." He returned with the letter as well as the spectacles and the situation was saved.

"Lagani-Namo" spins up a hot one in the "Bully." Jonah isn't the only bloke who has travelled through the deep in the interior of a whale. Away in the Long Ago, a boy of Badu (Torres Strait) was gulped down holusbolus into a fish, whilst he was diving to clear his net. He didn't keep a log-book, but he knew by the changes in temperature of his cabin that the leviathan took him somewhere into Polar Seas. After he had been many moons in his fish-ship, and had begun to weary of it, he noticed one day that his apartment was uncomfortably hot. It became hotter and more hot, so that he was presently gasping for air. He tried to force his way out through the eyes, gills and mouth, but his efforts were unsatisfactory. In desperation he seized the pearl-shell mail (crescent-shaped ornament) which was hanging from his neck, and with it cut through the fish, and found that it had stranded on an atoll that seemed familiar to him. He walked to the far side of the island, and found a sister of his who had married during his absence and shifted to the new address. A few days later he, with his brother-by-marriage and five other boys, set out in a canoe for his own village. Upon arrival no one but his former wife recognised him, and she would not acknowledge him because she had a new man who pleased her better. The upshot was a fight between Jonah's party and the co-respondent's mob of relatives, in which Jonah had his usual rotten luck. He and his five companions escaped only by becoming flying foxes. Owing to the strength of the wind they were unable to make the atoll they had set out from, but had to camp at another. One day an old man, hearing them chattering where they hung head downward in the trees, climbed up and killed them and stuck them under his belt. Guess his amazement when, as his feet touched the ground, each of the dead foxes became a live man. His eyeballs turned completely round three times and his hair leapt out by the roots and stuck into the faces of the boys. When he had gathered himself and his detached whiskers together he conducted them to his village, where they obtained wives and settled down. One of them said he was the liar who told me this legend.

LADIES' LETTER.

There was considerable disappointment in the hearts of the four sisters of Queen Alexander's British Naval Nurses' Association when they arrived by the Mooltan last week and found the Australian Hospital ship they had been sent out to take charge of had left Sydney. Of course, the nurses will follow the ship without delay, but after travelling over 1600 miles and leaving home at exactly twenty minutes' notice, it was rather unfortunate they should have been just too late to embark at this port. However, Sister Harley Jones (the sister in charge), Sister Rowlatt Max, Sister Clark and Sister Frank are not the sort of young women to sit down and bemoan their bad luck, and a little set-back of that kind does not keep them awake o' nights. They are of the opinion that Sydney is not a bad place to be stranded in, and are making the most of the opportunity of seeing the harbor city, and enjoying the kind hospitality of its inhabitants. In appearance, Queen Alexander's nurses are capable, bright-complexioned women, and they look very handsome in their blue serge uniforms with scarlet hoods. On their right breasts is the badge crossed A.A., with an anchor entwined, surmounted by a crown, and beneath the Red Cross in a circle of gold. They wear small bonnets which do not in the least hide the pretty fluffy hair which all four ladies are blest with. With the nurses are 30 male nurses, a number of stretcher-bearers and carpenters.

The suggestion of the Lady Mayoress that we should begin to cultivate mulberry trees with a view to going in for the culture of silkworms, and so work up a silk industry in Australia, is very opportune. Now is the time to put forth every energy in order to found new industries and make Australia more self-supporting and independent. There is just this—if the British Empire does not wake up and make strenuous efforts everywhere to capture the trade and industries at this time, America will reap the entire benefit and will become the greatest commercial nation. The women of Australia, every woman's club, every woman's organisation should combine and work for one end, the starting and fostering of industries and trades in Australia. The cultivation of silkworms and the cultivation of the mulberry trees for their food, is as good as anything else to start with, and it is an undertaking particularly suited to women, for silkworm culture has nothing laborious about it, so that women and young girls could follow it with advantage. Another industry eminently suitable for women is a certain section of toy-making and all branches of doll-making. The manufacturing of tin soldiers and tin toys should not be laborious, either. Why cannot these industries be developed in Australia?

Lieutenant Cook, son of the ex-Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Joseph Cook, was married at the Methodist Church, Burwood, on Saturday evening to Nurse Elsie Shepherd. Lieutenant Cook is one of the officers of the Expeditionary Force, and will shortly go to the front, and his bride has also volunteered for active service, and expects to be sent away with the next batch of nurses. The wedding was quietly celebrated in the presence of a few friends and relatives, including the bridegroom's father.

Show Week was a mixed affair. With the depression of the war accentuated by the drought, it was not to be expected that there would be the usual congestion of visitors. Still, the railway figures will not show a very great falling-off when everything is settled, and it will be mostly in the direction of decreased metropolitan patronage rather than of country people. The fire, of course, was a big calamity, but there is the consolation that the stand buildings were insured, though not to quite their full value, and it may have the effect of some very marked improvements being made in the future. Our country cousins have become so urban in style nowadays that they cannot be distinguished from ordinary town dwellers. However, there are the few who can still be easily singled out, even now, and I observed some weird confections the last day or two. The word has gone around that yellow tones are very much in vogue, and some of them indulged in yellow and in large splashes—a whole polonaise, even a whole dress sometimes. But such yellows, I cannot think wherever they were unearthed—such eye-blinking, crude, glaring yellows. Surely they cannot be a modern dye, but must have been resurrected from some antique stock. There were many travesties of style to be met in the streets, especially on the sunshiny days when summer was suggested, for the new spring clothes were brought out for an air

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

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

The minutes of the previous meeting and outgoing letters were read and conferred.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Country Roads Board, forwarding instructions for the carrying out of works.—Received.

From Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., forwarding information re visit of railways Standing Committee.—Received.

From Alex. Shaw, North Fitzroy, offering to erect name plates.—Received.

From Mrs. Ralph, William street, Melbourne, enclosing plan of survey for approval.—Referred to committee of the whole.

From Defence Department, conveying thanks for expressed willingness to render assistance in enrolling volunteers.—Received.

From M. and M. Board of Works, forwarding agreements in connection with laying main in Murray road.—Referred to the committee of the whole, with power to act.

From M. W. Clements, stating that some electric light poles would be delivered in a few days.—Received.

From W. G. Wilkinson, Preston, applying to have a crossing constructed near his premises.—Request to be complied with.

From Preston Lodge Freemasons, applying for use of hall on the 11th October instead of 4th.—Granted.

From State Accident Insurance Office, forwarding information re Workers' Compensation Act.—Received.

From M. and M. Board, stating that all rights-of-way in plans of sub-divisions should be public thoroughfares, and not less than 10 feet wide.—Referred to committee of the whole.

From returning officer, declaring Cr. W. E. Case elected member of Queen's Memorial Infectious Diseases Hospital Board.—Received.

From Shire of Bulla, inviting to a conference re nuisances caused by campers on roads.—Received.

From Railway Department, stating that the Commissioners could not see their way to accede to the request of the council for a train leaving at 8.45 p.m. on Sunday evenings for Preston.—Received.

From Preston District Football Club, asking refund of deposit and 10s for extra lighting at the shire hall entertainment.—Referred to the committee of the whole.

From John Rogan and Co., enclosing cheque for £1, building fee for house on land fronting Willoughby street.—Referred to engineer.

From James McLauchlan, giving particulars of impounding case.—Received.

From M. and M. Board, authorising extension of water supply as asked for by Mrs. Eliza Whitchell on the usual conditions.—Received.

From J. B. Presswell, Preston, re water supply to Pender street.—Received.

MAIN ROADS.

From Country Roads Board, stating inability to comply with council's request to declare High street a main road from Tyler street instead of from the Reservoir.

Cr. Howe considered that Preston was harshly dealt with by having practically three main roads to maintain, and he thought the Board would see the justice of their claim if it were properly represented. He moved that a deputation wait upon the Board with the object of supporting the council's claim to have High street taken over by the Board from Tyler street, instead of from Reservoir.

Cr. Crispe seconded, pointing out that the Board had taken over the Heidelberg road in the neighboring municipality, and Preston had as great a claim to consideration.

The motion was carried, the secretary being instructed to write and endeavor to have a date fixed for a deputation.

AN OLD BUILDING.

Cr. Crispe presented a petition from 30 ratepayers residing in the Leamington Estate, Reservoir, protesting against two old buildings that had been put up in Willoughby and Edwards streets. These were insanitary, and detrimental to adjoining property. The petitioners stated that the owner intended to convert them into residences, and they asked the council to take action to secure their removal or destruction.

Cr. Crispe thought the council should consider the petition as urgent, and take action upon it. The buildings were not what they should be, and it was not fair to residents who had put up new buildings. The dwellings objected to had been an old hotel built many years ago, and had been sold for removal. He moved that the matter be dealt with by the committee of the whole council.

The president ruled that the document was not in order as a petition, as the words "And your petitioners will ever pray," was not attached.

Crs. Allchin and Stanlake moved that the document be referred to the committee of the whole.—Carried.

REPORTS.

The treasurer reported payments into bank of £819 14s 2d, and that there was a credit balance of £1835 7s 7d.

The engineer reported that street plates were in hand and would be placed in position at once.

REPORTS OF COMMITEES.

Cr. Warr, on behalf of finance committee, recommended payment of accounts amounting to £78 12s 9d; also that rates to the extent of £3 7s be written off the books.—Adopted.

Cr. Crispe, chairman of public works committee, presented recommendation of payment of accounts (general) £443 14s 6d, and (loan) £196 13s 9d.—Adopted.

For the electric light committee, Cr. Robertson moved that the engineer prepare a list of places where brackets are required on sewer vents, and ask the Board's permission to use them.—Agreed to.

For the parks committee, Cr. Howe moved that the renovation of flower beds be left in the hands of the engineer, and the matter of fencing be referred to next year's estimates.—Agreed to.

Cr. Allchin, on behalf of the committee of the whole, submitted the following recommendations, which were adopted:—

1. That the council insure under the Workmen's Compensation Act with the Government office.
2. That the Preston Library rules and regulations be approved.
3. That the sanitary inspector be fined £1 for neglecting his duties.
4. That the matter of tar-paving the west riding be left in the hands of the riding members.
5. That the president and Crs. Allchin, Crispe, and Howe be delegates to give evidence before the Railway Standing Committee.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Crispe moved for asphalting of portion of Murray road, from Jessie street to the railway—5 feet wide on the south side. Owing to school being erected footpath would be needed.

Seconded by Cr. Howe, and carried.

Cr. Crispe and Howe moved for full width tar-paving in Bruce street, from Elizabeth street to Jessie street.—Carried.

Cr. Howe moved that tenders be invited for channeling in Cramer street, above Mulhall's to railway on the north side.—Agreed to.

Cr. Robertson moved for channeling in Bell street, west of Jessie street on the west side.—Carried.

REPORT ON TRAM ROUTE.

Cr. Allchin reported that at the last committee meeting the report on the St. George's road tramway had been considered. The majority of the councillors had come to the conclusion that it seemed to embrace all that was required. He moved that the council receive the report and consider it satisfactory.

Cr. Howe seconded.

Cr. Crispe said he did not know that the report was satisfactory. On the contrary, it was unsatisfactory from several points of view. For instance, there was no provision for making the unmade portion of the road, for the purchase of land for the car sheds, or for land required to round off corners at the various points of the line; neither was the cost finishing the track with macadam. Such expenses should have been included in the estimated cost. Then the estimate of revenue was based on the whole population of Preston using the trams to the extent of 18s 6d per head per year. This was not a reasonable proposition. If Cr. Allchin would eliminate the words from his motion, "that the report was satisfactory," he would be with him; if not, against.

Cr. Warr said that the committee had gone pretty fully into the the report, and the matters that had been mentioned by Cr. Crispe would, no doubt, be dealt with later. The motion, as put by Cr. Allchin, did not bind the council to anything, and he thought it should be accepted.

Cr. Robertson was of opinion that the present was the proper moment to consider these matters. He was quite willing that the report should be received but could not agree that it was satisfactory, as he could find a lot of fault in it.

Cr. Stanlake said there were many unsatisfactory features in the report. From Miller street to Bell street the line had to go through paddocks, which land might have to be purchased. There was no guarantee that Messrs Booth, Mitchell, and Kendell would give the land free for this purpose. He could not vote for the report as being satisfactory.

Cr. Allchin, in reply, said that there was provision for purchase of land for the car shed site. The rounding of curves was only a suggestion, which would be an improvement, but was not absolutely necessary. In reference to the track going through private property, they had the owners' word that any land required for tramway would be made available; they would only be too pleased to give it. He saw no harm in receiving the report and deeming it satisfactory.

Cr. Paterson thought the whole matter would have to be thrashed out before the Railway Standing Committee.

The motion was then put and carried, a division showing:—For, Crs. Howe, Allchin, Warr, Paterson, and President; against, Crs. Crispe, Robertson, and Stanlake.

Cr. Allchin moved for tar-paving footpath on Plenty road, from Dundas street to Raglan street; also in Livingstone street, and in Hotham street.—agreed to.

Cr. Howe moved that £100 be placed on the estimates for keeping tar-paving in repair. The idea was that money would thus be available for repairs as needed through the year. Cr. Crispe seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Paterson drew attention to the state of the road in Bell street, from Plenty road to Prince's street. The drays carting metal had almost destroyed it. Cr. Allchin agreed that this was one of the worst roads in the shire.—The engineer to report.

DEFECTIVE WATER PRESSURE.

Cr. Allchin said the pressure of water in the area about Raglan and Hotham streets formed an old grievance. Some time ago the Metropolitan Board had promised to afford some relief. He moved that another letter be sent asking for better pressure there, now that the summer was coming on.

Cr. Paterson seconded, stating that the pressure on the the hill was scarcely a trickle, and it was almost impossible to get enough for a bath.

Cr. Crispe pointed out that he had reported a short time ago that the Board intended to improve matters. The Board could not attend to all matters at once, but he could give the assurance that the pressure would be much improved during the coming summer.

The motion was carried.

OLD BUILDINGS.

Cr. Crispe drew attention to the question of old buildings being carted into the shire. This was a very grievious thing, and he knew that two or three had just been brought in, that were anything but desirable. He moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, to see if some measures could not be taken to prevent the importations.

The president seconded the motion, saying it was quite time some action was taken, as he knew of several buildings that were a disgrace.—The motion was carried.

Cr. Robertson again drew attention to the advisability of shifting the pig-siding at Bell station to south of Oakover road. He moved that the department be again written. Seconded by Cr. Stanlake and carried.

Cr. Crispe drew attention to a complaint that after nightfall a number of factory chimneys send out a very bad odour. He moved that the inspector report. Seconded by Cr. Stanlake and carried.

BOWLING.

The opening of the Preston bowling green attracted a very large gathering on Saturday. The president and Mrs. Barrow received the visitors, and extended a right royal welcome to all. Among those present were the shire president and councillors, representatives of all the surrounding clubs, and others, together with a large party of ladies, whose gay attire added to the picturesque scene. Mr. I. Barrow, J.P., president, complimented the club on the results of the past year, and extended the hope that the ensuing term would be a successful and an enjoyable one. A snapshot of the group was taken by a photographer. Mrs. Bricknell, wife of the shire president, threw the first jack, and Mrs. I. Barrow the first bowl. Rinks were chosen, and play commenced, several of the members quickly proving that their fingers had not lost, through the winter's enforced abstention from practice, the gentle art of fondling the wood. An apology was received for the unavoidable absence of the Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A.

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WHITE Leghorn Pullets, 9 months, good strain, 5/- pair. Woodroffe, Bastings St., Northcote (opp. Smith's).

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PATRIOTIC NEWS.

City of Northcote patriotic Fund.—Amount previously acknowledged, £443 0s 8d; Northcote Brick Coy. Employes, second instalment, £11 15s 5d; Cr. Dennis, £2 2s; A.N.A., Northcote branch, £1 1s; Miss Tidy, £1 1s; Mrs. E. J. Whitchell, £1 1s; a member of the A.N.A., 2s 6d.

Additional donations received for the Northcote Patriotic League fund.—Mrs. Forbes, 3 Cardigan vests, 3 pairs woollen socks, 1 flannel shirt, 3 bags; Mrs. Wood, 3 knitted caps. Mrs. Patey's donation should have read 1 doz. towels, 5 doz. boot laces, large parcel books.

Additional to Mrs. Plant's list.—Mrs. Kemter £1.

A meeting of the committee of the Northcote patriotic fund will be held on Monday, October 12, instead of the 5th, as previously advertised. The secretary wishes all money and unsold tickets for the picture night held on September 26 to be handed in before October 6.

The District officers of the Independent Order of Rechabites have decided to pay the lodge contributions of all members of the Order who have joined the expeditionary forces, of which there are over 200.

A concert in aid of the patriotic fund is to be held at the Thornbury theatre on Sunday evening. Leading Melbourne artists have given their services. Cr. Tharratt, J.P., mayor, will preside.

Northcote Football Ground.

On Monday evening an official inspection was made of the conveniences for football at the Northcote Park by a committee representing the Football Association, consisting of Cr. Dennis (Williamstown), Messrs Johnson (Essendon), Pullman (Brighton), and T. Evans (secretary). The park now possesses a fine grandstand, which is to be officially opened on Saturday afternoon, and is in every way suited for football purposes. The party was received by Mr. W. S. Stott (president of the cricket club) and shown over the ground. Crs. Plant, Hayes, Dennis, and Messrs R. F. Brown (Northcote South Ratepayers' Association) and W. Findlay (East Ward Ratepayers' Association) expressed themselves favorable to the use of this ground. The party afterwards visited Croxton Park, and Cr. Dennis (Williamstown) promised that the executive would give full consideration to the proposal to change the playing-ground.

A special meeting of the Northcote football club was held at the Croxton reserve on Thursday evening, when there was a moderate attendance. Cr. McDonell (president) occupied the chair, explaining that the meeting had been called to discuss developments connected with the proposed change of the playing ground. In his opinion members of the committee who favored a change, without first consulting the members, were not working in the best interests of the club. Messrs G. Robinson (secretary), A. Hotton (ex-secretary), A. Beck (committee) and Cr. A. E. Woolhouse also addressed the meeting. The latter gentleman moved that the members of committee who had signed the requisition to shift to another ground be removed from the committee, and that the executive carry on the business of the club. The motion was carried.

Pender's Grove Association.

The usual meeting of the association was held on Wednesday last, a large number of members being present, with Mr. Geo. Schultz presiding. The delegates reported on the conference of the United Closer Settlement Association, and explained the business in connection with the appeal of clause 69, architect fees, etc. The members of the P.G.A. are prepared to give every support to the United Closer Settlement Association, which is endeavoring to adjust the many grievances imposed by the Government on settlers, and the executive have been instructed to deal with the misleading report that appeared in the "Argus" recently. One new member was elected, and several interesting and educative discussions took place. Members are advised that at next meeting nomination of officers for the ensuing term will be taken.

The ladies' club is holding a patriotic novelty and poster night this evening. Good prizes are to be given to the best characters, and, in conjunction with this, a pleasing and important item will be the presentation of a fancy sugar casket to Mr. W. Saxe, a much-respected member, and also a framed photograph of the executive to the past president, Mr. F. Phillips. A good programme has been prepared, and will serve as an incentive to members to be present.

The efforts of the committee to prepare programme in connection with the "Return Night" to the ladies are proceeding satisfactorily, and special arrangements have been made in regard to the catering.

The fortnighly social will be held on the 10th, and these enjoyable functions will be kept going till further notice.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. MELBOURNE.

The cricket season opens to-day, when Northcote will play Melbourne at the Northcote park. Great interest is being taken in this game, as this season Melbourne are included in the pennant competition. Additional interest will be taken, as the new grand stand is to be officially opened at 4 o'clock by Mr. W. S. Stott, the president of the club, and during the afternoon the City of Northcote Vice-Regal Band will render selections. The second elevens play at Melbourne. Teams — First eleven — Bailey, Begg, Billings, Brown, Chesswas, Lugton, Shewan, Studley, Spicer, Vernon, E. Yeomans; 12th man, Hiscox. Second eleven—Ahern, Bear, Cody, P. James, C. James, Daley, Friend, Hiscox, Gibaud, Richardson, Wilkinson, F. Yeomans.

The Northcote club eleven will open the season at Merri Park to-day, commencing a two-days' match with the Wesley Ramblers. The club has not a vacant Saturday for the whole of the season. The committee will be pleased to see any intending members, as well as those of last year, at the Northcote park on practice nights, and will assist them in any way possible. A good muster is looked for to-day, when the team will be picked from those on the ground at 2.45 p.m. sharp.

U.A.O.D. competition.—Gwalla v. Anglesea, at Croxton park to-day.

I.O.R. competition.—Northcote play Clifton Hill (last year's premiers) at the east ward park to-day.

Presbyterian association.—Northcote v. Preston, to be played at Thornbury. Team—Thomson (2), Richardson, Piggott, Hayes, Shand, Harvey, Lee, Cox, Brown, Teasdale, Walker (2).

The third annual meeting of the Gwalla C.C. was held on Thursday evening, 24th Sept., the president of the club (Mr. J. T. Whiteway) presiding over a good attendance. The balance-sheet for season 1913-14 was read and adopted, and showed the club to be in a satisfactory position financially. Last season's trophies were won as follows:—Best all-round player (Mr. J. Fagan's prize), L. Sole; batting average (Mr. J. Reidy's prize), G. Willis; bowling average (president's prize), T. Barker; highest individual score (F. Swale's prize), H. Carnell. It was decided that the club again affiliate with the Metropolitan U.A.O.D. Association. Office-bearers for the ensuing season were elected as follows:—President, Mr. J. T. Whiteway; vice-presidents, Dr. A. S. Young, Dr. Mendelsohn, and Messrs J. Shaw, J. Reidy, J. J. Randall, R. B. Lawrence, D. Plant, J. Fagan, A. J. Gray, and F. Fontaine; committee, T. Barker, T. Lydster, W. Bullock, R. Vivian, W. Carlson, E. Chester, H. Lancaster, and D. Baxter; delegates, E. Chester and C. Haynes; hon. auditors, W. Davies and C. Adlington; hon. treasurer, L. Jewell; hon. secretary, C. Haynes.

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Northcote A.N.A. Rifle Club.

The above club fired its last match of the season last Tuesday against Collingwood A.N.A. on the Northcote range, and won by 1 point. The best shooters for Northcote were P. Fargher 24, R. Thompson 24, A. Bostock 24, A. Weate 23. The total scores were Northcote 158, Collingwood 157.

WOODSTOCK NEWS.

The second annual parish ball is to be held in the Woodstock Mechanics' Institute, on October 30th, 1914. An active committee is engaged making preparations.

A telephone line is shortly to be erected between Woodstock and Epping.

SHIRE HALL, PRESTON.

PATRIOTIC SERVICE by Preston Masonic Lodge on Sunday, 11th October, 1914, at 3 p.m. Combined Church Choirs assisting. Collection in aid of Preston Patriotic Fund.

Meetings

NORTHCOTE South Ratepayers' Association.—Monthly Meeting, All Saints' Hall, High Street, Northcote South, Tuesday next. Business not dealt with at last meeting to be considered. J. CLARKSON, Hon. Sec.

NORTHERN TRAMWAY EXTENSION LEAGUE.

A Meeting of the Northern Tramway Extension League will be held at the Albion Hotel on Thursday Evening Next, 8th Inst., at 8 o'clock.

W. H. SMITH, Secretary.

Houses & Land For Sale

NORTHCOTE.—Block of Land, 40 x 90, Wimble Street. Apply John Howse, Preston.

Lost and Found

LOST.—Gold Brooch, ruby centre, between Gooch Street and Northcote Town Hall. Reward. 27 Gooch St., Northcote.

Wanted

HOUSEKEEPER or Light General; no children. Good references. Mrs Reading, 329 High St., Preston.

A FIELD TRIAL of

A. Wucha'sch's Patent Maize and Pea Sower

Will be held at the Farm, Cemetery Road West, on

TUESDAY, 6th OCTOBER, 2.30 to 5 p.m.

Weather Permitting.

All those interested cordially invited.

Council Club Hotel,

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Art, in asking him who buys,—
There the merchant's secret lies.
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Who succeeds is he who tries;
Who is asked is he who buys.
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Advertise! Advertise!
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Waiting never won a prize.
Advertise!

Advertise! Advertise!
Wealth is won by enterprise,
Slow-Go sits and sobs and sighs.
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Patronise! Patronise!
Printer's ink if you would rise;
Busy wings make busy hives.

Amusements

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

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Matinees Saturdays and All Holidays.

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An Entirely New Programme
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BUNNY'S BIRTHDAY.
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A Huge Joke.

And Others to Amuse and Astound.

MONDAY NEXT, 5th OCTOBER.
Three Nights Only.
A Brilliant Military Spectacle.
KING IN NAME ALONE.
KING IN NAME ALONE.
Pictured in Glorious Colors.
A Notable Film Triumph.
Also
SCOTLAND FOR EVER.
SCOTLAND FOR EVER.
A "Vitagraph" Comedy Hit.
And
The Popular French Favorite,
MAX LINDER,
MAX LINDER,
Who has been killed whilst fighting for his Country against the German Foe, presents a Quaint Comic,
MAX'S MELODRAMA.
MAX'S MELODRAMA.

COMPLETE CHANGE TWICE WEEKLY,
Every Monday and Thursday.

THURSDAY, 8th OCTOBER.
Three Nights and Matinee.
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
A Superb Detective Story of Crime and Criminals.
And
THE CRUCIBLE OF FATE.
THE CRUCIBLE OF FATE.
A Gripping "Vitagraph" Star.
Also
Max Linder, the World-Wide Favorite, in
MAX ON THE BRINY.
MAX ON THE BRINY.

Come and See the LATEST WAR SPECIALS.

LYRIC OPEN-AIR THEATRE, High Street, Northcote.
TO-NIGHT at 8.
BALHARRY'S Crimson Costume Comedy Company and the Latest Pictures. Best Open-Air Entertainment in Australia. Come and Judge for Yourselves. Admission 6d. Children half-price. H. W. BALHARRY, Manager.

NORTHCOTE TOWN HALL
WEDNESDAY, 7th OCTOBER.

PATRIOTIC CONCERT
PATRIOTIC CONCERT
in aid of
RED CROSS SOCIETY

By Pupils of WESTLEIGH COLLEGE,

Assisted by
LEADING MELBOURNE ARTISTS.

Vocal Directress: Madam Evelyn Ashley

Admission 1/-.

ALL SAINTS', PRESTON.

FLORAL FAIR,
FLORAL FAIR,
SHIRE HALL, PRESTON,
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Next, 8th, 9th, and 10th October.
To be opened by Mrs. Albert Miller at 3 p.m. on Thursday.
Miss Rosa Alba will sing at the opening ceremony.

Clock for Guessing Competition can be seen in Mr. Davis's (Chemist) window. Fortune Teller can be interviewed each evening. C.E.M.S. Band Thursday night. Special Attractions throughout.

E. M. ZWAR } Hon.
E. H. TOMKINS } Secs.

GRAND ANNUAL GYMNASIUM DISPLAY, in aid of Patriotic Fund, by the Combined Guilds of Holy Trinity, Thornbury, to be held in the Northcote Town Hall on Thursday, 8th October, at 8 p.m. Tickets 6d. Mr. T. Robinson, Instructor.

MISS E. HUNTER } Hon.
MR. J. BALLANTYNE } Secs.

Dancing

DANCING. DANCING.
DANCING. DANCING.

NORTHCOTE TOWN HALL (Large and Small Halls).

THE ROYALS.
THE ROYALS.
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sturtevant's Orchestra.
Dancing 8 till 11. - Fee, 1/- at door.
H. GRIFFITHS, Sec.
A. MATTHEWMAN, Treas.

Election Notices

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

A Meeting of Friends and Supporters of the Hon. J. G. MEMBREY, M.L.A., in Upper Northcote will be held in Holy Trinity Schoolroom, Upper Northcote, on Tuesday Evening Next, 6th October, at 8 o'clock.

E. C. YEOMANS, General Secretary.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

A Meeting of the Hon. J. G. MEMBREY'S Preston Supporters will be held in the Library Hall, Preston, on Tuesday Evening, 6th October, at 8 o'clock.

JOHN LANG, Hon. Sec. Preston Committee.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

A Meeting of Friends and Supporters of the Hon. J. G. MEMBREY, M.L.A., in Central Northcote will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday Next, 7th October, at 8 p.m.

E. C. YEOMANS, General Secretary.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

A Meeting of the Friends and Supporters of the Hon. J. G. MEMBREY, M.L.A., will be held at Mr. Farr's Schoolroom, High Street, Northcote South, on Thursday Next, 8th inst., at 8 p.m. A large attendance requested.

E. C. YEOMANS, General Secretary.

Notices

WE hereby give notice that it is our intention to apply to the Preston Shire Council for a Slaughtering License for our premises situated in Oakover Road, South Preston.

JOHN ADAMS & CO.
10th September, 1914.

Auction Sales

WEDNESDAY, 14th OCTOBER.
3 o'clock at Property.
16 KELLETT ST., NORTHCOTE.
Handy to Croxton Station and Penny Tram.

BRICK and W.B. VILLA, containing 6 rooms, scullery, wash-house, bathroom with heater. Land 66 x 143. The Villa is well built and occupies a fine high and healthy position. The garden is nicely laid out in garden and lawn. The locality is a rapidly-improving one. The Owner is determined to realise.

Title, Certificate. Terms at Sale.

Orders to view from

STOTT & BASTINGS (Telephone Northcote 624), or Palmer, Perry & Co., 317 Collins St., Melbourne, who will sell in conjunction as above by order of the Owner, W. Illingworth, Esq.

Local Government

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN No. 10.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO BORROW THE SUM OF NINE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR PERMANENT WORKS AND UNDERTAKINGS.

Take notice that the Council of the City of Northcote proposes to borrow the sum of Nine thousand three hundred pounds (£9300) on the credit of the Mayor, Councillors, and Citizens of the said City of Northcote by the issue of debentures for such amount in accordance with the "Local Government Act 1903."

The rate of interest to be paid shall be four pounds ten shillings (£4 10s) per centum per annum.

The interest shall be payable on the first day of April and the first day of October in each and every year at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited, High Street, Northcote, or at the Council's Bankers for the time being.

The debentures will be redeemable annually on the first day of October at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited, High Street, Northcote, or at the Council's Bankers for the time being, as follows:—

1st October,	1915	£100
,,	1916	100
,,	1917	100
,,	1918	100
,,	1919	100
,,	1920	100
,,	1921	125
,,	1922	125
,,	1923	125
,,	1924	125
,,	1925	125
,,	1926	150
,,	1927	150
,,	1928	150
,,	1929	150
,,	1930	175
,,	1931	175
,,	1932	175
,,	1933	200
,,	1934	200
,,	1935	200
,,	1936	225
,,	1937	225
,,	1938	250
,,	1939	250
,,	1940	250
,,	1941	275
,,	1942	275
,,	1943	300
,,	1944	300
,,	1945	325
,,	1946	350
,,	1947	350
,,	1948	375
,,	1949	400
,,	1950	400
,,	1951	425
,,	1952	450
,,	1953	475
,,	1954	450
		£9300

by providing out of the Municipal Fund the above amounts in each respective year.

The permanent works and undertakings upon which such Loan is to be expended are:—

Electric Light and Power Installation; Works in progress and Extensions	£6000
Steam Road Roller	850
Quarry, Stone-Crushing and Tar Mixing Machinery and Plant	350
Bridge over the Darebin Creek at Darebin and Livingstone Streets, jointly with the Council of the Shire of Heidelberg	2000
Walker & McLachlan Streets corner, Construction of Roadway and Footpath	100
	£9300

The plans, specifications, and estimate of cost of such permanent works and undertakings and a statement showing the expenditure and further proposed expenditure of the money to be borrowed are open for inspection at the Municipal Offices, High Street, Northcote.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT, Town Clerk.
Municipal Offices, Northcote,
3rd October, 1914.

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN WORKS.

TENDERS are invited up till 4 p.m. on Monday, 5th October, for the supply of 200 Electric Light Poles.

Specifications may be seen at the Town Hall, Northcote.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. G. SWIFT, Town Clerk.
Municipal Offices, Northcote.
25/9/14.

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

NUMBERING HOUSES.

The Ratepayers are hereby requested to note that the Council's numbering officer is Mr. A. T. Hatton and no one else has any authority to sell or affix numbers on houses within the City. An official receipt must be issued for each number sold and fixed and the above official is the only one authorised to do such work.

It is further notified that the number approved by the Council is a white enamel plate with black numbers.

W. G. SWIFT, Town Clerk.
Municipal Offices, Northcote, 2/10/14.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

TENDERS, addressed to the President, Shire Hall, Epping, will be received up to 12 noon on Tuesday, the 6th October, 1914, for the undermentioned WORKS, to be carried out under the provisions of the Country Roads Act 1912:—

Contract 1/14.—Remetalling of Main Woodstock road from southern boundary of shire, thence 2 miles in a northerly direction to Seeber's Corner.

Contract 2/14.—Remetalling of Main Woodstock road from Seeber's Corner to 1½ miles north of Epping township.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Country Roads Board, Titles Office, Melbourne; the office of Messrs. Woodcock and McCormack, 430 Little Collins street, City; and Shire Hall, Epping.

Preliminary deposit, 2½ per cent., to be lodged with tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

JAMES RYAN, Shire Secretary.

To Let

SHOP and Dwelling. Apply Howse Bros., Butchers, Preston.

HOUSE, six rooms, two acres land, good poultry farm, two minutes Thomastown station. Jas. Dea, Epping.

UNFURNISHED Large Front Room, open fireplace; close tram, train. 12 Woolton Avenue, Northcote Upper.

Announcements

NORTHCOTE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

76 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

INDIVIDUAL TUITION.

EVENING CLASSES.

The Fifteenth Annual

"MOA" ROAD RACE

will be held on

SATURDAY, 31st OCTOBER,

Starting from Preston Reservoir (20 miles).

FOR RIDERS OF "MOA" CYCLES.

PRIZES:
1st, Gold Medal with Diamond.
2nd, Gold Medal.
3rd, Eight-Day Clock.
4th, Silver-Plated Sugar Basin.
5th, Gas Lamp.
Fastest time, Sash and Badge.

Entries received at

A. Brice's (late Merson's) Moa Cycle Works

234 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

J. W. HORMAN

Late Wertheim's (9 years foreman) and Sutton's,

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, REPAIRER and POLISHER,

18 PLANT STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Pianos Selected. Estimates Free.

All Work Guaranteed.

C. WILLIAMS

WISHES to notify that he has commenced business as a

Bookseller & Stationer

at

365 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite London Bank).

Wedding and Birthday Cards and Post Cards in great variety.

We specialise in Fountain Pens, all makes.

Also at 315 Smith Street, Fitzroy.

JOHN SHAW,

SAND AND GENERAL CARTER,

329 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Manure, Garden Soil, Filling, Metal, Screenings, Ashes, Gravel, Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pits Sand Supplied.

T. COX, 28 CRAWLEY ST., PRESTON, Manager.

Telephone, Northcote 96.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Having severed my connection with J. Shaw, and after six and a half years' experience of the requirements of the Building Trade and General Carting (3½ years with J. Shaw and 3 years as manager for Heron & Parker), I have decided to start in business for myself under the name of T. JOHNS & CO.

As a result of the experience gained over such an extended term, builders and contractors can rely on having all orders entrusted to me executed promptly.

Specialities: Sand, Gravel, Garden Soil, Metal and Screenings.

T. JOHNS.

Address: "Hillview," Dundas Street, Preston.
Phone, Northcote 76.

Do YOU Buy Pure Groceries?

DO you know whether the goods your Grocer sells you are pure? It's largely a matter of trusting him. Get your supplies here and eliminate all risk in the matter. Not a single article comes into my store that isn't good, pure, fresh. I guarantee it! No high prices here, either. Prove it in a trial order.

Are you fond of a cup of really fine Tea? Try my 1/3 blend and know what real tea is. None of your bitter, half-blended rubbish about this. It's a splendid tea, with a flavor that simply tickles the palate. Give your throat a vacation from trash—try a sample pound of my tea and you'll come again and again.

Reg. Cox,

(Next Henderson, Butcher)

High St., Northcote

W.R.

This Glorious Spring Show Continues!

HAVE you visited Hattam's yet to see the wealth of NEW GOODS there displayed? Dame Fashion has never been so lavish in her selection of PRETTY THINGS as this Spring. And a complete collection of all these "pretty things" awaits you at Hattam's.

¶ Come you must! There need be no thought of purchase—you are WELCOME. But the values here will appeal to you as never before.

¶ There are Hats that will delight you—dainty models in Tagel and others. Everything in Millinery for Ladies and Little Ladies.

¶ There is charming Lingerie and Hosiery of the newest and daintiest design. Smart Blouses and Frocks, too, and materials for making same.

¶ Jap. and Tussore Silks, at prices so low as to make you wonder.

¶ And remember this: No high prices on account of the war—it isn't patriotic!

¶ When will you call?

HATTAM & HATTAM

Northcote's Busiest Drapers

High St., Northcote
Tel., Northcote 268

The Very Latest Styles in the Newest Popular Fabrics

There will be hundreds of styles offered to young men this season. There will be "freaks,"—that never did measure up to ideals of refined dressers. There will be fads and novelties—here to-day and gone to-morrow. There will be copies of REAL STYLES, that only approach the original in beauty, so beware.

Arthur Shands' £3 3s Suits to Measure

have for years stood for exactness and correctness in style to the smallest detail. "Freak style" or "doubtful styles" are never found in Shand's made-to-measure garments. The styles that smack of smartness—the distinguishing deft style-touches that appeal to fashionable young men—never overstep the bounds of refinement. And it is in this confidence of being correct in style that has made the tailoring department of Arthur Shands the reigning favorite with some of the city's best dressed men.

If you're interested in knowing what is right in style—in knowing what FASHION has dictated this season, SEE ME.

New indents of this season's goods have just been opened, the purchase made just previous to war being declared. Hence no rise in price.

Arthur Shands,
Style Tailor,
88 High St., Northcote South

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

VETERINARY SURGEON AND EQUINE DENTIST,

92 EASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.

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

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.

That Dread Devastator

FIRE!

Still Demands TOLL.

A few shillings a year guarantees you against the loss of your house and contents.

Why Delay?

See the

London Assurance Corporation's Agent,

ERNEST LEES,

295 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
Telephone, Northcote 54.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

HARRY IRELAND The Private Financier.

155 Westbourne Grove, Northcote.

Note My Only Address. Further I am in no way connected with a Firm of similar name in other Suburb. I Stand Alone.

NO PERSON'S AGENT OR DUMMY

I am specialising in sums of £3, £4, and £5 repayable at 3/-, 4/- and 5/- per week.

Call and see me or Ring Phone 560 Northcote, and I will call on you at once and fix Loan straight away.

NOTE MY HOURS: 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. (Saturdays included)

WHEELS ACROSS SIBERIA.

No. 2: THE TRAIN.

By Will W. Rock.

The progress of science is a wonderful thing. Though you may have done nothing whatever towards its advancement, you feel proud of it. If Jimmy Watt, the man who sat for hours before his mother's boiling kettle inventing the power of steam, and incidentally allowing his younger brother to chop the firewood, were to rub the dust out of his eye-sockets, and, bone in bone with his pal Stevenson, were to toddle down to Nikolae zaravinovsky, or any other of those humble stopping places on the Grand Siberian trunk line, and gaze up at the big Russian locomotive hauling the international train, he would be flabbergasted. So also would his pal Stevenson. So also would the engine-driver of the Russian locomotive.

This mass of iron and steel towering up above the track, with its 18 wheels, its long boiler carried three feet clear above the driving wheels, its huge tender piled high with firewood, claims more than a passing glance. We study it with interest. It is the power that draws us. Proud and majestic, it stands snorting and fuming, anxious to start on its section of that track which spans two continents. A fireman is poking about the cranks with a long-necked oilcan. He looks a mere pigmy alongside the giant machine.

Behind it are 2 first-class and 2 second-class cars, a baggage van, a dining car, and a van that is part kitchen, part quarters for the train staff, part storeroom. In one end of it is a small dynamo which supplies the train with electric light. In the middle of it is a bathroom, where that luxury of modern travel, the bath, is retailed at 1 rouble 50 kopecks (3s). Underneath it is a long receptacle for empty bottles and other waste product of the restaurant.

The weekly trans-Siberian train of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits is an institution of which the company is justly proud. The sleeping cars are immense things, 65 feet in length and unusually lofty—so lofty that a tall man standing on an upper berth can barely touch the roof. The Russian railway gauge is five feet, the cars are correspondingly wide. Elegantly fitted, well lit, with adequate heating apparatus—though we are not concerned so much with heating as with cooling methods on the present trip—comfortable and roomy. I have never seen such roomy compartments on a train.

The first-class cars are provided throughout with two-berth compartments, and by an ingenious arrangement the upper berth runs across the carriage. Being a poor man of poor (but honest) parents, I am travelling second-class, and find it more than sufficient for my needs. Everyone knows that second-class accommodation the world over is quite equal to, and in many cases better than first. Have we not heard returned voyagers say: "Oh, yes, my dear; we travelled second, but the cabins (or carringes) were really better than the first, and the food comes from the same kitchen. And one meets much nicer people second, you know." Though, in view of these facts, I have never been able to understand why so many persons will pay half as much again to travel first class.

Being accustomed to speak the truth as often as possible, I must state that the second-class carringes on the international train de luxe are not superior to the first. I will go further, and say that they are not as good. Being fitted with four-berth compartments they are liable to become crowded. That is to say, you may find yourself trying to get dressed at the same time as three other people, in which circumstance you are apt to discover that you have buttoned the loose ends of someone else's braces to your own trousers, and this naturally leads to argument. Other complications of an equally trying nature may occur. There are three two-berth compartments in each second-class carriage, and these are reserved for married couples. This is one of the few occasions when it is of advantage to be married. But given agreeable travelling companions, or the good fortune that only two persons share one of these four-berth compartments, then there is no reason on earth why you should not save the £20 difference between the first and second-class fares.

With the exceptions I have mentioned, all passengers are on an equal footing. Everybody gets the same ache in the back about the third day of the journey. Everybody swallows the same amount of dust in the summer. Everybody suffers from heat apoplexy in the winter, which sounds like a paradox, but isn't. When the countryside is nothing but snow from one horizon to the other, the train is shut tight with double windows and treble doors, and the carringes are heated to an almost unbearable temperature. All passengers eat in the same dining car, and all are subject to the many ingenious devices for extracting coin adopted by the restaurant staff.

The most important car on the train is the Wagon Restaurant. It is a great institution with its rows of neat, white-capped tables, its soft carpets, walls of glass and decorated ceiling. In it are two fans which never cease their whirring. It would be possible to obtain meals along the route of the trans-Siberian journey, for the stops are frequent enough, and the halts sufficiently long. But we would sadly miss the dining car. So also would the Compagnie des Wagons Lits. For the passengers it fills three big blanks and sundry small ones in the universal scheme of things. For the Company it is a source of considerable revenue.

Taking all things into consideration the meals are not expensive. From the advertised prices — Breakfast, 55 kopecks (1/3); lunch, 1 rouble 25 k. (2/6); dinner, 1.50 (3/2)—one might imagine that he could keep the wolf from the door for the sum of 7s a day; but at least 3s a day must be added for drinks. For, if you ask the waiter for water, he will say, "Pardon m'sieu, mais certainement! There is water, but it is not fit to drink."

Ten minutes before each meal a boy comes through the entire length of the train ringing a bell. In the wide assortment of bells connected with railways this bell is unique. It is a tiny, silver-toned instrument of wonderful sweetness, much too reminiscent of snow-white table napery, of dainty, familiar dishes, of cheerful, smiling faces, thousands of miles removed. That bell is altogether too suggestive of home. At night the brilliantly lit dining car, with its gleaming tables, clatter of crockery, noisy chatter of well-dressed diners, and the uniformed waiters, presents a striking contrast with the limitless plains on either side sweeping in billowy rises to the horizon. When not engaged for meals, the dining car becomes the playground of the train. In it is a very fair library, and a good supply of games, to while away the hours.

There are but forty passengers on this trip, and everybody has plenty of room. It is a polyglot crowd of English, Americans, Germans, French and Japs. Possibly the most important man on the train, next to the cook, is the Japanese Minister of Finance, bound for London on business for his country. There is a wealthy young Chinaman educated in England, very swagger, given to much ostentatious drinking of whisky and soda—a habit probably acquired as the finishing touch to his education; one or two Russian officers, a Norwegian sea captain, homeward bound and jubilant; and one Australian, outward bound and never quite free from homesickness.

Almost as numerous as the passengers are the members of the train crew. The cars fairly bristle with officials. Each coach has two conductors, while every car has a man who combines the offices of brakeman and cleaner. All of these officials are well built, not to say rotund men. To pass them in the corridor necessitates some clever manoeuvring. Then there is the dining car detachment—several waiters and a chef de restaurant, whose chief duties seem to consist of presenting bills to passengers. He is an exceedingly pompous individual, and he presents your bill with the air of a king conferring a title. Back of him is the cook and his satellites. Supreme in his office, and with a small compartment to himself, is the Chef de Train.

Yes, it is a luxurious business, the crossing of two continents by rail. If I have any fault to find with the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits, it is that under its management the traveller is pampered in a way that is not good for him. By night he sleeps in the most comfortable of beds; by day he may stretch at full length upon a settee. His room is fitted with two electric bells. He presses one of these, and the conductor will arive to answer his queries or prepare his bed. He presses the other, and an attendant from the restaurant stands waiting his desire. On the wall is a thermometer to tell him how hot he is feeling. If this fails to amuse him, there is a small writing table, a chair and a movable electric reading lamp to play with.

As the cars are heavy, and the rate of speed is not greater than 30 miles an hour, there is little vibration, and the traveller may sleep soundly between clean white sheets (changed twice a week by regulation). He touches a bell in the morning, and a boy hands him a glass of Russian tea. A few minutes later the attendant brings his shoes brightly polished, and the information that the washing room is disengaged. He shaves with the leisure and tardiness of one who knows there are other people waiting for the room, and when he returns, finds his sleeping compartment transformed into a sitting room, swept and aired. He starts out from Vladivostock a man of grit and independence. Thirteen days later he arrives in London spoiled utterly and completely, and he has lost between £35 and £10 in the process.

BOILS AND ABSCESSES.

ZAM-BUK THE PURIFYING HEALER.

In cases of boils, inflamed pimples, abscesses, and other foul growths so common at this time of the year, Zam-Buk is invaluable. Besides thoroughly cleansing the eruptions or sores of all bad matters, Zam-Buk soothes pain and itching, and heals quickly and perfectly.

Mr. W. C. Innes, 10 Alfred Street, Leederville, Perth, W.A., says:—"A short time ago a painful outbreak of nasty boils and swellings appeared on my arm. As one boil burst another used to form and each of the resulting sores was most obstinate to heal. The limb got so sore and inflamed that it interfered greatly with my work.

"When the arm was at its worst, a friend told me about Zam-Buk and strongly advised me to give it a trial. I purchased a pot and the quick manner in which the balm allayed swelling and inflammation and extracted pus and bad matter from the eruptions was simply wonderful. Even the first dressing of Zam-Buk brought great ease and as I persevered with the balm the core of each boil was removed. When the sores had been thoroughly purified Zam-Buk healed each of the bad places thoroughly."

To be sure of quick, clean healing you must have Zam-Buk. It is absolutely unexcelled for ulcers, bad legs, piles, poisoned sores, ringworm, scalp sores, eczema, pimples, scaly patches and other disfiguring skin-disease. ZAM-BUK is also the perfect first-aid for cuts, burns, scalds, wounds and injuries. Of all chemists and stores, at 1/6 and 3/6.

W. F. Pridgeon

Begs to advise that he is now carrying on the well-known business conducted for the past 25 years in High Street, Northcote, by the late Mr. Sanguinetti, and with an Up-to-Date Stock of

Wall Papers & Painting Materials

hopes to secure a continuance of support. Estimates given for Painting, Paperhanging, Glazing, Writing, and General Repairs.

Note Address:

391 High St., Northcote

Te'ephone, Northcote 163.

Announcements

Misses A. & E. Freebairn,
CONFECTIONERS AND SWEETS DEPOT
(Between Library and Town Hall), HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
High-Class Goods and Best Attention to Customers.
Soft Drinks of best Brands.

BURGESS BROS.
A. A. BURGESS
H. BURGESS
BUILDERS,
30 STOTT STREET, NORTHCOTE.
HOUSES BUILT TO ORDER.
Land Purchased.
Finance Arranged.
GOOD WORK. GOOD MATERIAL.
A Fair Deal our Motto.

ATTENTION!
J. BAKER,
DYER AND CLEANER,
661 HIGH ST., THORNBURY
(Opp. Tram Sheds).
Ladies' Costumes and Gents' Suits Cleaned, Pressed and Dyed, and made to look like new from 3/6.
Gents' Hats also Cleaned & Renewed.
Suit or Dress returned within 24 hours if necessary.
Articles called for and delivered.
REPAIRS a Speciality.
Ring up Northcote 251.

Societies

A.N.A.
NORTHCOTE BRANCH meets on alternate Thursdays at Town Hall. Next meeting—15th October.
Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia. No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.
J. E. NEWELL, President.
A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary, 19 Union St.

I.O.R.
STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217, meets at Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, alternate Thursdays Next meeting—8th October.
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.
Juveniles meet alternate Wednesdays
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary, 38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

CHARLES FOWLER, Carpenter and Builder. Houses put in thorough repair and re-decorated. "Hill Crest," 659 High Street (Regent Station), Nth. Preston.

Fuel Merchants

J. A. Bostock,
481 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
The Oldest-Established
HAY & CORN, WOOD & COAL MERCHANT in Northcote,
HAS on Sale all kinds of General Produce; also Firewood and Coal at Melbourne Prices.
Cut Green Bone, Velox Chick Feed, Pigeon Peas, Canary Seed and Sand, also Shell Grit for Fowls.
Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of RETORTED CHARCOAL.

Telephone, Northcote 145.
J. KIDD,
Wood, Coal, & Coke Merchant,
480 High St, Northcote.
ON SALE:
Chaff, Bran, Pollard, Maize, Wheat, Lucerne Pollard, Lucerne Chaff, Mill Sweepings.

J. SUTCH & SON
HAVE pleasure in announcing that they have opened as Wholesale and Retail PRODUCE and FUEL MERCHANTS at 66 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD SOUTH, NORTHCOTE, and have on Sale Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Peas, Barley, Maize, POTATOES, Onions, &c.
Also Box Block and Split 2ft. and 1ft. Common Mixed Wood, Mallee Roots, Coal and Coke.
Red Mixed Blocks, 21/6 ton
Split, 25/- ton
By civility and attention to customers' requirements we hope to have the favor of your patronage.
Phone, Northcote 459.

WHAT!
Still not INSURED against
FIRE!
Be wise in time and for a small outlay prevent the loss of HUNDREDS OF POUNDS!
ERNEST LEES
295 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Tel., Northcote 54.
Agent for
Gresham Insurance Co

Wanted to Buy
POULTRY of all kinds bought sold or exchanged. Highest prices given Letters and post cards promptly attended to. W. Key, Epping.

Electricians

NORTHCOTE'S LEADING ELECTRICIANS.
Robertson & O'Donnell,
Contractors for Electric Power Installation Sunshine Technical School and Electric Light Sunshine Hall.
Householders requiring their premises Electrified in most up-to-date manner by skilled workmen, call at
307 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
Phone, Northcote 408.
Plans and Estimates Prepared.
Open Fridays 7 to 9 p.m.

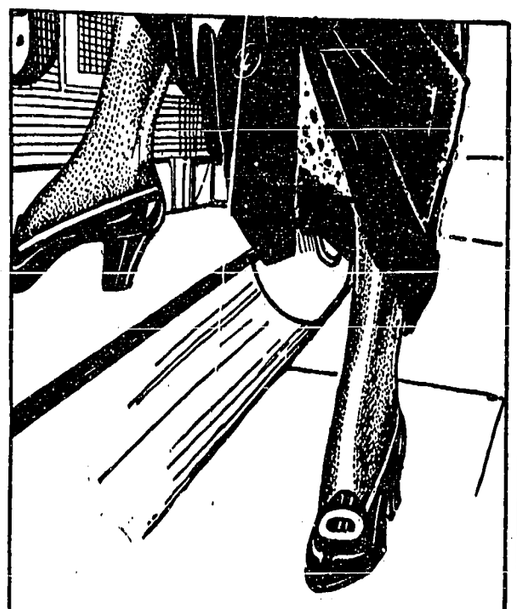
Tel. 1914.
J. L. Newbigin & Co.,
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR.
161 QUEEN ST., MELBOURNE.
Private House Wiring for Electric Light, Heating, Cooking, Fans, Bells, Telephones.
Agents for British "Ever Ready" Hand Lamps, Torches, etc.
Please interview us.

ELECTRICITY.
T. F. MAIN & CO.,
Craig's Lane, Melbourne, Proprietors.
R. FOERS and J. VAUGHAN have much pleasure in announcing to intending users of Electric Light or Power in Preston that they are prepared to undertake installation of same in private or business premises, workshops or factories, guaranteeing successful results.
Apply in Preston to R. Foers, 400 High Street, Preston.

Phone, 6569 Central.
T. F. LePLASTRIER,
THE ECLIPSE
Electrical Contractor
384 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOD,
And at
"QUEBEC," 61 RATHMINES ST., FAIRFIELD.
Phone (private address) Northcote 537
Estimates Given. Prices Reasonable. All Work Guaranteed.

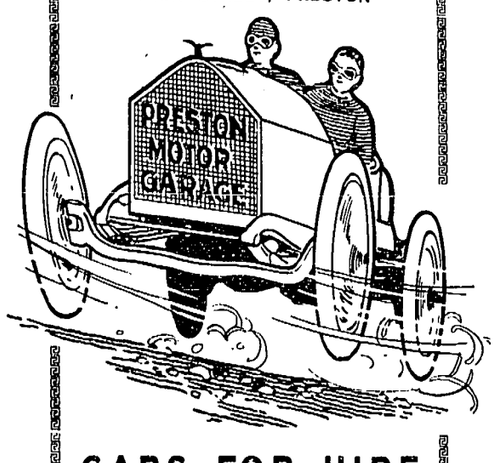
Electric Lighting.
CONSULT me before proceeding with your installation.
PRICES RIGHT.
WORK RIGHT.
Send right away to
F. QUAIFE,
CRAMER STREET, PRESTON.
Telephone, Northcote 126.
Contractor to
Ararat Hospital and Benevolent Asylum.
Ararat Methodist Church.
St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
George H. Armfield,
94 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
SPECTACLES TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS.
Phone, Central 3135.

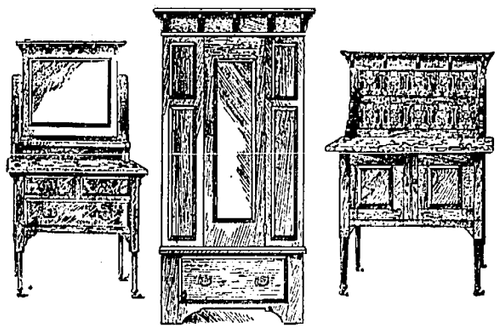


Shoes for YOU!
We have every kind of Footwear to fit man, woman, and child—High-Grade Footwear, renowned for perfect finish, and long-wearing qualities. Our salesmen will be happy to show you Footwear for every wear at any time.
Robert Hurst,
(22 Branches)
293A HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
Melbourne, Geelong, Wonthaggi.

Preston Motor Garage,
HIGH STREET, PRESTON



CARS FOR HIRE
REPAIRS AND ACCESSORIES
PRICES AND QUALITY RIGHT
PHONES: NORTHCOTE 324 & 399



A Dainty, Well-Made, Durable Bedroom Suite, like this, for £7 15/-
Light or Dark Finish.
TYE & CO., 237-239 Smith Street, Fitzroy.
Credit can be arranged if desired.

Great Downfall in Groceries
AT
J. T. COLES & Co's.
THE CASH GROCERS

Note our City Prices:

Use Coles' Flour, 4½d	Green Peas, 3½d pkt.
Worcestershire Sauce, 5½d large bottle	Kolas Cocoa, 6½d tin
Three Large Tins Sardines, 1/1	Kolas hocolate, 2d cake
New Season Sauce, 2½d	Nestle's Cocoa and Milk, 7½d tin
Three tins Australian Wonder, 1/-	Nestle's Chocolate and Milk, 7½d tin
Swiss Milk, 4d tin	12lbs. Sugar, 2/7½
Hall's Horehound, 6d bottle	1/- bars Soap for 10d
O.K. Punch, 9½d bottle	5lbs. Best Rice, 1/-
Day's English Vinegar, 6d bottle	6 tins Sardines for 1/-
3 tins Herrings, 1/-	Red Salmon, 8½d tin
Large bottles Tomato Sauce, 4½d	Peeled Tomatoes, 6½d

Note Address: High Street, Thornbury

PRESTON PROPERTY EXCHANGE.
McGeorge Bros.,
Subdivisional Land Salesmen,
Auctioneer to Town of Coburg, and Shire of Preston,
Offices: High St., Preston
High St., Northcote
Sydney Rd., Moreland
Phones: Northcote 162, Brunswick 436.
Expert Insurance Agents & Rent Collectors
Clients with Acreage Blocks consult us. We will subdivide and show you Great Profits.
Watch Main Road Frontages. See Us To-Day.
McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

GROCERIES
Just a Few of our Prices:

12lbs. Sugar, 2/7½	Navy Cocoa, 6d tin
6lbs. Sugar, 1/4	5lbs. Rice, 1/-
Havelock Flour, 4d pkt.	Canned Tomatoes, 6½d
Saxon Milk, 4d tin	Dried Apricots, 8½d lb.

Best Leura Butter
A. F. HOLZER,
Corner Normanby Avenue and High Street, THORNBURY.

STERLING SOAP CO. PRESTON
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
STERLING SOAP
PUREST AND BEST.
No Chapped or Sore Hands.
WHITE STERLING Non-Rubbing Soap. Largest 8d Bar on the Market.
SAVO SOAP, Easy Washing, 1½d & 2d Bar
Tallow Bought in any quantity.
STERLING SOAP CO'Y., Oakover Road, South Preston

Estate and Insurance Agents

COMPULSORY INSURANCE
(Workers' Compensation Act 1914).
Under this Act all Employers MUST INSURE against Accident to Employes.
ERNEST LEES,
AUCTIONEER AND SWORN VALUER,
307 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
Will arrange your Insurance business, and save time, worry, and expense.
Send a Card or Ring Up.
ERNEST LEES,
INSURANCE AGENT,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Tel., Northcote 54.

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.
W. Freebairn & Co.
(SWORN VALUER).
HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Houses for Sale—small deposit; balance as 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, Central 4682),
Beg to notify that their business has been REMOVED to more COMMODIOUS OFFICES on the ground floor of LOMBARD BUILDINGS, 17 QUEEN ST. (between Flinders Street and Flinders Lane).
Loans Negotiated Promptly.
Auctions Conducted.
Fire and Life Insurances Effected.

PRESTON PROPERTY AGENCY.
A. ROBERTSON,
ESTATE, INSURANCE, AND FINANCIAL AGENT.
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:
CNR. HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON, Close to Bell Station.
Telephone, Northcote 4.

Tel. 75 Northcote Exchange.
Gordon Garrett & Co.,
ARCHITECTS,
BUILDERS,
ESTATE, INSURANCE and FINANCIAL AGENTS,
FARM SALESMEN.
583-585 HIGH STREET, UPPER NORTHCOTE (near Thornbury Station)

E. H. SMITH,
LAND, ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
499 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Tram Sheds)
and
Commercial Union Chambers, 413 Collins Street.
Houses & 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.
Phone, Northcote 251.

ESTATE AGENTS
S. G. Youren & Son
HEIDELBERG RD.,
ALPHINGTON
Write, Phone, or Call for Particulars of SHOPS, VILLAS, and ALLOTMENTS on Very Easy Terms at FAIRFIELD, ALPHINGTON and IVANHOE.
Open Saturday Afternoons.
Vehicle to Inspect.
Phone, Northcote 388.

Notices

TO THE RESIDENTS of NORTHCOTE and PRESTON.
If you have any Furniture requiring Re-Upholstering or Re-Caning, Hair Mattresses Teased, &c., &c., just notify J. ELDER, Bruce Street, Preston, who will make them as good as new. New Suites made to order and Coach Trimming done.

SUITES RE-UPHOLSTERED equal to new at prices that get and keep customers. Combination Diningroom and Billiard Tables kept in stock and made to order from £17 10s up. All accessories on hand. We shall call on receipt of your card.—F. ROBERTS, Lower High St., (near Union St.) Northcote 3th. Phone, Northcote 230J

You Get only the Finest Quality Cooked Meats and Dairy Produce at
Mayer's Quality Shops
That's why we are always Busy.
Try Us---You'll Come Again.
Quality Draws and Honesty Keeps Custom.
Continental Delicacies.
Leura Butter. New-Laid Eggs.
Note the Addresses:
Mayer's Quality Shops
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (Opposite Theatre)
And at 71 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Tailors

H. C. SAUNDERS
TAILOR,
269 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,
Thanks his numerous customers for their long extended patronage, and intimates to them that he has in stock all the latest Spring and Summer Suitings. It's profitable to wear
Saunders' Clothes
It's the decision of hundreds, after trying other tailors, that they have found the strength and quality in the material and make always reliable.
Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.

Plenty Rd. & Garnett St.,
PRESTON.
Arch. Wilkinson,
Tailor and Mercer.
Come and See our Window Displays of NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.
The Latest Styles and Colourings in Suitings.
Our MERCERY Stock is UP-TO-DATE.
All the Newest in Fashion Shirts Ties, Hats, Hosiery, &c.
Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality.

Established 1895. Phone, Cen. 7967.
W. H. SMITH,
Tailor & Costumier,
101 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE.
¶ W.H.S. is like the calendar, up-to-date as regards Tailoring.
Open Friday Nights, 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Miss C. McTaggart,
Thornbury Laundry
Lace Curtains and Blankets a Speciality.
Terms Moderate.
518 High St., Northcote
Also at 141 Plenty Rd., S. Preston.

G. L. CHAPMAN,
Painter and Paperhanger, and General House Repairer.
Estimates submitted.
Letters promptly attended to.
20 Daily St., Northcote.

A Handsome Home
is easily assured if you furnish it right And it's easy enough to furnish it right if you are wise enough to deal with us.

An Example of Our Value
A handsome Parlour Suite, upholstered in Art Tapestry or American Cloth.
Price only £6 10s
¶ We stock everything needed by the Modern Home, and can furnish completely either at the Lowest Cash Prices, or on Easy Terms.
THE COLLINGWOOD FURNITURE ARCADE
224-226-228 Smith St., Collingwood
The Firm with the Reputation

S. N. ADAMS
CASH GROCER
HAVING purchased the business of J. T. COLES & Co., at 302 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE, begs to intimate that he has a NEW STOCK which will be retailed at BEDROCK PRICES.

Reduced Prices:

1lb. pkts. Extract, 2½d	Three tins Australian Wonder Boot Polish, 1/-
7lbs. Sago, 1/-	Three tins Australian Milk, 1/-
3lbs. Honey (Italian), 1/-	12lbs. Best 1A Sugar, 2/7½
7lbs. bag S.R. Flour, 1/2	John Bull Oats, 6½d
1lb. tins Salmon, 9½d	Eucalyptus Oil, 5½d
Four Cakes Toilet Soap, 3d	

Remember Our Address: Orders called for and delivered.
302 High St., Northcote

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
F. W. MOLYNEUX
Wishes to intimate to the Residents of Thornbury and surrounding districts that he has purchased the old-established business lately carried on by Mr. E. W. INGHAM at 701 High Street, and known as
Thornbury Ham and Beef Shop
And hopes that by stocking the Best of Goods, and giving Satisfaction, combined with Civility and Attention, to merit a share of public patronage.
Our Motto: "Right Goods, Right Prices."
We want our friends and patrons to know that the Shop will be conducted in their interests just as much as ours—in other words, our interests are mutual. Phone, Northcote 643.

10 OCT. 1914

Northcote Leader

Circulating in Northcote, Preston, Thomastown, Epping, Diamond Creek, Arthur's Creek, Whittlesea, Fairfield, Heidelberg, Clifton Hill

Price 1d | Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper. | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914 | Printed and published by the Proprietors, R. J. and J. S. Whalley, at their office, 309 High Street, Northcote in the State of Victoria.

DANCING

MR. & MRS. CLEVELAND

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

Tuesday Evenings, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday — Instruction, 7.30 to 8.30; Practice from 8.30

A 1d on Saturday Afternoons, 3 to 5.30. At their Academy, No. 204 DRUMMOND ST., CARLTON. Call, Write, or Phone 5608. Prospectus Post Free.

Announcements.

UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT

The Regal Cafe

98 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD.

Dinner from 12 to 2. Ladies' Afternoon Tea a specialty

Choice Fruits in Season. Only the Best Confectionery kept in stock.

SPERO & VLASOPULOS (late of Vienna Cafe), Proprietors.

E. J. KELLEY,

Builder and Contractor,

Corner Harold Street and Railway Avenue, Thornbury,

Will Build on Your Land, or Buy Land you choose, Houses your Own Design, or Sell you Houses just finished, double or single-fronted. Best material and workmanship.

CASH or TERMS

Plans Prepared

Perfection Attained in Cooking

by using

Adams's Margarine

for Cakes and Pastry

ALL LEADING STORES.

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock! Small Prices! Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Undertakers

Telephone 1160.

H. J. R. LEWIS,

UNDERTAKER

And CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Head Office: Corner Johnston & Hertford Sts. Fitzroy.

Funerals conducted at the lowest possible rates. Hearses, Mourning Coaches, and Funeral Requisites. The trade supplied.

Established 1856.

W. G. APPS,

UNDERTAKER,

MOOR STREET, FITZROY.

High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda. Branch, Burgundy St., Heidelberg. Phone, Heidelberg 60.

Wanted to Buy

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Dasebin Road, Northcote. Phone, Northcote 851.

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

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.

ORDER YOUR **Printing and Stationery** at "THE LEADER" OFFICE, NORTHCOTE. Every description of work executed. Phone, Northcote 46.

Ask for **Bosisto's "Parrot Brand" Eucalyptus Oil.** SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Announcements.

Farmers Farmers

JUST WHAT'S WANTED

HAY Cut for Farmers daily without notice—and no unnecessary waiting. This will save you both time and money.

HAY Bought in any quantity.

J. P. KELLAM,

CHAFFCUTTING MILLS, PRODUCE MERCHANTS, &c., HIGH STREET, NORTH PRESTON

Telephone, Northcote 286

Carl Oldenburg,

Saddle Maker,

Manufacturer,

365 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

We have a full stock of Harness and Saddles, New and Secondhand.

All country orders are promptly attended to. First Prizes at Local Shows.

FRESH FROM THE OVEN

Choicest of Small-goods always to be had now at

"THE ELITE"

Corner High Street and Shaftesbury Parade, Upper Northcote.

Newly Established by

H. DOREIAN,

PASTRYCOOK & CONFECTIONER.

Just sample and we know you will be pleased.

W. J. CLARK,

BAKER,

Is now carrying on business at 51 DAREBIN ROAD, NORTHCOTE.

The very best articles, either in Bread or Small Goods, always to be relied on.

Deliveries daily to all parts of Northcote.

The favor of your patronage and recommendation respectfully solicited.

G. Chesswas,

LICENSED PLUMBER,

7 ELM STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Sewerage and General Plumbing Work of every description undertaken.

WATER METERS FIXED

Estimates Given.

Letters promptly attended to

J. E. Thomson.

PLUMBER and GASFITTER

223 HIGH STREET, PRESTON.

Plumbing in all branches attended to.

Estimates for Sewerage Connections.

Gas and Water Laid On. Water Meters Fixed.

Pumps and Irrigation a Speciality.

Speaking of Groceries!

THOSE who know say our prices speak for themselves.

¶ The goods, too, are first-class; guaranteed fresh, pure and wholesome as groceries can be.

¶ Prompt and thoughtful attention when you purchase at the shop; correct and careful delivery of the goods you buy.

¶ If it is inconvenient to visit us, phone Northcote 449 and our traveller will call.

Alf. Norton

High St. & Woolton Av. CROXTON

Business Notices.

R. B. LAWRENCE,

Dyer, Cleaner, and Feather Dresser.

A Suit or Dress Like New from 5s 6d

Illustrated Price-List and Address Labels sent Post Free.

Office and Works: Cunningham St., Northcote.

Melbourne—4 Elizabeth Street, 50 Swanston Street, Royal Arcade. All Suburbs.

SHAW & THORNTON,

Monumental and General Masons,

Granite and Marble Importers.

Inscriptions and other works done in Town or Country Cemeteries

High St., Northcote, opposite Brickworks

Private Address: 1 Armadale St., Northcote.

Designs and Estimates Submitted.

EDWARD FELLOWES,

Universal Carriage Works & Shoeing Forge

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Croxton Station)

LORRIES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT, BOUGHT, SOLD, AND EXCHANGED.

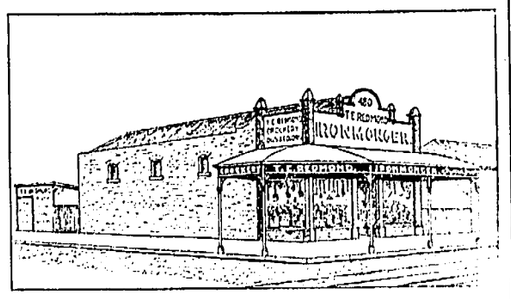
REPAIRS EFFECTED PROMPTLY AND SUBSTITUTES PROVIDED.

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

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

T. E. REDMOND

Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant



Corner High and Dennis Sts., Northcote

Telephone 6253.

NEW DESIGN

"Economist" Gas Stoves

IMPROVEMENTS:
Taps at side, which enables a tray to be put in from the front to catch liquids boiling over.
Browner light over top of oven to brown scones, etc.
Flame top of Roaster which, while grilling, toasting, or roasting in Roaster, also heats top Oven for baking scones, cakes, etc., so that both Oven and Roaster are heated with one flame.

Very Economical. Durable. Heats Instantly. A Splendid Baker.

At present made in one size. Size of Stove—22in. wide x 18in. deep x 29in. high. Oven—Width, 14in.; Depth 12½in. Roaster—Width, 14in.; Depth, 14in. **This Stove Already a Big Seller.**

Two top lights, £4. Three top lights, £4 8s 6d. (Bottom light under Roaster, 12/6 extra)

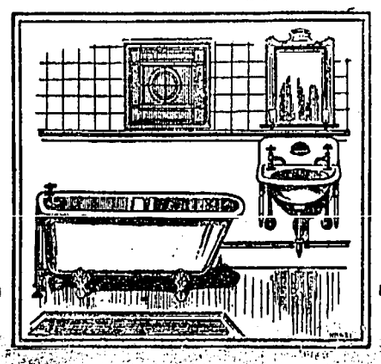
Wallis Bros. & Co., 419 Bourke St.

(Opp. Kirk's Bazaar). Factory: PRESTON.

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.



Tapes, Bathroom, and all other Sanitary Arrangements of Your House

Must be kept in perfect order if you would enjoy health and comfort this Summer—and always. Good work can be carried out only by a plumber who has had experience as well as scientific knowledge of modern plumbing methods. I have both.

For years I have given complete satisfaction to my customers and their recommendations are helping my business to grow. The same attention given to small and large jobs alike. My charges are very reasonable.

Estimates free for all branches of the trade.

For Prompt and Reliable Plumbing Work come to

JOHN SHAW

305 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE

Phone, Northcote 96

Established 20 years.

W. FIRTH,

GENERAL DRAPER,

344 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD (Below Johnston Street).

C. WILLIAMS

WISHES to notify that he has commenced business as a

Bookseller & Stationer

at

365 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite London Bank).

Wedding and Birthday Cards and Post Cards in great variety.

We specialise in Fountain Pens, all makes.

Also at 315 Smith Street, Fitzroy.

"LET 'ER BUCK!—She Can't Break Graham's Harness."

FRANK GRAHAM,

Saddle, Harness and Collar Maker,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE. (Opposite Hattam's).

Large stock of Sundries. Also Ladies' Hand Bags, Purses, &c.

FOLLOW THE CROWD

TO

BARKER'S SCHOOL SHOP

(Late Kay's).

Where Scholars are specially catered for in all School Requisites. Best of Confectionery and Summer Drinks. Drinks kept on Ice during Hot Weather. Post Cards, Stationery, and Haberdashery kept in stock. Best Brands of Smoker's Requisites, &c., &c.

159 HAWTHORN RD., NORTHCOTE

GAS COOKERS

The Modern Gas Cooker embodies every convenience and advantage for cooking food scientifically and daintily. It saves work, saves time, saves fires, and the kitchen is always delightfully cool.

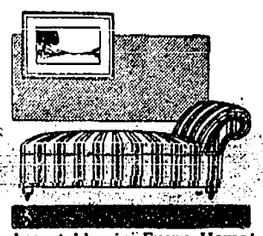
Order Your Gas Cooker To-Day!

Metropolitan Gas Coy. 196 Flinders Street.

We Sell Popular Home Furnishings at Popular Prices

Make your home furnishing successful by securing your Furniture from a successful house. Our Arcade is full of a brilliant showing of highest standard economical goods. You can make home feel real homely and save your pocket many pounds by getting all your Furniture from us.

CLAUSCEN'S have the Leading Furniture Bargains in the State!



Acceptable in Every Home!

This fine roomy Couch, covered in Art Cretonne, in Floral, Stripe, or Plain effects, reversible lid, opens both ways, extra wide, exceptional value,

45/-

Magnificent Diningroom Suite.

Nine-piece Solid Oak Diningroom Suite, six small, two Morris chairs, new design, new shaped settee, pincushion seats, upholstered in any shade moroccoline, £11.

Get this 9-piece Suite!

Solid Oak, comprising six chairs, two Morris chairs and couch, upholstered in new antique brown moroccoline, very fashionable both in shade and style,

£12 10/-

Special Bedstead Offer

Fine, large, heavy 2-inch posts, cream enamel and nickel, or enamelled in any color, only

£4 5/-

See Window Displays. Send for Catalogue.

CLAUSCEN'S, 194-6 Bourke St., Melbourne.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY, GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,

COWKEEPER AND DAIRYMAN.

Cattle and Premises under inspection of 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 districts.

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.

"Rona" Dairy Farm

Farm and Dairy: SPRING STREET, PRESTON.

Pure, Fresh Milk, direct from our own cows, delivered twice daily in Preston and surrounding districts.

Premises and Cattle under Government supervision.

Our Milk is guaranteed free from preservatives and coloring.

Post Cards promptly attended to.

The favor of your patronage and recommendation respectfully solicited.

B. EDMONDS,

LICENSED DAIRYMAN.

Announcements.

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11 a.m., Rev. A. C. Kellaway, M.A.
7 p.m., Dr. C. H. Kellaway.

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Sunday Services:
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7 p.m., "A Spiritual Problem."
Rev. C. W. Wood.

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Sabbath Services:
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Sunday Services:
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Sabbath School, 3 p.m.

[N]ORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
HIGH STREET.
10 a.m., Brotherhood.
11 a.m., Rev. John Adams, subject, "Self-Examination."
7 p.m., Rev. E. T. Cox.
ST. GEORGE'S ROAD.
11 a.m., Rev. Joseph McIlroy.
7 p.m., Mr. L. Roberts.
PRINCE OF WALES' PARK.
11 a.m., Mr. C. R. Kelly.
7 p.m., Rev. Joseph McIlroy.
CROXTON.
11 a.m., Mr. H. Michell.
7 p.m., Rev. C. Anthony.
All seats free. Strangers warmly welcomed.

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Sunday Services:
Preston.—11 a.m., Rev. G. S. Shinkfield; 7 p.m., Rev. G. S. Lloyd, of Brunswick.
South Preston.—11 a.m., Rev. C. Anthony, of Northcote; 7 p.m., Rev. G. S. Shinkfield.
Pender's Grove.—11 a.m., Mr. F. Pike; 7 p.m., Mr. Pearce.
All Welcome.

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Pastor: Rev. B. Hewison.
Sunday Services:
11 a.m., "A Marching Order" (opening third year of pastorate).
7 p.m., "Why Threatening Drought."
3 p.m., Men's Own, Rev. N. L. Beurle, "Books and Life."

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Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. A. R. Bunton.
7 p.m., Rev. C. Hugo.
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ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, Northcote, Sunday, 11th October, 10.30 a.m. Coronation of Pope Benedict XV. Missa Cantata, "St. John the Baptist," composed by Rev. J. E. Turner, O.S.B. Augmented Choir and Orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. J. F. Richardson. Collection—Peter's Pence.

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The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE.

EVERY employer of labor in Victoria has an added responsibility this month. Whether it be a thousand employees or simply a humble domestic servant, a policy of insurance has to be taken out to cover liability for accidents. Procedure is compulsory, and the Act details a list of rates for every class of work or calling, giving an impression of complexity, which, it is to be hoped, is more apparent than real. Under the State insurance scheme a per capita charge is made in respect of employees of private householders, examples of which may be quoted as follows:—

Chauffeurs, 25s per chauffeur.

Coachman and grooms, 15s per employee.

Domestic servants (indoor), 5s per servant.

Gardeners, and yardmen, nurses, charwomen, washerwomen, and other domestic servants occasionally, not solely, employed by assured, 2s 6d per employee.

Permanent gardeners and yardmen solely employed by assured, 12s 6d per employee.

Domestic servants employed in business premises must be included at the trade rate.

Should the maximum number of employees in the proposal be increased at any time during the currency of the policy, the fact must be immediately notified to the State Insurance Office, but where one employee leaves a service and is merely replaced by another, so that the maximum is not altered, it is not necessary to send a communication.

Many a poor worried woman will find in this simple list cause for much mental and some lingual agitation. Employers of labor in different branches of industry have to pay according to the scheduled rates laid down by the Act. Employees sustaining accidents arising out of and in the course of their employment are thus ensured payment of a sum equal to three years' earnings, with a minimum payment of £200, and a maximum of £500, in event of death from accident, or from certain specified industrial diseases. A sum equal to one half of the average weekly earnings will be paid in the event of total incapacity, and in the care of permanent injuries, the ratio of compensation to full compensation for total incapacity is as follows:—

Loss of both eyes, an only eye, both hands, both feet, or a hand and a foot; total and incurable loss of mental powers involving inability to work, or total and incurable paralysis of the limbs or of mental powers, 100 per cent. Total loss, or loss of the greater part of the right arm, 80 per cent. Total loss, or loss of the greater part of the left arm, total loss of a leg, total loss of the sight of one eye together with the serious diminution of the sight of the other eye, 75 per cent. Total loss of the right hand, or of five fingers of the right hand, or the loss of the lower part of the right arm, 70 per cent. Total loss of the left hand, or five fingers of the left hand, or of the lower part of the left arm, 65 per cent. Total loss of foot, or lower part of a leg, 60 per cent. Total loss of the sight of one eye, total loss of the thumb of right hand 30 per cent. Total loss of hearing 50 per cent. The loss of the thumb of the left hand, 25 per cent. The total loss of the forefinger of the right hand, 20 per cent. Total loss of forefinger of left hand, or part of the thumb of the right hand, 15 per cent. Total loss of the little finger 12 per cent. Complete deefness of one ear, 10 per cent. Total loss of the middle or ring finger, 8 per cent. Total loss of a toe or of a joint of a finger, 5 per cent.

That is a sample of a list covering from pain in the big toe to influenza, from death to a stomach-ache, from green apples to prussic acid. Provision is also made for aged and infirm workers and for when an accident is attributable to negligence on the part of the worker. In fact the whole act promises a rich harvest to lawyers, and a constant crop of tribulations to employers. All employers of labor of any kind are affected by the Act and must insure. The amounts of compensation vary according to severity of the injuries and the wage-earning capacity of the disabled worker. For instance, "A" sustained fatal injuries in consequence of an accident arising out of and in the course of his employment. He had been earning an average wage of £2/5/ a week from the same employer during the three years preceeding his death. In addition, he had been provided with board and residence by his employer, valued at 15/ a week. For the purposes of the act, the average wage would be regarded as £3 a week. Total dependants, a wife and children were left. The amount of compensation due would be 156 times £3=£468 (three years' earnings). If the weekly earnings had been much smaller, so much that when multiplied by 156 a sum less than £200 was reached, the latter would be the sum payable. On the other hand, had the weekly earnings amounted to £4, instead of 156 times that amount, namely, £624, being payable, the maximum liability under the act, £500, would become payable. Assuming still that the worker was killed, but he did not leave any dependants who were wholly dependent upon his earnings, the foregoing maximum would apply; but the sum payable would be one to be agreed upon as reasonable and proportionate to the loss suffered by the partial dependants. If, on the other hand, no dependants whatever were left by the deceased worker, the sum payable would be the reasonable expenses of his medical attendance and burial, but not exceeding £50. When temporary total disablement resulted from an accident, and the period of incapacity extended over seven days, during which time the worker had been prevented from earning full wages, the basis of compensation during incapacity was a weekly payment—from the date of the disablement—of not exceeding one half of the average weekly earnings of the injured during the previous twelve months, but such weekly payments should not exceed 30/, and the total liability £500. Where the worker had sustained a permanent injury, such as, for instance, a severe injury to a leg, which resulted in his being crippled, and he found, on resuming work, that he could not earn full wages in some suitable employment, he became entitled to payment over and above the amount received during temporary total disability of not exceeding the difference between his average weekly earnings before the accident and the average weekly amount which he is able to earn after the accident. Insurances may be effected with the State insurance office that has been created for the special purposes of the act, or in any approved insurance company carrying on business in Victoria. Forms of application and rates for the different classes of workmen may be obtained on application to any of them. The insurance offices are busily engaged in reaping a splendid harvest of premiums at the present moment, which will represent permanent business throughout the years to come. For them it is a "big thing," for the worker it is a "big thing," and also for the employer, though the latter's case has several sides to it, the most irritating phase being the trouble involved in understanding and complying with the various sections of the Act.

AUSTRALIA'S OUTLOOK.

THE decision of the New South Wales Government that 10 per cent. reductions are to be made in Civil Service salaries is one of the indications that every man, woman and child in Australia must be prepared to pay the cost of being at war. We require to raise almost immediately a very big heap of sovereigns. The drought, which is now only beginning to be experienced, makes it imperative that Federal revenue must be provided to take the place of custom duties that are now beginning to show a serious shortage. The railway receipts, income tax, and other sources of wealth, will also be in smaller ratio than hitherto. Despite these facts, money must be forthcoming for unemployment relief works, [illegible] clamoured for in all States, [illegible] that it looks as if some huge scheme of industrial employment must be opened up. We must also find £1,000,000 a month for the first expeditionary force, an amount which will probably be swollen to £2,000,000 a month by the time a third force, now being gathered, is properly equipped and under way. In addition £12,000,000 in gold must go to London to meet interest on loans, besides many other ordinary and extraordinary calls to be met as they arise. The unprecedented drought, which has already established a record by making its appearance in spring time (with the promise of extending over the summer and autumn months) may be prolific of financial difficulties, and altogether the signs are that Australia must in some way secure a large financial help at a time when the money market is at the very worst position for such an undertaking. It will require statemanship of a high order to successfully negotiate the difficulties which lie ahead of Australia. If the Fisher Ministry fails to rise to the occasion, then our plight may be desterate indeed. We may hope however, that political friction will cease, and all parties unite in a long pull and a strong pull while the war and drought tension lasts. The obligations likely to devolve upon us in consequence of the war are many and formidable, and will possibly include the permanent government of New Guinea and the surrounding islands. While the war lasts the stress-time is sure to be accentuated, and must be tided over by many sacifices; but ahead of that (the war cloud having vanished) a brighter era of prosperity is discernible, which will more than compensate for the temporary set-backs now being experienced.

The new grand stand at the Northcote park was formally opened on Saturday afternoon by the president of the Northcote Cricket Club, Mr. Stott, in the presence of a large assemblage. He returned warm thanks to all those ladies and gentlemen who had helped to make the recent carnival such a success. The new stand was a builing in which all might take pride, and he hoped that the football club in its wisdom would decide to hold its matches in the park next season, as the ground was undoubtedly one of the best situated in metropolis, and was the property of the people. All the revenue received would be spent on improving the ground. (Applause). He extended a cordial welcome to the Melbourne Cricket Club, who that day were playing in the pennant competition for the first time for some years. (Applause).

The patriotic service arranged by the Preston Masonic Lodge in aid of the Preston patriotic fund will take place to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in the shire hall. The order of the service will be as follows:—Processional hymn, combined choirs and audience; British National Anthem; invocation prayer, Rev. W. Roberts; solo, "Within Thy Holy Temple," Mr. Haines; lesson, Rev. W. Roberts; anthem, "King of Kings," combined choirs; solo, "A Song of Thanksgiving," Miss Erna Henderson; Psalm, "Old Hundred," combined choir and audience; prayer, Rev. W. Roberts; Russian National Anthem, Quartette party; Masonic address, R.W. Bro. Howe, P.S.G.W.; French National Anthem Madam Evelyn Ashley; patriotic oration, R.Wor. Rev. W. C. Wood, S.G.W.; offertory hymn, "O God our Help in Ages Past," combined choirs and audience; concluding prayer and benediction, Rev. W. Roberts; recessional hymn, combined choirs and audience.

Mr. George Healing, of Clarke street, Northcote, passed peacefully away on Wednesday, at the advanced age of 93 years. During his long life Mr. Healing enjoyed excellent health, and was only confined to his bed a few days before he died. At the Legislative council election for Melbourne-North Province (held about three weeks ago) he recorded his vote at the town hall. He was the oldest Forester in Victoria, being a member of Court Robin Hood, Richmond, since 1860. In July last Mr. and Mrs. Healing celebrated their golden wedding.

The proposed new State school at Thornbury is planned to provide accommodation for 440 pupils, together with office, teachers' and store rooms. The building will be two storeys high, constructed of brick with tiled roof, and will be fitted and supplied throughout with all the latest and most approved methods of ventilation and lighting. There are large hat and coat rooms with lavatories to each floor, the floors of these are tiled on reinforced concrete and fitted with open wire screens as racks for hats and coats. The staircase and landings are also of concrete. A cloak room and sewing room capable of accommodating 40 girls is also provided for over the first floor.

At the Northcote town hall on Wednesday a patriotic concert in aid of the Red Cross Society was given by pupils of Westleigh College assisted by leading Melbourne artists. Their was a fair attendance and all the items were warmly appreciated, Madam Evelyn Ashley acting as vocal directress. The visiting artists contributed specially good numbers, encores being numerous. The college pupils in song, recital physical culture and piano playing presented a striking testimony to the work of the Misses Westgarth (principals of the college.) The entertainment was a distinct success, and proceeds will be handed to the Red Cross Society.

Northcote residents were pleased to notice in the list of successful candidates at the recent police examination for the rank of sergeant and officer, the name of Sergeant J. Arthur (in charge of the Northcote station). The genial sergeant has been the recipient of many congratulations.

LOCALISMS

The Melbourne Motor-Omnibus Coy., Limited, has established a motor bus service from Fitzroy and Northcote to Melbourne on Sunday mornings, starting from near the Merri Creek bridge.

The Northcote City Council quarry committee was empowered on Monday evening to take the necessary steps with a view to recommencing work.

The report of the executive committee re proposed change of playing-ground for the Northcote Football Club will be considered at a meeting of the Victorian Football Association on Monday evening.

A capital display was given by the Holy Trinity, Thornbury, guilds at the Northcote town hall on Thursday evening.

Social.—Mrs. C. Bricknell, wife of the president of Preston shire, is "at home" second Wednesdays, "Bingo," Raglan street, Preston.

The "Royals" announce final dance for the season at the Northcote town hall on Saturday next, 17th inst.

The usual fortnightly social will be held in the Pender's Grove hall to-night.

The Northcote Horticultural society will hold its monthly meeting next Monday evening. Members and friends are requested to attend.

The various committees formed for the purpose of furthering Mr. Membery's election campaign are actively at work in all parts of Jika Jika. Notices of meetings are advertised elsewhere.

A social and dance, to celebrate the victories Mr. F. Anstey, M.P., and Hon. W. J. Beckett, M.L.C., will be held on Tuesday evening next, under the auspices of the Preston Branch P.L.C.

S[illegible]d Bastings announce the sale [illegible]ction on Wednesday next of Mr. W. Illingworth's brick and weather board villa, No. 16 Kellet street, Northcote. Full particulars are advertised in another column.

The official opening of the newly-formed tennis club in connection with the South Preston Methodist Church, will be performed at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The Railway Commissioners have been unable to see their way to accede to the request of the Northcote City Council to provide an overhead bridge or a subway for the convenience of the public at the Northcote railway station.

The Parliamentary Standing Committee for Railways yesterday was engaged in hearing evidence on behalf of the councils concerned in the proposed electric tramway to Preston, and evidence will be taken on behalf of the tramway league on Tuesday next.

On Wednesday night, 14th inst., on the occasion of the third anniversary of the East Ward Progress Association, a concert and dance will be held in the town hall, Northcote. An interesting programme including songs, recitations, etc., and a one-act comedietta, has been arranged, and the services of the Elsternwick Orchestral Band have been secured. Tickets, 1/-.

The Northcote telephone exchange came in for some drastic criticism at the city council meeting on Monday, several councillors testifying to great inconvenience experienced in transacting business through its agency. Cr. Redmond, however, had quite a different story to tell, as he was not aware of any cause for complaint. It was resolved that Mr. Anstey, M.P., be asked to endeavour to secure improvement in the working of the exchange.

At the Northcote City Council on Monday, Cr. Plant (chairman of the finance committee) presented a highly satisfactory report on the city finances. The gross receipts in the general account were £26,518. Out of the current rate of £15,526 there had been collected a total of £15,252, or 98¼ per cent., a fact which spoke volumes for the work of the rate collector (Mr. J. Thomson), and constituted a record for the municipality.

Last week at the Royal Academy of Music (London) exams., the following pupils of Mrs. Leonard Baker (Northcote) passed:—Misses Queenie Wilson, Winnie Oldenburg, Florrie Powell and Eileen Cooper.

"The New Figure" is the title of Hattam's announcement to-day, and deals with a fine new corset of which they have received a huge shipment. [Advt].

The Northcote branch of the A.W.N. League is giving a social afternoon in the town hall on Tuesday afternoon, 13th inst. All members and friends will be welcome: Speakers—Mrs. Arthur Robinson and Mr. Membrey.

Mr. C. A. Page, licensed sanitary plumber, corner of High and Station streets, North Preston, undertakes to execute work in all branches of plumbing, gasfitting, and sewerage. Electric light installed and all necessary fittings stocked. See advt.

An entertainment in the shire hall, Preston, on Saturday evening, under the direction of the Sisters of the Good Samaritan, was a great success, standing room only being available for late comers. The leading feature was the St. Augustine Boys' band, whose music was delightful.

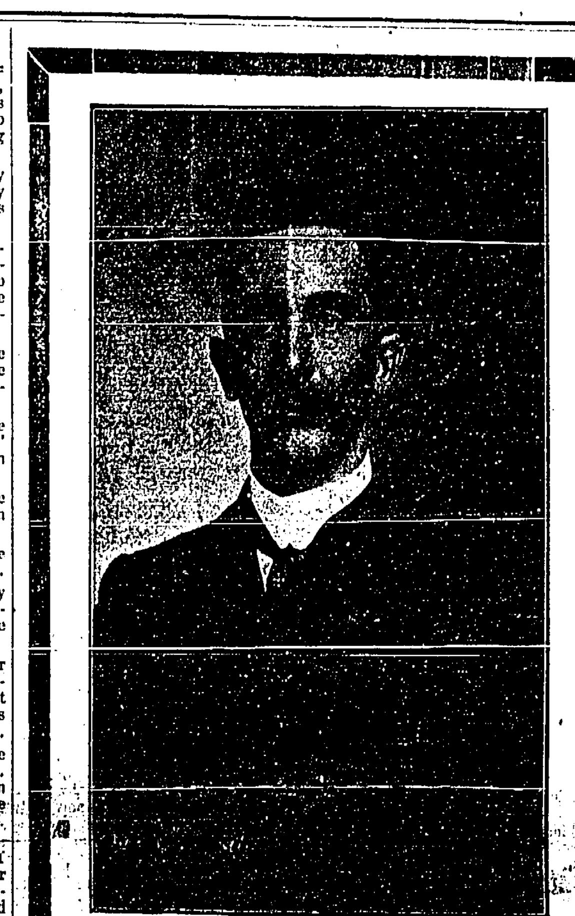
American lady corsets include models for all types of figures. There's one for "you." Secure it at Hattam's right away. See the window display. [Advt].

Speaking to the Prestonese at the opening of the new presbytery and school on Sunday, Dean Carey, as appellant for the collection plate, said something dreadful. Calmly surveying the pleasant faces before him, the Dean, in cold blood on a warm day, remarked—"It is hardly necessary to appeal to your liberality; there is no necessity for you being 'press'd on.'" A general groan burst from the assembled sufferers, and even the Archbishop reached for a savingglass of water.

Northcote theatre will present a further series of war pictures commencing Monday evening next, when authentic pictures of the war in Belgium will be screened. The inhabitants of the ill-fated City of Louvain are shown fleeing before the invaders and the Belgian soldiers preparing to resist the attack. These special pictures will be shown week to week as an added attraction to the ordinary programmes.

Of particular interest to every lady is the unique display of the new and popular American lady corsets now displayed at Hattam's. A window of them is on view just now. [Advt].

Order Your Suit NOW!
and order it from WARDROP.
You can absolutely rely on Satisfaction. He's got his eye on repeat orders, and tailors to get them. You'll find a Big Range of Suitings here—all the new shades and weaves represented.—Patterns Post Free if you ask for them.
Cr. of Smith St. & Johnston St. COLLINGWOOD
And at Elizabeth St., opposite G.P.O., Melbourne.



The Late Councillor A. E. Woolhouse.

Cr. A. E. Woolhouse, of Northcote, died suddenly on Wednesday afternoon. Feeling unwell in the morning, Mr. Woolhouse did not go to his business office in the city, but remained at his residence, Normanby avenue. During the afternoon, while speaking to a neighbor, he suddenly collapsed, death ensuing almost immediately. The news of the sad occurrence caused a great shock to the community, deceased having taken an active part in public life for many years. He was a councillor for the west ward of the City of Northcote, the council's representative on the Metropolitan Board, president of the rifle club, ex-president of the football club, etc. Some months ago he experienced a serious attack of influenza, from the effects of which he never thoroughly recovered, and has been subject to faintness since that time. It is thought that the extreme heat of the day brought on heart failure. Although present at the council meeting on Monday night Cr. Woolhouse was then far from well, and after the meeting was accommodated with a couch in the mayor's room owing to an attack of weakness. He was only 45 years of age, and leaves a wife and seven young children to mourn his loss.

The funeral, which was conducted by automobile, took place on Thursday afternoon, there being twelve motor vehicles, conveying a large and representative attendance of deceased's brother councillors and prominent public and business men to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of deceased, whose genial disposition made him a general favorite. The place of interment was the Melbourne cemetery, the Rev. A. Uglow, (Methodist) conducting the service at the grave, assisted by the Rev. B. Hewison (Baptist).

PATRIOTIC ITEMS.

Northcote patriotic fund.—Amount previously acknowledged, £160 3s 7d; Thornbury picture theatre, gross proceeds Sunday evening sacred concert, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, £10 1s 6d; a Britisher, £1. Also large parcel of books from Anonymous.

A successful concert was given at the Thornbury theatre on Sunday afternoon last, proceeds being devoted to the patriotic fund. The following was the programme presented:—Band selection, Northcote City Band; overture, Thornbury Orchestra; song, "There's a Land," Madam Cavendish; song, "The three Jacks," Mr. Leslie White; song, "Red, White and Blue," Miss Mabel Mattingley; song, "Land of Hope and Glory," Miss Norah Barrett; song, "Death of Nelson," Mr. Will Davies. Cr. A. Tharratt, J.P., mayor, in moving a vote of thanks to those who so ably assisted, commended the action of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of the Thornbury theatre, in making this special effort for so deserving a cause, and expressed the hope that the war might soon be brought to a close.

On Thursday and Friday next a "Southern Cross Fair" is to take place in the town hall, Westbourne grove, Northcote. The bazaar will be formally opened by the mayoress at 3.30 p.m. on Thursday. Admission 6d. Proceeds in aid of patriotic fund.

Preston patriotic fund.—Subscriptions previously acknowledged, £176 12s 3d; Miss Crook and employees, £1 6s.

The committee of the Preston patriotic fund will meet on Monday evening next at the shire hall, at 8 o'clock. The secretary would be obliged if anyone having money in connection with the recent picture entertainment would hand same in before the meeting. The secretary also wishes to acknowledge a gift of three knitted scarves. A list of Preston donations was inadvertently credited to the Northcote branch last issue.

A meeting of the Preston branch Red Cross Society was held at shire hall on Wednesday, the president of the shire (Cr. Bricknell) in the chair. It was decided to hold a bazaar in conjunction with the carnival on 14th November. Mr. G. M. Eaton was appointed sports secretary. The following names were added to the committee:—Mrs. Bradford; Misses Bricknell (2), G. Drolz, D. Sheppard; Messrs L. Hills, Louden, A. Froebel. Next meeting, Thursday, 15th, at 8 p.m. A full attendance of committee is requested.

PENDER'S GROVE LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Under the auspices of the above club a novelty and poster carnival was held at Pender's grove hall on Saturday, 3rd October. The proceeds, which, as yet, are incomplete, amount to £8 8s, and are to be donated to the patriotic fund. Several influential citizens, including the mayor of Northcote and Cr. Hayes, were present. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, which, together with the various colors of costumes, lent a cheerful and pleasing aspect to the evening's entertainment. Of the characters in the novelty section much could be said. From among these "The Scarecrow," as sustained by Mr. Day, secured the first prize for gentlemen. Mrs. Bell, as a "School girl," successfully sustained the character, the skipping rope, school bag, and bread and jam being much in evidence. The mayor, in presenting Mrs. Bell with the first prize, convulsed his hearers with humorous remarks. "The Merry Widow," Mr. Lynch, created considerable amusement. Mr. Saxe posed as an inebriate. "Topsy" was ably depicted by Miss Enright, as was "The Gipsy Lass" represented by Miss Lowden. Other characters were Mr. Birchall as a "Returned Soldier," Mr. and Mrs. Grubb as "Niggers," Mr. Richmond as "Stale news," Mrs. Pudney as "The Union Jack," Miss Laidman as "Flower Girl," Mrs. Caroline as "Australia." In the poster division Mr. Laidman as a "Beefeater," representing mustard, won the prize. Other posters were Jam, Tea, Biscuits, Boots, Fashions, etc. A framed photograph and a sugar casket were presented to Messrs F. Phillips (past president), and Mr. W. Saxe (past secretary). Mr. Schultz, president of the P.G.A., in making the presentations, highly eulogised the recipients, who suitably responded. Mrs. Blakston, whose interest in the ladies' club is well known, presented a handsome hand painted banner, which was unfurled amid much enthusiasm, the president of the ladies' club suitably acknowledging the gift. Another item which gave pleasure was a patriotic recitation composed and rendered by Mr. Wood. A most enjoyable evening, capably handled by the ladies' club, was brought to a conclusion with the National Anthem.

CHURCH NEWS.

The coronation of Pope Benedict XV. will be celebrated at St. Joseph's Church, Northcote, at the half-past 10 mass to-morrow morning, when an augmented choir and orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. J. F. Richardson, will render a Missa cantata. A collection will be made for the Peter's Pence Fund.

The Rev. C. Anthony, of Northcote, and the Rev. G. S. Lloyd, of Brunswick, are taking service on Sunday at South Preston and Preston for the Rev. E. O. Knee, who is away conducting the jubilee services in connection with his old charge at Scarsdale.

Northcote Baptist Church.—Next Sunday morning marks the commencement of the third year of the Rev. B. Hewison's pastorate, and the special theme, "A Marching Order," is being taken. In the evening one prominent cause of the present distress will be discussed under the title "Why Threatening Drought?" The Men's Own will be addressed in the afternoon by a favorite speaker in the person of the Rev. N. L. Beurle, of Camberwell. His subject be "Books and Life," a talk that has already delighted more than one gathering of men.

The morning service at the Northcote Congregational Church will be conducted by the pastor, and the Rev. C. Hugo, of Windsor, will officiate in the evening. The choir, which is well-balanced, will render an anthem at each service.

Methodist church, High street.—"Man proposes, God disposes," is the subject of a paper to be read at the Brotherhood meeting on Sunday morning next by Mr. S. Dennis. The Rev. John Adams will preach at the church service in the morning, and take as his subject, "Self Examination." The Rev. E. T. Cox (of Moonee Ponds) will preach in the evening. Mr. Cox is known as a preacher of an uncommon type, having a style of his own and possessing the power of presenting truth in a somewhat quaint and yet philosophic form. He must be heard to be appreciated.

BOWLING.

The Northcote green was formally opened on Saturday last. The president, Cr. Plant, extended a cordial welcome to members and visitors, which was acknowledged for the latter by Mr. Harold Hattam, president of the Thornbury club. The Mayor, Cr. Tharratt, J.P., in declaring the green open, congratulated the club on the condition of the rinks. The first jack was thrown by the genial secretary, and the first bowl by the Mayor.

The following skippers were elected for the A pennant team:—Messrs Bennell, Harrington, Mitchell, and Plant, who will meet at the pavilion at 2 p.m. to-day to select their rinks from the following players:—Messrs Allen, Bowden, E. Bailey, R. Bailey, Bastings, Campbell, Herman, Mason, Saunders, Taylor, Schleferdecker and Reed. Messrs Cox, Girling and Trevenen are reserves.

Northcote A team are at home to Ascot Vale to-day.

Northcote B team having a bye are requested to meet at pavilion at 2.45 for the purpose of electing skippers and rink practice.

Preston Presbyterian Church.

Anniversary services were held last Sunday and passed off satisfactorily. The attendance was good. The choir rendered special anthems, and at the evening service Miss Beatrice Higginson sang "O Divine Redeemer." For the conversazione held on Tuesday night a fine programme was arranged by Mr. Richardson, the following being the names of those who took part. Mr. Haines, song, Misses Parkins and J. Lemmon, recitations; Messrs W. Gibbs, Haines, F. Stevens, R. S. Richardson. The quartette party gave three items. During the evening Mr. Richardson, on behalf of the ladies, presented Mr. and Mrs. Roberts with a dinner and breakfast cruet as a wedding gift. Mr. Roberts suitably responded, and said he and Mrs. Roberts would accept the gift as a token of the good will and esteem of the congregation. After the programme refreshments were served. A vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Sandland and seconded by Mr. Dickason, was extended to all who assisted in the anniversary celebrations.

On Wednesday, Oct. 14th, at 3 p.m., in the Salvation Army hall, High street, Thornbury, the mayoress (Mrs. A. E. Tharratt), supported by the mayor, will open the National Floral and Butterfly Fair and sale of work. A bright programme will be rendered by the girls from the Camberwell Home. The public is cordially invited to attend. Proceeds are in aid of missionary and rescue work.

SUNDAY WITH HIS GRACE.

BENISONS AND BUILDINGS.

A SUNLIT SERVICE.

Some Impressions.

To have new presbytery and new school, together with old church (and building space for new one), situated between two such aptly-named traffic channels as High street and Plenty road should surely be counted a good omen by the Preston Catholic standard-bearers.

As all outside objects and names are simply shadows of internal principles in the mind of man, some of the worshippers in these buildings may occasionally remember that High street and Plenty road stand upon the right and the left hand, and may be applied to themselves perhaps thusly—High Street: The top of the head, whence germinate those thoughts that make man a praying animal as distinguished from the rest of creation; Plenty Road: The channel of grace that junctions with those who travel along "High Street," and thereafter the roads run smoothly as one, the church standing at the meeting-point!

Now, there's a natty little sermon, picked up out of the dust of the street, on this bright Sunday afternoon, with apologies to Dr. Carr for trespassing. Oh, and it's as well to notice, also, that there is a weighbridge at the junction of these roads (with apologies to happy Father O'Grady, the parish priest, this time, who has charge of the spiritual weighbridge at this part).

Gay lines of bunting marked the meeting-place, emblematic of all nations, save those responsible for the dreadful war in Europe.

The new presbytery, built at a cost of £1750, and school at £1600, show up bravely, adorning the street with terra-cotta work. Both buildings were open for inspection, and bore the certificate of being built to endure, as well as to supply all present-day requirements.

Then there was music—and such music as befitted the junction of High street and Plenty road—need we say any more about St. Augustine's champion boys' band and its afternoon musical incense?

And the people—atoms from all denominations, parties, and creeds—ants carrying differently-colored straws for the purpose of lining one nest—all looking for the junction of High street and Plenty road, and some even thinking they were there while actually only on the broad road that leads to Heidelberg.

A general movement of the large assemblage to the entry-gates betokened expectant preparation. Boy choristers, garbed in surplice and gown, flit away to the coming-in place. Double lines of emerald green collarettes, with golden embellishments, marking the H.A.C.B. Society, formed a guard-of-honor avenue, and sombre-coated men of God drew together.

His Grace, the Most Reverend T. J. Carr, D.D., Archbishop of Melbourne, arrived immediately, and was escorted between the flock-lines by priests and altar-boys, the pectoral cross, emblem of his high office and powers, being borne before.

Resplendent in full-dress ceremonial canonicals, the Archbishop shone the bright particular planet of Preston's Rosary Sunday. A first local visitation, and an unforgettable one for many present. The golden sunlight toyed with his robes and played hide-and-seek among the broiderings of his garment. Many of the sun's arrows never reached the ground, but remained tangled in the delicate traceries of the glorious apparel worn.

But the man himself—what of him? Preston had never the opportunity before of placing the Archbishop on the slide of its intellectual microscope—the fierce light that beats from the parish lantern played full on the reverend visitor—oh, well for him who may pass that supreme test satisfactorily, whether he be vicegerent or commoner, angel or vagabond!

Well, what of the man? Look at the face, calm, reposeful, serene. Remember it is the outward presentment of one who is fronting the setting sun of life, after an experience of the world's cares and worries such as falls to the lot of few sons of earth. Remember, too, that men's thoughts, desires, passions, write themselves inexorable, unerringly, on forehead, cheek, countenance. The beautiful words of Omar Khayyam, the Persian astronomer poet, may be applied to face picturing:—

"The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on: nor all thy piety and wit
May lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

At the close of a life of spiritual cares, political turmoil, defence of faith, warrior struggles on a thousand battlefields, that face remains calm, gloriously calm; and see, the eyes (the windows of the soul) reflect the same grand attribute.—the mark of the man who, long years ago, has fought and won that greatest of all battles, the mastery of self. All comes easy after that, to philosopher or fool, and old Father Time lays aside his mallet and chisel and takes off his hat on meeting such a soldier.

Into the venerable prelate's eyes, during the moments of abstraction, crept ever and anon a far-away look, indicative of the loosening of bonds between the clay-man and the super-man, between body and spirit—a look often seen in the eyes of the aged, as if there were another realm into which they peer, a realm altogether unsensed by those about them.

Small wonder that that placid countenance is beloved by the people, or that an impulsive soul should be moved, as was the case on Sunday, to express that affection and trust by touching the hem of his garment.

The first act performed by the venerable bishop was the formal laying of the foundation stone of the presbytery, afterwards solemnly blessing the rooms and portal. A similar procedure at the splendid new school building.

Then to a raised platform in the church grounds, where, surrounded by clergy and representative official and other gentlemen, the Archbishop delivered an eloquent address, in the course of which he promised that the agitation for a subsidy to Catholic schools would be advanced by every possible means in an open, above-board manner.

He told a sweet story, too, of an old bellringer, who fell in love with the silver tones of his bells. But one day someone stole them from the belfry, and the bereaved man wandered the earth in search of them, till finally, worn out with toil and fruitless effort, he lay down, by the roadside, when suddenly, from an adjoining village, rang out the silver tones he knew so well, and in an ecstasy of joy the searcher expired.

Deftly applying the story, the Archbishop likened the notes of the silver bells to the good teaching of the nuns in the schools. When the scholars went out into the world, the bells were often lost or stolen from them, and the owners lived perhaps to old age without recovering them. But before death the tinkling of the silver bells—the religious education of their childhood, came back in hundreds of instances, and brought a holy calm and peace.

A truly pretty story and application, that may be remembered to the Archbishop's credit when the rest of the sage advice given during the address shall have passed to the limbo of things forgotten.

Those who were present on the occasion carried away many pleasant impressions, but in the forefront was the vision of the dispassionate, benevolent face of the G.O.M. of the Catholic church.

Wanted to Sell

ABBOTT Buggy, lever hood, Sarven wheels rubber tyres, long distance axles, lamps. "Iona," 135 Westbourne Grove, Northcote.

TWELVE Leghorn Chickens, Padman, Mackenzie, Pope strains, with mother. S. Ham, "Craigielea," McCracken's Avenue, Northcote.

LONDON AND THE WAR.

SCENES AND SENSATIONS.

THE RUSH TO ARMS.

LONDON, Wed., August 12.

We talk about the immobility of the East, the changelessness of the leopard's spots, of the Ethiopan's skin, the immutability of the Jap., the patience of the almond-eyed Chinese, the stoicism of the Spartans, the rocky constancy of the Red Indian. But since the world was has there ever been a race with the stable equilibrium of the Britons? asks the London representative of Sydney "Sun." I defy you at this moment to go round London by any means you choose and obtain ocular proof that England is at war with Germany, except it be in the war specials shouted by the newsboys. On Friday and Saturday there was a dislocation of the life of London. There were more people in the streets, there was less business transacted. Nine-tenths of our thoughts were engrossed in the possibilities of the war, ten-tenths of the people were killing the Kaiser with their mouths, and a few enjoyed themselves singing the National Anthem at Buckingham Palace or in Trafalgar Square. But all that initial excitement has disappeared. London has returned to the normal even tenor of its existence. The sprawling congeries of cities have metaphorically taken a hitch in their waist-belt and are settling down to the death-grip struggle with resolute determination. There is no money for luxuries, there is little spare cash for expensive amusements. This is always the dull season for the theatres. It is just a little duller than usual. Some firms are cruelly retrenching, but the vast majority are putting their hands on half-pay, and thus keeping them in employment. The initial food scare is recalled with shame. There is plenty of provender if it is only sagaciously husbanded. There are hard times ahead, there is hardship already, but it is being borne with fortitude, and the soberminded Englishman is plodding along in his own self-contained, solid way, willing to take the brunt of the world's burden on his broad shoulders, but determined to exact an unforgettable reckoning from the peace-breaking Kaiser.

The Kitchener Stroke.

K. of K. is making things hum at the War Office. It has been the pride of this department of State that no letter addressed to it has ever been replied to under a week. The conqueror of Khartoum has altered this. No Government office is more efficiently discharging its functions than that over which he presides. The staff has been greatly augmented and divided into three shifts, so that the department is speeding up the whole 24 hours. It is related that the first day K. of K. took over control of the War Office he asked the hall porter, "Is there a bed here?" and when that official shook his head and responded in the negative the new Minister of War curtly said, "Get one." This is the spirit in which he is running the army throughout all its ramifications. Unhasting, yet unresting, he has, with his native genius for organisation, brought every division up to concert pitch without the slightest hitch anywhere. It is the custom to say that the navy is a smarter service than the army, because the men have to do things on the jump. But this comparison is no longer possible. K. of K. has got everybody doing the right thing at the right time in the right way on the jump. Not only have the Regulars and the Territorials been completely mobilised, but we are well on the way to the creation of a second army of 100,000 men, who will be available for expeditionary work. And K. of K.'s thinking and planning does not end here. Our striking force may be in Belgium, but the master tactician and the final arbiter of its disposition is in the War Office, where he has the battleground of Europe not only plotted out on military maps, but indelibly imprinted on his own brain. For K. of K., like Napoleon, is one of those mental giants who can do a dozen different things at the same time, and do them all well.

The Two J.'s.

Joffre or Jellicoe, who will gain the greater glory? General Joffre has a unique opportunity as generalissimo of the Allies' Armies opposing the German advance, Admiral Jellicoe of following Nelson's footsteps with the British Home fleets in the North Sea. The two men have each come to the front by irrepressible ability and unquenchable energy. Major Andree, one of the brains of the French army, has a son at a Hampstead school where my boys are being educated. Major Andree, earlier in the year, came across to a school function. He was accompanied by a short, stout, strongly-built gentleman of benevolent countenance, whose clear blue eyes and creaseless skin and peaceful demeanor diffused a sense of repose and middle-class comfort. This homely citizen was General Joffre in mufti. When the drums commenced to roll, a totally different personality springs into being. At the Ministry of War, after the last manoeuvres, General Joffre broke no less than five generals in one day, and made a clean sweep of the Has-Beens who encumbered the French army. There you have General Joffre in action. In 1870, at 18 years of age, he fought the Germans as an artillery subaltern during the siege of Paris. He designed the forts at Enghein, and Marshal M'Mahon, after examining them, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "I congratulate you, Captain Joffre." That swift promotion opened the way to his present proud position. Admiral Jellicoe, like General Joffre, is also deceptive to the eye. He is a small, sinewy man, with a particularly smart appearance, and at a casual glance one would classify him as a distinguished organiser of some great commercial undertaking. Only study of his mobile features and his splendid naval carriage enables one to rightly adjust the first impression. Admiral Jellicoe is not only a gunnery expert, he is also a great seaman, a natural organiser, and a born leader of men. He is more prone to listen than to talk, more guided by realities than theories, more addicted to prudent pioneering than to text-book axioms. He has the parts of not one but several men of exceptional power, compacted in a frame that is slender, but strong enough to stand superhuman strain, and, above all, he has Wellington's uncanny vision, which enables him to know what the enemy is doing, even when it is on the other side of the horizon and out of sight.

Billeting.

We are commencing to have a very personal interest in the war. Housing has to be found for the tens of thousands of Territorials who have been assembled within the confines of Greater London. They have outgrown the barracks, and public buildings are temporarily converted into barracks. On a fair number of houses in Hampstead I have seen a little white cross. It is not the indicator for the Angel of Destruction; it is a sign manual of the billeting department of the Territorial forces. In those houses, where the local authorities have advised the headquarters staff that accommodation ought and can be provided for Terriers, request has been made for room for from one to six soldiers. Under the regulations householders have not got to supply furniture or bedding, and they need only provide simple fare in accordance with army rations, but they must give attendance. In every instance, I am glad to say, the households which have been invaded have set themselves to better the King's Regulations, and the men are living on the fat of the land. As the majority of them have come from small and sparsely furnished homes, they are living better than they have ever done in their lives. The personal responsibility thus thrust upon citizens in good circumstances has made them realise more than anything else what war means even in a country which is sufficiently fortunate to be enjoying peace. When they go out and they see soldiers having sabre exercise in Hyde Park, and tents pitched on the Oval, and the Y.M.C.A. splendid building in Oxford-street crowded with animated warriors, and when they notice that the Guards'-parade at Buckingham Palace is now only a shadow of its real self, they appreciate the call which has been made upon the Mother Country.

Swept from the Seas.

It was the confident boast of the great German shipping companies that in the event of war they would harry British shipping from the Seven Seas. Bitter indeed must be their thoughts to-day when it is manifest to the world that it is German shipping which has been banished from the face of the waters. In less than a week the two thousand steamers, representing 5,000,000 tons gross, which were afloat when hostilities commenced, and the 2700 German sailing ships, have either had to remain in home ports, to scuttle for neutral harbors, or have been captured on the high seas. In seven days the oversea trade in Germany has been brought to an absolute standstill. She has to rely entirely upon her own internal resources, and already there are food riots in Berlin. In the German scheme for a world war the hungry dregs of East London were to descend like locusts upon the better-provisioned West End, and England was to be smashed by a vast internal social convulsion. It is extraordinary how German notions have miscarried. The Admiralty to-day can assure the safety of British shipping on every ocean and every sea except one, and even on this North Sea Danish steamers are ploughing their way to English ports loaded with produce of every kind. It is Germany who is starving, and it is the Englishman who still has three meals a day. And as I write the Admiralty is arming swift ocean liners for commerce protection and for commence destruction purposes. It was Germany who first thought of converting her merchantmen into cruisers. It is England who is profiting by her tip.

Bravo! Australia.

From Kitchener to kitchenmaid there is warmest gratitude for Australia's whole-hearted assistance to the Mother Country. Sir George Reid need no longer complain that the Australian feels lonely in London. Let him only disclose his nationality, and he will discover that he is a welcomed guest in every home. Once again the Empire has found its ties of kinship strong in the hour of need, and once again Europe has been astounded to find that the Dominions can send the Mother Country 75,000 first-class fighting men. A magnificent reception awaits the Australian contingent when it reaches those shores. Lady Dudley has done splendid service to Australia by promoting a field hospital on her behalf. The King has shown his practical appreciation by promising two of the finest horses in the Royal Mews to draw a field ambulance waggon. Handsome subscriptions have been received from wealthy Australians resident or visiting England, and over 100 nurses of Australian birth have already registered themselves for this humane work. There is indeed no end to the enthusiastic activity of our countrymen. They are serving with the Territorials, they are enlisting in Kitchener's Second Army, they are acting as special constables, they are camping with King Edward's Horse, they are drilling with Mr. Norton Griffiths's Dominion Composite Horse, and they are even to be found in the ranks of the Legion of Frontiersmen.

A bookseller once advertised for a porter and a man-of-all-work for his bookshop. Among the applicants was a big Irishman, gifted with more muscle than wits. He walked into the shop and glanced about rather uncertainly. Finally his eyes rested on a big notice suspended high above the door over a table covered with books:—

"Dickens' Works All This Week for Sixteen Shillings."

This announcement at once inflamed the applicant's temper.

"Oi came in to git the job," he shouted to the proprietor; "but Oi'll not care for it. Dickens kin wurruk all the week for sixteen shillings if he loikes. Oi'll not. Ye'd bother kape Dickens."

And out he strode.

"You may cackle, my son," said Smithy, "about our big fleet, our efficient army, and our wonderful resources, but you must, in spite of our so-called flying corps, admit we are miles behind in the airship biz. America, France, and Germany are all before us in the flying game."

"Quite right; they should be," replied Private Brown. "I've never known England fly before a foreign Power yet!"

"Oh, dear, what a downpour! I feel awfully anxious about my wife—she's out in it!"

"Oh, she's all right, she'll shelter in some shop."

"Yes; it's that which makes me so anxious; she'll spend all her money.

Here is a hint which will be found useful at spring-cleaning time. Take sufficient flowers of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about 1½ pints of water. In this liquid boil about four or five bruised onions, or some garlic. Strain off the liquid, and let it stand till it is cold. Then take a soft brush, dip it in the liquid, and wash any of the gold frames that require restoring. When it is dry, the gilding will be as bright as when new.

GERMAN SPIES INVADE ENGLAND.

THEIR METHODS DESCRIBED.

HOW INFORMATION IS GAINED.

England, it is practically admitted, received special attention during the last few years from German spies, who took most daring risks.

Six months ago one German agent was actually circularising British naval officers. His "employer" was represented as a publishing firm about to revise a naval work of reference. There was, the letter explained, a "striking lack of news about torpedoes." Would any British officer undertake to supply the much-wanted chapter? He might remain anonymous, and the payment would be "extremely high."

The same firm (name undisclosed) made frequent offers for articles on British submarines.

Then one of the firm's "travellers" lived in style at Plymouth, entertained naval officers and their friends on his private yacht, and tried to obtain from them answers to certain lists of questions.

Another agent was caught sketching the forts at Portsmouth. Yet another was the "old merchant captain" anxious to know about fuel. Going further, there was Klare, the dentist, who extracted the teeth of Portsmouth dockyard men and tried to get them to extract books in return, which he could borrow to take to Germany.

One recalls also Greaves, who was so eager to possess sketches of naval guns that he got into trouble at Glasgow and Gould, who managed an hotel at Rochester, a resort for soldiers and sailors. These cases are fresh in mind. There have been many others which have had scarcely any publicity.

The German Secret Service would not be the greatest in the world if its plans were widely known, but enough has been learnt to show that in some respects the organisation, built up by Stieber, the King of Sleuth Hounds, as Bismarck called him, is still conducted on Stieber's lines.

The central feature of Stieber's plan was the spy at a fixed post, taking part in the life of the community, and all the time supplying Berlin with reports. The higher his character in his neighborhood the better the spy.

In the late "sixties" Stieber installed 1850 such agents in 14 French departments. With their aid he later introduced 4000 German farmers, gardeners, and laborers, one or two at a time, into France, and 8000 women, for whom employment was found in hotels, restaurants and private houses, so that they might in their humble way help Stieber's agents.

"My army is already in silent occupation of positions you have yet to take, was the archspy's boast to the General Staff at the outbreak of war. It proved well founded.

France found herself sold by men who in their adopted towns had been elected to high positions, in the pay of Germany all the time. Some of the best spies were estate agents (who mapped out large tracts of country) and hotelkeepers.

"He cannot be a German agent; he is an Austrian," was the plea when a much-trusted man was accused.

This was only another proof of Stieber's subtlety. German spies were not necessarily of German nationality. They included Austrians, Swiss, and they have always done since.

Commerce is the favorite cloak under which the Secret Service men work. One way of gathering information about the number of horses in England, for instance, is to send men round for orders for German foodstuffs or stable fittings.

When information is wanted about officers, agents find situations in hotels or other places where officers are visitors.

Spies at fixed posts are visited from time to time by agents of the service, who pay them and collect their reports. Thus, supposing the spy to be a business man in a naval or military centre, he need not call attention to himself by frequent and mysterious absences.

Where a man continues to be prosperous when his business—whether it be a hotel or anything else—is not flourishing, it is given out that he receives an allowance under a legacy or—a favorite formula for bachelors or widowers—is getting money at intervals from a rich divorced wife.

Within the last few weeks it has become known that a number of German so-called business men in different parts of the country suddenly closed down and withdrew all their agents long before ordinary people had begun to expect war. Yet if commerce had been their only object these businesses could have been well carried on by English representatives.

The preference which many employers gave to foreigners when engaging their staffs was an assistance of much value to the German Secret Service, and some of the London firms who installed Germans in positions of confidence have had a rude awakening.

THE VIGIL.

England! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call
Then let Memory tell thy heart:
"England! what thou wert, thou art!"
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth! and God defend the Right!

—Henry Newbolt, in "The Times."

Flirting is the homoeopathy of an affectionate nature, but marriage is usually an overdose.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

"God's Ally," otherwise Kaiser Bill of Germany, is a person who must have a very extraordinary sense of humor. Not so long ago he designed a pack of cards upon which could be distinguished the well-known features of many crowned and notable personages of the world. Queen Victoria, the Dowager Queen of Italy, the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and the Czarina played the respective parts of Queen of Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs and Spades. The Kaiser ranged himself beside Queen Victoria, inasmuch as he appeared as—forsooth!—the King of Hearts! Leopold of Belgium was King of Diamonds, Humbert of Italy, King of Clubs; while Pope Leo XII. figured as King of Spades. Four of the prettiest actresses of Europe capped the tricks in their capacity of aces; while the four selected knaves were supplied by Gladstone, Crispi, Bismarck and Waldeck-Rousseau! It would be interesting to know what changes the Kaiser would now make in the various roles, should he ever have time (and inclination) for such a peaceful and harmless occupation!

A NAVVY POEM.

In the grim dead-end he lies
With passionless, filmy eyes,
English Ned, with a hole in his head,
Staring up at the skies.

The engine-driver swore, as often he swore before:—
"I whistled him back from the flamin' track,
And I couldn't do no more!"

The ganger spoke through the 'phone: "Platelayer Seventy-one
Got killed to-day on the six-foot way
By a goods on the city run.

"English Ned is his name, no one knows whence he came;
He didn't take mind of the road behind,
And none of us is to blame."

Was that 10-year-old drummer-boy saved from the sunken cruiser Aboukir one of the devil's own? The Temperance Alliance will hardly admit that it was a special Providence that set him afloat in the ship's rum tub. So one is forced back on the other explanation. A sailor swimming sturdily by asked, "Can I do anything for you, youngster?" "No thanks, old cocky," said the boy, cheerily. He knew that the man was busy, and therefore he didn't stop him. Any other time he would have asked Jack whether he had any cigarette-cards, but on account of things being pretty lively he just sat in the rum tub and waited for the first boat. If the stuff had been the same outside the tub as inside it he could have drunk enough and walked out. That's a little point the cableman forgot to mention, but we must make all allowances for him; he's doing his best for us in troublesome circumstances. So we may as well let the drummer and his rum tub go down with us, though it didn't go down in the North Sea. Truly the blue water is the one place from which romance is not yet banished.

WE MIGHT BE HAPPY THEN.

A cottage by the sapphire sea
(Some forty rooms will do),
A yacht done up in teak and brass
To sail the briny blue,
A stone garage, a limousine,
A runabout or two,
Some thoroughbreds for saddle use
An aeroplane and you.

A valet and a dozen maids,
A chef to bake and brew,
A bowling-alley, tennis-court,
And first-class ocean view,
A greenhouse several acres long
For orchids rare and new,
A kennel full of fancy pups,
Ten million cash, and you.

A correspondent writes:—I was at the "movies" the other night, and I saw what I think was the most delightful piece of love-making my optimistic eyes have yet lighted on. In the front of us were seated two young married couples. One happy young husband was nursing a little boy of about three, and the other ditto a little girl of similar age. The adults were interesting themselves keenly in a love-story on the screen, but in the meantime the two enterprising kinchins got busy on a little first-hand love-story of their own. It was the boy who made the first advances. It always is. He was just a bit younger than the little girl, but that didn't matter. He stretched out his arms to her. She promptly shrank back. Soon, however, she perceived that the restraining arm of his father prevented the young Romeo from advancing further, and, womanlike, the juvenile Juliet promptly edged up closer to the ardent lover in his father's arms. Then commenced a series of face-pattings and "goo-goo-ings," in which all the time the bold male took the offensive. Step by step the wily little flapper of four allowed herself to be won over, and finally she hesitatingly and reluctantly allowed the perambulator Romeo to enfold her in his enraptured arms. He wanted to kiss her there and then, but, woman-like, she reckoned that an easy victory is (in the male mind at least) regarded as a cheap one, and it was only after he had been promptly humbled that she allowed the young gallant to imprint just "one" ardent kiss upon her rosy cheeks. Then the lights went up, and both Romeo and Juliet had perforce to part, the latter asleep in her father's arms, while the former gazed with the admiring eyes of a connoisseur at the slumbering beauty as she was carried past him to a tram. Cynically, though some may sneer at the word, I tell you that there is romance, delicate, beautiful, idealistic romance, in the simplest incidents. And I might say I am sure that there were more in the neighboring seats at that show watching this little human-interest comedy-drama than were worrying about the wronged hero and unhappy heroine in the "pitchers."

J. Pierpont Morgan, who, it will be remembered, attracted some attention as a money spinner in the dull old days before the war, had hopes that his name would live for a long time. To keep his career before posterity a candle 16ft. high and weighing 400lbs., the finest and largest wax taper ever produced, has been made in New York, and is ultimately to stand in the Vatican at Rome, where it will be lighted once a year on All Saints' Day, in memory of Morgan. At this rate it will have an endurance of quite 3285 years, assuming it is left to burn 12 hours on each day when it is lighted.

SOME OLD STANDBYS.

We hasten to assure.
Be that as it may.
This does not mean necessarily.
Permit us to call attention to.
We are compelled to state.
Nothing is more vital.
It is true that—but still, admitting.
The italics are ours.
Nothing is more certain than that.
It is unnecessary for us to add.
We freely grant.
It ought to be obvious to anyone.
We are rapidly approaching a crisis.
It is of the first importance to.
In our humble opinion.
It cannot be too often emphasised.
We are appalled to think.
It is a matter of comment that.
But why proceed any further along these lines?
Enough has been said to convince.

"Lagani-Namo" has another "tall" one in the "Bully": The flighty wife of to-day occasionally tries some pretty impossible stories, but a Papuan wife in the hazy long-ago invented an excuse that beats the massed bands. It appears that this woman had gone into the jungle with the expressed intention of getting pandanus palm fronds for the thatch of her domicile. She disappeared from that time for several moons; and when she did return this is the tale she told: "While I was bundling my pandanus leaves a huge snake writhed his coils around my waist and dragged me away through the scrub to his place. When we arrived at the hole he made me lie so that he was able to twine one end of himself around a tree, and pull me head-first in through the hole. Here he kept me as his wife, all the time feeding me on parrots, butterflies and cus-cus (a species of opossum), which I had to eat raw. At daybreak three suns ago whilst the snake was away hunting, I cried, and cried, and cried, so that this 'boy, who happened to be passing overhead, heard me, dug at the hole, and rescued me. We ran all the way—not daring to linger for either food or sleep. I'm terrified lest the snake come and crush us all, even now." I inquired whether the husband accepted this explanation, and was assured that he did. It would seem that husbands were just as confiding and trustful then as they are now.

FLOATING MINES.

HOW THEY ARE OPERATED.

METHOD OF SWEEPING FOR THEM.

At a time when the mining operations of the enemy are uppermost in public attention, some information as to mine-laying and mine-destroying will be interesting.

There are practically three types of offensive mines used—if we exclude the torpedo, which is itself but a glorified mine. They are the "observation," "electro-contact," and "electro-mechanical." There is a fourth mine—called a counter mine—used as a destructor of the other types.

Observation mines are laid for harbor defence, in groups or singly, and are exploded by means of electric wires laid to the shore. Electro-contact mines are laid in waterways and channels, in line, and are exploded by tilting the mine to an angle of 45 degrees.

Electro-mechanical mines also are laid in waterways and channels, but they are exploded from the shore by the same method as the observation type.

The destructive radius of the electro-contact and electro mechanical mines is 90 feet, while the effective radius of the counter-mine is 150 feet. Obviously a counter-mine, as the name implies, can destroy the other types.

Counter-mines are used for exploding an enemy's mine field. They are laid in lines, and are fired by circuit from ship or shore.

The mines used by the Germans are probably of the electro-mechanical type; but instead of being moored in line, they are laid in tidal currents, and left free to drift. The explosive contained in these mines consists of wet gun cotton, mixed with some chemical matter, probably nitro-glycerine. The explosive is ignited by an electric current, which passes through a wire inside a cylinder at the base of which is a small, saucer-shaped receptacle containing sugar. Sugar is a perfect insulator, so that while the mine remains at perpendicular the electric current contact is broken. On the mine being struck sufficiently forcibly to tilt it to an angle of 45 degrees, the sugar is displaced, the contact is completed, and the explosion follows.

Although there are attached to the fleets specially equipped mine sowers, each battleship and first-class cruiser retains two large boats, which can be utilised for the purpose. The method of laying mines is as follows:—The mines are placed in order on the gunwale of the launch, which then proceeds to the spot where they are to be laid. A 5 cwt. iron sinker is dropped overboard. Next follows the mine, care being taken to keep it perfectly perpendicular. The operation is repeated till the whole line is laid. It is a ticklish operation, as a foul in the ropes containing the mines may cause a disaster.

The usual method of sweeping and creeping for mines is to use two boats, which have a long line weighted with lead between them. The boats proceed at about 100 yards distant apart. When the persons attending the ends of the line feel a check, the boats generally draw together, until the ends of the line are crossed. Then a ring or shackle is placed over the ends and allowed to slide down, until checked by the mine's mooring. The sinker is then lifted, and the line leading to the mine carefully traced up till the mine itself is reached and secured.

A revival was being conducted by a muscular preacher. He was disturbed by two young men who scoffed at everything they saw or heard.

He paused and asked them why they had attended the meeting.

"We came to see miracles performed," imprudently replied one of them

Leaving the pulpit and walking quietly down the aisle, the minister seized one after the other by the collar and, as they disappeared out of the door, remarked:

"We don't perform miracles here, but we do cast out devils."

Little Gertrude had been to church for the first time.

"And what did you think of it?" asked her mother.

"I didn't like the organ very well."

"Why not?"

"'Cause there wasn't any monkey with it."

LADIES' LETTER.

Sir Gawaine George Stuart Baillie, whose death in action was cabled last week, had only just attained his twenty-first birthday. His coming-of-age early in September was to be an occasion of great festivities at Polkemmet, his big estate in Linlithgowshire, but war broke out, and the young baronet left with his regiment (the Scots Greys), which was one of the first to be in France, and instead of festivities there is mourning on all sides. His mother, Lady Baillie, was one of the beautiful daughters of the late Dr. David Wilkie, of Melbourne, and Sir Gawaine was born in Melbourne. His only brother, Adrian, who is still at Eton, succeeds to the baronetcy.

Daisy Jerome wears two beautiful lace dresses during her turn at the Bijou, one, I understand, cost much more than the majority of women's whole year's wardrobe—over two hundred pounds. But when one is receiving that as a weekly salary one can splash a bit, you know. There is a very up-to-date idea aired in "Scattered Dreams." It is the very last thing in harem skirts, nothing more or less than trousers in graduated puffs. A comedy note is struck by a train from the side of one leg. Carried out in tones of mauve and pansy-purple, as this costume is, it is really quite attractive and causes feminine onlookers to wonder if after all the threatened trouser-skirts, or the clothing of each limb separately, may not be rather becoming after all. A lady in another turn airs particularly smart and effective clothes. She first appears in a chic cloth coat and skirt, with the modish extra basque. A black satin sash is threaded through the coat and makes a smart note. Then she wears a charming evening frock of ivory crepe de soie, with lace overdress, which forms a pannier drapery, and jaunty coat effect at the back. This is finished by one red rose tucked in the front of corsage at the waist.

Lady Doughty, best known in Australia as "Typhena," of the weekly papers, "Table Talk" and the "Bulletin," writes an interesting letter from England. Lady Doughty, who was a Miss Eugenia Stone, married Sir George Doughty in England, a wealthy shipowner and merchant, some years ago. News of the death of Sir George reached Australia recently. Lady Doughty proceeds:—"The war-cry resounds all over the country. This house is a barrack. I have eighty soldiers quartered here — in the granary, the apple storerooms, the garage, and their horses are packed in the stables and the fields. Sentenils line our old iron gates. Aeroplanes—four of them—whirr overhead. In the morning we are awakened not by the twittering of birds in my beautiful old garden, but to the bugle sounding the first call. Instead of cockcrow, at five a.m., we hear the soldiers breaking into song. It is all so strange, for I am accustomed to, and love so, the intense quiet of my home, and the Waltham village which once was sleepier than any place I ever knew, and which now bristles with bayonets and guns and ammunition waggons. We are only four miles from the North Sea, and in direct line with the Heligoland forts. Also the wireless station, the most important in England, is only a mile down our road. So I suppose we do need a few guns to protect us. But I have no fear. I am deep in the work of the women, doing my best."

Those who have not peeped into one of the many centres of women's work for the troops have no idea what scenes of activity they are, nor how our women are giving time and labor day after day. The majority of them are working for the men, but one, at least, has thought of the horses—Miss Harvie. She is generally absorbed in the care of dogs in connection with the Dogs' Home, but has, for the present, turned her attention to horses. When she heard of the dire necessity for bandages if the horses were to arrive after a six weeks' voyage in good trim, without puffy legs, she decided to set to work and try and get them. Folks came forward and lent her a room in the Australian Buildings, Elizabeth-street, others lent her machines, and subscriptions began to flow in, in answer to her appeal. Personal service from a number of her friends and acquaintances and wives of officers going to the front was also given. Last Thursday, when most folks were holiday-making, a peep into the room showed the usual hive of industry. They were cutting bandages, machining tapes on to them, rolling them by machine and packing them into great cases. They have enough for the first contingent, and are now working to make sufficient for the second. Seven thousand yards of flannelette had been bought with funds subscribed and made into bandages, in addition to many yards, in fact, bales of goods which had been presented. The good work is still going on, and Miss Harvie is in hopes that she will have sufficient funds over to buy some comforts for the horses, such as oatmeal and arrowroot. The Government are providing necessities, but can do no more. Often horses that are seasick, or not well, take a mixture of arrowroot or oatmeal when they will not touch ordinary food.

There is no doubt that the war has had a somewhat paralysing effect upon fashions. Nothing that is extreme or conspicuous will be likely to appeal, and although we were promised a season of marked colorings this is scarcely probable now. The neutral tones will appeal more to the feelings of the moment, and perhaps the sombre, but I think it will be a mistake for all of us to fly to dark colors, and especially black. We may have mourning and gloom in our hearts, but it is scarcely wise to add to it by eschewing colors altogether. In fact, the need of cheeriness was never more marked; so, while not exactly arraying ourselves in rainbow hues, or anything startling, let us choose something which is light, or at least a little bit pleasing and inspiring to the eye. White is probably best of all, but there are many soft blues and mauves, greys and amethysts, and even the dull yet full-toned pinks of the moment, which would not grate, even on the most depressed and anxious, and would often prove a little cheering and grateful. We must not add to gloom and depression. That is not a wise policy in any way.

Some dress "don'ts" may be especially useful at this time:—

If you can only afford one coat and skirt don't have a fancy plaid or striped collar, as those certainly carry date.

If you have a short neck don't buy a bushy ostrich feather ruffle.

If you have a large face don't buy a small hat.

If you are inclined to be stout avoid lamp-shade and Persian tunics.

If you have a high forehead don't dress your hair "a la Pompadour."

If your throat is long and thin don't buy a very low-necked blouse.

Don't be tempted to buy a smart crepe de chine blouse merely because it is cheap; cheap crepe de chine goes to pieces in almost no time.

Don't buy checked stockings if you have thick ankles.

Don't wear big checks if you are short and stout.

SALVATIONISTS' PRAYER.

SMITE SWIFTLY, LORD!

Commissioner Hay, of the Salvation Army, speaking to an audience about the war, said the Salvationists would pray God to smite swiftly and bring everlasting peace.

Smite swiftly, Lord; this painful earth is torn
With hate. Its wounds are red and gaping wide.
Fierce night is followed by a fiercer morn,
Where crazy monarchs, drunken mad with pride,
Have sought the evil counsel of the sword.
Smite swiftly, Lord.

Wan women face a harder fate than death.
Can loud-mouthed cannon drown their silent prayer?
Assyrian hosts were withered by the breath
Of Thy Great Angel, borne upon the air.
Oh, now, at all barbaric Prussia's horde,
Smite swiftly, Lord.

The shattered roof-tree, falling in the flame,
Where orphaned babies fill the world with cries,
Makes mockery the worship of Thy Name;
And saints see dimly through their streaming eyes
Those tender bodies by the bayonets scored.
Smite swiftly, Lord.

Two thousand years ago the world was drenched
With that sweet blood of Thy Redeemer Son,
Who faced the Cross and faltered not nor blenched,
And all men's sins atonement found in One.
To-day, lest more of guiltless blood be poured,
Smite swiftly, Lord.

Thy world, by madness plunged in hellish strife,
All bruised and bleeding from the cruel rod
That takes no heed of any human life,
Makes sad petition to the All-Wise God,
Whose loving doctrines have been all ignored:
Smite swiftly, Lord.

War wraps the nations in a hateful night,
Where each stabs blindly at an unseen foe;
Oh, pierce it with a thrusting spear of light,
And save them from their agony and woe,
Despair strikes sharply on this quivering chord:
Smite swiftly, Lord.

EXPLAINING ACCENT.

At a trial between two London music publishers before the Court of King's Bench in 1813, the matter in dispute being a violation of the copyright in the song of "The Old English Gentleman," Thomas Cooke, a composer of some note in his day, was subpoenaed as an expert witness.

On cross-examination, Sir James Scarlett questioned him as follows:—

"Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean by that?"

Tom promptly answered:—

"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six eight time, and consequently the position of the accented notes was different."

"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

"Certainly," said Cooke. "Accent in music is the stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay stress upon a word, for the purpose of being understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an **ass**,' it rests on ass; but if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Shouts of laughter followed this explanation. Silence at length having been obtained, the judge, with much gravity, inquired:—

"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James, who had become scarlet in more than name, in a great huff, replied:—

"The witness may stand down."

A close analogue to this story is recorded by the Rev. K. Arvine, in his "Dictionary of Anecdotes"—

A clergyman, on reading the thirteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of First Kings, placed the emphasis on the words denoted in italics, rendering the verse an absurdity: "And he said unto his sons, Saddle me the ass. So they saddled *him*."

KEEP ON SINGING.

When trouble comes, don't let despair
Add to the burden you must bear,
But keep up heart and, smiling, say,
"The darkest cloud must pass away."

Don't say, "Why is it?" with a frown,
And go with heart and head bowed down,
But lift them both, and let your eyes
Behold the sunshine in the skies.

Don't sit and brood o'er things gone wrong,
But sing a hopeful, helpful song;
Or whistle something light and gay,
And thus drive half your cares away.

Sing of the pleasant things life knows;
Not of the thorns, but of the rose.
Each life knows some joy every day,
Sure as December leads to May.

'Tis he who sings when trouble's here
From trouble has not much to fear;
Since it will never tarry long
When stout heart meets it with a song.

But brood o'er care, and we can make
This life a burden that will break
The stoutest back. But sing, and lo!
The load is lifted. Let it go!

Then don't forget when things go wrong
To try the magic of a song.
For cheerful heart and smiling face
Bring sunshine to the shadiest place.

NIGHT CRUISING.

WITH LIGHTS OUT.

HOW SHIPS ARE IDENTIFIED.

The question is frequently asked nowadays, how, when a fleet is cruising at night time, with lights screened, or in thick weather, collisions are avoided, and how, under the same conditions, an enemy's ship suddenly putting in an appearance, can be identified; or, to put it differently, what is to prevent, say, a friendly destroyer, suddenly joining the fleet, being mistaken for the enemy?

There are several factors at work to prevent confusion, although there is, and always must be, a certain amount of risk. This is being reduced to a minimum every day with experience, and collisions, which at one time were fairly frequent, are now little heard of.

In the first place, it is wrong to suppose, as most laymen do, that ships of a fleet rush about here and there indiscriminately, acting solely on their own initiative. As a matter of fact, the seemingly confused fleet—the battle squadron in the centre, cruisers, and small craft gyrating all around, and darting hither and thither diagonally—is as orderly as are the heavenly bodies. Each squadron or flotilla works in its own clearly-defined orbit or parallel. At night time the fleet works in close formation. Constant practice in fleet manoeuvring, too, enables one ship to recognise another in a sort of sub-conscious manner, much the same as one person can recognise another in the distance in a crowded street without having seen his face.

Another thing is that, although all lights are practically extinguished, so that none would be observable by an enemy in the vicinity, there is a trailing light and a screened position light visible only within the arc of operations. In this manner signals can be exchanged. Again, a vessel having been temporarily detached from the rest, would not come rushing in blindly to rejoin. Her movements would be known throughout the fleet; she would, too, if necessary, be challenged long before she could get near enough, if an enemy, to do any damage. For the reasons given, however, it would probably not be necessary to challenge her.

A general attack by cruisers and destroyers is made in close formation with the battleships and heavier class of ships standing by ready to complete the destruction begun. It is then that one might, if one did not know better, expect some errors and a collision or two, for there must be a temporary dislocation of the original formation. The answer is simple: The whole arena of the fighting would be illuminated by countless shafts from the searchlights.

Another point on which the layman is not clear is why, in the engagement named, did not the ships bring their torpedoes into play, especially considering that that kind of attack is one of a destroyer's primary functions? The answer to that also is simple: In the first place, the destroyer's guns were quite adequate for the disabling or destruction of the class of vessels attacked. Secondly, the squadron, working at such close quarters, would be careful not to have torpedoes in the tubes; torpedoes are really highly-explosive mines. A twopenny-halfpenny shot from the enemy striking a loaded tube would destroy a £500 torpedo and blow the ship up simultaneously.

FARM HANDS OFFERED BRIDES.

Five girls as wives were offered as bait for harvesters by Ambrose Huntington, who owns a farm near Giltner, Nebraska. Huntington had the following signboard posted on the highway in front of his house:—

"I need five harvest hands for more than a month. Wages 12s. a day, chicken once a day; washing, mending and a bed in the hay mow. Every worthy young man hired will have a chance to marry one of my five pretty daughters. If he wins one of them, he gets 160 acres of land thrown in. But he's got to make good in more ways than one."

Fifty-three candidates for employment and prospective matrimony applied within a week. The five chosen ones were put to work in the wheat fields. The girls range in age from 18 to 26.

None of the candidates were successful.

FORTUNES FROM FEATHERS.

The development of the ostrich-rearing industry in South Africa is being regarded with the greatest satisfaction by people in other countries interested in the business. There is scarcely a homestead in South Africa where one will not hear people talking of the profits of ostrich farming, and there is no doubt that judicious investment in this business is productive of sound profit. In twelve months 547,709lb. of ostrich feathers, valued at £1,500,000, were exported from South Africa, and these figures are steadily rising.

As a matter of fact, this really wonderful export industry has been the cause of the distribution of upwards of two million pounds among the population of the Cape. And even though the output is still increasing and promises to increase at an even greater rate later, this marvellous market still bears up, says the "East African Standard."

The ostrich-rearing industry has established hundreds, even thousands, of persons on the land who could never have succeeded without its aid, for ostriches can be reared on pasturage and naturalised veldt, which would be quite insufficient for cattle. And the difference between driving live-stock to markets, across mountains and plains, is vast when compared with the fact that a year's crop of feathers from an ordinary holding can be taken out in a Cape cart drawn by a pair of horses.

According to the latest results that have been obtained, it appears that a good plucking bird fed on lucerne can generally be depended upon for three crops of feathers in two years, and as an acre of lucerne will easily carry three birds, the profits, say, at £5 to £7 per plucking, are quite sound, taking one season with another.

And ostrich farmers in South Africa have now acquired such a knowledge of the birds that by judicious selection and mating they are able to send feathers to market which command very high prices. It is found that birds thrive best, are freest from diseases, and give the strongest and richest feathers when subjected to varied food and conditions, which is one of the secrets of successful ostrich farming.

A pessimist bites the silver lining of every cloud to see if it is real.

THE TURMOIL

By PAUL URQUHART.

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CHAPTER XIV.

It must have been something like five hours later that I recovered consciousness. To my surprise, I found that I was lying on the sofa in the salon—a not very comfortable sofa, for the First Empire furniture was constructed with a view rather to deportment than ease.

In spite of my splitting headache, and my aching limbs, I was sensible enough to feel surprise at finding myself there. After what had taken place I had expected at least the prison quarters that Joan had occupied. If these men were anarchists, prepared to take my life for fear lest I should betray their secrets, they were undoubtedly setting about their unpleasant duty with a humanity I hardly expected. No bonds confined my limbs; there was no suggestion of the condemned cell about the salon. Indeed, my head was bandaged, and turning on my side, I saw a table with a carafe of water, and a bottle of cognac, evidently intended for my use. It puzzled my very confused thoughts, but in my then physical condition, I concluded that these little attentions and humanities were such as are extended to a prisoner about to be hanged.

I sat up unsteadily, and pouring myself out nearly half a tumbler of brandy, laced it with a little water, and drank it off. I felt the immediate effects. The strong dose revived my strength and brought my brain back to a condition approaching clarity. I stood up on the floor and stretched myself to get the stiffness out of my limbs. As I did so, the door opened, and M. Hanoteaux and his secretary entered.

I was glad I had brandy then, for it gave me back some of my usual coolness and small powers of calculation! I had to decide there and then, on the spur of the moment, what part I was to play. I had to decide whether I dared any longer pose before M. Hanoteaux as the brainless dude after the events of the previous night, or just be my natural self. A quick glance at M. Hanoteaux's face helped to make up my mind. I pulled out my eyeglass, and fingered it nervously, looked abashed at the floor, and assumed, to the best of my poor dramaticability, the look of a school-boy, caught in flagrante delicto.

M. Hanoteaux came towards me, his brows furrowed with that severe judicial frown, which a Danton might have worn during the reign of terror. Legros hung behind, his face more sallow and vindictive than ever.

"Well, sir, I have come to hear what explanation you have to proffer me for your outrageous conduct last night."

He spoke to me in the manner of a school-master about to punish a naughty boy. His tone eased my mind absolutely.

"Don't know what to say, I'm sure," I murmured, brokenly. "Awfully sorry—doncher know—and all that sort of thing."

I purposely made several abortive attempts to stick my eyeglass in my eye. M. Hanoteaux's cruel feline lips seemed to curl with contempt.

"I ask for an explanation, monsieur, not an apology."

"Don't know what to say, I'm sure," I murmured. "It's so jolly hard to say anything."

The Danton-like frown deepened upon his brow.

"I will assist you. Perhaps you will tell me why you dared to release my ward, and to carry her off?"

"Ah—you see—what is a fellow to do? Women are the very devil."

I mouthed these meaningless words with as absurd an air as I could muster, taking a quick look over M. Hanoteaux's shoulder at Legros. He was standing there, white and terror-stricken, and his face gave me some inkling of the part I must play.

"You are not very lucid, monsieur, I will endeavor to extract the information I wish to arrive at in another way. Where and how did you meet my ward?"

It was a difficult question to answer. I knew nothing of what Legros had told M. Hanoteaux. That he had told him something was obvious from the preceding night's adventures. But that he had not told him the whole truth, was partly proved by the fact that I was still alive. At any rate, it was certain, that if he knew that I was there as a spy, and was possessed of his secret, he would not be talking to me in this way. But what had Legros told him? Unless my story corroborated his, there would be the very devil to pay. But there was no means of avoiding the question. I took the plunge.

"Why here, of course," I said, beaming inanely. "Climbed into that walled garden of yours, you know, by mistake. Saw her there, several times; devilish fine girl—got deucedly fond of her. Couldn't help it, you know."

Much to my relief, M. Hanoteaux did not seem to regard my explanation as too grossly improbable. In fact, he seemed to hear it without surprise.

"May I ask you what she told you about herself?"

"I don't know, 'pon my soul. The usual sort of stuff, you know, weather and things."

"Did she tell you the reason of her presence here?"

I pressed my hand to my head, like a man trying to collect his thoughts.

"Yes she did," I said suddenly. "She told me you'd brought her here from England, and that you were keeping her here against her will. By Jove! now I remember, she spoke rather warmly about you, M. Hanoteaux."

"What did she say about me?"

He asked the question with a certain dangerous grimness. I went on airily—

"'Pon my soul, I don't exactly remember, but it was hot, deucedly hot. Yes, deuce take it, she said you were wicked—devilish wicked!"

I caught sight of Legros's face, a picture of amazement at my daring.

"Did she particularise; did she support her statements with any evidence?"

"Not that I remember. She said that you had brought her here, and kept her here against her wish. But you know women, M. Hanoteaux, devilish hot on throwing accusation about. Bless my soul, they'd accuse their own grandmothers of murder, if they felt in the mood."

I saw a little smile gather upon his lips, and my confidence increased.

"Why, then, with all this knowledge of the other sex, M. Lovegrove, and seeing that you were my guest, did you assist her to escape?"

"Well, she asked me to, you know, and Gad! you know, she was so devilish pretty. What was a fellow to do? I'm awfully sorry, you know."

"You can best show your regard for your outrageous conduct by informing me where she has been taken to, that I may bring her back at once."

"That's the difficulty," replied I ingenuously; "you see, you didn't let me go with her. If you'd let me go, I could have told you."

"But didn't you give your man any instructions as to where she was to be taken? Didn't you make any arrangements beforehand?"

"No, I was simply going to take her to an hotel for the night, and see her off the following morning to England. That's what she asked me to do! It was her own idea entirely. I'm an awful duffer at arranging these things, you know."

"What hotel do you usually stay at?"

"The Bristol. George is sure to have taken her there. 'Pon my soul, you can wire her there, and have her brought back."

Monsieur Hanoteaux shook his head meditatively.

"No," he said, "we won't trouble to do that. What time do you expect your servant back?"

"To-morrow, for certain," I replied promptly.

His seeming innocent question had shown me the real reason of his attitude. He did not dare to put me out of the way, however much he might suspect me, while George was still at large. If anything happened to me, George would bring the police force about his ears. I chuckled inwardly at his dilemma.

"M. Lovegrove," he said sternly, "you have been guilty of a great piece of insolence; you have betrayed my hospitality, you and your man have severely injured several of my men, and you have forcibly abducted my ward. I am inclined to believe that your conduct was dictated by officious stupidity, and a certain romantic insanity. I shall be able, however, the better to judge your professions of regret when my ward is once more safely in my charge."

"I'm jolly sorry to upset you in this way, M. Hanoteaux; let me go up to Paris and fetch her."

"No," he returned quietly. "We will wait until your man returns. Meanwhile, you may remain in this house. I would suggest that you go to your bedroom and rest."

He bowed stiffly to me, and left the room. I was left alone with Legros. We looked at each other fixedly for a few seconds. Then I smiled.

"You scoundrel, you dirty English pig!"

His face, already disfigured by the blow I had given him in the midnight melee, was so distorted by the passions of hate and anger that it looked almost diabolical. I crossed the room quietly, and stood in front of him.

"Look here, M. Legros," I said, tapping him on the shoulder, "you've tried to baulk me once. Take my advice, and don't try it again. Next time you shall pay for it, even if I have to be blown up with one of your precious master's infernal bombs. I'm beginning to get tired—very tired—of you, M. Legros."

He recoiled a step from me, and I saw his hand suddenly go into the pocket of his coat. I made a dive at him, and was just in time to catch his wrist, as he drew out a revolver. I wrenched it easily from his grasp, and gave him a push that sent him backwards on to the floor.

"These are toys, M. Legros, that are not suitable for persons of your excitable temperament. I will keep it until you are old and sane enough to use it. Besides, I may find it useful."

He picked himself up, a sorrowful object of a man, and without even a look at me, slunk away. Having drunk a little more brandy, for even the slight struggle over the revolver had brought on the pains in my head with renewed vigor, I went up to my bedroom, and, carefully locking the door, got between the sheets. As a precaution, I slid Legros' revolver under the bolster.

I have a very confused recollection of how the day passed. I suppose that the blow I had received on the head had given me a slight concussion of the brain. At any rate, I only dimly remember waking up at about mid-day, dressing myself in a sort of haze, and going downstairs. I partook of dejeuner in lonely state. Madame Hanoteaux, so the servant told me, was confined to her bedroom, suffering from slight indisposition, the exact nature of which I had no difficulty in guessing. Monsieur Hanoteaux had already lunched. I recollect also having some confused idea of going for a walk, and of mounting to my bedroom again, with the intention, I suppose, of putting on my boots. There an uncontrollable drowsiness must have overcome me. I lay down on my bed with the intention of resting for a second or two, and incontinently dropped off to sleep.

I awoke with a start. The room was in pitch darkness. A gale had sprung up, accompanied by a drowning torrent of rain. I had an overpowering sensation of there being somebody near me—of somebody watching me. I cannot attempt to explain the sensation, which I suppose must be due to telepathic causes. I was wide awake, sitting up in my bed. It was no dream delusion, but a real wide awake sensation.

I think there is nothing more physically unpleasant than a combination of darkness and mystery. The very acts of straining one's eyes to see nothing, and of listening with all the powers of one's aural faculties to hear nothing, are not conducive to a condition of normal composure. For a time I sat perfectly still, and then, as the utter lack of light and sound were becoming almost unbearable, I slipped my hand into my coat pocket, and drew out the revolver I had taken from Legros. The feel of a destructive weapon in one's hand is strangely consoling, and I became suddenly braced up and alert.

Very quietly I moved off the bed, and in my stockinged feet crept silently across the floor to the switch that controlled the electric lighting of the room. As my hand found it, I heard a slight sound above the fury of the gale. I paused and listened. It was not in the room—of that I was certain; it seemed to come from outside. It was a slight scraping noise, which for some seconds I was at a loss to diagnose. Then I realised that it came from the window which faced the side of the house. The sound continued, quietly but persistently.

All of a sudden, in a flash of inspiration, I understood what was happening. Somebody was trying to force the window from the outside.

Now, my bedroom was situated on the second floor, and was between thirty and forty feet from the ground. There was no means by which a human being could climb up the wall; I had already surveyed it with the very object of seeing whether such a thing were possible in case I should desire to leave the chateau without going through the formality of saying good-bye to my host and hostess. It puzzled me, therefore, how the man, if man it was, could have got himself into such a position. Without a moment's thought I switched on the electric light, thinking to get a good view of my strange visitor, but I forgot in the excitement of the moment, the very common-place fact that a man standing in a blaze of light cannot see an object in the darkness. I realised at once the mistake I had made, that the sole result of the illumination of my bedroom was to make me clearly visible to the person outside. But it was too late to remedy the error.

I walked calmly over to the window, holding the revolver in my hand. I could see nothing. I felt certain that nobody was there. I opened the window, letting in the full fury of the gale. Putting out an arm, I groped about on the window sill. My hand came in contact with an object which I had no difficulty in recognising as the end of a ladder. It trembled under my touch. Somebody had been outside, and was even then descending as fast as he could. I half thought of trying a shot after him, but thought better of it and quietly closing the window, began to make a rapid toilet.

When I descended to the dining salon, I found my host and hostess sitting at the table with dinner half finished. Monsieur Hanoteaux bowed to me stiffly, while Mme. Hanoteaux, who was very pale, greeted me with a smile, and a fine assumption of being ignorant of all that had taken place during the last twenty-four hours.

I could see that she was longing for an opportunity to hear from my own lips the story of my adventures, but I was not anxious to gratify her whim. With the arrival of coffee I made the excuse of fetching some English cigarettes, and hurried upstairs.

I had a plan in my head which I wished to execute.

Without turning on the light, I changed my shoes for a pair of boots and, putting on a thick overcoat and cap, I went to the window. Opening it, I put out my hand. The ladder was still there. Here was a means of escape which the enemy had thoughtlessly provided me. Grasping the window sill, I stepped out.

I cannot give any explanation of my conduct, beyond saying that I was guided by a sort of overpowering intuition. It may be that I am suspicious by nature, or that my bump of caution is somewhat abnormally developed for a man of my race. At any rate, I had not descended for more than a dozen steps, when I began to ascend again with as much speed as possible. As soon as I had the window sill once more safely within my grasp, I began ascending and descending alternately the rungs on which my feet rested.

I had not performed this seemingly ridiculous operation more than half a dozen times before my conduct received startling justification. Suddenly the ladder was thrown from under my feet, to fall crashing on the ground below. For a second I was left swinging in mid-air. I pulled myself quickly back into the room, and closing the window, divested myself rapidly of my coat and boots. Then, without delay, I proceeded to make my way downstairs.

Before I left my bedroom I could hear cries and shouts from below. I allowed myself the gratification of a smile as I descended the grand staircase. Legros had once more overreached himself.

CHAPTER XV.

As I turned the corner of the stairs, before taking the last flight, Hanoteaux came out of the dining-room and hurried across the hall. The crash of the falling ladder, the noise of the men's voices outside—four Frenchmen seem constitutionally incapable of facing any incident out of the ordinary without volumes of talk—and I may suppose my absence from the room had evidently aroused his misgivings. I heard him open the door and pass out into the drive, and add his voice to the babel that was going on.

As I came down the hall, possessed of that contentment of mind which arises from the outwitting of one's enemies, I was startled by the sudden appearance of MacClintock. He came through the swing door which communicated with the back portion of the chateau, and seemed to bounce his way up to me, as if he were some predomite creature that had not yet quite rid itself of its simious methods of progression. His long arms, with their hands swinging half-way down his short bow-legs—his eyes gleaming fiercely behind his powerful glasses, the unusual pallor of his cheeks—made him look more goblinesque than ever.

"What have ye done we' your man," he shouted as a final bounce brought him to a standstill in front of me. "Have ye no conscience, to be spoilin' the greatest invention of the age—taking away the one respectable assistant I've had?"

His tone was high-pitched and aggressive, and it was clear that he was laboring under great excitement.

"I assure you, Dr. MacClintock, it is very far from my wish to delay the progress of your work."

"Send the man back, then. I can do nothing until he returns. Why did ye send him away? Tell me that now, if it wasn't ter hinder me?"

"Who told you that I sent him away, Dr. MacClintock?"

"The Frenchman, Hanoteaux. Ye ken very well that it's you that's done it. Have I done you any harm, mon, that ye should seek ter treat me sae ill?"

I regarded him meditatively for a moment or two.

"Ah, so it was Hanoteaux who told you that, was it, Dr. MacClintock?"

He swayed the over-long trunk of his body towards me, as if to get a better view of my face.

"Yes; it was Hanoteaux; what of it?"

"Nothing," I drawled out. "Just nothing at all, Dr. MacClintock."

"Dinna play wi' me, mon; ye have it in yer head that the man lied to me?"

"Monsieur Hanoteaux is my host, and I should not allow myself——" I began, but he interrupted me quickly—

"I ken all about that verra well, but what I want to know is, was it you or he that sent your man away, and so wilfully delayed my work?"

I fenced the direct question.

"Do you think that you have been treated particularly well over this great invention of yours, Dr. MacClintock? Do you think that you are likely to get the fame and wealth that should rightly belong to the man who first accomplished the conquest of the air?"

My question seemed to act upon him like a galvanic shock. The muscles of his face became distorted like one suffering from convulsions. His long, hairy hands opened and shut, and his whole body semed to be shaken.

"What are your suspicions?" he asked in a hoarse treble.

"I will say nothing," I answered cautiously. "I only ask you to draw your own conclusions, from certain well-accredited facts, before charging me with being concerned in a conspiracy to hamper your work."

"Don't speak to me in riddles, man!" His suppressed excitement was almost painful to witness. Beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. His whole attitude was that of a man whose nerves were strung up to breaking point.

"You have brought your invention to such a pitch that it could be completed by a skilled engineer without your superintendence. Is that not so, Dr. MacClintock?"

It was a chance shot, but it told.

"He could, as ye say, if he had my plans to work from."

"And in whose possession are those plans? Who keeps them?"

His face, hitherto unnaturally pale, became suddenly diffused with crimson. The veins stood out like knots upon his forehead.

"Hanoteaux," he muttered with unnatural calm, "Hanoteaux!"

"Oh!" I said quietly.

"Go on," he said in the same quiet, persistent tone.

Only the fact that I knew for what purpose M. Hanoteaux was building this invention, and that no particular attention, I am sure, would be shown the inventor, when once it was complete, made it possible for me to go on. Otherwise it would have been the grossest cruelty. The man was evidently suffering the tortures of the damned.

"Has M. Hanoteaux provided you with efficient workmen of late, Dr. MacClintock?"

"None but the scum of the Paris workshops," he muttered. "There was the man you lent me, but he's gone."

"Yes, and he's gone too," I repeated slowly.

A sudden change came over his face. In a flash all the anger and suspense that had been written there seemed to disappear. Even the look in his eyes altered. He put out a hand and clutched my arm, and he turned his head with a little peering, inquisitive movement, towards all the corners of the hall, as if to assure himself that no one was watching us.

"I dinna rightly ken yer name, mon," he said, speaking in a soft, confidential tone, "but I trust ye. "I'll tell ye what is in my mind. Their trying to rob me of my invention—the thing, mind you, I've worked and starved for, for these twenty years. That Hanoteaux now, thinks he can do without me. He thinks he's sapped the brains of Hamish MacClintock, and that he's no more use to him. He has the ship—the wonderful ship, mark you, that I have dreamed of night and day for years. Now that he has my ship, he thinks that he can do without me. It's borne on me that he is sadly mistaken."

His tone and general manner were so strange that I began to feel uneasy

"What steps do you propose taking, Dr. MacClintock?"

He cocked his head on one side, and, putting a finger to his nose, nodded at me meaningly.

"You'll see, my pretty man. The mills of God, ye ken, grind slow but exceedingly small."

There was no extracting any meaning from his vague ranting. I pressed him to explain himself, but to all my questions he gave the same reply, "You'll see." I tried him on another track.

"If you could get the plans he could do nothing, of course."

"I have the copies," he replied slowly; "that man of yours has them to keep, but it's predestined that I deal with this Hanoteaux another way than exposing him as a cheat."

"I would have questioned him further, but just then I heard the sound of scraping feet at the front door, and I had no wish to be caught in close intercourse with the Scotchman. Now, the hall was built on the same scale as a T, the horizontal running from the hall to the foot of the grand staircase, while the perpendicular to it finished at the swing-door through which MacClintock had made his appearance. This section was limited on one side by the staircase, and on the other by the door and wall of the grand salon. I stepped back hastily from the traverse section of the hall, and opening the door of the salon, stood there on the threshold in the shadow completely hidden from the sight of the persons who were coming in. MacClintock remained where I had left him, muttering quietly to himself.

I heard the front door open, and from the stamping of many feet I judged that M. Hanoteaux was leading back into the chateau the search party that had so considerately been trying to find my mangled remains. MacClintock seemed to be unaware of their presence, and it was not until M. Hanoteaux came up to him, and touched him on the shoulder that he ceased his strange mumbling, and looked up.

"Have you been looking for me, monsieur? I can come and see you now, if you wish."

MacClintock stood where he was, without moving. I could not see his face, for he had his back to me, but I saw a look of puzzled surprise come over the features of M. Hanoteaux.

"Do you ken that saying in the Holy Book that the wheels of God grind slow, but grind exceedingly small? Have ye any recollection of the words, M. Hanoteaux?"

The Scotchman's voice was pitched all on one note.

"I don't think I quite understand your meaning," replied M. Hanoteaux.

"Ye'll undersand me well enough before long. I've had it borne in upon me that I'm predestined to be a judgment to you."

Used, as he was, to the eccentricities of the man whom he had taken from a life of poverty that he might build him a terrible weapon for the destruction of human society, he had clearly never come across this particular phase of oddity before.

"Come, Dr. MacClintock," he said, touching his arm, "let us go to your work-room, and have a talk."

The Scotchman shook himself free with such violence that Hanoteaux went reeling back a step or two.

"Lay not your hands on me for you are unclean!"

"Dr. MacClintock!"

There was no mistaking M. Hanoteaux's surprise. It was the first time that I had seen the man shuffle off the slough of his reserve; and the first time I had seen him express any genuine emotion.

Up to now Dr. MacClintock had stood perfectly motionless, but on a sudden he had begun to swing his great arms about and to roll his head on his shoulders after the manner of Dr. Johnson.

"Hanoteaux, I accuse ye at the bar of your fellow creatures of being a miserable thief. Ye would have robbed me of my invention. Ye had it in your mind to use me for your own purpose—to use the knowledge I had scraped together through years of suffering, from the very gutter of experience; ye would have drawn my very life from me for your own ends, and left me, a husk of a man, in the outer darkness. But you shall not reap the fruits of your villainies. There is a vengeance prepared for you."

This tirade of nonsense, uttered in the broadest Scotch, which I am utterly unable to reproduce, came to an abrupt close. For the space of a second no one spoke. Amazement seemed to have deprived Hanoteaux of his powers of speech. MacClintock was still swaying about on his ridiculously short legs, like a restless child. On a sudden his gyrations stopped, his body became stiff and tense.

"Prepare to meet your Maker."

The words seemed trite and melodramatic enough, written down here, but in the strange silence that prevailed in the hall, and uttered in MacClintock's grotesquely piping voice, they sounded terrible. And what followed lacked nothing of the horrible.

As soon as he had uttered the words, MacClintock sprang with a sibilant shriek straight at Hanoteaux. I saw his huge hands clutch madly at the other's throat. They went to the floor, the Scotchman uppermost. It was not like a fight between human beings. It was more like a struggle between a man and one of those terrible Hybrids in the story of Dr. Moreau's Island.

MacClintock was raving mad, and with the unsettling of his brain he seemed to have shed every human characteristic. His grossly deformed body, and the gruesome way in which he sought to destroy the life of the man he imagined to have robbed him, made the scene the most sickening I had ever witnessed. He had dug his fingers deep into the other man's throat, and was trying to tear his windpipe out as a man plucks the core out of an orange. I heard Hanoteaux give one stifled shriek of pain and then we were all running to where the two men lay struggling on the floor.

It was all over in a moment. One of the men employed by Hanoteaux in the park raised a heavy cudgel of knotted wood and brought it down with all his force on MacClintock's head. As he did so, he uttered an execration such as a man might use in stamping out some venomous snake. Cruel though the confession may seem, the word and the attitude of mind that it expressed appeared at the time strangely appropriate for the Thing that lay on the floor, plucking ferociously at Hanoteaux's throat, had ceased to be human.

There was no necessity to repeat the blow. There was a smothered cry, and then M. Hanoteaux flung the body from off him, so that it lay on its back, its face distorted in the last grimaces of death, and staggered to his feet.

They took the body away through the swing door, into the forbidden wing of the house. Hanoteaux, fingering his throat, followed with the rest. I was left alone—in the excitement of the terrible tragedy we had just witnessed, my presence had been passed over. With my mind seething with horror and disgust, I walked across to the dining salon, and opening the door, entered the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Madame Hanoteaux was still seated at the table, with a cup of coffee and a green chartreuse in front of her. I will do her the justice to suppose that she knew nothing of the tragedy that had taken place in the hall not a minute before. To see her sitting there complacently, surrounded by all the evidences of commonplace sensualness, aroused in my overwrought mind a feeling of uncontrollable disgust and hostility. When, moreover, she rose with her coquettish smile, and came towards me with outstretched hands, I forgot all about the part I had to play. All that I know was that my dislike of her amounted almost to hatred, and the very thought of continuing the little comedy that I had started for my own ends, seemed like treason towards my beautiful Joan.

"Ah, M. Lovegrove, at last I see you alone!" she said, coming up close to me, and putting her hands on my shoulders, looking languishingly into my eyes. "How can I ever thank you for all you have done! My husband told me all last night. How brave you were! How you must have suffered! And you endured it all—for me. Is it not so?"

I removed her hands from my shoulders with as much gentleness as I was master of.

"I did nothing which any gentleman would not have done under similar circumstances."

In her ardor, the coldness of my voice and attitude passed unnoticed. She walked across to a couch, and settling herself there motioned to me to take a seat by her side. I was ill-inclined to comply, but the habit of fulfilling the trivial requests of the opposite sex made me do as she wished. I allowed, however, some distance to separate us, but to little purpose, for Mme. Hanoteaux deliberately moved close to my side.

"Where have you taken her?—what have you done with her?"

She laid one of her hands on mine, and in my then mood, her touch gave me a feeling akin to physical nausea.

"Taken whom?"

Of course, I knew well enough to whom she referred, but I chose rather to prolong the subject in conversation than to engage in those lover-like amenities which I knew she expected from me.

"That girl, with whose presence in the house M. Hanoteaux chose to insult me."

"Oh, yes," I said, nonchalantly, as if the subject was one of such little importance that I had forgotten all about it in the press of more important matters. "I have sent her to Paris and from there she will go' to England."

I saw her eyes narrow as she scanned my face.

"Why are you sending her to England?"

"It is her country; her home is there."

"Yes, but could she have got there by herself? Had she money to pay her fare?"

"I am not sure," I replied slowly, calmly returning the close scrutiny of her eyes. "But I fancy she had no money at all."

"Then you are paying for her, you are giving her your protection!"

I nodded in confirmation of her statement.

"Why?"

"I told you she had no friends in this country, and I believe she is altogether without means. What else would you have me do?"

She withdrew her hand suddenly from the top of mine.

"Do!" she exclaimed, with that evil look of cruelty in her eyes that I had noticed before, "I would have let her rot in the streets of Paris like the strumpet that she is."

I had always disliked the woman. I hated her now.

"You use hard words, madame."

"Are they too hard for the woman who has made me endure all the tortures I have had to endure a thousand times over. If I saw her dying at my feet I would not stretch out a hand to save her."

"You are expressive, at least. But for my own part, I always look for gentleness in a woman. I consider it the chiefest charm of your sex."

I could see she was baffled and suspicious. So used had she been to seeing me playing the part of her devout admirer, that the change in my attitude was only just beginning to dawn upon her mind.

"M. Lovegrove," she stammered, "you—you of all people—you cannot wish this creature well!"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I wish her the very best of fortunes!"

My words took her completely aback. She sat upright on the couch, staring at me wildly, and when next she spoke her words came from her lips in little gasps.

"You—you—cannot mean it."

"Certainly I do. Any man would. This unfortunate girl was brought here against her will by your husband. She was shut up like a convicted person in those dreary rooms in the west wing; she was quite friendless and alone. There was no one to protect her or help her. She was subjected to every form of insult, and you think that when I find her like this that I should not pity her—that I should not do everything in my power to assist her. I am afraid you must be greatly mistaken in me if you imagine that I could be capable of such callousness."

"Yes, I think I have been greatly mistaken in you."

Save for a little hectic flush on her cheeks, she was now quite composed. It was the calm before the storm. For myself, I had grown reckless. The woman's frank confession of the evil she wished Joan—my beautiful Joan—had scattered the last remnants of my caution.

"Your attitude of mind does not surprise me, Mme. Hanoteaux. It would be impossible for any woman to live in such an atmosphere as pertains in this house without losing much of her womanly charm."

My tone was deliberate and cutting. She was no longer looking at me, but was sitting there stiffly with downcast eyes.

"How long is it since monsieur discovered this atmosphere, which must be very peculiar, seeing that it has made him change so suddenly!"

"I have known it all along," I retorted rashly, if not with absolute veracity.

She looked up quickly.

"So you've been deceiving me—all along as well!"

I was in a white heat of anger and disgust. My meagre stock of diplomatic gifts I threw to the winds.

"Yes," I answered abruptly, "all the time."

Her eyes, now cold and dispassionate, never wavered a moment from mine.

"And what is the peculiar atmosphere of this house about which monsieur speaks with such agreeable frankness?"

"If you ask me the question I will tell you," I said, folding my arms and leaning back on the couch. "This house is peopled with as precious a lot of cut-throats and blackguards as ever walked earth. It contains the cream of the criminal quarters. It is a miniature hell, and your husband——"

"Yes, my husband?" she interrupted, "what of him?"

"Your husband," I continued, unable to pause in my perilous narrative now that I was fully embarked on it, "is the arch-devil himself!"

"Monsieur is delightfully frank," she murmured.

"You shall judge whether my criticism is deserved or not. I do you the credit to believe that you know nothing of what has been going on. I would have spared you this had not your cruelty and callousness towards a helpless and innocent girl——"

"Whom monsieur loves?"

"Yes, whom I love, as you rightly say, and for whom I would have gone through fire and water to rescue from this den of infamy. Listen, Mme. Hanoteaux, you will find my narrative instructive. Your husband is an anarchist—one of the chief of those ill-conditioned creatures who lurk in crowds to kill and mutilate innocent persons with the insane object of destroying the foundations of society. He has on his hands the blood of an old and helpless man, whom one of his precious gang murdered in England. That old man was the grandfather of the girl whose escape from her prison here I managed last night. You know what they are building in the park at the back of the chateau with so much secrecy? It was an airship that was to sail over the world dealing out death and destruction, and heralding by wholesale massacre the commencement of the beautiful era of Individualism. It was the invention of a half-crazed Scotchman who met his death not ten minutes ago a few yards from here in the hall outside, while you were sipping your coffee and petit verre."

I saw her make a little motion with her hand at the narration of MacClintock's tragedy.

"And how does monsieur know all this?" she asked in the same dangerously composed voice.

"I have made it my business to find out."

She rose abruptly from her seat. Suddenly her face seemed to awaken into a glow of hate and revenge.

"This man is a spy!"

I looked round hurriedly. There at my very elbow was standing M. Hanoteaux. In the excitement of my foolish talk I had never noticed his entrance into the room.

"Yes," he said, in his deep emotionless voice, "so I would gather from M. Lovegrove's exceedingly interesting narrative. You will find we have a short way of dealing with Government spies."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO GET HUSBANDS.

Where Girls and Men are Taught the Art of Courtship.

Professor William A. McKeever, head of the department of child welfare in the University of Kansas, recently declared that boys and girls should be taught to love in much the same way as they are taught to read and write. "The suppression of puppy love," he says, "has been one of our greatest mistakes. Boys and girls must have a chance to make love. Puppy love is an expression of heart-hunger which has an important influence upon the nature of boys and girls." It is possible that before very long young boys and girls of the large cities in America will be invited to attend courtship classes.

Some little time back the Rev. Mr. Dalton, pastor of a poular church in Kansas City, formed a school for lovers in the hope of increasing the number of marriages in his parish. At a church meeting he announced that it was his opinion that every bachelor aged twenty-four, earning £15 a month, and every girl over eighteen, ought to marry; and with the intention that they should be opened a matrimonial school. The pupils are now being given lessons on courting, saving money, buying furniture, cooking, and the care of children, the Rev. Mr. Dalton being the teacher.

Soon after the Kansas City pastor threw open the doors of his school, a newspaper published in the neighboring town of Greensburg supplied its lady readers who were anxious to become wives with a list of bachelor members of the community, together with their qualifications. Among the bachelors mentioned were the names of tradesmen with possessions rated at £40,000, several farmers owning many thousands of acres of land, and a man worth £10,000, and possessing two motor cars.

Recently the Rev. C. H. Grundy, vicar of St. Peter's, Brockley, London, commenced to lessen the loneliness of life by assisting suitable couples to meet with a view to matrimony. Mr. Grundy started a registry containing the names of young women with suitable incomes, and as a result of the publicity given his "agency" he has received letters from men seeking wives, not only from all parts of the United Kingdom, but also from California, India, Mexico and Australia. Several amusing missives have been penned by wife-seekers, one man writing: "I have seen the girl, but she is four inches too short. Can't you send me a taller one?" Mr. Grundy was unable to solemnise the marriage of the first couple he brought together, but he received a message from the bride in which she declared she considered hers the most romantic marriage on record.

LOVE CURE BY SUGGESTION.

Dr. Berillon, of Paris, asserts that psychotherapia (soul cure) is the medicine of the future. He does not put his patients into an hypnotic trance, but places them in an environment which creates the appetite for sleep and invites them to repose on a bed and think of nothing. Then he leaves them. They gradually succumb to the tick-tack of a metronome.

When the patient is in an hypnotic slumber, if it is desired that he should be cured of excessive indulgence in alcohol, the psychotherapist suggests to him that he cannot raise a glass of absinthe to his lips, and repeats the suggestion until the prohibition is so engraved on his brain that if he would he could not do so.

Dr. Berillon is frequently consulted by those who wish to be cured of an unhappy love passion. Through hypnotism they obtain their release.

The Diplomat.

Trooper Guilem, of the crack cavalry corps, was standing at the corner of the garrison rendezvous, when a pair of soft little hands covered his eyes and a sweet voice commanded, "Guess who it is?"

Nothing very dreadful for the trooper in this, you think, but then perhaps you do not know a soldier's proverbial tact, and, incidentally, it may be news to you that the trooper had several sweethearts, and, for the life of him, he could not decide whose voice it was, which made it a very embarrassing situation for him.

A wrong guess would lead to complications too awful to contemplate, but suddenly a bright inspiration seized him, and he exclaimed, "Why, it's just the dearest, sweetest little girl in the whole garrison!"

"Oh, you darling boy!" simpered the satisfied one, as she removed her hands.

And now Trooper Guilem seriously thinks of purchasing his discharge, and applying for a diplomatic job at the War Office.

THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY ONE MAN.

Within the confines of Melrose, a mere gathering of buildings in the suburbs of the City of Oakland, Alamedia, California, there existed, previous to the early part of July, 1898, a factory know to the people of the Western States as the Western Fuse Works. From this factory fuse was shipped to all parts of the world, and on account of the recent gold excitement in Alaska, its machinery had hardly ceased its busy hum for a period of four months. On July 18, however, smoke ceased to pour forth from the factory smoke-stack, and about the premises a deadly silence reigned. Gong Ung Chung, the Chinese foreman of the works, had murdered a fellow workman. He first assaulted his fellow countryman, named Hum Hi Sing, with a hatchet, and then shot him. Gong then took refuge in the powder magazine, where there were stored five thousand pounds of powder, and barricaded the doorway with powder cans, threatening to set off the whole appalling quantity of explosive material if anyone attempted to enter. The neighborhood was terrorised on that night, and afraid to go to bed for fear of being blown to atoms before morning.

The trouble—will it be believed?—all arose over a ten-cent Chinese lottery ticket, for the purchase of which Gong Chung claimed to have given money to Hum Hi Sing. He further asserted that the ticket had won a drawing, and that Sing refused to give him the money. Sing, who was an honest and industrious Chinaman, denied that the ticket won anything. Then followed the fatal blows and shots from which the poor, honest Sing died about an hour later in the hospital. From behind the powder-can barricade in the magazine doorway Gong Chung peered out at his pursuers, while in one hand he held tightly clenched his bloody hatchet. and in the other the revolver with which he had committed his heinous crime.

By this time the sheriff and his posse had arrived and completely surrounded Chung in his stronghold. A Chinese interpreter was then sent to consult with the murderer and try to induce him to surrender, but this was of no avail. He was then offered quite a sum of money and guaranteed the services of the best attorney in the State of California if he would refrain from carrying out his threat of blowing up the magazine, and would leave his dangerous position. The officers, furthermore, agreed to give him an hour's handicap after leaving the magazine if he would only come from behind his deadly barricade. Finally, the superintendent of the works, for whom Chung had worked for fifteen years; spoke very kindly to the murderer, and told him that he would do all in his power to save him from the gallows if he would surrender to the officers.

In reply, Chung warned the superintendent as his friend, to leave the premises, and tell all good people to get out of the way, as he might soon have occasion to ignite the powder in the magazine. The sun set on the first day of the tragedy, and still Chung remained defiant. He would accept no terms of surrender. With a revolver in one hand and a hatchet in the other, behind his barrier of death-dealing powder, he sat, like the great Sphinx, in silence. For hours he had not eaten or drunk, and had no hope of obtaining food or drink, as by refusing him these the officers hoped to force him to surrender.

Twilight had given place to darkness, and darkness was about to give place to light of dawn, when one of the officers suggested that Chung might be asleep, and an attack upon his stronghold might prove effective. Acting upon this suggestion, one of the officers, with rifle in hand, advanced cautiously toward the doorway of the heathen's den. He had not taken many steps, however, when the murderer, like a tiger aroused from his lair, sprang forward in front of the pile of powder-cans, and pointing his revolver backward at a can of dynamite, shouted in a fiendish manner "You come, me shoot!"

Whether the poor officer advanced or not will never be known, but it was evident to thousands of people within a radius of fifty miles that Chung had fired his long-dreaded shot. It was exactly 5.18 a.m. on July 19, 1898, when the hand of one man dealt a death blow the like of which perhaps history has never known. For the sake of a ten-cent ticket in a game of chance, Gong Ung Chung took the lives of seven good citizens, besides that of his fellow countryman whom he had murdered, and his own. In addition to all this he maimed five other persons, destroyed an entire factory worth thousands of dollars, completely wrecked over thirty homes, and shattered hundreds of panes of glass within a radius of five miles around his deadly abode.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

The question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" is answered by the country people in Buckinghamshire in a manner which darkens the character of the robin family. It is asserted that the young birds attack the old ones, fighting until the parent is killed. The birds are said to make a "cheeping" noise all the time they fight. A cottager says that she saw a young robin attack an old one on her door-mat, and roll him over and over until he was left in a dying condition. The villagers say that, although they are certain that this clearance of old birds is annually made, it is seldom that the bodies are found.

This mysterious disappearance of the little corpses they seem to regard as part of the rite. Is this far-spread belief, or is it peculiar to the country mentioned, asks "Country Life." Was there a general belief in the darker ages that sparrows were the destroyers of robins? "I," said the sparrow, "with my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin seems to hint at it. Possibly that myth has been replaced by this more plausible story.

CURE FOR SMOKING.

How many of our readers know that acid-drops are a certain cure for the smoking habit? Try them if you are anxious to get out of the habit, and see if you haven't soon an aversion strong enough to make you refuse a sixpenny cigar.

The acidity of these sweets causes tobacco to have a very disagreeable taste. To bring this about, you must first take the sweets and afterwards the tobacco. It is necessary to have the acid taste in your mouth when you smoke, or the peculiar nausea consequent on the meeting of the two will not be acquired.

After dinner is the best time to commence. Make a point of taking a few acid-drops directly you have finished the meal. This is just the time when a man yearns most for a smoke, and consequently the time to break the backbone of the habit, so to speak.

It would surprise the late lamented if he could hear his widow telling her second husband what a noble, kind, and generous man the first was.

It is the ugly baby that makes the handsome grown-up. But do not on this account go about telling young mothers how ugly their babies are.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

HAPPY, LOVABLE GIRLS.

If there is one trait more than another that should be assiduously cultivated by the girl who wishes to make herself popular, that one is loyalty to her friends. That trait embodies many other estimable ones, and is the basis of a lovely and noble character.

If girls would be such, they must cultivate sweetness of disposition and contentedness of mind. A homely maiden with a sweet, lovable nature is far more admired than the haughty beauty.

It is the philosophy of the foolish to be continually fault-finding, especially where no possible good can come out of it. Bestow praises where praises are due, and be silent as to the faults of others.

Th "happy woman"—you will recognise her presence the moment she crosses your path; not by her extreme liveliness, lively pople are rarely either happy or able to diffuse happiness; but by a sense of brightness and cheerfulness that enters with her. She may be neither handsome nor entertaining, yet somehow she makes you feel comfortable, because she is so comfortable herself. She shames you out of your complaining, for she makes none. She may have less than the medium lot of earthly blessings, yet all she has she enjoys to the full; and it is pleasant to see anyone enjoy! So with her sorrows—she simply bears them.

Showing a real interest in others—their joys, their sorrows, their crosses, their fears, their belongings—gives one more influence over them than loading them with benefits; for influence is the action of mind upon mind and heart upon heart.

SHE WAS ALWAYS PLEASANT.

To the common, every-day woman, who feels as if she were a nothing in this world, who thinks she has no influence, I will tell you of one thing that will bring blue skies in your own life, and will make you a shining light in your community.

In one of the country towns in Northamptonshire, England, there is a graveyard, and on a small stone there is this inscription, after the name and date: "She was always pleasant." She had not been rich, the stone was small. The grave is in a retired part of the graveyard, so she could not have been in society, or a prominent woman but "She was always pleasant."

What happiness there must have been in the home in which she lived. No doubt she had trials and disappointments—that is the common lot of all women, for "Into each life some rain must fall."

To be pleasant, one must be cheerful, amiable and patient. Not only when everything is going smoothly, and one is in sound health, but when "The days are dark and dreary," and there is an ill-feeling. The head of body is protesting against some indiscretion, when one has to make an effort to be cheerful. If the effort is made to wear a smiling face and give a pleasant word, much of the ill-feeling will vanish.

It is too true, "When you laugh the world laughs with you; when you weep, you weep alone."

Another thing, if any of your friends are inclined to look on the dark side of life, it may be your mission to help them by being cheerful and pleasant to them, to encourage, comfort and assist them. If you cause one sorrowful person to smile each day, you will have done some good, you have some influence in the right direction. We all cannot do great things, we all do not have the cheerful disposition, the merry heart, but it can be acquired.

KITCHEN WRINKLES.

To remove rings from a finger swollen by their tightness, dip the finger in ice-cold soapsuds.

If you boil hooks and eyes in strong soda-water before sewing them on garments it will prevent their iron-moulding in the wash.

When boiling green peas add a lettuce leaf and a tablespoonful of sugar, and they will retain their color and have a much better flavor.

Castor-oil is a good remedy for soft corns. A piece of cotton-wool should be soaked in the oil and applied between the toes, being kept in place with a bandage all night.

For chronic night cough try taking a teaspoonful of whisky and pure glycerine in equal parts. This can be kept in a bottle by the bed in case of need, and will be found invaluable.

Cut off the rinds and soak rashers of bacon in cold milk for an hour. Take them out, dredge well with flour, and fry in fat. This is a delicious improvement on the ordinary method of frying bacon.

Old putty can be removed without injury to the sash or glass by passing a hot soldering iron over it. The heat of the iron softens it readily, and permits its removal with a knife or chisel without much trouble.

THE VANISHING LEG.

While admitting that the taxi-cab enables the busy man to fulfil an ever-increasing crowd of engagements, the "Medical Press and Circular" points out that he is thereby hastening on the process of evolution that is developing his brainy side at the expense of his body. For every increased facility of mechanical locomotion means a corresponding decrease of muscular exertion. In a word, man is more or less within sight of the time when he will to a great extent abandon the use of his lower limbs, which later will atrophy and dwindle into mere relics of the handsome members they now are. With all this in mind, the man in the street will do well to walk instead of jumping into a taxi-cab.

In his book Dr. John Kerr relates many amusing stories of his adventures as an inspector of schools in Scotland during the past thirty-six years.

On one occasion he was examining a class in mathematics, and put the following question to a boy:—

"If a salmon weighed ten pounds and it was to be sold at twopence a pound, what would it be worth?"

The lad, who was the son of a fishmonger, hastily replied:—

"It wadna be worth a curse!"

Tourist: You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation. Don't the crows annoy you a great deal?

Farmer: Oh, not to any extent.

Tourist: That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows.

Farmer: Oh, well, you see, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.

She was well over eighty years of age, and for the first time in her life she had been taken to a picture palace. As she came out a friend met her in the vestibule.

"Hope you enjoyed yourself, Mrs. Jones?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the old dame. "I did. But I'm gettin' that deaf nowadays I couldn't hear a word they said!"

He (reading paper): Here's a note about an accident at White's house. The servant girl put some gunpowder in the fire and she was blown through the roof."

She (sympathetically): Poor Mrs. White has so much trouble with her girls! That makes the fourth that's left her without giving notice.

NORTHCOTE CITY COUNCIL.

MONDAY, 5TH OCTOBER, 1914.

Present:—Crs. Tharratt, (mayor), Bastings, Schwnebsch, Johnson, Hayes, Redmond, Mason, Lees, Dennis, Woolhouse, Plant.

Apologies were received from Crs. Henderson, McDonell, and Smith, for non-attendance.

The minutes of last meeting and outgoing letters were read and approved.

The mayor of Hawthorn, who was present, was accommodated with seat on the platform.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From M.B.W., intimating that rights-of-way subdivisions should be public thoroughfares and not less than 17 feet in width.—Referred to committee of the whole.

From Railway Department, intimating that the Council is alone responsible for the maintenance of the tramway along Queen's parade, and the formal consent of the council was asked to maintain the road surface of the new crossing.—Referred to committee of the whole.

From Victorian Railways, per Hon. J. G. Membrey, stating that the Commissioners, after personal inspection of Northcote station, and keeping a tally of the blockages occasioned to traffic, regretted they could not see their way to build an overhead bridge, while a subway would be too costly to be undertaken just now.—Referred to committee of the whole, Cr. Bastings expressing regret that the Commissioners had apparently only considered it from one standpoint.

From Education Department, per Hon. J. G. Membrey, forwarding sites offered for State school purposes at Northcote, and asking a recommendation from the council.—Referred to committee of the whole.

From Parliamentary Standing Committee on Railways, stating that evidence would be heard from Northcote council on Friday, 9th inst., regarding the proposed Northcote and Preston tramway, and enclosing questions.—The questions to be considered at a special committee meeting of the council on Wednesday evening.

From Metropolitan Fire Brigade, stating that erection of fire alarm at corner Clyde and Wales streets, Northcote, would be considered when framing next estimates.—Received.

From City of Fitzroy, intimating that matter of beautifying Merri Creek would be considered with the annual estimates.—Received.

From conference on the Rating of Gas Mains, asking if the council would endorse a motion passed to appoint a common valuer to assess the rateable value in each municipality.—Held over till next meeting.

Form Melbourne Motor Omnibus Co., Ltd., intimating establishment of a service to Melbourne on Sunday morning starting from the boundary between Fitzroy and Northcote.—Received.

From Smith and Sons, Northcote, urging a reconsideration of decision re rates charged for branding calves.—Referred to committee of the whole.

From various insurance agents, giving particulars of Workers' Compensation insurance.—Referred to finance committee.

From Ernest R. Graham, secretary of Prince of Wales Park Methodist Sunday school, forwarding protest against allowing picture entertainments to be given on Sundays.—Received.

From W. Wills, secretary of E.W.P.A. asking that ground at corner of Basting street and Waterloo road might be reserved for a "children's reserve."—To be informed the council has no power to grant the request.

From C. J. Lee, Thornbury, drawing attention to state of footpath in Smith street, and asking repair; also that a lamp be placed at the corner of Hobson and Smith streets.—Referred to public works committee.

From S. Brett, requesting improvement of the right-of-way at the rear of the north side of Beaconsfield parade, between Stott and Johnson streets.—Referred to Cr. Woolhouse, to see what can be done.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On behalf of the public works committee, Cr. Mason, chairman, recommended that accounts amounting to £761 be passed for payment, and that the council offer a reward of £3 for the conviction of any person breaking street electric light bulbs—adopted.

Also, that the necessary steps be taken preparatory to forming Beaver's road, from St. George's road to the western boundary of the city; that the Metropolitan Board be asked to extend the sewerage and to include tenements in Wilson street; that the matter of purchasing a tar sprayer be noted with the estimates.—Approved.

Cr. Plant for the finance committee, presented recommendations for passing accounts to amount of £863; that the matter of pan charges be made an order of the day for next meeting; that the council's gardeners be employed full time.—Approved.

THE FINANCES

Cr. Plant laid on the table a statement of accounts, showing that the gross receipts in the general accounts were £26,518, and the receipts from all sources £37,874. The net overdraft was £2456, which compared with the total of £763 last year, showed the council to be £300 better off in that respect. The rate collector (Mr. J. H. Thompson) reported that of the current rate of £15,526 3s 10d there had been collected a total of £15,252 18s 2d, or 98¼ per cent. The amount outstanding was £273 5s 6d. The arrears to October, 1914, were £913 13s 3d, and the amount of arrears collected £165 5s 8d. The total arrears now amounted to £977. The rates showed an increase of £1250 over the previous year. The sum of £5600 had also been received for pan charge, tar-paving, special improvement charge, street construction and electric lighting. He considered these figures were highly satisfactory. The amount of rates collected constituted a record.

The Mayor, as chairman of the committee of the whole, recommended that the matter of memorial tablet at the hall remain in abeyance for future consideration; that satisfactory arrangements had been made for use of Merri park ground by Church of Christ cricket club; that the plans for the construction of Darebin street be considered with order of the day relating thereto.—Adopted.

The private streets committee (Cr. Bastings chairman) recommended that the public works committee be requested to invite tenders for construction of Ethel street; that the necessary notices be served for construction of lane off Edwards street—Approved.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

The mayor offered congratulations to Cr. Johnson on his recent appointment as a justice of the peace for the central bailiwick, expressing his sense of Cr. Johnson's worth and qualifications for the office. (Applause).

Cr. Redmond moved that the Metropolitan Board be asked to insist on all service-pipes being put twelve feet away from any building. In many cases pipes had been put down on the line where street channels were subsequently constructed by the council, and much trouble was caused when repairs were necessary.—Agreed to.

Cr. Hayes moved that Mr. Membrey be asked to try and arrange for a deputation to the Minister re providing a septic tank at the Prince of Wales' Park State school. Cr. Redmond seconded.—Carried.

TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

Cr. Bastings brought under notice the unsatisfactory service at the Northcote telephone exchange, and moved that Mr. Anstey's attention be drawn thereto, with a view of improvement. There were numerous complaints of long delays, so much so that it was almost quicker to do business by train.

Cr. Hayes seconded. His impression was that the trouble was due to the exchange not being properly equipped to deal with increased business.

Cr. Redmond said that his experience was that the working of the exchange was very satisfactory. He was constantly using the phone, and had not the slight cause for complaint.

Cr. Johnson's experience was not at all in a line with that of the last speaker. He had found great inconvenience in communicating through the exchange.

The motion was carried.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Woolhouse moved that the question of erecting urinal on St. George's road be referred to the committee of the whole.—Carried.

Cr. Redmond moved that the matter of sewerage of the east side of Hunter street be referred to the Metropolitan Board of Works.—Agreed to.

Cr. Johnson moved for repairs of road in Eastmont street.—Carried.

Cr. Dennis moved that the necessary notices be served in connection with the construction of Charles street. Cr. Mason seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Dennis moved that the surveyor report on the best way of dealing with the drainage trouble at Bent's avenue.—Carried.

Cr. Redmond moved that the question of erecting lights in the various centres named be referred to the public works committee.—Carried.

Cr. Lees asked when the pitchers for Clarke street channelling would be available.

The surveyor replied that 200 had been made at the quarry, but 800 were required, and these would be made available when the quarry was again worked.

Cr. Lees moved and Cr. Plant seconded that the quarry committee bring up a recommendation in reference to opening of quarry.

Cr. Dennis moved as an amendment that the re-opening of the quarry be referred to the quarry committee, with power to take the necessary action. Several streets were ready for metalling and tar-paving material was also required.

Cr. Johnson seconded the amendment, which was carried.

Cr. Woolhouse moved that the question of framing a by-law to regulate the hours for driving pigs through the city be referred to the committee of the whole council. Many complaints had been made of noises of these animals up to 11 o'clock at night. He thought if a certain hour, say 7 o'clock, were fixed, it would result in the pigs being carted in many instances.

Cr. Bastings seconded.

Cr. Lees pointed out that the pigs were drawn from the city and driven all the way, and it would probably be found inadvisable to put a tax on local industry in this way. He would vote against it. The motion was carried.

On the motion of Cr. Hayes, the question of filling in Clyde street was referred to the public works committee.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

On the motion of Cr. Redmond the hearing of objections to the construction of Darebin street, was adjourned to 2nd November.

The plans for the construction of Atkinson street, William street, Dixon street, Robinson street and Bent's avenue, Gotch street, Mary street, Leonard street, May street and Station street were adopted, after hearing one or two objections.

Re Merri Park water supply, the Fitzroy Cricket Club to be informed that the council was prepared to take its share of the work.

The tender of Dyer Bros., £122 10s, for 300 electric light poles was accepted.

The registration of private hospital premises situate at the corner of Clarke and Membrey streets was approved.

Consideration of municipal valuation on the unimproved lands basis was deferred.

Local Government

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN No. 10.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO BORROW THE SUM OF NINE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR PERMANENT WORKS AND UNDERTAKINGS.

Take notice that the Council of the City of Nor hcote proposes to borrow the sum of Nine thousand three hundred pounds (£9300) on the credit of the Mayor, Councillors, and Citizens of the said City of Northcote by the issue of debentures for such amount in accordance with the "Local Government Act 1903."

The rate of interest to be paid shall be four pounds ten shillings (£4 10s) per centum per annum.

The interest shall be payable on the first day of April and the first day of October in each and every year at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited, High Street, Northcote, or at the Council's Bankers for the time being.

The debentures will be redeemable annually on the first day of October at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited, High Street, Northcote, or at the Council's Bankers for the time being, as follows:—

1st October,	1915	£100
"	1916	100
"	1917	100
"	1918	100
"	1919	100
"	1920	100
"	1921	125
"	1922	125
"	1923	125
"	1924	125
"	1925	125
"	1926	150
"	1927	150
"	1928	150
"	1929	150
"	1930	175
"	1931	175
"	1932	175
"	1933	200
"	1934	200
"	1935	200
"	1936	225
"	1937	225
"	1938	250
"	1939	250
"	1940	250
"	1941	275
"	1942	275
"	1943	300
"	1944	300
"	1945	325
"	1946	350
"	1947	350
"	1948	375
"	1949	400
"	1950	400
"	1951	425
"	1952	450
"	1953	475
"	1954	450
		£9300

by providing out of the Municipal Fund the above amounts in each respective year.

The permanent works and undertakings upon which such Loan is to be expended are:—

Electric Light and Power Installation; Works in progress and Extensions ...	£6000
Steam Road Roller ...	350
Quarry, Stone-Crushing and Tar Mixing Machinery and Plant	350
Bridge over the Darebin Creek at Darebin and Livingstone Streets, jointly with the Council of the Shire of Heidelberg	2000
Walker & McLachlan Streets corner, Construction of Roadway and Footpath ...	100
	£9300

The plans, specifications, and estimate of cost of such permanent works and undertakings and a statement showing the expenditure and further proposed expenditure of the money to be borrowed are open for inspection at the Municipal Offices, High Street, Northcote.

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

Municipal Offices, Northcote,
2nd October, 1914.

SACRED HEART CHURCH.

SPEECH BY THE ARCHBISHOP.

The new presbytery and school, in connection with the Sacred Heart Church, at Preston, were solemnly blessed and opened on Sunday afternoon by His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, in the presence of a very large gathering of representative district residents.

The Rev. J. H. O'Grady extended, on behalf of the parish, ten thousand welcomes to His Grace on the occasion of his first visit to Preston since it had been made into a parish. The parishioners deeply appreciated His Grace's presence, and desired to express their gratitude that the archbishop had seen his way to attend for the purpose of solemnly blessing and declaring open the new school and presbytery buildings. (Applause).

Mr. W. S. McDonald felt proud to offer a few words of welcome, but found himself in a difficult position, because to say anything in favor of the Archbishop was like "gilding refined gold," or perhaps he might say that it was a case of "nothing to argue about" (laughter), for they were all proud of him (applause). The committee had not prepared a printed address for presentation to their head on that occasion, preferring to hand a testimonial written in bricks and mortar, something to show that the parishioners had principles they believed in and were prepared to make sacrifices for. (Applause).

The Archbishop was warmly received on rising, and said that it was not often he had been called on to bless and open two such important buildings on the same day. In regard to the presbytery it appeared to be admirably suited for its purpose, both for position and accommodation, and reflected the greatest credit on the parishioners, on Father O'Grady, and on Mr. Payne, who had designed and superintended its erection. (Applause). A comfortable presbytery was due to a priest. All knew that he was deprived of many social advantages that other people enjoy, and therefore should be made as comfortable as possible. A priest should have a decent living place, and well-stocked library, and when these were available he (the speaker) did not pity him a bit. (Laughter.) The more work a priest was called upon to do, the more opportunities for good would come in his way. The new school was not exactly completed, as one part had been left so that additional rooms could be tacked on when required. He had no doubt, however, that it would become one of the specimen schools of the parish. (Applause.) State school architecture of late years had been greatly improved and the State had borrowed half a million in order to make improvements in this direction. The architect of the Catholic schools made it a rule that their buildings should not be inferior to those of the State, and this increased tax was rather hard on Catholics. He knew it would be said, in reply, that the State had provided schools for all, and that these were open to Catholics as well as to non-Catholics, but he would like to point out that though they had the right to use them they could not do so because those schools did not give the education such as was considered by the church absolutely necessary for the good of the children. The State gave a good education in secular matters, but this was not what the Catholic Church called education, for it did not include training the mind and moulding character on spiritual lines. Secular education by itself was only the lesser half of the work. The spiritual part was the more important, but was entirely ignored in the State schools. He was not blaming the State for that. All recognised that, in a mixed community, it was impossible to draw up and teach in emasculated form Christianity such as might fit in with all shades of belief. The State had properly refused to undertake such a task, and he hoped would for all future time refuse to do so. At the same time those parents who had faith in God, in a future life, and who wanted to see their children prepared for that, would never be satisfied to see them receive only the worse half of education. This was the reason why Catholics could not use the schools. They admitted that the State could not do more, in face of the diversity of beliefs, and hoped that it would always abstain from giving religious instruction. It followed that the schools were debarred for Catholic children, and in those cases where, by force of circumstances children were sent there to learn the lesser half of education, it was the bounden duty of parents to pay increased attention to their religious training. He had seen lately in the papers an angry complaint that the Catholic Federation had the audacity to send circulars to members of Parliament and others asking what course they proposed to take in respect to the Catholic claims for compensation for the amount of expense saved to the country by the separate existence and maintenance of the Catholic schools. The Federation had been accused of interfering in political matters, but this was only the assertion of a just claim. It was perfectly right for the Federation to so act; they had every reason to agitate to get these claims acknowledged by the State. There was nothing private or underhand about their attitude. They were acting above-board, and would never cease to do so as long as there was a federation to press their claims. (Applause). He would like to say a word or two on the effect of a proper education as against merely secular instruction. A religious education formed a child's character, and was a most important factor. He thanked God that in the Catholic schools the pupils were most successful and fortunate in prizes and honors gained. The school day began with prayer, the children's eyes rested on pictures, they lived in a religious atmosphere, and their minds were correspondingly impressed. In after life they might lose, for the time being, what they had gained in the schools, but their early lessons came back later, like the sound of silver bells. The material called cloth of gold was very beautiful in itself, being all gold to the eye, but the foundation—the weft—of it was common material. In the woof, however, the golden thread transfigured the fabric. In like manner in the weft of knowledge, the shuttle of religion should go through every part, and the result was an entire education, typical of the cloth of gold alluded to. When parents were dying, perhaps they had not much to leave to the children, but when they looked back and remembered that their children had been sent to a school where a proper education was given, they might go before their God with confidence. He congratulated the Preston people in a very special manner on the fact that they would have school teachers of whom in the wide world there would be no superiors. (Applause).

Apologies for unavoidable absence were received from Messrs Anstey, M.P., Beckett, M.L.C., Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., Rev. B. C. A. Eva, and other gentlemen.

Dean Carey, after congratulating the parish on the fact that Father O'Grady had been sent into their midst, made an eloquent appeal, after which a collection was taken up, while St. Augustine's Boys' Band played musical selections.

The president of the shire (Cr. Bricknell), Cr. C. T. Crispe, and Mr. Isaac Barrow, J.P., also spoke in support of a vote of thanks to Archbishop Carr.

To Let

TO Let or For Sale.—Brick Villa, 2 Railway Place, Preston, near Rail Station, 7 rooms, 4 loose boxes, motor garage, man's room, fowl houses, extra allotment. Phone on. J. T. Kelly, McKean Street, Clifton Hill. Phone, Northcote 254.

TO LET.—Dwelling-House & Greengrocer's Shop. Apply Howse Bros., Preston.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

The following is a letter received from Mr. J. S. Wanney during the week:—

Hotel Anglo-American,
Paris,
Sunday, Aug. 23, 1914.

We are back again in Paris, but what a different Paris! A month ago the boulevards were thronged, the restaurants filled with light-hearted happy people, music seemed to be coming from everywhere, but to-night the streets are as silent and sober almost as those of a Melbourne suburb. Such is the difference between Paris under civil and military rule. Getting back to Paris has been a bit of an undertaking.

When in Rome, for a time it appeared we were going to be stuck up indefinitely on account of the war. After about a week of it, or about 4 days beyond our scheduled time, the party (46 of us, made up of English, Americans, South Africans, and Australians) decided to push on to Venice. The move was against the advice of the Ambassadors, especially the American, who each day said to his people very emphatically "Stay in Rome."

We reached Venice after a 14 hours' train journey, commenced at midnight. The Ambassador at Rome said "Venice is out of the question," but when we got to Venice the British consul there advised "Stay in Venice."

There were many to tell us on leaving Venice that we hadn't a hope of getting through to Lucerne, but we went, nevertheless. As we travelled along northern Italy we met train-loads of Italian soldiers making towards the Austrian frontier.

When we were told at the border town of Chiasso that we could not go any further that day, we thought it was just a kind way of informing us that the Swiss lines were closed. But there was no need for alarm, as a train started for Lucerne at 5 next morning, and landed us there the same evening after a 12 hours' journey.

Every bridge, every culvert, every tunnel along the whole route was guarded by soldiers, which showed us that even neutral Switzerland was taking the war very seriously. Another effect of the war was seen in train loads of refugees going south.

We found Lucerne full of stranded English and American tourists with "Repatriation committees" working very hard to get them out.

The hope was held that "Government trains" would take us away, but after waiting a week these seemed no nearer, so on Wednesday last 16 of the original party, including ourselves, decided to go on independently. Everybody had to have a passport made out by either the British or American Ambassador. We travelled via Geneva so as to escape passing through any German territory. The first halt was at Berne, the Swiss capital. Here we had to stop in order to get our passports "visèd" by the French Ambassador, a formality that cost us 10 francs apiece.

We got as far as Geneva on Thursday, and left the next morning at 5.25 for what we thought would be the final stage of our journey to Paris. When we reached the border town of Bellgarde the need of our passports was seen, as no one was allowed to pass from the Swiss to the French train without them, a posse of French soldiers with fixed bayonets seeing to that. The next incident was at Ambérieu, where we were all turned out of the train and off the station, bag and baggage, for 4½ hours, only getting back by again producing our passports.

TRAIN LOADS OF SOLDIERS.

Five train loads of soldiers, with horses and guns, passed through Ambérieu while we were there.

Further along the line we passed more train loads of soldiers on their way to the front. They all seemed in splendid spirits, and the trains were decorated with flags, green branches, and bunches of flowers. While at Bourg a military train drew up on the opposite side of the platform. The soldiers were singing "The Marseillaise," and wound up with cries of "Vive le Angleterre" (Long Live England).

WOUNDED MEN.

It was all very gallant and very thrilling, but the next picture we saw was of an entirely different sort. It was of a whole train load of wounded soldiers—some stretched out with shattered legs, and others with arms or head injured. In some parts of the train there were two tiers of these poor fellows, who all, I must say, looked very game and smiling.

We reached Dijon at 9.30, or after about 16 hours' travelling. We should have boarded the Paris train there, but it was crowded to such an extent that we elected to wait for the next train leaving at 3 a.m. The military officer in charge of the station was very courteous, and took us round to the station buffet as the most comfortable place to put in the time. We could hardly move here without showing passports, and were not allowed to leave the station.

We got some refreshment and managed to snatch a little sleep before resuming our journey.

Another spell of 12 hours in the train brought us to Paris, the only incident being the personal one of eating up our last crumb of bread and cheese and opening our last tin of sardines. In every compartment of the train "hampers" of this kind were being discussed, and those who had been living at the swell hotels of Lucerne and Interlaken will, no doubt, look back upon this ride as a curious and amusing experience. Needless to say we felt a bit jaded after the four days of travel, but after a good night's rest are feeling all right.

We expect to get back to London via Dieppe and Newhaven to-morrow, and are hoping that the sailing of the "Medina" will not have been altered from 19th September.

Till we got here we could hear nothing of the progress of the war. We might as well have been at the South Pole as Switzerland or Italy for all the news we could hear. No English newspaper was allowed to penetrate there, and only once in a whole month did any letter reach us. It is 5 weeks since we saw a copy of the "Leader."

Kenilworth Hotel,
Bloomsbury Street,
London,
August 27th, 1914.

We are in London, on British soil once more, and very very glad of it.

A mail of about fifty letters and five weeks' newspapers awaited us here, and after the famine in Europe in that regard, the feast was greatly enjoyed. We spent two days over it.

We had the issues of the "Leader" to devour from beginning to end, and were awfully tickled with the illustrations in that "letter from home." The readers of the "Leader" would have a great laugh over it, too.

We had then to get back numbers of the London newspapers and read up the war news, of which we knew practically nothing till we returned to England. So stringent is the censorship that we left Europe without seeing a British newspaper. Not a single copy found its way into Italy or Switzerland, and correspondence was barred also.

London looks very much the same, only quieter. There did not seem as much traffic in the streets, but we are told this is always so in August.

Our return passage is booked for the "Medina," leaving on the 19th Sept.

Messrs C. A. Stephenson and Thomas Mitchell have safely returned to Preston after trips to the old country. In each case the voyagers had an experience of war alarms, the former witnessing the convoy taking the Indian troops to France.

THE NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY will be CLOSED (for stocktaking) on 26th October. All Books must be returned before that date.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. MELBOURNE.

The cricket season opened under favorable conditions last Saturday, when Northcote met Melbourne, who were competiting for the pennant for the first time since the inauguration of district cricket. G. Chesswas was unanimously elected as captain of the Northcote team, with Norman Brown as vice-captain.

Armstrong, Melbourne's captain, upon winning the toss, had no hesitation in taking first use of the wicket, its condition reflecting great credit upon Caretaker Vernon. Melbourne opened with Armstrong and Vaughan, and a sensational start was made, as Bailey beat and bowled Australia's champion (Armstrong) with his fifth ball. Ransford joined Vaughan, and a splendid stand was made, 123 runs being made by the partnership before Bailey bowled Vaughan. The retiring batsman played a fine innings for 49, but was missed early in his innings by Chesswas off the first ball by Shew, a new bowler from Fitzroy. Sandford came next, and after scoring 12 was stumped by Vernon off Yeomans, and shortly after Ransford was out l.b.w. to the same bowler for a neat innings of 82, including ten 4's. He was missed in the slips by Bailey off Lugton at 49, but apart from this his innings was a masterly effort. The score now stood at 4 for 165, but after this, owing chiefly to the fine bowling of Lugton, the batting tailed off somewhat. Jone 20 and Henty 31, including seven 4's, batted briskly, but the other batsmen failed, and the innings closed for 244.

The local players are to be congratulated upon dismissing this formidable side for such a moderate total, as it is undoubtedly the strongest batting team in the pennant competition. The fielding was neat and crisp and the batting good. Lugton bowled in excellent form, sending down 23 overs, 8 maidens, 47 runs, and 3 wickets. The match is causing great interest, and Northcote's effort to top the score set them will be watched with keenness to-day. Scores—

MELBOURNE.—First Innings.

W. Armstrong, b Bailey ...	1
F. Vaughan, b Bailey	49
V. Ransford, l.b.w., b Yeomans	82
H. Sandford, stp. Vernon, b Yeomans	10
R. G. Johnstone, b Lugton ...	20
H. H. Bowden, b Lugton ...	11
C. G. Hobart, c Lugton, b Brown	8
W. A. Stokes, c Vernon, b Lugton	6
G. Henty, b Shewan	31
L. Mullett, c Bailey, b Billings ...	8
H. Ironmonger, not out ...	7
Sundries	11
Total ...	244

Bowling—Bailey 2 for 32, Brown 1 for 61, Shewan 4 for 38, Lugton 3 for 47, Bilings 1 for 24, Yeomans 2 for 27.

The match between the second elevens was played at the Albert ground. W. Ahern was again chosen as Northcote's skipper, and A. Wilkinson vice-captain. Melbourne batted first, and owing to some fine bowling by Ahern 5 wickets were down for 39, he having secured the lot for 16 runs. Owing to errors in the field four chances were missed while 20 runs were added. The score reached 197 before the last wicket fell. Rogerson, who was missed three times before reaching double figures, made 97. The other double figure scorers were—Johnston 33 not out, Cox 18, and Flintoft 14. Ahern, who was the chief sufferer through the errors mentioned, bowled well and finished up with 7 for 73. Daley took 2 for 4, and C. James 1 for 30. Northcote lost 5 for 57. P. Gibnud, a new arrival from Fitzroy, played dashing cricket for 21, and F. Yeomans batted nicely for 12 not out. The match will be concluded to-day, and as Northcote have some good batsmen in reserve a good finish should result.

CLUB ELEVEN.

The club eleven opened the season with a two days' match against the Wesley Ramblers. Frank Dunn was again elected captain and winning the toss sent the visitors in to bat on a wicket that was anything but good. The club has had an asphalt pitch put down, and it has not set properly yet, the sun making the asphalt quite soft, causing the ball to be very dead. The Ramblers could not do much with the bowling, and were disposed of for 64, Trinnick 4 for 12 and Andrew 6 for 48 getting the wickets. Northcote's start was very disastrous, losing 6 wickets for 26, McPhee and Dunn became associated, and added 30 runs before being separated. The innings closed for 9. McPhee 32, Dunn 16 and Trinnick 23 not out all batted well. The Ramblers in their second effort have scored 25 without the loss of a wicket. To be continued to-day.

Presbyterian Association.—Northcote 126 (Tensdale 29, Lee 21, J. Thomson 17, E. Richardson 16, Hayes 14, C. Walker 10 not out, J. Shand 10) v. Preston 6 for 36 (W. Thomson 2 for 12, A. Piggott 1 for 10, R. Hayes 2 for 10, Shand 1 for 1.) The match will be concluded to-day.

Northcote Methodist 143 (Vincent 59, Horsley 37, Anthong 12) v. Carlton Methodists 4 for 27 (King 2 for 12).

I.O.R. competition.—Clifton Hill 161 (Awling 65, Bailey 20, Wallace 19; McClure 3 for 11, J. Angus 2 for 16, Jacobs 2 for 29, Reid 1 for 21, H. Angus 1 for 34) v. Northcote. To be continued today at the east ward park.

LYRIC THEATRE.

Mr. H. W. Balharry, who has taken a lease of the Lyric theatre in High street for the summer months, opened the season of Saturday night open-air entertainments last week, and if the attendance on that occasion is to be taken as a sample (for there was a crowded "house") he should have a very successful run, and the entertainments, especially on a hot summer's night, should prove a big attraction. The programme was one that pleased everybody, some good turns being given, especially those by the Lyric Quartette, Master Jack Slater, song and dance duo. Others who contributed to the programme were Fred Champion, J. Wallace, Jack Gibson, Miss Montague, and Miss Doreen. Mr. Syd. Smith presided at the piano. Some interesting moving pictures were also shown. A change of programme is billed for to-night.

N.S.R.A.

The ordinary monthly meeting was held in All Saints' hall, High street, on Tuesday evening. The president, Mr. R. F. Brown, presiding. The secretary read a letter from the town clerk stating that no reduction in the rent of the city hall could be made in the schedule charge—the matter was referred to the president to report at next meeting. It was resolved that the secretary be made a member of the Northcote Cricket Club. The president, with Mr. W. Dennis, and Mr. C. Jenkin, reported on the of various municipal bodies and associations re the re-grading of the Heidelberg line. Report received and action of the president endorsed in selecting delegates to represent the N.S.R.A. The report of the Northern Tramway Extension League was discussed re the action of the Northcote council, and the matter was held over till next meeting for further consideration. The secretary was instructed to write to the Hon. J. G. Membrey asking him to interview the Railway Commissioners re trains on the Preston line, asking for a better service in the morning from Merri station 6.7, 6.43, and 6.51, or make 6.43 to run 6.3, and also the Whittlesea train in the evening from town to stop at Merri, and for an extra train between 9.30 and 10.30 on the Heidelberg line from town. The secretary was instructed to offer for sale the seats lying at the bowling green and Northcote park.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

At a special meeting of the shire council on Tuesday, the following works, to be carried out under the provisions of the Country Roads Act, were let:—Contract No. 1—Re-metalling of Main Woodstock road, from southern boundary of shire, thence two miles in a northerly direction to Seeber's corner, W. Rayner, £1863 12s; No. 2—Re-metalling Main Woodstock Road from Seeber's corner to 1½ miles north of Epping township, W. Rayner, £2356 10s.

A highly-successful field trial of Cr. A. Wuchatsch's patent plough attachment for sowing maize, peas, or beans in rows, with or without fertiliser, was given at the patentee's farm, Cemetery road, on Tuesday afternoon. There was a large attendance of farmers and others interested. The attachment was fitted to a mouldboard double-furrow plough with governor steerage, and performed the work of ploughing, sowing maize in rows, and fertilising in one operation, the seed being sown regularly with an even distribution of manure. All present expressed themselves as very favorably impressed with Mr. Wuchatsch's invention. The seed is sown by a pea distributor, and can be varied by a change of sprocket wheels on grain shaft. Larger or smaller quantities of manure may also be distributed in the same manner. The attachment has also a handy and efficient clutch for putting machine in or out of gear. A practical demonstration of the work performed by the machine was in evidence in the shape of a field of peas sown recently and now well up out of ground. As above indicated, the trial was in every way a distinct success, and Mr. Wuchatsch received many congratulations. During the afternoon the visitors were hospitably entertained by Mr. Wuchatsch and family. Proceedings terminated by Cr. McCoy proposing a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Wuchatsch for his kind invitation to witness the work of the machine, which was a decided improvement on the old style and undoubtedly a great labor-saver. He (Cr. McCoy) felt sure many would instal it, and on behalf of the company he wished the inventor every success. Cr. Wuchatsch briefly responded, expressing his thanks to all present for their attendance, and pleasure at the favorable remarks in reference to his invention.

FLORAL FAIR.

The shire hall, Preston, was handsomely decorated on Thursday afternoon on the occasion of the opening of a floral fair in aid of the funds of All Saints' Church of England. Gaily set-out stalls of useful ornamentals, and edibles formed the chief feature, leaving out of account the lovables, in the shape of dainty sellers of wares and changers of money. The formal opening ceremony was preceded by the National Anthem, after which the vicar, Rev. A. C. B. Eva, extended a warm welcome to those present, emphasizing the obligations the committee were under for the presence of Mrs. Albert Miller, to open the fair, and of Cr. Bricknell, president of the shire. Messrs Bricknell and Hext also spoke, after which Mrs. Miller in a few appropriate words declared the fair ready for business, and extended the hope that financial success would be achieved by the effort. A beautiful bouquet (the work of Miss Bartlett) was handed to Mrs. Miller. Apologies for unavoidable absence were received from Hon. J. G. Membrey, Rev. White, of St. James, and others. Miss Rosa Alba delighted the audience with a magnificent rendering of "Dear Bird of Winter," this being one of the finest vocal performances given in the hall. The fair was well attended on Thursday and last nights, when choice entertainment programmes were presented and addresses given. This afternoon and evening will bring the fair to a close.

FIRES.

On Tuesday morning at 10.30 an outbreak of fire occurred at "Penarth," a five-roomed, weatherboard villa occupied by Mrs. Howe, corner of Spring and Cooper streets, Preston, the cause being a spark from a copper in a detached wash-house. The rear portion of dwelling, and three panels of paling fencing were damaged, and a quantity of wearing apparel destroyed. Two hose carts, manned by seven men from the Northcote and Preston stations, turned out and effected a good stop, the water pressure being satisfactory.

Due to causes unknown a fire broke out on Wednesday, at 3.47 a.m., at "Hillside," a six-roomed, weatherboard villa, situated at Station street, Fairfield, occupied by Mr. G. West. Two hose carts, one motor carriage and thirteen men under District Officer Gilseman turned out. A detached wood and iron stable and content, and about 50ft. dividing paling fence, were destroyed. The fencing of adjoining premises was also damaged.

Shortly after 2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon a fire occurred at No. 5 Candy street, Northcote South, occupied by Mr. John Watson, and was caused by a mantel draping coming in contact with a lighted gas stove. The rear portion of building and contents were severely damaged by fire and rest of building slightly damaged by smoke and heat. A portion of contents also suffered considerably owing to hasty removal. The wall of the adjoining premises (No. 7) was slightly damaged. One hose cart, a motor hose cart, and eight men turned out and did efficient work. The water pressure was good. The house was insured for £350 and the contents for £150 in the London and Lancashire Co.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

"Circumstantia Evidence," a baffling mystery drama, "The Crucible of Fate," a splendid Vitagraph feature, and the latest war pictures will be shown at the matinee to-day and for the last time to-night. The war pictures are actual scenes from the fighting line, and the pictures are very real. They open with King Albert's farewell review of the 9th regiment of the line, and the men who met and checked Germany pass by in quick, springy step and steadfast faces, then appear the cyclist corps, the cavalry and the dogs, artillery is shown in action, and the Belgium troops in the trenches. Other incidents touched upon include, King Albert conferring with his generals, a group of French officers in Brussels, French torpedo boats at Ostend, the erection of a wireless telescopic mast at Namur, and the Queen of the Belgians attending wounded. A further series of war pictures is announced for next week, also two new complete programmes. The star for three nights commencing Monday, Oct. 12th, is "War's Heart Blood," described as a film-play of the moment. Thursday next, Oct. 15th, "My Friend From India." An Edison adaptation of the famous comedy drama will be produced for three nights and matinee. A Keystone comedy, "Soldiers of Misfortune," will also be on the bill.

I.O.R. GLEE PARTY.

On Saturday, 26th ult., the Northcote I.O.R. Glee Party, together with a large number of members of the tent and lady friends, journeyed to Diamond Creek, where the glee party provided the programme at the anniversary concert of the local tent. Three drags left the town hall at 2.30 p.m., the rendezvous being reached at 4.30 after a most enjoyable drive through some picturesque country. Arriving at the Creek in good time the party took the opportunity of strolling around the pretty little township and viewing the many beauty spots to be seen. After having partaken of refreshments a procession was formed, headed by the Diamond Creek Brass Band, and marched through the streets. The concert proved a great success, the large hall being crowded, and the programme submitted was greatly appreciated, every item being encored. The glee party was assisted by Misses Evelyn Roberts and Britten.

Amusements

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OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.
Matinees Saturdays and All Holidays.

TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT.

A Baffling Mystery Drama,
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
An Exposure of Crime and Criminals.
THE CRUCIBLE OF FATE.
THE CRUCIBLE OF FATE.
A "Vitagraph" Story of the Stage.
And the
LATEST WAR PICTURES.
LATEST WAR PICTURES.
Actual Scenes in the Fighting Line.
Belgium's War Heroes.
Artillery in Action. Soldiers in the Trenches.
Troops on the Way to the Front.

MONDAY, 12th OCTOBER.
Three Nights Only.
A Film Play of the Moment:
WAR'S HEART BLOOD,
or
THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.
A "Kalem" Master Drama,
THE VAMPIRE'S TRAIL.
And a W. W. Jacobs' Comedy:
THE BOSUN'S MATE.

THURSDAY, 15th OCTOBER.
Three Nights and Matinee.
MY FRIEND FROM INDIA.
A Three-Reel "Edison" Comedy.
MOONSHINE MOLLY.
A Thrilling Drama of the Hills.
And
SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE.
A "Keystone" Yell.

WAR SPECIALS EVERY WEEK.
Scenes from the Fighting Line.
Pictures from the Front.

LYRIC OPEN-AIR THEATRE, High St., Northcote, TO-NIGHT at 8 sharp. Balharry's Crimson Costume Comedy Company and Latest Pictures. Ten Star Artists. Best and Brightest Show in Australia is the verdict of the people. Admission 6d. Children 3d. H. W. BALHARRY, Mgr.

EAST WARD PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.
GRAND CONCERT AND DANCE,
Northcote Town Hall,
WEDNESDAY, 14th OCTOBER,
at 8 p.m.
ARTISTS:

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, 5TH OCTOBER.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs Hastings, Plant, Bailey, and Lawrence, J.s.P.]

Three lads were charged by plain-clothes Constable Frawley with behaving in an offensive manner on Tuesday evening near the rockeries, High street, Northcote. In consequence of complaints of rowdyism at this point the police had kept watch. The three defendants were playing mouth-organs and indulging in horse-play. Fined 10s each.

Harold Backhouse v. Frederick Stucksbury; unlawful assault.

Harold Backhouse, carpenter, deposed that a friend named Machrone had witness's lunch bag. Visited the latter on the job he was working at in Glanfield avenue, and asked for the bag. Stucksbury was in the room with Machrone. Spoke to Machrone, and Stucksbury then threw a billy of tea at witness. Stucksbury afterwards came out, twisted witness's arm behind him and struck him. Gave no provocation. Had visited the place three or four times to get the lunch-bag.

Cross-examined—Was ordered off the job for using bad language. It was not true that witness used bad language in the room.

Albert Mason deposed that he was present at the alleged assault. Was inside the room and saw Stucksbury throw the tea at complainant, and push him away from the window. Harold Stucksbury said he did not want complainant there using bad language. The language used by complainant.

Joseph Machrone, carpenter, deposed that he was present on the 11th September, when the tea was thrown. Saw Stucksbury push complainant away from the window.

Frederick Stucksbury deposed that he was working on a job at Glanfield avenue. Was sitting in the room having lunch, when Backhouse came up and used filthy language, as he had done on previous occasions. The language could be heard by people in Glandfield avenue. Pushed Backhouse away from the job. Never knew complainant before. Was authorised to put him off the job.

Joseph Dundon, plasterer, deposed that Backhouse came to the window on the 11th September, and used bad language. Left the room to get out of hearing of the language used by complainant. Told Backhouse to go away from the job. Stucksbury afterwards took hold of Backhouse and pushed him away.

John Dundon, plasterer, corroborated the evidence of the last witness.

The case was dismissed.

Inspector of shops and factories v. William Norris. Carrying on work as a plumber, with more than the authorised number of improvers.

Frederick Sherwood deposed that he employed by defendant. Was receiving 7s 6d per week, and was 19 years of age. When Norris took him on, it was with the intention of being apprenticed. Was on probation when the inspector came along.

G. C. Dangerfield, inspector, deposed that on the 3rd September he interviewed defendant respecting the employment of Sherwood. Told him that he was not entitled to have an improver, and defendant said he would apprentice the lad.

Wm. Norris, plumber, deposed that Sherwood had been engaged as an apprentice, but deeds had not been drawn up. Was paying him 2s 6d more than the apprentice rate in schedule.

Fined 5s, with 10s 6d costs.

Reginald Cuddie v. Henry Whitely, negligently driving a vehicle along the Heidelberg road.

Complainant deposed that on the 13th September he was driving home. At the intersection between Heidelberg road and Bond street, defendant came along with a jinker, on the wrong side. Called out to the driver, but the vehicle came on, and the horse jumped on to complainant's trap, and complainant was thrown out and injured.

Constable Disney deposed that on Sunday evening, 13th of last month, he was driving on Heidelberg road. Saw Whitely and another on a jinker. Cuddie was on his right side, and pulled in nearly to the gutter. Whitely and another man, Bowie, were in a jinker and were under the influence of drink. The jinker-horse jumped into Cuddie's trap with its front feet. Cuddie's trap was smashed.

Charles Moore, grocer, Fitzroy, deposed that he was driving behind the last witness. Saw the jinker coming up on the wrong side. Heard Cuddy call out. The jinker came right on and collided. The occupants appeared to be under the influence of liquor.

Constable Proudfoot deposed that he saw Cuddy's buggy after the accident. It was on the proper driving side of the road.

Henry Whitely deposed that on Sunday, 13th September, he was driving on Heidelberg road, and was about to turn into Bond steeet. Cuddy and another vehicle were abreast, coming in the opposite direction. His horse was almost at a standstill, and Cuddy's horse was going fast. Witness's horse reared up to avoid Cuddy's vehicle, and came down with its forefeet in the trap.

Cross-examined—Had not one drink that day. Was in no way under influence of liquor. Cuddy was racing, and swerved across the road. Witness was turning into Bond street when the accident took place. His horse and jinker were carried over to the wrong side, by reason of the horse having its feet in Cuddy's trap. Did not have a collision with someone else a few minutes previously.

Harold Bowie deposed that he was in the trap with defendant. Witness waved his hand to Cuddy to go on his right side. It was untrue that he (witness) had drink that day. When the impact came Whitely's trap was driven back about eight yards.

Cross-examined—Had no intoxicating drink that day. Cuddy was driving at about ten miles an hour. Whitely's horse was going at almost a walking pace. The accident happened in consequence of Cuddy's driving pace.

Fined 20/- with 12/- costs.

Alfred Wallbank was complained against that he did assault a little boy, son of Mr. Norris.

The evidence showed that two little boys belonging to the parties had quarrelled, and Wallbank, in taking his boy away in his arms, was accused of using bad language to Norris's little boy, and pushing him down. This Wallbank strenuously denied.

Fined 5/-, with £1 3s 6d costs.

Police v. Wm. Thompson, feloniously removing a bicycle, the property of William Kelly.

William Kelly, horse-trainer, deposed that on the 30th of last month he left a bicycle in his room. The door was locked. Afterwards found that the door had been pushed open. The bicycle produced was his property. Did not authorise anyone to remove it. Accused had worked with witness for some months.

To accused—The door was locked when you left. You could have had your property from the room by coming to me.

Constable Weppner deposed to arrest of accused near Hallan railway station. Accused had the bicycle, and said he had "pinched" it from the Fitzroy racecourse the previous evening, and that it belonged to Kelly. He said he gave the door a hard push and it opened.

Defendant pleaded guilty, and the case was reduced, by consent, to one of larceny. Defendant said that he had taken the bicycle to go away to a job, and was going to return it.

The Bench adjourned the case for six months.

Wanted to Buy

BAGS and Sacks of all descriptions. City prices given. Post cards attended. T. Rogers, 4 Mitchell Street, Northcote (next Reid's, Grocer)

First Preston Troop Boy Scouts.

For last Saturday afternoon a game of attack and defence was arranged. The troops first marched to the corner of Regent and Spring streets, where sides were picked under Asm. Sone and S.P.L. Doutch respectively. The latter's side was then given 20 minutes' grace to proceed to the blind creek and defend a position there, the attackers afterwards advancing and hoisting their own flag at a distance of 300 yards from the enemy's flag and headquarters. Each scout had a number in the front and back of his hat, and as soon as this number was correctly called out by an opposing scout, he was counted dead. Each scout was also provided with a card naming some injury which he was supposed to have obtained, and had to wait till the ambulance came along and treated the injury, afterwards removing him to the hospital tent. A cyclist scout accompanied each side. S.M. Holliday and A.M. Fry acted as umpires. The defenders won, having 298 points against them to the attackers' 392, although the attackers lost 15 men to the defenders 16. Points were given as follows:—Capture of flag 50, leader 42, patrol leaders 36, corporals 27, assistant corporal 20, scouts 15. After hearty cheers the troop marched back to the hall and had tea. In the evening about 70 visitors attended the parents' monthly evening. The scouts gave the programme. The doll-dressing competitions caused excitement. Mesdames Fyfe and Wyatt judged, and awarded the prize to Mrs. L. Sheppard. This doll was dressed as a boy scout in full uniform, and was sold in the hall for 2/6.

Everything in connection with bazaar is going along successfully, and the absolute need of enlarging the hall was clearly demonstrated.

NEGLECTED CUTS AND SCRATCHES.

BECOME FESTERED AND POISONED.

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For the treatment of neglected wounds and sores Zam-Buk is equally invaluable, as is proved by the experience of Mrs. E. G. Penfold, of Cornwallis-street, Redfern, Sydney, who says:—"My son William injured his thumb, which swelled up to an enormous size. Some dirt got into the wound, which became very inflamed and gave off a most unpleasant discharge. The agony was terrible, and at last the nail came off. All sorts of ointments, remedies and poultices were tried, but no good resulted whatever.

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Articles called for and delivered.
REPAIRS a Speciality.
Ring up Northcote 251.

Societies

A.N.A.

NORTHCOTE BRANCH meets on alternate Thursdays at Town Hall. Next meeting—15th October.

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

J. E. NEWELL, President.
A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary,
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I.O.R.

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217, meets at Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, alternate Thursdays Next meeting—22nd October.

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.

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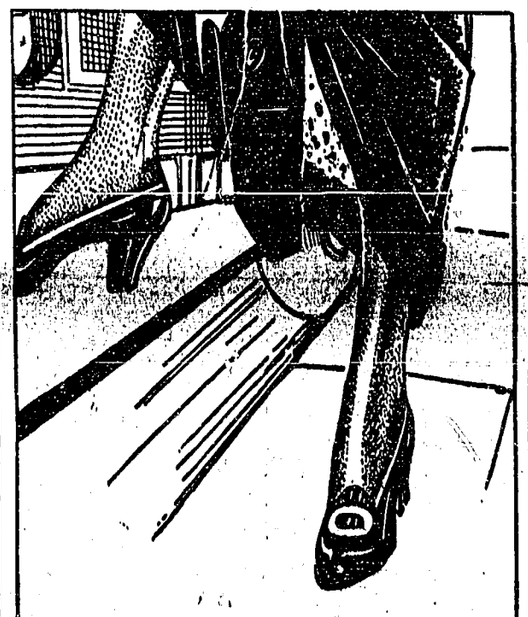

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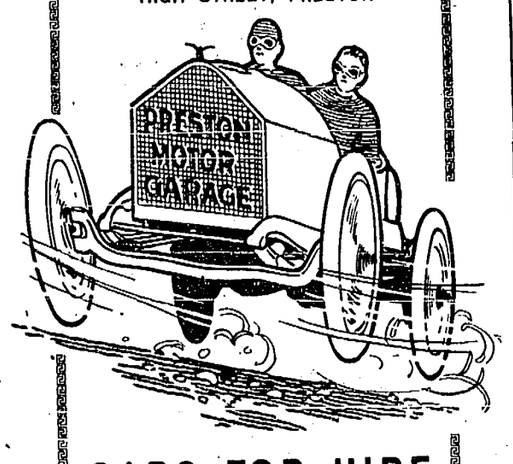

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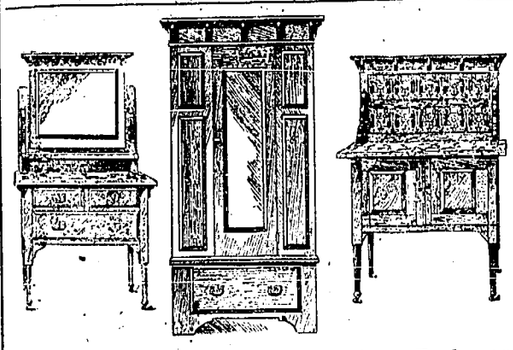

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Notices

TO THE RESIDENTS of NORTHCOTE and PRESTON.

If you have any Furniture requiring Re-Upholstering or Re-Caning, Hair Mattresses Teased, &c., &c., just notify J. ELDER, Bruce Street, Preston, who will make them as good as new. New Suites made to order and Coach Trimming done.

SUITES RE-UPHOLSTERED equal to new at prices that suit and keep customers. Combination Diningroom and Billiard Tables kept in stock and made to order from £17 10s up. All accessories on hand. We shall call on receipt of your card.—F. ROBERTS, Lower High St. (near Union St.), Northcote Sth. Phone, Northcote 2[illegible]

You Get only the Finest Quality Cooked Meats and Dairy Produce at

Mayer's Quality Shops

That's why we are always Busy.

Try Us---You'll Come Again.

Quality Draws and Honesty Keeps Custom.

Continental Delicacies.

Leura Butter. New-Laid Eggs.

Note the Addresses:

Mayer's Quality Shops

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (Opposite Theatre)
And at 71 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Tailors

H. C. SAUNDERS

TAILOR,
269 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,

Thanks his numerous customers for their long extended patronage, and intimates to them that he has in stock all the latest Spring and Summer Suitings. It's profitable to wear

Saunders' Clothes

It's the decision of hundreds, after trying other tailors, that they have found the strength and quality in the material and make always reliable.

Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.

Plenty Rd. & Garnett St.,

PRESTON.

Arch. Wilkinson,

Tailor and Mercer.

Come and See our Window Displays of NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.

The Latest Styles and Colourings in Suitings.

Our MERCERY Stock is UP-TO-DATE.

All the Newest in Fashion Shirts Ties, Hats, Hosiery, &c.

Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality.

Established 1895. 'Phone, Cen. 7967.

W. H. SMITH,

Tailor & Costumier,

101 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE.

W.H.S. is like the calendar, up-to-date as regards Tailoring.

Open Friday Nights, 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Miss C. McTaggart,

Thornbury Laundry

Lace Curtains and Blankets a Speciality.
Terms Moderate.

518 High St., Northcote

Also at 141 Plenty Rd., S. Preston.

G. L. CHAPMAN,

Painter and Paperhanger, and General House Repairer.

Estimates submitted.
Letters promptly attended to.

20 Daily St., Northcote.

A Handsome Home

is easily assured if you furnish it right And it's easy enough to furnish it right if you are wise enough to deal with us.

An Example of Our Value

A handsome Parlour Suite, upholstered in Art Tapestry or American Cloth.

Price only £6 10s

We stock everything needed by the Modern Home, and can furnish completely either at the Lowest Cash Prices, or on Easy Terms.

THE COLLINGWOOD FURNITURE ARCADE

224-226-228 Smith St., Collingwood

The Firm with the Reputation

S. N. ADAMS

CASH GROCER

HAVING purchased the business of J. T. COLES & Co., at 302 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE, begs to intimate that he has a NEW STOCK which will be retailed at BEDROCK PRICES.

Reduced Prices:

1lb. pkts. Extract, 2½d
7lbs. Sago, 1/-
8lbs. Honey (Italian), 1/-
7lbs. bag S.R. Flour, 1/2
1lb. tins Salmon, 9½d
Four Cakes Toilet Soap, 8d.
Three tins Australian Wonder Boot Polish, 1/-
Three tins Australian Milk, 1/-
12lbs. Best 1A Sugar, 2/7½
John Bull Oats, 6½d
Eucalyptus Oil, 5½d

Remember Our Address: Orders called for and delivered.

302 High St., Northcote

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

F. W. MOLYNEUX

Wishes to intimate to the Residents of Thornbury and surrounding districts that he has purchased the old-established business lately carried on by Mr. E. W. INGHAM at 701 High Street, and known as

Thornbury Ham and Beef Shop

And hopes that by stocking the Best of Goods, and giving Satisfaction, combined with Civility and Attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Our Motto: "Right Goods, Right Prices."

We want our friends and patrons to know that the Shop will be conducted in their interests just as much as ours—in other words, our interests are mutual. Phone, Northcote 449.

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Northcote Leader

Circulating in Northcote, Preston, Thomastown, Epping, Diamond Creek, Arthur's Creek, Whittlesea, Fairfield, Heidelberg, Clifton Hill

Price 1d | Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper. | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1914 | Printed and published by the Proprietors, R. J. and J. S. Whalley, at their office, 309 High Street, Northcote in the State of Victoria.

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

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.

ORDER YOUR **Printing and Stationery** at "THE LEADER" OFFICE, NORTHCOTE. Every description of work executed. Phone, Northcote 46.

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

DANCING

MR. & MRS. CLEVELAND

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

Tuesday Evenings, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday — Instruction, 7.30 to 8.30; Practice from 8.30

And on Saturday Afternoons, 3 to 5.30. At their Academy, No. 284 DRUMMOND ST., CARLTON. Call, Write, or Phone 5608. Prospectus Post Free.

Announcements.

UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT

The Regal Cafe

98 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD.

Dinner from 12 to 2. Ladies' Afternoon Tea a specialty

Choice Fruits in Season. Only the Best Confectionery kept in stock.

SPERO & VLASOPULOS (late of Vienna Cafe), Proprietors.

E. J. KELLEY,

Builder and Contractor,

Corner Harold Street and Railway Avenue, Thornbury,

Will Build on Your Land, or Buy Land you choose, Houses your Own Design, or Sell you Houses just finished, double or single-fronted. Best material and workmanship.

CASH or TERMS

Plans Prepared.

Perfection Attained in Cooking

by using

Adams's Margarine

for Cakes and Pastry

ALL LEADING STORES.

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock! Small Prices! Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Undertakers

Telephone 1160.

H. J. R. LEWIS, UNDERTAKER And CERTIFICATED EMBALMER, HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE. Head Office: Corner Johnston & Hertford Sts. Fitzroy.

Funerals conducted at the lowest possible rates. Hearses, Mourning Coaches, and Funeral Requisites. The trade supplied.

Established 1856.

W. G. APPS, UNDERTAKER, MOOR STREET, FITZROY. High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda. Branch, Burgundy St., Heidelberg. Phone, Heidelberg 60.

Wanted to Buy

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Iron, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Dawson Road, Northcote. Phone, Northcote 56.

KRUSE'S FLUID MAGNESIA FOR INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, AND ACIDITY.

Keep the Rain Off!

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

Business Notices

R. B. LAWRENCE,

Dyer, Cleaner, and Feather Dresser.

A Suit or Dress Like New from 5s 6d

Illustrated Price-List and Address Labels sent Post Free.

Office and Works: Cunningham St., Northcote.

Melbourne—4 Elizabeth Street, 50 Swanston Street, Royal Arcade. All Suburbs.

SHAW & THORNTON,

Monumental and General Masons, Granite and Marble Importers.

Inscriptions and other works done in Town or Country Cemeteries

High St., Northcote, opposite Brickworks

Private Address: 1 Armadale St., Northcote.

Designs and Estimates Submitted.

EDWARD FELLOWES,

Universal Carriage Works & Shoeing Forge

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Croxton Station)

LORRIES AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BUILT, BOUGHT, SOLD, AND EXCHANGED.

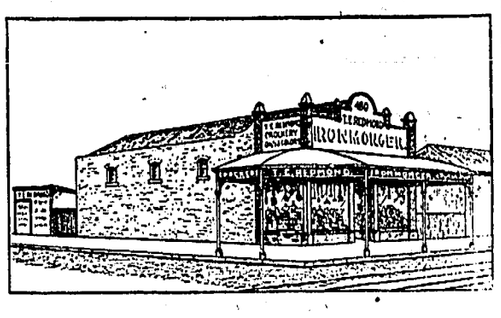
REPAIRS EFFECTED PROMPTLY AND SUBSTITUTES PROVIDED.

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

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

T. E. REDMOND

Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant



Corner High and Dennis Sts., Northcote

Telephone 6253.

NEW DESIGN

"Economist" Gas Stoves

IMPROVEMENTS:

Taps at side, which enables a tray to be put in from the front to catch liquids boiling over.

Browner light over top of oven to brown scones, etc.

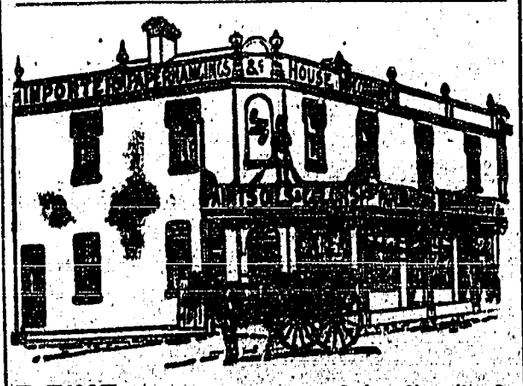
Flame top of Roaster which, while grilling, toasting, or roasting in Roaster, also heats top Oven for baking scones, cakes, etc., so that both Oven and Roaster are heated with one flame.

Very Economical. Durable. Heats Instantly. A Splendid Baker.

At present made in one size. Size of Stove—22in. wide x 18in. deep x 29in. high. Oven—Width, 14in.; Depth 12½in. Roaster—Width, 14in.; Depth, 14in. This Stove Already a Big Seller.

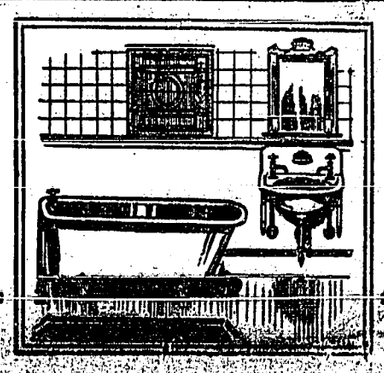
Two top lights, £4. Three top lights, £4 8s 6d. (Bottom light under Roaster, 12/6 extra)

Wallis Bros. & Co., 419 Bourke St. (Opp. Kirk's Bazaar). Factory: PRESTON.



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.



Taps, Bathroom, and all other Sanitary Arrangements of Your House

Must be kept in perfect order if you would enjoy health and comfort this Summer—and always. Good work can be carried out only by a plumber who has had experience as well as scientific knowledge of modern plumbing methods. I have both.

For years I have given complete satisfaction to my customers and their recommendations are helping my business to grow. The same attention given to small and large jobs alike. My charges are very reasonable. Estimates free for all branches of the trade.

For Prompt and Reliable Plumbing Work come to

JOHN SHAW

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

Phone, Northcote 96

Established 20 years.

W. FIRTH, GENERAL DRAPER, 344 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD (Below Johnston Street).

C. WILLIAMS WISHES to notify that he has commenced business as a Bookseller & Stationer at 365 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite London Bank).

Wedding and Birthday Cards and Post Cards in great variety.

We specialise in Fountain Pens, all makes.

Also at 315 Smith Street, Fitzroy.

"LET 'ER BUCK!—She Can't Break Graham's Harness."

FRANK GRAHAM,

Saddle, Harness and Collar Maker,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE. (Opposite Hattam's).

Large stock of Saddles. Also Ladies' Hand Bags, Purses, &c.

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO **BARKER'S SCHOOL SHOP** (Late Kay's).

Where Scholars are specially catered for in all School Requisites. Best of Confectionery and Summer Drinks. Drinks kept on Ice during Hot Weather. Post Cards, Stationery, and Haberdashery kept in stock. Best Brands of Smoker's Requisites, &c., &c.

159 HAWTHORN RD., NORTHCOTE

GAS COOKERS

The Modern Gas Cooker embodies every convenience and advantage for cooking food scientifically and daintily. It saves work, saves time, saves fires, and the kitchen is always delightfully cool.

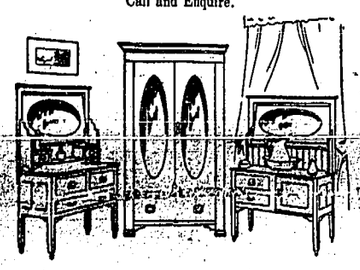
Order Your Gas Cooker To-Day! Metropolitan Gas Coy. 166 Flinders Street.

Astonishingly Easy for You to Furnish Your Home

Make no mistake, but determinedly persist in getting all Furniture from CLAUSCEN'S. We solve all furniture probleme for you, save you heaps of anxiety and many pounds. Call and Enquire.

Couch Bargain

Fine roomy Couch, covered in Art Cretonne, in Floral, Stripe, or Plain Effects, reversible lid, opens both ways, extra wide, exceptional value. 45/-



Diningroom Suite

Magnificent Solid Oak Diningroom Suite, nine pieces, six small, two carver chairs, new design, new shaped settee, pincushion suitee upholstered in any shade £11

Magnificent Grained Oak Bedroom Suite

To see this Suite is to buy it! It is easily the Finest Bedroom Furniture value in the State. Bevelled mirrors, each piece magnificently made. Look at the illustration and see how superbly it is designed and constructed. £14.

Clauscen's Furniture adorns thousands of homes. There is in our arcade a continual pageant of brilliant furniture showings. From back door to front, from roof to floor, you can furnish to your heart's content by coming to

CLAUSCEN'S

194-6 BOURKE ST., MELBOURNE

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY, GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh, COWKEEPER AND DAIRYMAN.

Cattle and Premises under inspection of 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 districts.

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.

"Rona" Dairy Farm

Farm and Dairy: SPRING STREET, PRESTON.

Pure, Fresh Milk, direct from our own cows, delivered twice daily in Preston and surrounding districts.

Premises and Cattle under Government supervision.

Our Milk is guaranteed free from preservatives and coloring.

Post Cards promptly attended to.

The favor of your patronage and recommendation respectfully solicited.

B. EDMONDS, LICENSED DAIRYMAN.

Announcements.

W. T. ROWE

(Over 17 years with F. Yann, also large English Experience), COACHBUILDER, WHEELWRIGHT and GENERAL BLACKSMITH, Corner of HIGH and DUNDAS STS., UPPER NORTHCOTE. (opposite Tram Terminus, Preston).

Buggies, Jinkers, Waggons, Drays, and Carts of every description built on the most reasonable terms. Repairs promptly executed. Vehicles bought, sold and exchanged. Horses carefully shod, called for and returned. Best materials used. All work guaranteed.

A. F. LUCKE, COACHBUILDER, Agricultural and General Blacksmith, HIGH STREET, PRESTON.

Vehicles of Every Description Built Repaired, Sold or Exchanged. Coachpainting and Trimming Done. Horses Carefully Shod, Called for and Returned. All Work Guaranteed. Rubber Tyres Fitted.

Watkins & Julian, CARPENTERS AND JOINERS

Jobbing and House Repairs done at the shortest notice.

Metal Shop Fronts, Show Cases, &c., a Speciality.

A card to 42 BARRY ST., NORTHCOTE, will receive prompt attention. Estimates Free

DOES YOUR HOUSE REQUIRE RENOVATING?

Spring is Here! Why not get your House Protected from the Weather by

C. SCHOU

(Over six years with F. Pike, also College experience), PAINTER, PAPERHANGER, SIGNWRITER, GRAINER, &c. 55 ROSSMOYNE ST., THORNBURY

Champion's Leads and Best Oils only used. Letters promptly attended to.

College of Art Needlework

The Magnificent Stock of Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Brushware, Ornaments, Art Needlework, Silks, Wools, Toys, &c., &c., shown at

Mrs. & Miss Walker's

always command attention.

Splendid Assortment of Ladies' Leather Bags.

Quality the Best—Prices Reasonable.

Note Address: 205 High St., Northcote

Phone, Northcote 406

MISS JOHNSON, Ladies' Hairdresser, has rooms on the premises

You need not be an expert to tell the difference between a Cup of Tea made from the delicate tender tips of the Tea Plant as used exclusively in the

"Yarrum" HIGH-GRADE TEAS

and Teas of inferior quality containing artificial flavoring which constitute the bulk of the Tea sold to the public.

"YARRUM" TEAS have a distinct, mild, malt flavor which at once appeals to your sense of taste and supplies that refreshing principle which you so much desire.

Grade I.	Grade II.	Grade III.
Specially-Selected	An Ideal Family Tea	The Last Word in Value
1/6 lb.	1/3 lb.	1/- lb.

Sole Agent **W. J. MURRAY,**

The Store for Good Groceries, 98 High St., Northcote South.

Phone, Northcote 530.

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Read and Advertise in

The Leader

Largest Circulation of any Local Newspaper in the Northern Suburbs

Announcements.

Farmers Farmers

JUST WHAT'S WANTED

HAY Cut for Farmers daily without notice—and no unnecessary waiting. This will save you both time and money.

HAY Bought in any quantity.

J. P. KELLAM, CHAFFCUTTING MILLS, PRODUCE MERCHANTS, &c., HIGH STREET, NORTH PRESTON

Telephone, Northcote 286

Carl Oldenburg Saddle, Harness and Collar Manufacturer, 365 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

We have a full stock of Harness and Saddles, New and Secondhand.

All country orders are promptly attended to. First Prizes at Local Shows.

FRESH FROM THE OVEN

Choicest of Small-goods always to be had now at

"THE ELITE"

Corner High Street and Shaftesbury Parade, Upper Northcote.

Newly Established by

H. DOREIAN, PASTRYCOOK & CONFECTIONER.

Just sample and we know you will be pleased.

W. J. CLARK, BAKER, Is now carrying on business at 51 DAREBIN ROAD, NORTHCOTE.

The very best articles, either in Bread or Small Goods, always to be relied on.

Deliveries daily to all parts of Northcote.

The favor of your patronage and recommendation respectfully solicited.

G. Chesswas, LICENSED PLUMBER, 7 ELM STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Sewerage and General Plumbing Work of every description undertaken.

WATER METERS FIXED. Estimates Given. Letters promptly attended to.

J. E. Thomson, PLUMBER and GASFITTER 223 HIGH STREET, PRESTON.

Plumbing in all branches attended to.

Estimates for Sewerage Connections.

Gas and Water Laid On. Water Meters Fixed.

Pumps and Irrigation a Speciality.

Speaking of Groceries!

THOSE who know say our prices speak for themselves.

The goods, too, are first-class; guaranteed fresh, pure and wholesome as groceries can be.

Prompt and thoughtful attention when you purchase at the shop; correct and careful delivery of the goods you buy.

If it is inconvenient to visit us, phone Northcote 449 and our traveller will call.

Alf. Norton High St. & Woolton Av. CROXTON

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.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Humiliation and Intercession on account of the Drought.
11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer and Special Intercession.
7 p.m., "The Prodigal Son."
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
Morning, Special for the Boys and Girls, all the Sunday School except the Kindergarten.
Evening, "The Life that Meant Death and the Love that Meant Life" (Special Sermon to Young Men and Women).

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Minister: Rev. W. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
Sunday Services:
Morning at 11, "Duties and Qualifications of Elders."
Evening at 7.
All Welcome. Seats Free.

THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rossmoyne Street.

Sunday Services:
[illegible] "How to Exact an Adequate Rev[illegible]."
Preacher, F. L. HERIOT.
Sabbath School, 3 p.m.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
HIGH STREET.
CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.
10 a.m., Brotherhood.
11 a.m., Rev. W. MORLEY, D.D.
3 p.m., Musical Service by Choir. Address by Rev. J. R. HARCOURT, B.A.
7 p.m., Rev. R. KELLY.
ST. GEORGE'S ROAD.
11 a.m., Mr. C. HUTTON.
7 p.m., Mr. W. BINKS.
PRINCE OF WALES' PARK.
11 a.m., Rev. J. MCILROY.
7 p.m., Mr. J. G. MEMBREY.
CROXTON.
11 a.m., Mr. J. PURVIS.
7 p.m., Mr. F. BOUNDY.
All seats free. Strangers warmly welcomed.

NORTHCOTE (HIGH STREET) METHODIST CHURCH.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES,
Sunday, 18th October.
Preachers:
Morning at 11, Rev. W. MORLEY, D.D.
Evening at 7, Rev. R. KELLY.
Afternoon at 3, Musical Service. Solos by Miss Farr and Mr. Watsford. Address by the Rev. J. R. Harcourt, M.A.
Special Singing by the Choir.

On Tuesday, 20th October, an "AT HOME" will be held in the School Room. Rev. Charles Tregear will give his Popular "Travel Talk," or Life in Other Lands." Chairman, Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A.
Golden Offering in aid of Trust Funds.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject, "The Uplifted Cross;" 7 p.m., Rev. G. S. SHINKFIELD.
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. W. J. GRAY; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE.
PENDER'S GROVE.—11 a.m., Rev. G. SHINKFIELD; 7 p.m., Mr. W. J. GRAY.
All Welcome.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Pastor: Rev. B. HEWISON.
Sunday Services:
11 a.m., "The Corselet of Faith and Love."
7 p.m., "The Sermon on the Mount—Charity" (preparing for Hospital Sunday). Communion.
3 p.m., Men's Own, Mr. Woods, "Barabbas."

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Martin St., Northcote.

Pastor: Rev. A. R. BUNTON.
Sunday Services:
11 a.m., "The Dangerous Years of Life."
7 p.m., "What Shall I Do with Jesus?"
Bright Services. All Seats Free.

Educational.

WESTLEIGH COLLEGE. (1886).
Registered Secondary, Primary, Sub-Primary.
BAYVIEW STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Principals: Misses Westgarth, assisted by Miss Sonnenberg, M.A., Miss Slade, M.A., and University Staff
Kindergarten to Senior Public. Spacious Class Rooms ventilated and lighted according to requirements of Board of Public Health. Large Grounds, Sports, Tennis, Badminton, Basket Ball, School Library.
Classes for Music, Drawing, Painting, Elocution; Singing, Miss Evelyn Ashley; Physical Culture, Prof. Bjelke Peterson; Dancing—Monsieur Bibron, Friday evening. Thirteen hour-lessons, 35/-
Boys' School (age to 12 years) separate class rooms and playground.
The three-term system. Pupils entering during term charged accordingly.

KING'S COLLEGE, CLIFTON HILL. (near Northcote Bridge.)
Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., T.C.D.
Pharmacy, Junior Public, and General Improvement [illegible] held at the College.
Juniors, between the ages of 6 and 8 under experienced lady teacher, £1 1s. quarter.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
Evening Classes at the college.

NORTHCOTE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
76 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE.
INDIVIDUAL TUITION.
EVENING CLASSES

K. KNUDSEN,
WOOD, COAL, AND COKE MERCHANT,
Corner
HIGH AND UNION STREETS, SOUTH NORTHCOTE,
Wishes to thank his numerous customers for past patronage, and hopes for a continuance of same.
Best Box Blocks, Coal and Coke at Lowest Rates.
FURNITURE CAREFULLY REMOVED.
Light Carting Done.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Opposite Town Hall.
Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.
PIANO, THEORY, Etc.
Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE TUTTON.
Singing, Voice Production, Interpretation, Elocution, and Deportment.
Mrs. A. T. EARL, Violin.

Programmes arranged and Engagements undertaken for Weddings, At Homes &c

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

MISS QUEENIE PARKER, A.L.C.M. receives and visits pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Pupils prepared for London College, Conservatorium, etc., Exams.
"Norman," Waterloo Rd., Northcote.
Preston visited twice weekly.

MR. A. B. PHILIPPE, Teacher of VIOLIN
(Royal Academy Music London)
Has vacancies for Pupils. Terms reasonable. Correspondence invited.
22 MCLACHLAN ST., NORTHCOTE.

MISS RUBY GROVES, L.A.B., Medalist
Associated Board R.A.M., R.C.M.
PIANOFORTE, THEORY, SINGING.
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The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17.

WHEN GERMANY STRIKES FROM ABOVE.

There is a general disposition on the part of the average Britisher to regard the Zeppelin airships of Germany as a negligible quantity. The reasoning seems to be—these aircraft are necessarily slow and unwieldy; are filled with explosive gases, and have little or no protection against the speedy flying aeroplane, which simply has to mount a little higher than the Zeppelin, drop a bomb or two and hey presto! where is the airship? Hence, when Germany pinned its faith to large, rigid airships, it was perhaps only natural for France to turn attention to the speedy aeroplane, the gnat that was calculated to sting the flying monster to death every time. It may be taken for granted, however, that the Teuton knows what he is about. The Zeppelin works now possess two great factories—one at Friedrickshaven, the other at Berlin, employing 3000 trained workmen, and can turn out 50 to 60 Zeppelins in a year. These factories now have six air-craft always on the stocks and are employed day and night in their manufacture. Is this all being done without reason? Many street-corner critics seem to think so; but we only have to remember that Germany of all other nations has been working steadily on the air problem for the past ten years, and has developed the practical possibilities, not only of the dirigible, but of all other types of airships and aeroplanes as well, assigning each to its proper place in her air service. To-day she has at least 30 giant Zeppelins, equipped with formidable fighting powers. Some of these could, if required, reach Paris in four hours or London in eight. Well disposed in great revolving sheds which these airships now enter or leave without risk of damage, they are located along the Russian and French frontiers, and up on the North Sea, and on the Island of Heligoland. Germany's air fleet is practically ready to co-operate with the fleet. The world has hardly yet realised what the air battleship can do, for Germany is not giving her secrets away before the great naval test comes to pass. The modern Zeppelin is able to cruise for 20 hours at an altitude of from 6000 to 9000 feet. A marine Zeppelin, in recent oversea manoeuvres, took the sea admiral up into the air, where he counted and classified the sea fleet of the distant "enemy," and located submarines in the ocean, these craft being easily seen from a height, though entirely submerged. By wireless telegraphy he directed his own ships, which lay below the horizon, and therefore were not visible by the enemy. Thus he demonstrated a tremendous strategical advantage possessed by Germany. He was perfectly safe, too, because the airship was invisible at 9000 feet, even in broad daylight. The ships are covered with aluminum paint, whose dazzling brightness makes them difficult to see in a clear sky, and quite invisible against a grey sky. Weather makes little difference to a Zeppelin. Late in 1912 one flew from the Swiss frontier to Berlin, in 31 hours, a distance of over 1000 miles, covered in a fog so dense that the ship was never seen from the ground. The ship's commander could not see landmarks, either, but maintained a steady course by compass and reckoning, and communicated with all the military and weather stations during the entire cruise. The propeller was almost noiseless in operation. Last May the new giant L3 Zeppelin, built to specifications as a battle airship, covered 2040 miles in 34 hours, with an average time throughout of 60 miles an hour. The newer Zeppelins now being turned out are able to remain in the air almost three days and nights without renewal of fuel. Now what can this wonderful machine do as regards fighting? Its principal armament is a steel-tipped torpedo that will pass through the deck armour of a battleship. Then there is a quick-firing gun, throwing 2inch shells, and machine guns sending out streams of rifle bullets. These are mounted above as well as below the air craft, and can fire in all directions. In February, 1913, one cast loaded bombs of 220 pounds weight, filled with a highly explosive material. Invariably they hit within 15 feet of the mark aimed at, and were capable of destroying everything within 250 feet of the explosion. England's big seaplanes, built for attacking Zeppelins, require half an hour to climb half a mile, while a Zeppelin can rise considerably over a mile in eight minutes. The war airship could do a vast amount of harm to a warship before sea-planes could be got into action. But, supposing the aeroplane to have reached a position above the Zeppelin, it would have to remain at least 2000ft higher to be out of reach of the Zeppelin's top guns. From that distance a bomb would take an appreciable time to fall, and could be easily seen. The war machine, moving at 60 miles an hour, would thus have plenty of time to dodge out of the way of the missile after it had been launched. These are some facts about the Zeppelins which point to the conclusion that Germany's air fleet is the finest in the world at present, and afford a possible reason why Admiral von Tirpitz complacently accepted England's building programme of sixteen battleships to Germany's ten. He already counted that the day of the Dreadnought was about over, a fact that has been since admitted by Admiral Sir Percy Scott, to the amazement of his countrymen. These terrible air machines Germany is now producing with feverish haste, and this activity affords the most probable reason for the stowing away of the German navy. The air fleet must first be got quite ready, the British fleet in the meantime having to remain at sea under constant tension, subject to the furious storms of a North Sea winter, and dare not relax its vigilance for even an hour. This long strain will possibly come to an end some foggy day, when, co-operating with submarines and battleships, a Zeppelin fleet will suddenly appear, and Tennyson's lines be fulfilled—

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies,
Grappling in the central blue."

At the fall of Antwerp, the Zeppelins played an important part, and sanguine Germans are now talking of a raid on England. In reply to this, the cable informs us that devoted British airmen have pledged themselves to "dash their aeroplanes through the Zeppelins, satisfied if both fall to the ground." The military exercises in May, 1913, give a pointer as to what may occur in such a case. An aeroplane target was sent up attached to a military kite, and was quickly riddled with bullets from the Zeppelin's lateral guns, which could be sighted and fired as steadily as on land. But, granting that some devoted, airman launched his plane against the 200ft long mass, the effect would probably merely be that one of the twenty gastight compartments into which the Zeppelin is divided would be put out of action. The rigid frame, however, would maintain its shape, and the Zeppelin still float. Bullet or shell holes through the fabric are patched by the crew, and the compartment refilled with gas from compressed reservoirs. It is reported, too, that the Germans have succeeded in the production of a non-inflammable gas for ascensional purposes, thus removing the one grave objection, the danger of explosion. This is not authenticated, but it was found during experiments that guns mounted above the gas-bag were too dangerous in the face of a leakage of gas. Now, however, light guns are being mounted above deck, which seems to throw some probability on the report that a non-explosive, uninflammable gas has been secured. In any case, Germany appears to put much faith in aerial Dreadnoughts, and the activity shown in this department recently presages some desperate enterprise in which these machines may take a leading part.

WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

"Listen to this dear; here's news; here's something in the paper to interest you at last." Such may be the greeting of many a lordly householder to his meek and loving spouse as he gathers in, with the morning porridge, the information that the Legislative Assembly has accepted an amendment to the Local Government Bill, the effect of which is to allow women to become shire and city councillors! The cute, little housewife will probably receive the "thrill" with apparent unconcern, and remark something to the effect that "while we have men like you, John, to attend to the affairs of the town, there is no need for women to trouble their heads about such affairs." The sentence is perhaps punctuated with a kiss for a full-stop, and John leaves his office, thinking—"That's a sensible little woman, that wife of mine; what a pity my friend Spiffkins hasn't one like her." In the meantime the little woman has eagerly read and re-read the newspaper report, reviewed a whole vista of possibilities for the future, wondered what dress would suit best for a council table, made up her mind to write a paper about it for the women's league, and has probably done the requisite alterations in Tennyson's verse to bring it up to date—

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Mayor of the City, mother—you may be Queen of the May."

For the poor, bashful, country shire councillor what a terrible time there is ahead! When some sweet thing, enveloped in white silk and scent, rustles to a seat beside him, places a cream hat, cerise trimming, with osprey feathers, on the table, followed by a pair of long-sleeved white gloves and the dropping of fourteen hatpins, what is a man to do? Oh, there's tribulation ahead!

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't,
If she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

Still, for all that, why should she not have a try at local government? The world promises to yield a very poor man-crop for some years to come owing to the European war, and woman will be called upon to take a fresh outlook of life, and must become breadwinner, administrator, and what not. The municipal field is now open to her, and provides a practice-ground for higher responsibilities still. If only the proper sort of woman be available, much benefit might ensue from mere presence at council meetings—"to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her is a liberal education." Whether councillors who delight to sit at a council table in shirt sleeves on a hot day, with tobacco-pipe in hand, and a whole afternoon in which to "swop stories," will vanish from the face of the earth, with the dodo and the megatherium, is a matter for conjecture. One thing is certain—lovely woman will soon be twiddling them round her finger if they remain. Then, again, would the wife of a sitting councillor be eligible; if so, how might he exercise his powers to rule his own Julia out of order; and would he be happy when he returned home after having exerted a little brief authority? And streets, and drains, engineers, and handsome curly-headed town clerks!—Oh, the possibilities of the situation fairly bristle, stand on end like quills on the fretful porcupine—and woman, proud woman, foolish woman, lovable woman, will smile sweetly as she moves forward to acquire dominion in her new realm. Hats off, gentlemen; the grey mare arrives!

EUROPE'S BLOOD-BATH.

Many indications point to a widening of the area of conflict in Europe. Forces are at work in neutral countries that will compel participation in the great blood orgy of 1914. Turkey has apparently allowed the German warships, "Goeben," and the cruiser, "Breslau" (which fled for refuge to the Dardanelles and were stated to have been purchased by Turkey) to enter the Black Sea, and from the sound of cannonading heard, it is believed that a naval battle is now in progress there with the Russian fleet. If this be so, it commits Turkey to a junction with Germany and Austria in the war. Portugal, as an ally of Britain, is mobilising its army with the intention, apparently, of giving what effective support it may. Holland, afraid that the Germans will treat that country as Belgium has fared, is armed and ready, while Italy heaves to and fro under the influence of conflicting opinions. She, however, is prepared to assume the offensive if need be, her soldiers and the Austrians being camped opposite each other on the border line between the two countries. In the meantime miles of battle-fighting in France and Austria ebb and flow to cannon music, and men cry and die with every tick of the clock.

PENSIONS FOR SOLDIERS.

Senator Pearce indicated in the Senate on Wednesday evening the main lines of the scheme for providing pensions for widows and children of Commonwealth soldiers. In the case of a widow, it is proposed that she shall receive £1 per week till death, and £13 per year for each child up to a sum of £52 per year, until they reach sixteen years of age. In the case of dependents other than a wife or children, allowances will be made on terms of the Workers' Compensation Act, and if a soldier be disabled his compensation will be adjusted in the same manner. It is to be hoped that the Federal Bill, while making provision on the lines indicated, will be so drafted as to prevent a recurrence of America's experience, where, owing to the loose drafting of the act, a heavy pension-list is still being paid to distant relatives of soldiers killed in the British-American war.

A highly-successful Masonic choral service was held in the shire hall, Preston, on Sunday afternoon, when there was a very large gathering. The combined choirs did excellent work in the musical portion of the service, for which, they and their conductor, Mr. Wood, deserved praise. The prayer and lesson were read by Rev. W. Roberts and solos were rendered by Mr. Sybelle, Madame Evelyn Ashley, and Miss Ella Henderson; a quartette party sang the Russian Anthem. Rt-Wor. Bro. J. P. Howe spoke on "Charity" as a masonic virtue, and Rt-Wor. Bro. C. W. Wood delivered an admirable oration on "Patriotism," which was listened to with rapt attention, and at the conclusion a hearty vote of thanks was awarded, on the motion of Messrs. Seekamp and Howe. A collection taken up amounted to £15, which has been handed to the local patriotic fund.

When Mr. J. T. Downing, hon. secretary of the Northcote patriotic fund, set £500 as the amount aimed at, he was congratulated as an optimist, but now is about to pose as a realist, the total contributions received up to the present time being £491, the bulk of which has been transmitted to the Lord Mayor's fund.

By the death on Sunday at his residence, Jackson street, Northcote, of Simon I. Dorum, the city loses one who had taken no insignificant part in its history. In the early days of the High street cable tramway, when the council had taken it over from a defunct company, and regarded it as a sort of white elephant, Mr. Dorum came along with an offer to lease the line at £250 per year rental, which was gladly accepted by the council. Mr. Dorum's pluck and enterprise were well rewarded, for immediately afterwards the town began to move ahead, and the tramway became a first-rate paying proposition, profits quickly advancing to over four figures a year. Mr. Dorum was one of the early worshipful masters of Lord Northcote Lodge, and took an active interest in public and social affairs. The funeral, which took place on Tuesday, was of a private character, at the expressed wish of the relatives.

The Rev. E. O. Knee, of the Methodist church, Preston, has been ordered by his medical attendant to "steady down," owing to a disposition to heart trouble. The rev. gentleman recently went to Scarsdale to conduct the local church jubilee services, and the strain of that event brought a collapse at the conclusion of a public function. Mr. Knee's many friends will unite in wishing for him a speedy restoration to full-speed-ahead vigor.

The monthly meeting of the Northcote branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held on Tuesday next at 3 p.m. in Church of Christ schoolroom, High street. All members are requested to attend. Mrs. Kirk, State Superintendent of W.R. Signals, will address the branch. The members have just completed their first instalment for wounded soldiers:—12 nightingales, 6 flannel shirts, 6 Cardigan vests, 12 washers, 6 cholera belts.

A bill relating to trading with the enemy was introduced in the House of Representatives on Wednesday by the Attorney-General. It provides that any person during the war or who has before commencement of the act traded with the enemy shall be guilty of an offence, which may be prosecuted either summarily or upon indictment. If summarily, a fine up to £500 may be imposed or imprisonment for 12 months or both. If upon indictment, a fine of any amount or imprisonment for not more than seven years or both may be imposed. All goods and money in relation to which the offence has been committed shall be forfeited to the King.

Several months ago the Brick Commission completed its investigations, and a series of recommendations was drawn up by the secretary for the consideration of members. The effect of the recommendations was that a combine had been operating in the industry, and that prices had been affected in consequence. The recommendations were not accepted, as one section of the members did not agree that the evidence revealed the operations of a combine. Recently a change was made in the secretaryship to the board, and a new report has now been drafted. Its purport is that the organisation in the industry has not affected prices unjustifiably. The report was laid before the commission at a meeting on Wednesday evening, but no agreement was reached. One section of members declared that a combine exists, and the others would not admit it.

Balharry's Crimson Costume Company presented another interesting programme at the Lyric open-air theatre on Saturday evening last. Notwithstanding the cool change, the theatre was again crowded, as it is sheltered from the wind. Every item was well received, and earned merited applause, Drew and Romain in their ragtime melodies especially proving a big hit, while a couple of trick cyclists performed some wonderful evolutions. A change of programme is advertised for to-night.

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LOCALISMS

The final dance of the "Royals" is announced for to-night at the Northcote town-hall.

Mr. J. T. Downing intimates elsewhere that he has £1000 to lend in amounts of £250 or over.

Elsewhere the City of Northcote offers a reward of £3 for information leading to the conviction of persons damaging street electric lamps.

Stott and Bastings report the sale by auction on Wednesday last of Mr. W. Illingworth's villa situate in Kellett street, Northcote.

Anglers occasionally enjoy a good time in some of the Plenty River bends. One afternoon this week Mr. H. Meekin caught four magnificent rainbow trout. The four fish turned the scale at 20lbs.

A cablegram received from Mr. Whalley, at Colombo, report all well with the returning voyagers by the "Medina." The vessel left Colombo on Wednesday last, four days behind schedule time, and should therefore reach Melbourne about the 30th or 31st inst.

The treasurer of the Northcote Ladies' Benevolent Society acknowledges with thanks cheque for £15 from the Lord Northcote Lodge of Freemasons.

At the Preston Police Court on Tuesday, before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs Barrow and Ellison, J's.P., a procession of owners of wandering cattle filed in and out, to the tune of 5s fine and 2s 6d costs.

The Scottish Society concert at the Northcote town-hall on Wednesday next is heralded by an attractive programme. The usual dance will follow.

The Northcote Presbyterian Girls' and Boys' Guilds gave a display at the town-hall, Northcote, on Tuesday. There was a fair audience in attendance, the entertainment being an attractive and enjoyable one.

At a meeting of the Victorian Football Association, held on Monday evening, the report of the executive, recommending that the Northcote club should play its matches in future at Northcote park, was adopted by 11 votes to 1.

Impounded wandering cattle, consisting of a bay mare and foal, will be sold by auction at 11 o'clock a.m. to-day (Saturday) at Preston.

We have received several long letters in reference to the removal of the Northcote Football Club's playing ground from Croxton to the park. As the change has now been definitely decided by the Association, no useful purpose may be served by the publication of the correspondence in question.

"I was in a hurry to get home," pleaded a defendant at the Northcote court on Monday when asked for an explanation of his leaving Croxton station by jumping from the end of the platform instead of passing out through the barrier gates. "You should never be in a hurry when travelling by train," replied the P.M., satirically. "It took me two hours to travel from Kooyong to Broadmeadows on Saturday."

A good tip for the racing carnival. Engage your cars early from the Preston Motor Garage. Special price for the treble: Caulfield Cup, Derby, and Melbourne Cup. Phone, Northcote 324.

Nominations to fill the extraordinary vacancy for the west ward, City of Northcote, caused by the death of Cr. A. E. Woolhouse, are to be lodged before 4 p.m. on Thursday, 22nd inst., an advertisement elsewhere giving particulars.

The Northern Tramway Extension League announces that Mr H. R. Smith is its selected candidate for the west ward election, city of Northcote.

Mr. K. Knudsen notifies elsewhere that his address is corner High and Union streets, South Northcote, and his speciality box blocks, coal and coke. He also undertakes light carting and removal of furniture.

At the shire-hall, Preston, on Tuesday evening Messrs F. Anstey, M.P., and the Hon. W. J. Beckett, M.L.C., were present at a P.L.C. social given in their honor, and returned thanks for the assistance rendered by members of the branch in securing their return. A very enjoyable evening was passed.

The committee of the Preston scout boys' bazaar met on Thursday, 8th inst., at the troop hall, president (Mrs. Holliday) in the chair. Several good reports were received and donations handed in. The Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., has kindly consented to open the bazaar on Thursday, November 19, at 3 p.m. After business was over Miss Holliday and Miss Finlay favored the company with solos. Next meeting Thursday, 22nd October, evening for kitchen stall.

At the recent examination of the Associated Board of R.A.M., & R.C.M., London, the following pupils of Miss C. E. Freeman, L.A.B., D.M.S.V., Preston, passed:—Gwen Luly, Gwen Trethowan and Hattie Tait.

The regular meeting of the Northcote A.W.A. was held at the town hall on the 5th inst., the president (Miss Sullivan) in the chair. One new member was elected and two were proposed. At the next meeting, 19th, Mrs. McClean will arrange the syllabus item—"An American Night."

May we suggest that, among the many models of American lady corsets at Hattam's, you will discover the one which will give you the perfect foundation for your gown? [Advt].

The Railways Standing Committee has heard the councils and tramway league in the matter of proposed electric tram in St. George's road. The committee will now proceed to draw up report and recommendation thereon.

Maurice Collins Pty. Ltd., furniture warehousemen, etc., notify elsewhere that they have removed from High street to the corner of Elm and High streets, Northcote, where their large stock of carpets, linoleums, pianos, etc., is open for inspection.

There are American lady corset models for all types of figures. There's a model for your particular figure. Secure it at Hattam's and obtain ease and grace added to style. [Advt].

At the meeting of the Croxton Methodist Mutual Improvement Society next Tuesday evening the programme will take the form of a mock trial by jury. The case for the court is a humorous divorce suit, in which the husband is petitioner, the grounds for the petition being incompetent housekeeping. The evidence will be supported by some samples of cooking, to be produced in court. The public is invited.

The South Preston Methodist tennis court was opened on Saturday by the president, Rev. G. S. Shinkfield. The afternoon was cold, but there was a good attendance. The court was in use the whole afternoon and played very well. The young people have done good service in the construction of the court, the hon. secretary, Mr. F. Pike, jnr., and a band of workers having expended much energy in the interests of the members.

Lyonville Estate, formerly the property of the late James Lyon, of Wood street, Preston, has at last passed into the hands of subdividers, who have lotted out 182 magnificent villa and cottage sites on the portion commanding a fine position on the eastern slope. The allotments average 50 x 140, and are available on a very small deposit and the balance spread over 8 years without interest. The agents entrusted with the business and from whom plans and all information are obtainable, are:—J. W. Kirton, 325 Collins street, Melbourne; McGeorge Bros., High street, Preston and Thornbury; A. E. James, 34 Queen street, Melbourne.

There has never been such a splendid assortment of corsets as at present on view at Hattam's. Their showing of the new American lady corsets is superb. See the window display. [Advt].

THE ANTHROPOPHAGI, or "Men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

AT THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY.

Among the outstanding features of Northcote street-life are "the anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Created male and female, they are continually in evidence going to and from the Carnegie Library, that fine building decorating Rucker's Hill like a lighthouse or house of light.

At all hours of the day or night men, women, and children are to be seen with one or two books under their arms —in other words, beneath their shoulders—printed knowledge through the medium of which "their heads do grow" (or are supposed to, at any rate) and thus it comes about that they, in a sense, fulfil Othello's description "the anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

What cold-type wit and wisdom often snuggles under the armpits of these goers and comers; therein lie flashes of thought and inspiration that may change the whole life-story and ambition of any one of these readers; phrases that may lift living beings to a higher plane for all time; that may broaden concepts of earth, sea, air, heavens, God, man; may, in a word, shed light in the darkness of man's thought-waters, and supply ordered bounds where before was merely a wild waste of chaotic waves.

Creation of the world was not a single spasmodic act, but is in active operation to-day even more comprehensively than in that mystic time spoken of as "in the beginning."

In every man or woman's life there is a replica of world-history. The darkness first broods on the face of the waters, light gradually appears and separates "evening" and "morning," dry land appears; the earth begins to bring forth grass, herb, and fruit; the light of acquired knowledge brightens up the heavens and rules over mental day and night; the earth (man) begins to bring forth living creatures (in the shape of thoughts translated into action—comparable to the living things, beasts of the field and fowls of the air) and ultimately perfectibility is reached, when, having obtained dominion over his own thought and passions (typified by the fish of the sea, the cattle and creeping things) there ensues the supreme act of creation, the making of man in the image of God.

Some of us never get out of the first-day period, when darkness broods on the face of the deep; others reach the second-day stage, where they may recognise a firmament in the midst of the waters (thoughts); perhaps they reach the point where they discover trees bearing fruit in their lives; but there is no mistaking the time when the great lights appear in the heavens (the acquirement of a knowledge of the exact truths of science in any department, such as music, education, logic, geometry, mathematics etc.) Such people not only have a sun and moon to lighten their own lives, but become shedders of rays on others, just as the material sun lightens up what it shines upon.

Absorption of world-wisdom is the door that opens into life's sunshine-room, or fourth-day period of creation, and the embalmed lore of ages, as printed into books, offers a ready means for acquiring the key to the door therefore the particularly pleasing aspect of Northcote's library life and processions of street book-carriers, whose heads "do grow beneath their shoulders."

Not all these readers are "sunshiners." The library books, here, as elsewhere, show that among the works of fiction are to be found the greater number of torn bindings and date-stamps that bespeak frequency of usage.

A minister, whose enterprising daughter was an ardent reader of problem-novels, comforted himself with the reflection that Miss Beatrice seldom remembered a word of a book she had read. Probably much of this style of reading is indulged in in this library, but there is also a good supply of useful, solid mental food called for.

The facilities afforded are such, and so freely availed of by the residents, that the institution may be justly regarded as one of the principal formative agencies of the city.

There are over 6000 books on its shelves, and a weekly average of 1000 readers. No membership fee; every local resident being at liberty to withdraw for home reading without any charge whatever. There are between 12,000 and 14,000 issues of books a year.

This magnificent book-exchange gives the impression that it should be the central point for young people's classes, a high school, or some such agency, whereby the enquiring mind and student-spirit of its large band of youthful readers might be stimulated and developed under trained teachers.

As a library alone it is doing a wonderful work in leavening the city lump; as a nucleus for student classes, its advantages might be increased tenfold.

PATRIOTIC NEWS.

City of Northcote patriotic fund.—Amount previously acknowledged, £471 5s 1d; employes Northcote Brick Coy., 3rd instalment, £10 18s 10d (making a total to date of £31 8s 3d); Pender's Grove Ladies' Social Club, per Mrs. Richmond, £8 15s 6d.

The committee of the Northcote Patriotic League fund has spent the remainder of the money in hand, and is sending 21 sheets and 4 Cardigan vests to the Red Cross League.

The patriotic concert given in the Northcote town hall by pupils of Westleigh College on October 7 in aid of the Red Cross Society resulted in a profit of £20. Expenses—Hire of town hall £2 10s, one hour rehearsal 2/6, programmes 12/6, tickets 15/-, advertisement 2/6, postage, etc., 5/6, total £4 8s; sale of tickets £24 8s; balance £20.—E. Giblot, hon. sec.

The Preston Branch Red Cross Society thankfully acknowledges the following, per Mrs. Sheppard:—1 large parcel of books, 27 spoons, and 12 pillow slips; per Mrs. Stanlake—6 pair' mittens, Mrs Denton Fethers; 1 parcel books, Mrs. F. Sheppard; 1 parcel of books and magazines, Mrs. Primrose; and £1 1s, Mrs. Stowart.

Preston patriotic fund.—A committee meeting was held at the shire hall on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. The full amount realised by the Boy Scouts concert was handed in. Amount previously acknowledged, £177 18s 3d; Boy Scouts concert, £7 13s; per Mrs. Lizars, 1/6; per Miss Denton-Fethers, 2/6. Two slight amendments to the list already published are—Mrs. Callander, 10/6 (instead of 10/-) and G.W.B. 2/6.

Pender's Grove Association.

The general meeting of members was held at the hall on Wednesday, Mr. G. Schultz presiding. It was decided to adopt the agency of a well-known fire insurance company. Members can now insure through the secretary, thereby helping to augment the funds of the association. The Christmas tree festival, which is held principally for the members' children, has been referred to the social committee for consideration. Nominations were taken for the various offices for the ensuing term, and the elections take place at the next meeting. The return night to the ladies has been fixed for Cup Eve, well-known artists having been secured, and the catering for the event is now complete. The Pender's Grove Ladies' Club has handed over to the war fund the proceeds of the novelty night recently held, the amount totalling £8/15/0. The club is holding a novelty night on Tuesday next, members only to attend.

RETURNED VOYAGERS.

By the "Osterley," last week Messrs. Foster and Deane arrived from the old country, these gentlemen nearly completing the list of Northcote and Preston voyagers who were at home when war was declared. Lt-Col. Braithwaite and Messrs. Whalley Bros., with, perhaps, the Rev. Cole, are expected by the "Medina," which is timed to reach Melbourne on Monday week, but will be four days later now owing to delays caused by the necessity of taking war precautions.

Travellers by the "Osterley" report that in England, when war was declared, the people were calm, determined, and sober. The seriousness of the situation was fully realised, but everyone seemed to be serenely confident. For seven days after the declaration, 50,000 people assembled at Buckingham Palace, and when the King and Queen made their appearance on the balcony, patriotic songs were rendered by the multitude. A great sight was the mobilization of troops in England. For days trains scarcely ceased conveying troops from the north to the south coast. Many Americans were in London, and although fabulous prices were offered for passages many could not secure them. Eventually a meeting of American citizens was held at the Hotel Cecil, and it was decided to buy "The Viking," a Dutch steamer, for £40,000. Four hundred booked their passage by it, the fare being £100 (usually £20), so that on arrival at America the investors had their ship for nothing, except the cost of sailing her across the Atlantic.

The "Osterley" left Tilbury Docks on August 28th. It was known that the Germans had mined the Thames and English coast, and many passengers feared that a mine might be struck. The Straits of Gibraltar were reached without incident, and many ships taken as prizes were lying there. The fortifications of Gibraltar presented an awe-inspiring sight. Guns of tremendous size pointed from the summit of the rocks; everything was in readiness for any emergency, and the forts presented a totally different aspect from their appearance in times of peace. The passengers on the "Osterley" were far from convinced there was no danger to them. At that time it was not known if Italy intended to join with the Allies, and then there was the menace of Turkey's threats. The captain decided to cut out Toulon and Naples, which are usual ports of call, and hugged the coast of Africa. One night at 11 o'clock, off Tunis, all passengers had retired, when suddenly two shots were fired across the bows of the "Osterley." Immediately the engines were reversed, causing the boat to quiver and many passengers thought the "Osterley" was hit. They rushed upon deck, and their equanimity was not restored when they saw a destroyer on each side with guns pointing menacingly at the steamer. They turned out to be French destroyers, and after a few questions were answered the "Osterley" was allowed to proceed. In the Red Sea danger was felt owing to the fact that Turkey owns several fortified islands there.

The memorable sight witnessed was in the Indian Ocean, where 36 transports conveying the 72,000 Indian troops to France, were encountered. As the "Osterley" had expected to meet this formidable fleet a sharp look-out was kept for them from her decks. This vigilance was rewarded whilst the "Osterley" was steaming to Colombo, when at 3 o'clock one afternoon, in fine weather, the interest of the 1400 people on board the mail steamer was suddenly aroused by the approach towards them from the direction of Colombo of a fleet of vessels which, as anticipated, turned out to be the first section, comprising 21 troopships, with two cruisers leading the way. Although the "Osterley" passed the troopships some distance off, she was sufficiently close to them to enable her passengers to obtain a fairly good view of the troops and horses which the transports carried. An exchange of courtesies by flag signals having taken place between the mail liner and this distinguished line of ships, a scene of enthusiasm followed on board the "Osterley" as her passengers and crew sent cheer after cheer across the intervening water to Britain's soldiers. Almost before the cheering had subsided the band carried by the "Osterley" struck up the British National Anthem, followed by the "Marseillaise," in the singing of which all on board heartily joined. This demonstration was repeated the next morning, when, at nine o'clock, the second section of the contingent comprising 15 transports, led by a solitary cruiser, came into view, and was in due course passed by the mail steamer. The majestic sight of three large battleships followed by those of the troops, was likened to a hen with a clutch of chickens. Colombo was reached without incident. Several German ships taken as prizes were anchored in the harbor, including one which when captured was flying the French flag to avoid recognition. When the vessel was captured the chief officer, instead of obeying orders, attempted to go below to fire a fuse and blow up the ship, but was shot dead. The captain of the "Osterley" was advised that the "Emden," which had sunk three British vessels, would probably be encountered, and the authorities tried to persuade him to remain. One night, however, the captain decided to run the gauntlet. He stealthily steamed out of Colombo with lights out and varied his course to Fremantle by 500 miles. The lights were never lighted, and no ship was ever seen. When morning dawned on the last day of the voyage to Fremantle the passengers were startled to see a steamer on each side, and were relieved when they found one a British and the other a Japanese vessel. The Japanese vessel convoyed the "Osterley" to Albany.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

Business continues brisk at this popular house of entertainment. The Edison star comedy drama, "My Friend from India," was much appreciated, and the Keystone comedy, "Soldiers of Misfortune," was highly amusing. Dramas and scenics of the usual interest were also screened. This brilliant programme will be shown for the last time to-night, the usual matinee for children this afternoon at 2.20. A splendid military drama, "Memory's Tragic Leap," will be shown for three nights, commencing Monday next, also a very fine drama, "Lovers of Seville," containing scenes of a Spanish bull fight. Charles Chaplin, the Keystone comedian described as the assassin of grief and remorse, will present a particularly funny comedy, entitled, "Mabel's Married Life." The mid-week change on Thursday next, October 22, when a budget of good things will be presented, "Loves Cruelty," a highly emotional Pathe drama; "The Substitute," a touching Thanhouser star; a sparkling Vitagraph comedy, "The Girl from Prosperity;" also an extremely interesting patriotic drama, "For King and Country," breathing the true spirit of patriotism. War specials, showing the fighting line, are included in every programme.

Northcote P.L.O.

After the business had been transacted at the last meeting of the above, the president and Mrs. Bryan entertained the members. There was a good attendance, over 70 being present. The evening was spent in games and dancing, interspersed with songs and recitations. Coffee and light refreshments were served. Mr. F. Morgan, the candidate for the forthcoming State election, moved a vote of thanks to the president and Mrs. Byran, which was carried with musical honors. Com. Byran briefly replied, stating that a Federal and Legislative Council election had been won during his term as president, he hoped it would be crowned by adding a win in the State elections to the list. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a pleasant function to a close.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

A GERMAN FABRICATION FACTORY.

The very capable Melbourne journalist who was sent to London to act as special representative of the Sydney "Sun" is now forwarding some particularly interesting letters to that journal. A full budget received this week covers a whole page, and we acknowledge the following extracts:

Sunday, August 16

"War is Hell," Sherman said as he went south to suppress slavery. War is the hell of barbaric savagery, of fury and madness, of battle and slaughter. Awful and appalling rumors have frozen our hearts to-day. The Black Watch was wiped out in the sortie from Ypres; the Enniskillens were decimated. The bleeding survivors of the Black Watch are in Chatham Hospital and of the Enniskillens in Birmingham. The Iron Duke has been sunk by a mine in the North Sea, and Admiral Sir John Jellicoe has sunk with his flagship. These stories, told with utmost circumstances, blanched most cheeks. Their authenticity was vouched for. They emanated from Buckingham Palace, from the Admiralty, from the War Office. There is a frantic rush for the latest editions. In them is a notice from the Press Bureau stating that each and every tale is a lie. You are lucky in your isolation. You are spared these black moments. But you can appreciate the feelings of the father whose son is in Belgium when he receives a telegram purporting to come from the War Office saying: "Your son killed, Liege." Dozens of these brutal notifications have been received. Like the rumors which disturb our city, they all emanate from the same source—German spies. They are the malevolent fabrications of our enemies designed to start panics in England. Every country at war with the Teuton is suffering in the same way. In France black-edged posters have been posted up giving the names of whole companies of conscripts who have been slain at the front. There was good reason for the liar of our nursery days being named Munchausen.

Wireless Syrens.

The Wolffe Agency in Berlin is the Central fabrication factory. Day or night it is doping the credulous Germans with fantastical victories and crowning feats of arms, and it is pushing its polluted paragraphs upon the press of all nations through neutral sources when it cannot get its falsehoods in direct. Thus Amsterdam has become a most prolific news centre, and every item attests the idealism which directs German policy or the chivalry which attends German arms. When the cables ceased to carry German's Tartuffian statements because the great English papers would not purchase such organised hypocrisy, the German wireless stations were started singing syren songs to other nations. In London comes every day a counterfeit description of the fighting by wireless in the hope that the peace-at-any-price traitors will be up and doing. One cannot help admiring the audacity and the ardor of these colossal liars. They have spread themselves over the whole world, so that they not only supply poisoned prevarications to the press in every country, but they meet every report of the Allies' successes with a carefully concocted contradiction.

Silenced by Censor.

We in London know everything, and we know nothing. We do not even know what we know. The censorship becomes more and more strict. The military have taken absolute control of our daily lives. We are only permitted to learn such scraps of information as they will allow to percolate over the cables or through the post. English people are awakening to the understanding that K. of K. is the uncrowned king of Great Britain and of the oversea dominions. In the history of our Empire no single man has ever exercised such sovereign sway. It touches every part of our Imperial heritance. I need hardly hasten to add that no man is better qualified for such a tremendous responsibility. All the same, it is very difficult to resign oneself to the silence which K. of K. considers essential to the success of the Allies. Not only has he placed a strict inhibition upon the publication of authentic reports of the engagements in Belgium, but he has also asked the Belgian Government to evict all English correspondence from their country, so that the English press must rely entirely upon the very official service of news which comes spasmodically from the Press Bureau at the War Office. Privately the papers are rousing just a little, but they are run by loyal Englishmen, and though there may be questioning of K. of K.'s methods, there is no thought of running counter to the common weal. For example, though the competition between the papers for war news is terrific and the temptation to risk a march on the authorities is very great, I know of one paper which received a thrilling account of a battle from its correspondent in the guise of a private letter to a member of its staff. Instead of printing this story, which was a "best seller," at once, it sent it to the censor, and he put his blue pencil through the whole lot of it. Let those who doubt the patriotism of the press ponder this incident.

England's Benevolence.

There is much to be said for the withholding of scare sensations from the general public. It would be a bad day for the Germans and Austrians in England if the papers were to print all that is being done in their name. Those who travel in train or who cross bridges at night may be disposed to think that soldiers and police and boy scouts are not serving any very real purpose. If they only knew the dozens upon dozens of foul schemes planned by spies which are frustrated every day and every night they would probably change their minds. It is the object of the spies to terrify the multitude so that some internal upheaval may benumb Great Britain's brains and heart abroad. Though the Englishman is not easily disturbed, yet if he knew that his reservoirs and his power-houses and his railways were stealthily attacked in a hundred different places by these dirty instruments of German diplomacy, he would very probably start out on a spy hunt which would bring swift retribution to these foresworn aliens. It is only by keeping him in darkness that innocent Germans and Austrians are protected from the righteous wrath that would wreak itself upon the just and the unjust alike. It is typical of British benevolence that despite the dangerous activities of this host of spies she still gives the most generous protection to the enemies within her shores. Other countries have expelled the citizens of belligerent nations. Here in London it is only the most notorious of the suspects who are rounded up and housed in Olympia, where they live a life of comparative luxury. The rest of their kind are allowed to roam at will. That they do not do more mischief is due to the unceasing vigilance of those who are guarding the places which I have mentioned. To my own knowledge five attempts within a week have been made upon the power-house at West Hampstead, which supplies current for the metropolitan railway which is shifting troops on the northern side of the city. Were the highly respectable residents of this suburb aware of these attacks I warrant that the large colony of Germans living in the suburb would have a bad time.

STEAMING THROUGH THE DARK.

By "Seebee" in Adelaide "Mail."

Several exciting accounts have been given of the experiences of various mail and cargo steamers hurrying across the ocean showing no lights, with the object of evading the enemy's cruisers bent upon commerce-destroying expeditions.

Lest foes should see us in the night
and stop us in our track,
We hasten down the routes of trade
like some great spectre black.
The bright electrics' telltale glare
each porthole curtain bars,
And masthead lights no longer blaze
to mimic friendly stars.
No sidelights red or green we show
to warn the passing sail.
And though a hull comes looming by
we do not stop to hail.

For we who bear a precious freight
must travel through the dark,
To offer raiding cruisers' guns no
hope of any mark.
So threshed milk-white across our
wake the sped miles lie astern,
The log bell tinkles as they pass, the
swift propellors' turn;
And as our bows push through the
deep towards the ocean's rim,
We lift a prayer beyond the stars,
and put our trust in Him.

The Dover cliffs are far astern—who
will forget the night
We passed them, and our sheltered
decks blazed with a sudden light?
A lean destroyer crossed our path,
and with her searchlight's ray
Turned on each huddled deck-chair
group the garish light of day.
So down the Channel, 'cross the Bay,
and past Gibraltar's rock,
Old England's warships lift our way,
from Tilbury's distant dock.

Among the stars our Southern Cross
is lifting now to view,
A song of joy we seem to hear, sung
by each throbbing screw.
Somehow it seems our homesick
hearts take up the glad refrain,
Australian stars are overhead, we're
nearing home again.
Safe from a passage perilous, across
blue oceans wide,
We're back at last. Adieu, good ship:
the gangway's overside.

DEATH OF "LITTLE NELL."

The death occurred at Stoke Newington recently of Mrs. Harriet Lucy Tice, who claimed to be the original of "Little Nell." She was born at the Old Curiosity Shop, Compton-st., in 1827, and was the daughter of Mr. John Pepperell, the proprietor of the shop.

Her father was greatly addicted to gambling, and as a consequence mother and daughter had to take to a rambling life, not unlike that depicted by Dickens in his celebrated book. Mrs. Tice also claims that her father appeared in the novel as the grandfather.

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF SHEEP.

The age of sheep, as that of horses and cattle, is most easily learned by inspection of the teeth. Sheep have no incisor or front teeth in the upper jaw, the prehensile part of which consists of a hard cartilaginous pad. It should be remembered that the condition of the teeth depends to some extent upon the condition of the animal and the kind of feed it has been receiving. Sheep in their lifetime have two sets of teeth—temporary and permanent. For our purpose it will only be necessary to deal with the latter. These are larger, stronger and usually yellower colored than the temporary teeth. The front or incisor teeth are those by which the age is determined. In general, the appearance of the first large pair of incisors (one year) indicates that the animal is from fourteen to sixteen months of age. The first pair of incisors are situated side by side in the front centre of the lower jaw.

The appearance of the second pair of incisors (two years) indicates that the animal is from twenty-four to twenty-eight months old. The second incisors are situated one on each side of the first incisor pair.

The appearance of the third pair of incisors (three years) shows that the animal is from thirty-six to thirty-eight months of age. These are situated one on each side of the first four incisors already mentioned.

The appearance of the fourth and last incisors shows that the animal is, roughly speaking, four years old. The sheep is then said to have a full mouth, as it has only eight incisor teeth in all, and after these have appeared the age of the animal can only be arrived at in a general way. As the animal becomes older, the teeth become narrower, generally discolored, and the space between them increases. Ewes which have lost any of the incisor teeth should not be purchased for breeding purposes at all.

Oh! John.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the good friend on finding Mrs. Newwed in floods of tears, "what is the matter?"

The young wife wiped her eyes and tried to compose herself and be immensely calm.

"Well," she began, with folded hands, "you know John is away for a week?"

"Yes, dear," helped the lady friend.

"Well, he writes to me regularly, and in his—his last letter he tells me he gets my photo out and kisses it every day."

"But that is nothing for you to cry about," exclaimed the good friend.

"Yes, it is," cried Mrs. Newwed, bursting into tears afresh, "because I took my picture out of his bag before he started, jujust for a joke, and put one of mo-mother's in its place."

IN PEACE AND WAR.

THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

By H. Hamilton Fyfe in Paris.

"I assure you," the Minister of War said to me, "that if I were to take a motor-car and drive into the zone of operations without General Joffre's permission General Joffre would have me turned out."

The Minister said this not only without resentment—he said it with pride. That is the spirit in which the French are making war. And General Joffre, who is in supreme command of their armies, is just the man to take full advantage of that spirit. He is a soldier who believes that when fighting has begun no pity, no personal favor, above all no politics, should be allowed to influence in the slightest detail the conduct of the campaign. He must be, within the zone of operations, undisputed master. He would give up his post as "generalissimo" to another, but so long as he is in supreme command he will not share either responsibility or power.

If France had had a Joffre in 1870 the Germans would not have won. He is, like our own Lord Kitchener, an organiser of victory. He does not believe in flashes of genius. He knows that long and careful preparation is necessary. He has been at the head of the Army for three years. Never for a single waking hour in those three years has he forgotten the purpose for which he was appointed—to prepare for the struggle in which France is engaged to-day.

At Home.

If a month or two ago you had gone to see him at his home in Paris you would have found a stout man, heavily built, apparently living the ordinary life of a professional Parisian with his wife and daughters. His is a pleasant, airy house. If you were asked whether anything about it made a particular impression upon you you would probably say, "Yes, its restfulness." General Joffre is a restful man. His wide brow, under close-cropped white hair, is tranquil. His blue eyes are calm and clear. Beneath a heavy white moustache his lips are firm; they show his teeth a little when he talks.

In the field as in his office at the Ministry of War he is another man, a man "as hard as nails." He gives orders and expects them to be carried out exactly—if they are not there is trouble. He may sympathise with the incompetent, but he cannot overlook failure. After the manoeuvres of last year he dismissed five generals. Paris gasped. Every garrison in France got excited. Nothing like it had ever happened before. General Joffre said nothing. The five generals had failed; it was essential for France's security that they should be deprived of their commands. They disappeared from the active list. France, which had known little of this masterful Chief of the General Staff before, suddenly became aware that its armies were being reorganised by an exceptional man.

His career has been exceptional from the first. When war was declared in 1870 he had scarcely finished one year at the Polytechnique (which corresponds to our Woolwich Royal Military Academy). At eighteen, therefore, he was given his commission, and as an artillery subaltern took part in the defence of Paris during the siege. He attracted attention; he was employed in the reconstructing of the Paris fortifications which followed immediately upon the war. The forts at Enghien were of his designing, and one day Marshal MacMahon, after inspecting his work, put a hand upon his shoulder and said, "I congratulate you, Captain Joffre." Captain at twenty-two!

Wish to Lead Troops.

So well had he done here that he was sent to Pontarlier to assist with defences. "This is all very well," he said, "but I don't want to make fortifications all my life. I want to command troops." In Tonkin (French (Indo-China) his opportunity came. He was sent into the field, and he came back victorious every time. After this he won distinction in Formosa, in Madagascar, in Dahomey, and then in Timbuctoo, whither he led the remains of the broken column of Colonel Bonnier after he had put new spirit into the men. Thus, by seizing every chance of foreign service, he had learned his profession in the field. Now, in the middle 'nineties, he came back to France and went steadily upwards, working hard all the time, until he was in 1911 asked to take the chief command. He maintains that the warlike genius of the French is as strong as ever. He will not admit that the increase of luxury resulting from the greater complication of life and the growth of huge cities has weakened the dash and vigor of French troops. The duty of a French general, he believes, is to use that dash and vigor to the full.

Talking about the British Army a few months ago, he said: "I have never seen it. I should like to see it. I must find an opportunity." He did not think then that the opportunity would come so soon!

HUMAN HAIR TELLS RACIAL ORIGIN.

Scientists are able, by the use of the microscope, to tell from a single human hair to what great racial division the original wearer belonged. If a cross section of the hair is elliptical, the man was black; if round, the man was yellow or red; while the white man's hair is oval.

The Australian native has hair with the least diameter, the bushman of Africa the next, then the American Indian, the Chinese, the white races of Europe, and lastly the Japanese, the coarsest of all.

The beard of a white man is fifty per cent. thicker than his hair, and is almost identically the size of the hair of the chimpanzee. The strength of human hair is, as a rule, in direct proportion to its thickness.

It is believed that otter skins have been extensively dyed in imitation of the fashionable seal. They are cheaper than the latter, and when carefully and newly prepared can be distinguished only by experts.

No Wonder.

"Hallo, old man, have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did! I shot seventeen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer who owned them was."

The world to-day is more curious to know how much money a man has to spend than it is to know how he procured it.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

Prince Bismarck, the man who made Germany, died an unhappy and disappointed man. He complained that nobody liked him for what he had accomplished, and that he had not achieved the happiness of anyone, including himself. When he was complimented upon having made a great nation he replied, "Yes, but the misfortune of how many? But for me three great wars would not have taken place; 80,000 men would not have perished; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, widows would not have been plunged into mourning. I have settled all that with my Creator, but I have gained little or no joy from all my work." Devilish work it has proved to be.

Woman is certainly coming into her own. Even in tender romance she is exerting an influence. The young man with the love for racehorses, the theatre and what not had just been accepted. In his rapture, he exclaimed, "But do you think, my love, I am good enough for you?" His girl looked at him for a moment. "Good enough for me?" she said. "You've got to be."

The Belgian lancer Bognerts, who used to ride out alone from Liege and come back all covered with Uhlans' scalps and glory, was not to enjoy a monopoly of fame for very long. Soon one Hennkart, who drove a buzz-cart, began to make lone-hand sorties, and where Bognerts had spitted single Uhlans, Hennkart mowed them down by the half-dozen and half-score. Then there was the English trooper who recounted with glee how he used to ride full tilt across German bivouacs, taking everything in his stride and dropping kerosene flares on motor-cars as his charger flew over them. He nearly came a cropper once, when his steed rapped heavily on a pile of barrels seventeen feet high, but the outcome was good, for he spilt the petrol in the barrels all over the camp and set fire to it. He saw the ruins of the camp when he came galloping back 48 hours later. He had decided to return to his own lines, for he had brought no rations with him and was getting a bit peckish. But they must all take their hats off to Sergeant Gustave Chatan, who is only 15 years of age. He found seven Germans in a house near the Marne. He waved his bayonet with "Ha! you are my captives." The Germans were so cowed by his air that they abandoned their arms and marched meekly before him to the French lines. Lie still, Bill Adams, lie still.

A Brisbane girl recently accompanied her husband into the Backblox, where cow and, in a minor degree, the war are the topics of conversation. The girl is one of Brisbane's smartest garment pegs, and one dewy morning she tripped forth clad, plus sundries, in spats. To her horror she heard one cow serf mention to another, in a bush aside: "'Strewth, Bill, look at the tart in leggin's!"

THE MOTHERS AND THEIR SONS.

And while the sons go trooping forth,
To find, to take, to share
The White Man's burden that we
know,
Have they no load to bear
Who choke their sobs and hide at
home
And wait and yearn and long,
Who bore the sons of England—
The mothers of the strong?

It must not be supposed that because the Kaiser quoted Shakespeare ("To be or not to be") in his windy manifesto his Majesty is a good Shakespearean. The contrary may be surmised from an incident which occurred at a lunch at one of the Berlin Embassies. An English diplomat was discussing some big affair of the moment with a lady. "As our immortal William has observed," the diplomat remarked, "'There is a tide in the affairs of men that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'" The Kaiser looked puzzled. "That is quite true," he is said to have remarked, "but I don't remember saying it."

For ten long but blissful years they had walked along the path of love that leads through the trees, but as yet the love-sick youth had never mentioned about their getting married. The girl thought it time that the marriage-day was fixed, so she threw out a gentle hint by way of encouraging him. Encouragement, she thought, was all the dear fellow wanted. "Nathaniel," she whispered coyly, "they're saying we're going to be married soon." "Are they, though?" answered the stolid swain. "What a joke it'll be on them when they find out we ain't."

THE ITALIAN'S STORY.

De late dey say it better dan dev',
So now I write also.
And maka da explanation right,
What every one want to know.
Dey come in da shop at morn and
night,
Dey whisper, and yell, and roar,
All aska why Italy not join
And fight in da German war.

My brother Guiseppe, who stay at
home,
He writa da lett to me.
And saya da people wanta fight
Alonga da Entente three;
But allu da Guvment and da King
Dey wanta da neutral stay;
So Italy got to sucka da thumb,
And watcha da music play.

Dat all I know, so tolla da crowd
To old Antonio please,
But stop from aska about da war;
I hata da blanky tease.
Beside, to-day I da British subj',
And flya da Union Jack,
So aska no quesht' about da It',
No more I wanta go back.

My gramophone plays da bostest
tunes
Wot maka da crayfish dance,
Sona da Sea, and Rule Britann',
Da Marsallays of France.
I speaka da English good as da pom',
And like it far da best;
So chuck up aska about Ital',
And giva dat land a rest.

—Antonio di Seebee.

Basking in Samoa's sunshine, and dreaming in shady cocoa-nut groves of dusky maidens is not all beer and skittles, as several members of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force now quartered there have discovered. Part of the force are encamped in a thick grove, with the luscious cocoa-nut growing in hundreds above their heads. All was quiet in the camp one night, a gentle breeze sighing through the branches. The zephyr increased in violence, and it had reached to a fury, when there was a sound of falling, cracking shells. The sleeping men were disturbed, and in an instant the camp was aroused. There was only one explanation. The German must have made a surprise attack. But no. When everybody had been thoroughly disturbed, awakened and alarmed, it was realised what had happened. They were not German shells at all. The gale had simply caused a shower of cocoa-nuts to fall from the trees.

Many good stories are told of the whaling days in Hobart, and the following incident occurred in those distant times in which the chief figure was an "old salt," who, when ashore, was invariably drunk, and on these occasions whispered or hiccoughed love to a widow. A clergyman was solemnising the wedding, at which the remarks and responses of the bridegroom were so incoherent as to render it quite evident that he had been drinking too freely. The minister, addressing the bride, who seemed nervous, said:

"My good woman, you must go away and come to-morrow. This man is not fit to be married in such a condition. You must take him away and bring him when he's sober."

"Please, sir," said the bride, with tearful face, "he won't come when he's sober."

"Adelaide" puts a query in the "Bulletin." How long do the well-meaning people who insert In Memoriam advts. in the dailies keep it up? Three years would be an outside average, probably, and anything approaching 10 years a marvel. Therefore a notice of that kind in London "Times" (31/7/14) seems worth entering for the record. A lady commemorates her father, who died in 1888. That is something like fidelity to a memory. Which of us will be mourned to the cash value of 7/6 26 years after death?

SOLDIERS SING SONGS.

Musical critics explain that the "Watch on the Rhine" has too long a range for the ordinary German regiment to sing it effectively when out of breath and excited after a run at the enemy's trenches. Most of these old heroic and pious airs go by the board on the modern battle-field, and the army that has a pleasing lilt to cheer it on the long march goes farthest. Gordon Highlanders marched into Khartoum singing not "Scots Wha Hae" but "A Little Bit off the Top," and "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" is being taught by the British to the French and the Indians, and even to the German prisoners. All the sombre old battle hymns were invented for fanatical armies in pursuit of unearthly illusions. The modern soldier fighting for liberty and the final destruction of war itself, meets death with a smile on his face and the gaiety of a serio-comic song on his lips. The old Crusaders and Ironsides and Covenanters were a dour lot, killing each foe for the vision of some doctrine to be realised after death. The Germans are melodramatic in their battle for the restitution of feudalism, and their song also is ponderous and mournful. The Allies, fighting to get the job done and "get 'ome to their tea," as Kipling once phrased it, troll a merry mandalay. Liberty and joy laugh in the face of tyranny and gloom, and liberty cannot lose.

AMBASSADOR AS SPY.

HOW THE KAISER WAS MISLED.

Prince Lichnowsky leaving London looked very forlorn and dejected, writes the special representative of the Sydney "Sun." He confided to a friend that he was returning to Berlin to be disgraced. He had told the Kaiser that England was rent beyond redemption by the Home Rule struggle, and that she was powerless to interfere in Foreign Affairs. Rub an ambassador and you find a spy. Prince Lichnowsky was in London to keep his Emperor fully posted upon the domestic and political life of the United Kingdom. From a case which was tried we also know that his office acted as the go-between for traitorous Englishmen and the espionage department in Berlin. It would appear that the German Ambassadors in France and St. Petersburg were equally astray in their advice to the Kaiser. France was depicted as a once great nation split up into little sections by party faction. As a fact, for the first time in her history, the whole of the people of France are behind her in her fight with Germany. From Petrograd the Emperor was informed that Russia was wholly unprepared for the clash of arms and that the dynasty repelling the uprise of democratic forces could not even count upon the loyalty of the army. To-day the Czar of all the Russias can present himself amidst his people with absolute safety, and every head is bowed before him. We may assume that the Kaiser was also misled by his chosen representatives in other countries, and by none more than his Ambassador in Washington. It is the fate of autocrats to be surrounded by sycophantic courtiers. The Kaiser is suffering from his own assumption of Divine Right.

ATROCITIES ADMITTED.

GERMAN SOLDIERS WRITE LETTERS.

Delay best suits the Allies, because the Germans are appalling the world by their atrocious inhumanity. This week the French in Lorraine had the good fortune to intercept a large mail of letters written by German soldiers at the front, so that the stories of savagery which are in circulation are no longer dependent upon only French or Belgium assseverations. "We had no need for money," writes one man, "but simply take what we want. If Monsieur le Francais won't give we shove a revolver under his nose. We make no bones about it so that he can be quite sure the Germans are there." Another says, "The first village we came to after crossing the frontier had been completely destroyed. Everyone is shot, men and even quite young boys." Another says, "I have seen three convoys of prisoners, French peasants; all are to be shot." And other, "We have shot inhabitants between the ages of 14 and 60, and bagged 30 head."

Mrs. Firth: My husband is a perfect brute.

Friend: You amaze me.

Mrs. Firth: Yes, he is. Since the baby began teething, nothing will quiet the little angel but pulling papa's beard, and—would you believe it?—yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off?

LADIES' LETTER.

From Melbourne.

Can you realise that we are in the thick of it with the Caulfield Cup? Yet there has scarcely been any private hospitality, and absolutely no big functions. Of course, there can not be any Derby Eve naval and military ball—that is understood, but what about other functions? It is extraordinary, but also there is no great talk of new clothes for the festivities, and altogether the usual spring spirit seems missing. In Sydney it was declared that there were as many renovations and made-over toilettes for the A.J.C. meeting as new ones. I expect this is an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that many women this year are managing and contriving to do without expensive new frocks. Many are making them themselves instead of employing dressmakers. All very well, but meantime, what are the dressmakers and the workers to do if we all economise? How are they to live?

We are still working steadily at things for our troops, even though some people are chafing at the delay in their departure, and seem to think the war will be over before they reach France. But there will be no such luck, unfortunately, for this will be a harder and more stubborn war than the South African campaign, and we all know how long our troops had to serve in that. But it should be realised that, according to our war lord's plan (for surely Lord Kitchener is worthy of that title) they must undergo a certain period of training, and it is recognised that they can just as well be gaining that here as at Aldershot. But, meantime, it must be recognised there will be many warm things needed. Already it is said the troops at the front, especially the French, are in need of clothing, as theirs is worn out. Warm socks, underpants, belts, scarves and mittens, and, above all, waterproof capes, one British commander says. A letter in an English paper from a man who is a cripple through frost-bitten feet is worthy of notice. He is making an appeal for funds to secure moccasins, because the wearers of footgear with stiff soles are liable to suffer severely from frost-bite. He writes: "As one who is lamed for life by wearing boots in a winter campaign, I venture to suggest that our Expeditionary Force would be grateful for moccasins—the soft-soled shoe of Canada." He quotes the case of Napoleon's army crippled by their winter retreat from Moscow. This may perhaps be worth considering in regard to our own troops. Anyway, they should have plenty of good warm winter socks provided, and they should be large enough to fit loosely—tight-fitting things are never so warm as those loose enough to allow an envelope of air between the garment and the skin.

Already the war spirit has had an influence upon fashion, and in London a khaki boom has set in. For men there are khaki ties, knitted silk, plain silk and flowered silk, khaki shirts. Then for women, khaki veils and khaki sports-coats, with a narrow tricolor border, and khaki scarves are also seen. The rival tie for men is of the national colors, which has been devised by a West-end firm in quite wearable proportions, it is declared. It is arranged in a broad dark blue band, a medium dark red band and a narrow white band. Then already veils have appeared with a sole figure which appears on one cheek—this is a tiny aeroplane. It is presumedly the forerunner of patterns displaying various war appliances, such as machine guns, crossed swords, etc.

Here is another impression of the effect of the war upon those at home in Great Britain, written by a Melbourne woman, Mrs. James Dyer. It gives a different aspect to that painted by Lady Doughty, and certainly, as the writer says, makes one thrill with pride to belong to such a nation. She writes:—

"In London, a few weeks ago, we little thought of war; we were then in the midst of gaieties and pleasure. Now we are all troubled and sad at heart. When war was declared we were at Oban, on Mr. Mairn's yacht, and had to turn back. Such a change came over the Clyde. Usually the great river is filled with shipping—now, hardly a boat is to be seen. The pleasure steamers, usually crowded with people, were moored beside the piers. At night a great searchlight passed over us and over any stray vessel that came up. When we got back to Edinburgh, the town was filled with soldiers. Waggons and motors, with soldiers, were pass continually along the streets. We were told they were shipped on board at Liverpool for Belgium. The sound of bugles at the castle in the middle of the night gave one the creeps. I was glad to get to Perthshire, away from it all. I was beginning to feel quite ill, for it is all so exciting and upsetting watching them prepare for war. All through the night troops were marching, marching, marching. The stations were just crammed with women and children. At best they were only allowed to the barriers, the crowd was so great. The night the Gordons and the Camerons left it was impossible to get near. Every time I saw the brave fellows march off I felt choking with emotion. Here, up in the hills, away from all the noise, one can hardly believe war is going on. The country all around is looking its best. Grouse and pheasants are flying around, but no one is shooting. All are at the war. On the glorious twelfth, the opening of the shooting season, I did not hear a single shot, and I am staying right in the midst of the shooting country. Last Wednesday the Scottish Light Horse left Dunkeld, four miles from here. They are the Marquis of Tullibardane's (son of the Duke of Athol) regiment. His brothers, Lord John and Lord James Murray, have both gone to the front also, and so the poor duke has all his sons at the war. I sat down to tell you of the British women. Never have I admired my own sex so much. The women of Britain are wonderful. Their hearts are breaking, yet they do not sit down and weep; instead, they are working. High, low, rich and poor, alike, are working. I have spoken to and heard of many whose sons and husbands have gone to the war, and they hide their grief and tell you they are proud of their dear ones fighting for their country. Oh, their spirit is wonderful. I was in a small hotel in Stirling, and the Duchess of Montrose was there organising for the Red Cross. She had called a meeting, and was as busy as she could be. You can see poor old women all along the roadside, outside their cottages, all sewing away and knitting for the soldiers. Maids, in their spare time, are doing something for our brave soldiers. When the Light Horse went we ran to the road and cheered them; they looked very sad, some of them miserable. We are to have sewing bees. In every district there is a Red Cross depot, where one can get patterns and hear what is most needed. There is a perfectly wonderful spirit about. Everyone is helping someone. The British women are doing their duty all the time. I just thrill when I think of them—thrill with pride that I belong to them. Women, with sad and almost broken hearts, work and do just as if nothing were wrong. I feel I want to tell everyone how noble the women are. For who suffers the most in war? The women always. It seems no sacrifice is too great to make for love of one's country. It is worth while to have lived, to have seen and felt and known what a fine nation we belong to. I am just glorying now in my country and its people."

GERMANS IN LONDON.

By "One Wanderer Returned."

The lot of the Germans in London is not just now particularly enviable. Londoners do not ill-treat them, but they more or less ignore them. Here and there we have had cases of hooligans making disturbances in front of German shops, but the magistrates have put this down rigorously. The Germans have been obliged to report themselves, and those who could not give a satisfactory explanation of their doings have been placed under arrest. But the ordinary, peaceful German is allowed to go on here in his usual way, save that he must show himself to the police once in three days. There has been nothing in England of the horrible rioting and ill-treatment which the English folk received in Germany at the outbreak of the war. But still the lot of the German here is not comfortable. If he is a shopkeeper people prefer, as a rule, to go to another shop. Some of the German restaurants in London are deserted. There is one very fine set of restaurants belonging to Mr. A——. Usually they are crowded. A few days ago I looked into one of them. There was not a single person there. I looked into another, where usually you will find a hundred or two hundred customers in the afternoon, and there were four or five Americans. The proprietor, an excellent and capable business man, who has lived very many years in England, faced the situation. At first he thought of closing his shops and turning them into Red Cross kitchens. Then he sent a gift of £1000 to the National Relief Fund. He put notices up in the windows of each of his shops: "Twenty-five per cent. off all my sales during the war will be given to the British Red Cross Fund," and in a window of one or two of his houses he put up an announcement: "The owner of this house is a naturalised British subject." Thousands of the Germans in this country are seeking to be naturalised, but they will have to wait until the war is over.

THE SOY BEAN.

The soy bean has been grown experimentally here, and it may be possible when the plant is thoroughly acclimatised or a careful selection of the most suitable variey has been made, that it will be grown in quantity. It is a large bushy plant from 3ft. to 6ft. high, maturing in 90 to 135 days. American experience shows that it is easily grown. One and a half bushels of seed are required per acre, sown broadcast, or for seed at 4in. distance in drills 2ft. apart. The yield runs from 25 to 35 bushels per acre, and it is considered that one bushel of the beans is worth two of maize for feeding purposes. It is better to grow the bean after a nitrogenous crop such as clover or lucerne.

Parted Friends.

During a trial in Tipperary, Curran made a scathing attack on a land agent. Two days later an enraged gentleman burst into his bedroom in Dublin, before the counsellor was out of bed, and, flourishing a horse-whip savagely, said:

"Sir, I'm the gentleman you insulted in the court-house in Clonmel in the presence of the whole county, and I'm here to thrash you soundly."

"What!" exclaimed Curran, indignantly. "You call yourself a gentleman, and yet you mean to strike a man when he's lying down?"

"No, bedad," protested the agent, scorning to take a mean advantage of his enemy, and sitting down. "I'll just wait till you get out of bed, an then I'll give it to you hot and heavy."

"Troth, if that's the way of it," said Curran, "I'll lie here till you change your mind."

And he turned over on his other side. The agent laughed and the counsellor laughed, and he who came to whip stayed to dine, and the pair parted the best of friends.

Cause and Effect.

The new foreman was a hustler. Nothing escaped his eagle eye, and whenever he saw a workman suffering from that tired feeling he quickly woke him up.

So when he discovered a bricklayer snatching a quiet pipe behind a wheelbarrow his wrath arose mightily.

"What do you think you're paid for? Get on with your job, if you don't want to get fired pretty sharp."

"All right, boss," rejoined the workman. Keep your 'air on. Rome was not built in a day, you know."

"That may be," rejoined the hustler, "but I wasn't foreman of that job."

Happy Thought.

Mother (after relating pathetic story): Now, Reggie, wouldn't you like to give your bunny to that poor little boy you saw to-day who hasn't any father?

Reggie (clutching rabbit): Couldn't we give him father instead?

The Same.

"What color eyes do you like best, Billy?"

"I dunno. What color are yours supposed to be?"

Remote.

"You are a relation of the Richleighs, aren't you?"

"Yes, a distant relation."

"How distant?"

"Well, as distant as they can keep from me."

A Tight Hold.

Jill: He says cigars are his best friends.

Jill: Well, he's true to them.

Bill: How so?

Jill: He never gives any of his friends away.

Nearly all people profess to believe in a heaven, but only a limited number live that way.

SMILES AND BOUQUETS.

THE "GLAD EYE" THAT FAILED.

THE KAISER'S DESIGNS ON AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

By Frederic William Wile, Berlin Correspondent of "Daily Mail."

In the midst of his Imperial worries I feel sure that the Kaiser is pausing to ponder over the woeful collapse of his "American policy."

For twelve years and more William the Flatterer has been tossing smiles and bouquets across the Atlantic in deliberate preparation for the emergency in which his war-lust has now landed him. American sympathy, on the day when Germany struck its supreme blow for the mastery of Europe, was an asset on which Germany set the highest value—so high that the Kaiser ear-marked the matter of its capture as his own particular task. The promptness and solidarity with which American public opinion has aligned itself against him must be the quintessence of disappointment to the first gentleman of Potsdam.

If any reader of these reflections doubts where American sympathy is in this crisis I recommend him to "drop in" at the war refuge headquarters in the Savoy Hotel.

"What's the matter with those Dutch men?" asked a friend. (Germans in America are always called "Dutchmen" — a corruption of deutsch.)

"They're temporarily degenerated into barbarians," I ventured to reply.

"Don't agree with you," rejoined the man from Chicago; "they always were barbarians."

And even if Germany's madness in bathing Europe in blood and deranging the workaday business of the entire Christian universe had not shocked the susceptibilities of our American cousins, I gathered presently that the loss of countless pieces of "baggage" on the "best organised railways" in the world would suffice in itself to alienate for ever any love Americans had left for the Sausage Empire!

The Kaiser's designs on American favor began in March, 1902, when he despatched, uninvited, his brother, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, on a State visit to the United States. Ostensibly the Prince was sent to launch an American-built racing yacht for his brother. Actually the purpose of his trip was to lay the foundations of the Kaiser's "American policy."

Thenceforth the policy was pursued with restless Hohenzollern energy. A despatch boat in the German Navy was christened "Alice Roosevelt." Museums of American universities were enriched with collections of Germanic antiquities bearing William II.'s card. Red eagles and other decorations were showered on inoffensive American citizens. Statues of Frederick the Great, Goethe, and Schiller, presented by the Emperor, were exported almost in wholesale lots. The decree went forth that American millionaires would be welcome guests at the Court of Berlin. Men like the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Andrew Carnegie were invited to Kiel Regatta.

Private audiences to Americans of influence like Mr. Melville Stone, the general manager of the Associated Press; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the cultured president of Columbia University; and Mr. Herman Ridder, proprietor of the "New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung," the famous German daily, became the rule where they had hitherto been the exception.

It was about that time—1905 or 1906—that I vividly remember being told by the Misinformation Department of the German Foreign Office that in accordance with an Imperial edict everything conceivable was henceforward to be done by the functionaries of the German Government at home and abroad to "please" the United States and Americans. A distinguished United States Ambassador, destined soon after to be a victim of German Imperial treachery, said when he heard of the "Amerika, Amerika uber Alles!" ukase: "Well, it seems to be roses, roses all the way now!"

SPOONS AT £376 EACH.

Have you a set of old Apostle spoons? If so, they may be worth hundreds of pounds to you. These silver spoons, the handles of which end in figures of the Apostles, were common baptismal presents in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They have been copied very extensively, the modern ones, however, being of little intrinsic value.

The most valuable are those made by a certain Elizabethan silversmith towards the end of the sixteenth century. Apparently he got tired of using only the figures of the Apostles, for he designed quite a number bearing the figures of King David, Joshua, Judas Maccabaeus, Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, King Arthur, Guy of Warwick, and Queen Elizabeth.

The full set of these unique Apostle spoons numbers thirteen, and quite recently a set of twelve, with the London hall-mark of 1592 and the original maker's mark—a crescent enclosing "W" in a shaped shield—were sold for £2,000.

This is by no means a record price, however, for in 1903 a unique set of thirteen Apostle spoons, made in 1536 by the same smith, brought as much as £4,900, and went into Mr. Astor's collection. Four years ago twelve 1617 Apostles realised £1,220, and a dozen 1637 spoons £880.

FIRING GUNS BY WIRELESS.

"We are only on the threshold of wireless development," declared Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, managing director of the Marconi Company, to an interviewer the other day, "and, as an indication of the uses to which 'wireless' may be put in the future, I may mention that by means of wireless it is possible to light the lamp of a buoy and to fire a signal gun in foggy weather.

"These things are now being done by the Marconi Company, and, although I do not put them forward as being in any way wonderful, nevertheless they give an indication of how very considerable developments in wireless may arise from little elementary beginnings of that kind."

Pat's Perplexity.

Pat Maher bought a grocer's shop. Though he know nothing about groceries, he would not admit his ignorance.

One morning a lady came in

THE TURMOIL

By PAUL URQUHART.

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CHAPTER XVII.

As M. Hanoteaux stood there, looking, with his lips half parted in a sinister smile, and his brows lowering over his cruel, passionless eyes, like one of Milton's fallen demons, I thought it was a case of checkmate. And then there occurred to me that perhaps, after all, my position was not as hopeless as it appeared to me. I recollected that there was still in my pocket the revolver with which Legros had attempted my life. In a flash I had pulled it out. The game was not yet up.

"Monsieur," I said, pointing it at him, as he recoiled quickly towards the door, "you will oblige me by staying where you are, and you must forgive me if I further trouble you to hold your hands above your head. Your charming wife, if she will take up her position by her devoted husband's side in a similar attitude, will add yet another favor to the many she has conferred upon me."

They obeyed me, M. Hanoteaux with a certain sullen alertness, his wife with all the evidences of terror.

"Thank you! And now, will you add yet another obligation to the many you have conferred upon me by turning round and walking side by side to the door. When you are there, if M. Hanoteaux will kindly open the door and remain on the threshold till I ask him to proceed, I shall esteem it a great favor. I am afraid I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of using this little toy unless my directions are carried out implicitly. Come, let us march."

Side by side, with their hands over their heads they walked towards the door, a somewhat ridiculous-looking couple. I had it in my mind to make my host and hostess conduct me through the house to the park gates, and from there to some distant spot in the forest, where I proposed leaving them, while I made the best of my way to Mr Holroyd's house. But many a good plan is spoiled by overconfidence. In being able to turn the tables so suddenly upon M. Hanoteaux my mind had become imbued with a belief in my own good fortune and the certainty of winning through all the difficulties in which I had become entangled. My attitude towards the Fates was insolent and overbearing, and as was their custom in the mythological days, they punished me properly for my lack of humility.

According to my directions, M. Hanoteaux, who was walking to the left of his wife, and, therefore, came directly in front of the handle, opened the door In so doing his wife had to step backwards, and for a second he was shielded from my line of fire by the body of Mme Hanoteaux. With an absolute contempt for the safety of his wife, for which I had not allowed, he took advantage of this momentary cover. Instead of halting, as I had told him, on the threshold, he made a bolt into the hall, and was in a place of safety before I could get clear of his wife to try a pot shot. I fired, but the bullet only hit the banisters of the staircase.

With a little scream of terror, Mme. Hanoteaux fell forward on the door, thereby closing it, and preventing me following up her husband. When I went to move her, I found that she was in a dead faint. I am afraid I showed but little gentleness in removing this obstacle from my path. By the time I had half dragged, half-carried her to the couch at the other side of the room, several valuable seconds had been lost.

When I opened the door and stepped out into the hall, there was no one to be seen. The house was wrapped in silence. I stood for a while listening almost in the very spot where poor MacClintock had met his death, fearing a trap. But seeing and hearing nothing, I advanced cautiously towards the front door. It was not only bolted, but locked, and the key had been taken away. Frustrated at making my escape in that direction, I hurried into the grand salon, thinking to pass out by the widnows. I had no sooner, however, set foot in the room than a crash of glass, and the shriek of a bullet past my ears showed me that this exit was also guarded.

I ran quickly down the room, into the little salon beyond, thinking to try the window there, that opened on to the side of the house; but here, again, a sudden fusillade, from which chance alone saved me, brought me to a halt. I was now between two fires, an easy mark for any of the scoundrels outside. The electric light was full on, and thus, though I was clearly visible to everybody outside, I could see nothing of my antagonists.

I made a rush at the switch which regulated the lighting of the "petit salon," and turning it off stepped back into that recess where the entrance to the secret passage was situated. Here I was protected from the bullets of Hanoteaux and his men, at least for a while. The grand salon was still flooded with light, and where I stood I had a full view of the room. From outside a faint whispering came to my ears; but I could distinguish no words. Clearly, the enemy were holding a consultation. For the space of a minute, perhaps, there was a cessation of hostilities. Then, suddenly, with a crash of breaking glass and splintering wood, the large French windows in the grand salon were burst open, and eight men, led by Legros, sprang into the room.

They were all armed, the men with sporting rifles, and M. Hanoteaux and Legros with revolvers. My chances of escape seemed to be winnowing down rapidly to zero. They were evidently determined to capture me, dead or alive, at all costs, and regardless of all risks. They poured in a compact body into the room in which I was. It is true that in the darkness they could not see me; I might easily, had I chosen, accounted for five of them, perhaps, supposing that every one of the five remaining cartridges in my revolver found its mark. But before this could have been accomplished, some one of them would have been able to turn on the light and I should then have been at their mercy.

In this predicament I determined to hold my fire and to make use of the secret passage, if not as a means of escape, at least as a means of temporary protection. I felt quietly for the spring, and as the mirrored panel swung back I stepped into the recess beyond. But here again, my luck was out. While I yet fumbled in the darkness to pull the panel back, the light was turned on and my place of retreat was discovered.

With a hoarse shout, three of the men, led by Legros, sprang towards me. I fired once, and I saw Legros fall, but the others came on unchecked. I had to abandon my purpose of closing the panel, and step back further into the darkness of the passage.

I have said that the passage was so narrow that two persons could not walk abreast. Moreover, the long-dead architect who had constructed this secret passage may have had in his mind some such situation as had now occurred, for the stairway at the entrance, instead of mounting upwards direct, was constructed on a curve for the first ten yards or so, so that anyone standing around the corner of the bend was completely protected from the attack of assailants in the room below.

I heard a man fumble his way cautiously up the stairs, stopping every now and again to listen. In the pitch blackness I could just distinguish the faint outline of his form coming up the steps, with his rifle well forward. When he was within a yard of me, I bent over until the mouth of my revolver almost touched his head and fired. He fell forward on his face with a clatter, and then his limp body began to slip slowly backward. With a strong feeling of revulsion, even at that moment, I bent down and snatched his rifle from the nerveless fingers that still grasped it. Then, gripping his coat collar to stay his descent, I extracted from the pocket of his coat all the cartridges I found there. As I returned to my old position I felt I had every reason to congratulate myself. Of my eight assailants two were already accounted for. One was dead, the other, Legros, was at least hors de combat. Moreover, in the nick of time I had managed to replenish my means of defence. Before, I had only three cartridges left in my revolver, now I had a rifle and at least sufficient ammunition to carry me on for a good while.

The death of their companion had a sobering effect upon the party of my opponents, for, for a time, no one else ventured up the stairway. They evidently withdrew farther from the entrance to the secret passage to consult together over some new plan of campaign, for only the indistinguishable mutterings of their conversation reached my ears. I began to think they were going to abandon the attack and starve me out, when of a sudden, there was a clatter of feet on the stones, and the whole party charged in single file up the stairway.

It was a mad piece of folly, dictated, I can only guess, by their complete ignorance of the construction of the secret passage, the existence of which had hitherto been known only to Mme. Hanoteaux. The foremost man fired as he came, but the bullet, ricocheting on the outer curve of the stairway, passed upwards into the regions beyond. I fired twice, and the leader fell backwards on his comrade, my second bullet finding a billet somewhere in the body of one of the men below. They retreated hurriedly, taking the wounded man with them, and once more I was left alone in the darkness of the passage.

For a quarter of an hour—one of the longest fifteen minutes I have ever known in my life—I remained there without molestation. Then the enemy opened a parley.

"M. Lovegrove," exclaimed the voice of M. Hanoteaux, at the foot of the staircase, "are you there?"

"Yes, monsieur, I am still here, waiting patiently to rid the world, if necessary, of some more of your cutthroats."

"Do not let us bandy words, monsieur, it can serve little purpose; I come to offer you terms."

"I can at least listen to what you have got to say," I replied; "whether I accept them or not is a different matter. Continue, Monsieur Hanoteaux!"

"If you will tell me the name of the place to which you have taken Mdlle. de St. Egremont, and return her to my custody without hindrance, and if, further, you will take an oath not to disclose anything you may have discovered here, I will allow you to leave the chateau without further molestation."

"And supposing I do not accept these terms, M. Hanoteaux?"

"You are a sensible man, M. Lovegrove, and it is scarcely necessary for me to point out to you that though it may be impossible to dislodge you from your present position by force, we have only to wait long enough to make you our prisoner. The want of food and drink will compel you, sooner or later, to surrender, and I tell you frankly, monsieur, that I shall not be as merciful then as I am inclined to be now."

"You are exceedingly good, M. Hanoteau, but in the flush of your unusual generosity you have overlooked one or two little matters. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that I refuse to accept your terms, remain here, and ultimately compelled by starvation, surrender myself. You suggest that under these circumstances you will make short shrift of me—in short, add another murder to the number I do not doubt you have already committed. You think, doubtless, you hold all the cards; but I would remind you that my friend is still at large, and that he is conversant with all the facts concerning you and your precious anarchist organisation. If I do not return to Paris tomorrow, he will most certainly inform the authorities, and—well, you know best, M. Hanoteaux, whether or no you would care for the police to investigate your affairs."

M. Hanoteaux paused for a second before he replied to me. Then I heard him laugh.

"It may be true all this you say, monsieur; but what happens to me after you refuse my terms can merely be a matter of academic interest as far as you are concerned."

"You mean I should not live to see you guillotined, monsieur? That, I admit, will be a disappointment; but a man can die but once, and I shall die with the satisfaction of knowing that you would so soon follow."

How much longer we might have gone on exchanging this sort of badinage I don't know. At any rate, the discussion was brought to an abrupt close, for suddenly I heard a footstep behind me, and a man flung himself upon me from above before I could turn around. The force of the compact sent me hurtling down the staircase I could not recover my feet, and I fell full length into the petit salon. Men flung themselves on me, ropes were twisted around my body and a gag was thrust into my mouth. In almost less space of time than it takes to tell I was lying there on the floor absolutely helpless. They did not bandage my eyes, so that I was not long in discovering the real cause of my undoing; for shortly afterwards there stepped from the secret passage Mme. Hanoteaux. It was she who had arranged the attack from the rear which had ended in my disaster.

CHATER XVIII.

There was no mistaking the look of cruel vindictiveness in her eyes. Could she have had her way, there is no doubt she would have subjected me to a process of torture nothing worth of the darkest days of the Inquisition. As she passed she literally spurned me with the point of her high-heeled French shoe.

"So, you spy, you have met with your deserts, after all."

I could make no reply to her; all I could do was to regard her with as much indifference as I could master to my eyes. There is no such demoniacal creature as the vain woman scorned, and I veritably believe that in her anger she would have stamped upon my face as I lay there helpless on the ground. But M. Hanoteaux intervened.

Go!" he said, pointing to the next room.

She hesitated a moment, between her desire to witness any suffering I might have to endure and fear of her husband.

"You will kill him, Victor?"

Mme. Hanoteaux was a delightfully gentle, feminine creature!

" I believe I requested you to go, madame. Do pleased to obey me. This is no place for you."

It was quite true; it was no place for a woman with any susceptibilities. As she unwillingly retired I looked around the place for the first time as far as I could. The room, what I could see of it, presented the appearance of a miniature battlefield. The body of the man I had killed lay in a pool of blood at the side of a gorgeous gilt Empire chair. Another man, attended by one of his comrades, was groaning out his life on a sofa. A third man with a bloody bandage around his head was leaning against the marble mantelpiece smoking a cigarette. Legros stood looking down at me with his arm in a sling made out of a serviette. I completed the scene of carnage, lying on the floor bound like a dummy.

The very fact that they had gone to the trouble of putting me in bonds showed me they had no immediate intention of taking my life. A conversation between Hanoteaux and Legros satisfied me on this point.

"What are we to do with him?" asked Legros, casting a contemptuous look in my direction.

"To Versailles, to the rendezvous."

"Why not settle with him now?"

M. Hanoteaux shrugged his shoulders as if the stupidity of the question bored him.

"It would not be politic. The other is still at large; he must be secured first, otherwise——"

"I suggest that we finish this one now."

M. Hanoteaux turned a glance of haughty contempt upon his secretary.

"You suggest!" he exclaimed; "and why? Since when have you had the right to make suggestions to me?"

Lying there I longed to be allowed to speak, and had it not been for that infernal gag, I would have related a little anecdote about M. Legros which would have silenced for ever his capacity for making unpleasant suggestions. I noticed the secretary flush and bite his lip, as if from vexation.

"I consider that I have every right, monsieur, to make such a suggestion," he replied, in rather a heightened voice. "The risk is the same for all of us. It is not only you who will suffer if we are caught. I should advise you to make an end of this spy now."

Clearly, this display of spirit on the part of his usually meek secretary took Hanoteaux somewhat aback. He was a strong man, I should say, accustomed to rule and direct others, who usually tendered him unfaltering obedience. This unexpected opposition, in all probability, made him realise for the first time that in a criminal organisation, where the shadow of the scaffold lies equally on all, no one can be master. When he next spoke his tone was no longer that of a man who commands, but that of a man who was prepared to give careful consideration to the opinions of his equals.

"You must have some reasons for suggesting this course. What are they?"

"Simply because it's best to destroy the obstacles in one's path as one comes across them. This spy, I know, knows enough to send us all to the guillotine. If we kill him now, there is at least one danger removed. We can deal with the other promptly and effectually when the occasion arises"

"Your suggestion is admirable but for one fact, which I don't think you have taken into consideration. It may be too late to stop his man from making everything known to the authorities. If we take this fellow to Versailles we shall be able to induce his man to follow him. He would never trust himself here. Once we have him at Versailles we can kill two birds with one stone."

I saw him smile grimly at the sinister appropriateness of his quotation. After some conversation of a like cold-blooded sort, all dealing with the question as to the best time and place for putting me out of the world, Legros yielded the point with a very ill grace. I quite understood his anxiety to have done with me at once. He feared lest I should have an opportunity of disclosing to M. Hanoteaux his own share in the events that had brought me to the chateau.

"Well, when do we start?" he asked sullenly.

"Now, at once. We must get to Versailles while it is still dark. Be good enough to see that the motor is brought around at once. If your arm hurts you too much you need not accompany me."

"Oh, no, it is nothing; it is but a scratch!" Legros answered eagerly. "I will certainly accompany you."

The secretary had no intention of leaving me out of his sight for a moment. For fear lest M. Hanoteaux should insist upon his remaining behind on the grounds that he was unfit to travel, Legros hurried out of the room with an alertness and briskness which I am sure he was far from feeling.

M. Hanoteaux followed him from the room, leaving me alone. A few moments later I heard a motor-car draw up outside, and presently two men entered, and, seizing my head and feet, carried me out, through the debris of the broken window and placed, or rather threw, me into the bottom of the car, where I lay like a sack.

The car was an open one, and I could see the black clouds above me racing across the watery moon, for the gale had not subsided. Soon after I heard M. Hanoteaux come out of the hall door. Legros got into the tonteau with me, carrying with him a large tin box, rather like a despatch box, which he placed under the seat. I heard M. Hanoteaux get into the front, and then, with a jolt, we were off. I could see nothing but what lay above, but the sudden slowing of the car and the break in the interlaced branches of the trees, told me we had reached the end of the drive. Once we were out on the open road M. Hanoteaux got on to his third speed, and the car began to race towards Paris.

Neither of the men spoke as we rushed through the night. The purring of the machinery and the roar of the wind, for we were travelling against the gale, were the only sounds that reached me as I lay at Legros' feet. Had it not been for my uncomfortable position I should have fallen fast asleep, for the terrible excitement of the last few hours had left their mark upon me. I know nothing better than the gentle swaying of a car and the regular rhythmic music of the motor engine to induce sleep. As it was, I several times felt myself fall into that semi-conscious stupor that precedes sleep.

I amused myself by trying to estimate the course of our journey. The village of St. Leger, I knew, was about twenty-two miles south-west from Versailles as the crow flies. The chateau was about a mile from the village. By making an allowance for the detours necessitated by the forest I calculated that we had about twenty-five miles to cover. We were making a good fifty miles an hour, and forty minutes, therefore, I estimated, would see us at our destination. I began mentally to tick off the seconds, counting from one to sixty as near the beat of a watch as I could get. I had counted the second hand around for about the sixteenth time, when Legros suddenly moved up the seat towards M. Hanoteaux, and began to talk to him in sharp, abrupt sentences.

"Look, monsieur! There's a car coming up behind us. It is travelling too fast. We are being pursued."

"Your nerves are unstrung, Monsieur Legros," returned Hanoteaux's voice. "You should not have accompanied me; I advised you not to. It is simply some fool of a driver trying to get to Paris before dawn at the risk of his neck."

"I do not like it, Monsieur," retorted Legros in his sullen voice. "Nobody but a lunatic would travel at that speed along a dark road like this, unless with the object of overhauling us. It must be going at least seventy-five miles an hour."

In his excitement he stood up, until a sarcastic remark from M. Hanoteaux caused him to sink back upon the cushions. I strained my ears to try and catch the sound of the approaching car which had so upset the nerves of one of my companions. But the gale blowing against us for some seconds prevented any sound reaching my ears. Then suddenly out of the darkness two great glaring eyes appeared, which grew bigger and brighter. Nearer and nearer they came, overhauling us rapidly. At last faintly there fell upon my ears the hum o another engine, on a different key to ours. By the motion of Legros' legs I could see that he had turned again to Hanoteaux. He whispered to him excitedly, something I could not distinguish. The front wheels of the car that followed us were now on a level with our back wheels, for the glare from its acetylene lamps fell like a sheet of white paper across the section of the tonneau nearest the driver. Then suddenly, above the gale and above the roar of the two cars there came a voice that sent my heart thumping vigorously and the blood tingling in my veins.

"They've got Purcell there; I've seen him. Bringt' car along side and we'll give them summat to think of."

There was no mistaking those tones or that broad tongue; it was the voice of George Lake.

CHATER XIX.

I could see nothing but the wind-blown sky, Legros' legs and the streak of white light from the lamps of the pursuing car. But a few moments before I had been in the depths of despair, lying here helpless and incapable of doing anything. Then suddenly out of the night there had come the voice of my trusted friend, and at once my whole outlook had changed.

There was something so helpful and inspiring, such absolute confidence in the broad tones of Lake's voice, that I felt all was well. It was galling to lie there unable to help, but it never entered my mind to doubt the certainty of Lake's accomplishing my release.

I was only able to guess at the manner in which this strange struggle progressed.

It was something like a naval war on dry land, the two cars were racing side by side as if manoeuvering for a position in which to commence the fight. Legros crouched down, almost sitting on my chest. A shot rang out, then another and another. Then I heard Mr. Holroyd's voice.

"Clout you chap over the head, Lake, or he'll be doing us a mischief. Can'st tha get at him? I mustn't go no nearer."

Something struck the side of the car, missing Legros, who ducked hurriedly, and bouncing off the opposite seat, fell on my chest. It was an empty petrol tin. George was using whatever weapons lay handy. Legros fired again, but as he had to use his left arm, his right being useless, his aim was uncertain even at that short range. He changed his tactics. Standing up to his full height in the car, he called out to the two Yorkshiremen—

"If you come nearer, I'll shoot your friend."

As an earnest of his intention he pointed the revolver down at me. I had the unpleasant sensation of watching the muzzle of the revolver wavering backwards and forwards about three feet from my head. I was reduced to calculating the exact spot in which it would hit me, when Legros' legs shot from under him, and he sat down heavily on my body. At the same moment Lake, who had jumped into the car, fell upon him. Legros had fallen with the hand that held the revolver underneath him, and before he could extricate it, Lake had wrenched the weapon from his grasp.

"Bide a bit, Purcell, lad, and I'll set thee loose. Slow down and drop behind, Holroyd."

Now, all this time M. Hanoteaux had been driving the car, as if he had no share or interest in the fight. Indeed had we passed any casual wanderer on the road, he would hardly have noticed, in the darkness, that anything was amiss; but when Lake touched him on the shoulder and gruffly told him to stop, the man's usually imperturbable coolness left him. So much was I able to gather from the erratic manner in which the car began to twist and turn across the road like a drunken thing. It was well that Lake had warned Holroyd to let the other car drop behind, otherwise there must have been a very unpleasant spill.

"Pull up, dost thou hear me? or I'll make a hole through thy head."

The threat proved effective, and in a second or two with a protesting groan from the brakes, we stopped dead. Holroyd pulled up a few yards behind, and getting out, joined his companion. The Yorkshire horse-trainer seemed to regard the whole business as the most amazing joke he had ever been fortunate enough to have a share in.

"By Goom, Lake, that was a rare bit o' fun. I'll bet they have nought better at Brooklands than that run of yours—running 'em down and boarding 'em and all. What's tha going to do wi' them now?"

"Make 'em stand over there till you've got Purcell free. He mun decide what's to be done. Pull t'other chap off the floor, and put him up against you tree. Now, mister, get off that seat, and move alongside of him; and don't go over quick, or it will be the worse for you."

While Lake shepherded the two Frenchmen to the side of the road, and held them there under the cover of his revolver, Holroyd hastened to release me from my very uncomfortable trappings. As soon as the cords were unwound, and the gag was out of my mouth, I got stiffly out of the car, glad enough to stretch some wi' 'em, Purcell?" George asked. "If tha takes my advice, tha'll run 'em up to the nearest police station and leave 'em there."

I shook my head. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been, of course, the only possible thing to do; but the circumstances were not ordinary. I was still a servant of my government, bound by a solemn pledge to keep the nature of my mission secret, and although I was dealing with anarchists, and not with the French Government, it still behoved me to avoid the inquisitive inquiries of the authorities. If I handed Hanoteaux and Legros over to the police, there would be a public trial, and the reason of my visit to the chateau would be thoroughly investigated. Moreover, my duty was plainly limited. I had to hand over the plans of the airship to my chief and conduct Joan safely to England, and until these things were accomplished I must leave the exposure of the anarchists alone. Afterwards I could deal with them through the ordinary official sources.

"No, I don't think we'll deal with them like that just yet, Lake," I replied. "For the present we will just tie them up against this tree and let them have the pleasure of seeing the dawn rise. When they are found I will trust to their ingenuity to explain away their curious situation. They are not likely to relate the real facts of the case."

Lake smiled grimly, and without wasting any time on words set about carrying out my directions, Holroyd brought the ropes that had bound me out of the car, and we tied them up to the tree, side by side, with as much science as we were capable of. Neither of the men spoke. M. Hanoteaux appeared to take the situation with philosophic resignation, only too pleased, I expect, that I had not followed the advice of Lake, and called the police to my assistance. Legros was inclined to struggle, but in Holroyd's hands he was like a child.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, when that task was accomplished, "I am going to bore you with a little advice. I don't suppose you will follow it, but it is the cheapest commodity in the world, and I make you a present of it. As soon as you are released I should take a long journey to somewhere a good way off; relieve Europe of your presence. At any rate, don't cross my path again, for the next time I shall not be so lenient."

I was about to turn away when an idea occurred to me. I owed my friend Legros something for all he had forced me to endure. Also I knew that there was nothing like dissension in the camp of one's opponents to paralise their actions.

"Before we part, M. Hanoteaux, I am going to place you in possession of a little secret. If you could turn your head to look at your secretary's face you would possibly guess its import."

Legros was limp and shaken with fear, and the beseeching look in his eye almost persuaded me to remain silent, but remembering the mischief that the man had already done me, and his conduct towards Joan, I hardened my heart.

"I do not know what emoluments M Legros receives for his secretarial duties, but it is clear that they have been insufficient to satisfy his tastes. You will perhaps be surprised to hear that he has been adding considerably to his income by selling the secrets of his employer. Indeed, it was owing to M. Legros's kindness, and the information that he placed at my disposal, that I visited the Chateau de Lisle."

I saw a sudden flush mantle Hanoteaux's face and the passionate anger which burned in his eyes boded ill for the trembling secretary at his side, once he was free.

"I will now leave you, gentlemen, to your meditations. You will have much to occupy your thoughts between now and sunrise. I trust there will be no break in the amicable relations that have existed between you both when you are once more at liberty."

Judging by the general appearance of M. Hanoteaux I anticipated a very thrilling time for Legros in the immediate future.

We made our arrangements for leaving as quickly as possible, and Holroyd consented to come up with us to Paris in the car. We shoved M. Hanoteaux's automobile into the ditch, and took our seats, Holroyd sitting at the wheel. We were just off when I recollected the large tin box that M. Hanoteaux had brought with him from the chateau. I jumped quickly out and secured it. It was as well to have in my possession as much documentary evidence about M. Hanoteaux's goings on as possible, and the box, I suspected, contained some very interesting material which the police would value.

To be Continued.

HAPPY TWINS OF NINETY-TWO.

The longevity record for twins seems to be held by Mr. John and Mr. James Barker, of Forest Hill, S.E., who recently celebrated their ninety-second birthday. Their twin lives are in several ways unique.

Inseparable in their youth, the Forest Hill twins came from Woolwich to London to make their fortunes. Mr. John Barker eventually set up as a rope and sail-maker; his brother entered a coach-building business. They parted to live long and happy married lives. Now, both widowers, they are spending their declining years together again, well cared for by the three daughters of Mr. John Barker.

Mr. John Barker is at present confined to bed, and his brother spends most of his time by his side. They share the same likes and dislikes, and found that marriage had not altered their tastes. They drank the same brand of whisky, smoked the same mixture of tobacco, and remained convinced anti-Home Rulers. Their tenor voices are occasionally heard in unison still.

They are also as one in declaring they have no desire for a long lease of old age. "You can have too much of life," said Mr. James Barker recently.

The nearest approach to the record of the twin brothers Barker is that of Mr. James York, of Arlington Bibury, Fairford, Gloucestershire, and Mrs. Binks, 88 Fairholme-road, Croydon, who are eighty-nine; Mr. Thos. Gray, of Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, who, with his married sister, who lives at The Hague, Holland, is eighty-five; and the brothers Dunder, of Husaby, Sweden, who are eighty-two years of age.

A JOKE ON VERDI.

Giorza, the composer, who died recently at Seattle, used to tell the following story:

"Once Verdi and I had apartments opposite each other in Milan. The street was narrow. It was warm, and our windows were open. Verdi was writing one of his operas, and after writing one aria he sat down at the piano and played it. I decided to play a joke on him, so I closed the shutters, and when he got through I sat down at my piano and played the same thing. Then I peeped through the blinds and saw Verdi hanging half way out of his window, looking in all directions. I heard no more from his piano.

"That evening, as we were walking together, he was much preoccupied, and I asked him what was the matter.

"'Well, Giorza,' he replied, 'I wrote a song this afternoon that I was positive was original, and yet as soon as I played it someone else in the neighborhood played the same thing. It worries me to think that I should believe another's composition was my own.'

"Then I told him the truth, and he was happy."

SCOTS' HUMOR.

Professor Herbert Strong tells a number of stories in the "Academy" in the course of an article on "Scottish Humor and Scottish Character."

A minister in a country parish was promoted from his unremunerative cure to the more desirable one of gaol chaplain to a large town. His congregation resented his acceptance of the office, and referred to the trouble it would give them to find a successor. But the divine stuck to his guns, and took as his text for his farewell sermon, "I go to prepare a place for you!"

Another anecdote is taken from Guikie's "Scottish Reminiscences." A country doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On paying his usual morning call, he was met by the butler, to whom he said:—

"Weel, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day?"

The man looked puzzled for a minute, and then replied:—

"Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysel'. Ye see, he deed at twal o'clock!"

A minister well advanced in years summoned his elders, and apologetically announced to them his intention of taking to himself a third wife.

"She will come in handy to close my een," he added.

"Fogs, minister," replied one of his counsellors, "I have had twa o' them mysel', and I can promise ye they have opened mine."

AGRICULTURE.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SILOS.

The dry season of 1914 will do more in pushing the use of silos than twenty normal seasons. The man that has silage to supplement his pastures this season is strictly "in it," as the boys say. There is a short time when cows do not seem to relish silage. Later, after they get settled down to business, they eat it with a relish. The grass that pastures will afford this season will not influence too good a milk flow. There never was a season when silage would have come in so handy.

The great majority of seasons witness a shortness of succulent pasture grass during the summer months. Then is when the silo comes in handy. Even if one has green feed to cut, it means vastly more work than feeding silage from the silo. Really the farmer who has become accustomed to using silage feels that it means quite as much for summer feed, or even more in case of prolonged drought, as for winter. No one disputes its value as a winter feed; but it is only the one who has used it that fully appreciates what it means during a dry spell in summer. Silage in winter means really more than can be shown by a chemical analysis. It has all of that, plus the value it possesses by being a succulent feed. We all know that good grass is ideal feed on account of its succulence. It is easily eaten and easily digested. A dry feed analysing fully as well does not begin to give the same results when fed to stock. While it does not add food value to maize to put it into a silo, it does put the same feed before the cow in the best possible condition for her to get the most out of it.

Under the most favorable conditions stock only eat about one-half of maize fodder dry-cured in the shock.

The digestive organs of animals that chew the cud are so formed as to require comparatively juicy and bulky food. The cow cannot, therefore, thrive on exclusively dry food so well as can the horse. The nearest an ideal food that can be obtained for the dairy cow is good pasture.

A pasture will carry much more stock during spring, early summer and autumn than it will through the hot, dry weather of midsummer. By helping the pasture out at this season with silage, the cattle not only have better feed during this critical period, but more stock can be carried on a given area than by pasturing alone. As land increases in value, and farming becomes more intensive, there is greater need for soiling, and the most satisfactory method of providing a substitute is by means of the silo. It requires too much labor to cut green crops every day and haul them to the cows, and, besides, there is necessarily a great loss in being obliged to feed the crops before they are fully mature and after they are over-ripe.

No crop furnishes more feed to the acre than maize, and with the silo it can be utilised for soiling, thus permitting the whole crop to be harvested when at the right stage of maturity and fed when needed, saving both feed and labor.

Crops to Raise for the Silo.

Many consider maize to be the best single crop for the silo. It not only produces a large quantity of nutritious feed that is easily placed in the silo, but it is of such a nature as to pack readily and keep well. The large varieties of ensilage maize, which give great yields in tons per acre, have been recommended for silage; but such varieties do not produce much grain, and the total nutrients are usually less than from ordinary field maize. The best results are obtained with some variety of maize that will give a good yield of grain, and by planting somewhat thicker than for a grain crop. Under average conditions a larger tonnage of feed can usually be obtained per acre by combining maize, sorghum, and cow peas, but even with this combination the greater part of the crop should be maize.

Legumes, as clover and cow peas, have the power, through bacteria on their roots, of utilising the free nitrogen of the air, and storing up within themselves a comparatively large amount of that most necessary constituent of food known as protein. By so doing, they not only produce a food rich in protein without exhausting the soil, but enrich the soil by adding to its nitrogen. While they do not benefit the crop they are grown with, they do benefit the succeeding ones. When either peas or beans are grown with maize, and the entire crop is put into the silo, the feeding value is greater, ton for ton, than that of maize alone. This is a much more economical method of obtaining protein than by purchasing it in high-priced concentrates.

If cow peas are planted at the same time as the maize, and in the rows with it, they will usually make a fair growth. Since the vines will run up the corn stalks, the entire crop can be cut with the binder the same as maize alone, making practically no extra work in filling the silo. The only difficulty in harvesting maize and cow peas with the maize binder is that, if the maize is missing for a rod in the row, there is nothing to carry the peas back into the binder, and it is likely to clog. Where there is a fairly uniform stand of maize, all can be readily bound together. As the stalks of soy beans are much stiffer than those of cow peas, no difficulty is experienced in cutting them with the maize.

Lucerne Silage.

It seems hardly necessary to take up the matter as to the desirability and necessity of using lucerne as silage. Many farmers have used it every year, often filling the silos the second time in the autumn. The secret is simple, and can be readily put into practice by anyone. The first thing is to cut the lucerne when the bloom begins to show.

Wet it down thoroughly by having water dripping on it as it goes through the cutter. Pack it well by keeping the edges higher and tramping them firmly down. Give the silage time to settle well. In filling the silo, put in ten feet as solid and wet as possible, and stop for a day or two, then put in up to the twenty-foot mark, and after two days fill it up.

The first ten feet will often go down to five, then the next filling to the twenty-foot mark comes down to the fifteen or sixteen mark. Make the silo as full as possible to heat up hot. The heat sterilises and prevents any rotting of contents. It also cooks the mass. Woody lucerne or over-ripe stems will often show small spots of white mould due to the want of moisture to make enough heat, and this indicates a lack of greenness in the plant. One of the latest advocates of lucerne silage recently told me that he wondered why he ever got along without a silo so long.

The lucerne can be put into a silo full length by cutting it into short lengths. The latter plan, however, makes the best silage, because it packs better, and, besides, it is easier to get it out of the silo when wanted. Long lucerne mats so firmly in the silo that it is anything but an easy matter to handle such an entanglement of stems and branches. Another reason for cutting is that it is difficult to elevate the lucerne to the top of the silo.

Essentials of Silo Filling.

If silage is to keep well it must settle evenly. To this end the leaves and the heavier parts of the maize must be kept thoroughly mixed and evenly distributed in the silo. Owing to the great lateral pressure of silage, friction with the sides of the silo has a tendency to make the silage mouldy.

Heretofore, agriculturists have been deterred from adopting this up-to-date method of conserving fodder, on account of the expense of providing a suitable silo. With the advent of the patent portable all-steel silo, this difficulty is completely removed. The silo, which consists of a series of sections curved in the correct radius, can be provided, of any capacity, and can be delivered to the rails in sections, thereby reducing carriage and transport to a minimum.

In recommending that the green fodder be chaffed, it must not be forgotten that, if a chaffcutter or other means of treating the material is not available, ensilage can be made from lucerne, or any green crop, or other suitable material, without being cut up. In this instance, very great care must be taken in filling the silo that the material is evenly spread and firmly packed. In any case, the fodded should be firmly pressed around the edge of the silo, and, if possible, covered up and weighted with any convenient form of weights. Small bags filled with sand or earth are suitable for the purpose.

Advantages of Silage.

Harvesting maize as silage saves from 33 to 40 per cent. of the crop that would otherwise be wasted.

Silage adds palatableness to the ration.

Silage adds succulency to the ration.

Silage serves to keep the digestive tracts of animals in good condition.

Silage replaces high-priced hay.

Silage serves to cheapen the ration.

When silage is used, more feed is eaten, hence more manure.

The man who feeds silage uses a manure spreader.

The use of silage means more intelligence in other farm operations.

The man who uses silage will use with it concentrates rich in protein, and leguminous hay of some kind. Hence, not only more manure, but a better quality.

The man who uses concentrates and leguminous hays with silage is apt to try to grow legumes in the rotation. Hence, a better and more productive soil.

Silage is a good feed for the general farmer.

Silage is a good feed for dairy cows.

Beef can be produced more economically when silage forms a part of the ration.

Silage is a good feed for calves and cattle.

Silage is a good feed for breeding cattle.

Silage is a good feed for fattening lambs.

Silage is a good feed as a part ration for breeding cows if fed intelligently.

Silage can be fed successfully as a part ration for horses.

Silage may be fed as a conditioner for swine in general, and as a part ration to old brood sows.

Silage mixed with wheat and potatoes, equal parts, and boiled in water, makes a good ration for poultry.

Silage takes up less room in storage than either hay or corn fodder.

A silo is a badge of honor on any man's farm.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED WIVES.

Probably few people suspect Central Africa of harboring some of the most wonderful cooks in the world, but the fact was announced by Mrs. M. French Sheldon, the well-known traveller and explorer, in the course of a lecture recently.

"These African people are the most wonderful and fastidious cooks in the world," said the lecturer; "their cooking is marvellous, and they know practically every tree and plant that simulates a flavor. For instance, the negress chef is in no way dismayed by the lack of onions and pepper; she merely gathers the bark of a certain tree and scrapes the inner side to get the one, and searches for a particular plant, which, rightly used, produces the flavor of the other; and her skill and patience in blending new flavors and concocting fresh dishes are unbounded. With these powers at her command, it is scarcely to be wondered at that wives in Central Africa are in great demand.

The possession of many wives is, in fact, a sign of wealth, and as their industry is by no means confined to the kitchen, the chief who owns 1500 wives is really the owner of an army of workers, who cook, wash, garden, and otherwise justify their existence by performing tasks usually regarded as men's work. Marriage laws are rigorous, and some faults or crimes are punished with great severity. A childless wife may find herself returned to her father, provided the gifts she brought her husband go with her. The only consolation she has is that her position in no way damages her market value as a wife if another suitor should happen to present himself. Her matrimonial experience is considered rather a desirable asset as having taught her exactly how a wife should behave.

GIRL KILLS TEN COWS.

An extraordinary case was tried at the Montgomeryshire Assizes last month. A servant girl, aged sixteen years, was charged with killing eight milking cows and two heifers at the farm where she was employed, near Welshpool, also with maiming a heifer and setting fire to a barn.

The prosecutor, on behalf of the police, said that the prisoner had killed the ten animals under circumstances which had caused great cruelty. Since he had come to court he had seen the prison doctor, who said that from careful study of the girl since February, he came to the conclusion that mentally she was perfectly sound, but she suffered from very grave moral depravity. The police had been unable to find any motive for the acts. The girl herself had told the deputy-chief constable that her employers had acted with the utmost kindness towards her.

The doctor said the girl was mentally sound, but he was perfectly satisfied, from what the girl had told him, that it was a case of depravity, and the girl had no intention of killing the animals.

The judge ordered her to be detained in a Borstal institution for three years. The only comment the girl made in reply to the charge was, "I am very sorry for what I have done."

"Keep the paper band," said Mac to his friend, to whom he had just given a cigar. "A collection of a hundred will entitle you to a free gramophone."

"I am just thinking if I smoke a hundred of these a harp would be more in my line."

Two women who claimed the same man as a husband were airing their troubles in court.

"Who's the skinny fellow over there?" asked a visitor.

"He's the bone of contention," chuckled the court attendant.

Mr. Littlerest: Doctor, what did you tell me was your special treatment for sleeplessness?

Medico: We strike at the cause or the origin of the trouble.

Mr. Littlerest: You don't say so! Well, you will find the baby in the other room. Only don't strike at him too hard.

WIT AND HUMOR.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM KOREA.

The following letter has been received from Chinju, Korea, from a lady missionary, who previously to entering the mission field, resided at Box Hill:—

Chinju,
Korea,
July 23, 1914.

The last three weeks have been very hot; for one week it was hard to bear, moist heat which made books, boots, clothes, cane chairs, etc., mildew horribly. Often there would be a thick white mould on things used daily. Now it is still hot, but a drier heat. The crops will be needing moist heat again soon. It is a pity that weather which is so good for the crops is so bad for the people. If the crops go on as good as they are doing at present, we should have an excellent rice harvest, and so we gladly endure the weather. There are five of us girls here in this house, but one is moving to Tusan-chin girls' school, and we shall miss her very much. A lady who came out from Queensland last year will be my co-worker in the evangelistic and country work as soon as she knows the language. She has been away for six weeks and returns to-morrow. Then next week two leave for a holiday in Karnizana, in the north of Tokio, Japan, and on 12th August, the matron of our hospital and I leave for the same place for nearly three weeks. We are looking forward to that holiday together, and there will be several others belonging to our mission there. It will be nice to get to some cool place soon, though there is a long journey before we reach there—by motor, steamer, and train. I expect you would like to hear what my work is. Before I went home on furlough, I had charge of the girls' school here, but when I returned it seemed to me and to others that it was more important that I should itinerate, attend to the work amongst the women in the country churches and to the Bible-women. I travel round, generally by pack-pony, visiting the churches, teaching the women and girls, and am out anything from 7 days to 16 days at a time. I take my food with me and a folding cot and bedclothes—the later make the seat on the pack-pony comfortable. I have had a few nasty falls from the ponies, but only one which really scared and hurt me; he was a vicious, biting animal, and we had an awful time with him. One gets plenty of adventures and excitement riding these ponies. Last November my pony bolted into the sea with all the provisions, and after being nearly drowned came out with the water pouring out of my bread and cake tins. Everything was in a frightful mess, but the Biblewomen sat for hours over a charcoal fire drying off bread, etc., so we did not starve. My thoughts sometime go back very longingly to my school and school girls, but I should be sorry to give up the country work now. There is plenty of adventure and change, the country beautiful, in some places is just glorious, and the people are so loving and grateful and appreciative—most of all, there is a tremendous and crying need, and I wish I could do twice as much. At nearly every place, as I leave, there is always the same cry, "Ru-in, do come again soon. When will you come again," and I seldom can go more than once a year, and then for one day or perhaps two. Little by little, we hope to gather as many women as possible to a central church and have class of a week's duration once or twice a year, and leave the visiting of the churches to the Biblewomen. But it will be some time before the central classes can all be established. The constant travelling is hard on one, though I just love it, so some one else took on my work for two months and I went down to teach in the Bible Institution. I did enjoy that. There were only two classes, as the institution was opened only last year—10 in 2nd class and 8 in 1st class. As they were all Biblewomen, or picked women, they were intelligent and eager to learn, and it was great. I taught Genesis to the 2nd class, the Gospel according to St. Matthew to the 1st class, had them together for theory and practice of teaching, took my turn for the opening half-hour, writing, dictation, preparation hour, etc., and thoroughly enjoyed it all. It was not at all nice saying goodbye. There are two girls out here they call my "daughters." One is supported by a friend and between us, and she now lives at Tusan-chin, but is coming up hear for a holiday to-morrow. She was going to be sold by her mother, who was too poor to keep her, nearly 6 years ago. She was a little Christian, and appealed to us, and we were able to help her. She is such a fine girl now, 18 years old, and we hope soon to see her happily married. Her mother has become a Christian too. The other is a child ten years old, "Kyea soon!" by name. I have had her only 8 months, and she is in the girls' boarding school. Her father died, and her mother cast her off when she married again, and she was such a pitiable little thing I simply had to take her. Now she is a fat, jolly little soul on good terms with everybody and seems to be getting on well at school. But time is up and I must stop.

East Ward Progress Association.

The annual meeting was held on Saturday, 10th inst., Mr. W. Findlay occupying the chair. Mr. Morris reported that in a game of bowls with the I.O.R., the association had been victorious. A report and balance sheet for the year was received and adopted, showing that much progress had been made and that 30 new members joined making a total on the rolls of 85. Mr. A. Johnson was successful in proposing the greatest number of new members, thereby entitling him to the prize of £2/2/ promised by Cr. Glanfield. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—President, Mr. Tanner; vice-presidents, Messrs. Hounslow and Creak; secretary, Mr. A. Johnston; assistant sec., Mr. W. Findlay; treasurer, Mr. J. Johnston; committee, Messrs. Jennings, snr., Nasior, Williams, Roy, Bronell, Dugg; auditors, Messrs. Hounslow and Morris. A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers for the manner in which they had fulfilled their duties. Mr. W. Wills' resignation, as secretary, was received with regret.

The third anniversary of the East Ward Progress Association was celebrated on Wednesday evening, in the city hall, when a number of members and friends assembled. Great credit is due to the committee for the manner in which the programme was carried out. The following well-known artists contributed to the evening's pleasure:—The Alphington Quartett Party, who deserved praise for their excellent items; Mr. A. M. Johnston, song, "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold;" Miss Irene Collier, recitation, "Trouble in the Pit;" Miss Mercy Flitton sang with fine effect, "Woman's Way," and later "The lilac cotton Gown;" Mr. Will Cole greatly amused the audience with his "Give it to Father," and other comicalities; "The Area Belle," a funny comedietta, was given by Mrs. Crane, Miss Collier, and Messrs. H. Crane, W. Jones and D. Collier; Messrs Crane and Jones sang a duet, "Boys of the Old Brigade;" Mrs. Jones, Miss Elma Johnston, and Mr. Webster proved capable accompanists. During the interval Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., presented Mr. W. Findlay on behalf of the association, with a handsome umbrella and pipe as a token of appreciation for the manner in which he carried out his duties as president for the last twelve months. Mr. Findlay responded. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, the music being supplied by the Elsternwick Orchestral Band. Mr. G. Brockie acted as M.C. in a most satisfactory manner.

CHURCH NEWS.

Northcote Baptist Church.—Sunday morning's theme will be "The Corselet of Faith and Love," being Paul's application of a striking military term. In the evening "The Sermon on the Mount" (Charity) will be dealt with by way of preparation for Hospital Sunday. The communion follows the evening service, and both services will be marked by suitable music. Mr. H. Woods addresses the Men's Own in the afternoon, his subject being "Barabbas."

The Rev. E. O. Knee's subject on Sunday morning in the Preston Methodist Church will be "The Uplifted Cross, what it means to our Race and Religion."

An interesting topic will be treated at the Northcote Congregational Church to-morrow morning by the pastor, "Is Youth the only dangerous period?" An evangelistic service will be held in the evening. A well-balanced choir will lend the singing under the direction of Mr. George Doward, a musical expert. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.

At the Presbyterian Church, James street, the Rev. R. W. Rock announces a special service for boys and girls in the morning, and in the evening an address to young men and women on "The Life that meant Death, and the Love that meant Life."

To-morrow morning at the Preston Presbyterian Church the Rev. W. A. Roberts will preach a special sermon on the "Duties and Qualifications of Elders." In view of the fact that the congregation will very soon be called on to elect elders to form the session, the sermon will be of special interest to all members and adherents.

Sunday has been appointed by the Archbishop and Bishop of Melbourne as a special day of prayer for relief from drought troubles. Special services to this end will therefore take place in all the churches in the State, and in a pastoral letter members are exhorted to observe the day strictly.

The anniversary of the Northcote Methodist Church (High street) will be celebrated on Sunday next, when the Rev. W. Morley, D.D., will preach in the morning. A special musical service will be held in the afternoon, the choir, rendering several choice anthems. Solos will be given by Miss Farr and others; Mr. Illingworth will, as usual, conduct, and Miss Marshall preside at the organ. An address will be given by the Rev. J. R. Harcourt, B.A. The Rev. R. Kelly conducts the evening service.

On Tuesday next an At Home will be held in the Methodist school hall, Northcote, when the Rev. Charles Tregear will give his popular "Travel Talk, or Life in other Lands." A musical programme will be provided, also refreshments. The Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., will preside. Collections at all services for the trust funds. These will include straight-out donations in the form of a golden offering.

WEDDINGS.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at Methodist church, High street, Northcote, on Saturday, 22nd August, the bridegroom being Mr. J. H. Reid, of Carlton, and the bride, Miss Beatrice Mary Roberts, eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. Roberts and Mrs. Roberts, of Derby street, Northcote. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Adams, and as the bridal party entered the church the Wedding March was played by Miss Marshall. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Alf. Mundy, of Oakleigh, wore a graceful gown of white Cassells silk. A court train, lined with petal pink satin and finished with sprays of orange blossom, hung from the left shoulder. A veil of embroidered tulle arranged over a wreath of orange blossom was worn, and a lovely shower bouquet of white camelias and asparagus fern carried. The bridesmaids, the Misses Lottie and Rita Roberts, Louie Adams, and Grace Reid, wore pretty frocks of ivory crepe de chene, together with shower bouquets of wattle blossom with tango colored satin streamers. Mr. D. Worsnop acted as best man, and Mr. T. Roberts as groomsman. A reception was held at Denton hall. Wedding tea was served and the usual toasts honored. Among the guests present was Mrs. Mundy, of Gladstone avenue (grandmother of bride) who is over 70 years of age, and has the distinction of being one of the oldest Australian natives. The honeymoon was spent at Healesville. Mr. and Mrs. Reid will reside at Northcote.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the Baptist Church, Footscray, on Saturday afternoon, 3rd October, when Miss Ethel Maud Panther, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Panther, of Footscray, was united with Mr. Wm. A. Pepper, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Pepper, of Rossmoyne street, Thornbury. The service was fully choral. The Rev. J. Goble was the officiating clergyman, and the church was beautifully decorated by the girl friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of ivory crepe de chene, trimmed with honiton lace, finished with a long court train. Her bridal veil was arranged over a wreath of orange blossom, and she carried a shower bouquet. Miss G. Panther and Miss H. McIver attended as bridesmaids, and wore crepe de chene dresses with black picture hats, and carried bouquets of pink carnations. The bridegroom's gifts to the bridesmaids were silver bags. Mr. A. Pepper supported the bridegroom and Mr. Lewis acted as groomsman. A reception was held at the school hall after the ceremony, and an enjoyable musical programme was contributed. The happy couple were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents.

At All Saints' Church of England, Preston, on Wednesday afternoon, the vicar performed the marriage ceremony, when Mr. Matchan, of Geelong, was united to Miss Martin (sister of Mrs. Bride, of Preston).

Pride of Northcote Tent I.O.R.

The Northcote lady Rechabites celebrated the eleventh anniversary by a social evening in the Rechabite hall on Tuesday evening, there being a large number of members and friends present. Bro. J. C. Newnham, P.C.R., occupied the chair, and in opening remarks congratulated the members on increase of membership during the year, which now totals 70. An enjoyable musical programme was contributed by the following:—Mrs. Neumann, Misses Myrtle Bower, Eva Price, and Messrs Membrey and Neumann, and members of the I.O.R. glee party. At the conclusion of the programme a plentiful supply of refreshments was handed round, after which dancing and games were indulged in, and a most successful anniversary was brought to a close about midnight.

Fire.

A fire occurred at 31 Berry street, Clifton Hill, on Thursday evening at a w.b. house occupied by Mr. G. Harbert. The front of the building and contents were severely damaged. The house was insured. The adjoining premises, owned by Mrs. McSweeney, were slightly damaged. Under district officer Gleeson and 11 men, splendid work was done in stopping the fire.

Epping Shire News.

The monthly meeting of the Epping council will be held on Monday.

A meeting of the Northern District Milk Producers' Association will be held in the shire hall, Epping, on Wednesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, the principal business being to consider price of milk.

The contractor (Mr. Pepper) has commenced the re-building of the caretaker's cottage at Epping.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. MELBOURNE.

FIRST ELEVEN.

There was a large attendance at the Northcote Park last Saturday to witness the concluding day's play with Melbourne, who were dismissed for 244 the previous Saturday. Unfortunately the match was robbed of interest owing to Northcote having to bat on a wicket which played badly owing to the rain during the previous night. The local batsmen, with the exception of Spicer, were in difficulties against the bowling of Armstrong and Ironmonger, who were almost unplayable, and the side was dismissed in 90 minutes for 47 runs. Three men stood out prominently, viz., Armstrong and Ironmonger, who got 5 for 20 and 5 for 27 respectively, and G. Spicer, who carried his bat through the innings for 23. In Northcote's second innings Spicer did even better, & when stumps were drawn had 47 to his credit and was still unconquered. His was a truly wonderful performance under the circumstances, and at the conclusion of play he was heartily congratulated by friend and foe alike. At their second try, upon a greatly improved wicket, Northcote did much better, and scored 104 for the loss of 4 wickets. Scores—

MELBOURNE.

First Innings	244
NORTHCOTE—First Innings.	
R. Vernon, b Armstrong ...	0
C. Begg, c Bowden, b Ironmonger	2
N. Brown, b Ironmonger ...	0
G. Chesswas, b Armstrong ...	4
G. Spicer, not out	23
F. Lugton, c Armstrong, b Ironmonger	5
S. Billings, b Armstrong ...	4
E. Studley, c Armstrong, b Ironmonger	0
E. Yeomans, b Armstrong ...	6
R. Bailey, c and b Armstrong ...	2
L. Shewan, b Ironmonger ...	1
Total ...	47

Bowling—Armstrong 5 for 20, Ironmonger 5 for 27.

Second Innings.	
F. Lugton, c and b Ironmonger ...	12
G. Spicer, not out	47
N. Brown, b Sandford	13
R. Vernon, b Mullett	12
E. Studley, b Armstrong ...	0
S. Billings, not out	9
Sundries	11
Total for 4 wickets ...	104

Bowling—Mullett 1 for 25, Ironmonger 1 for 40, Armstrong 1 for 14, Sandford 1 for 14.

SECOND ELEVEN.

In response to Melbourne's first innings score of 193, Northcote resumed batting with 5 wickets down for 57, and were finally dismissed for 148 and were thus beaten by 45 runs on the 1st innings. Yeomans and Ahern made a good try to pull the match out of the fire, and when both batsmen were shaping nicely Ahern mishit a ball and was well caught after scoring 22, the remaining batsmen failed. F. Yeomans batted patiently and in good style for 51 not out, the other double figure scorers being Ahern 22, P. James 18, Wilkinson 11. Melbourne at their second try lost 2 wickets for 187. Ahern 1 for 21, and Daley 1 for 18, secured the wickets.

Northcote play South Melbourne to-day, first elevens at So th Melbourne and second elevens at Northcote. First eleven team—Bailey, Brown, Begg, Billings, Chesswas, Lugton, Spicer, Shewan, Vernon, Yeomans (2). Second eleven—Ahern, Cody, Daley, Gibaud, Friend, Hiscox, James, Plant, Richardson, Studley, Wilkinson; twelfth man, Trinnick.

CLUB ELEVEN.

The club eleven concluded their match with the Wesley Ramblers last Saturday. Scores the previous Saturday were—Ramblers, 64 and 1 for 25; Northcote, 79. Continuing, the Ramblers carried their score to 128 before the last wicket fell (Trinnick 4 for 30, Price 3 for 21, Andrew 1 for 40). Northcote, requiring 114 runs to win, made a good start, getting 92 runs for the loss of 4 wickets, and then a collapse came, the remaining six wickets only added 12 runs, thus losing the match by 9 runs. Trinnick batted splendidly for 52, and Summers also batted well for 39. R. Dennison of the Ramblers put up a unique performance by securing the whole 10 wickets for 32 runs.

To-day Northcote play Richmond Mascotte at the Merri Park, commencing at 3 p.m.

V.J.C.A. (FIRST GRADE).

PRESTON V. WEST HAWTHORN.

This match was concluded at St. James' Park last Saturday, Preston winning by 21 runs on the first innings, and just missed an outright win by 3 runs. Details—

WEST HAWTHORN.

First innings	31
Second innings	99

Bowling—Blundell 6 for 65, Mehegan 2 for 21, Boyall 2 for 10.

PRESTON.

First innings	51
Second Innings.	
G. Sykes, c Donahoo, b Hendrie ...	16
W. Fyfe, b McKenzie	8
A. Froebel, b McKenzie ...	17
P. Ogden, c Hargreaves, b Hendrie	0
F. Bullough, not out	19
P. Howes, c Roberts, b Hendrie ...	3
C. Robinson, not out	5
Sundries	7
Five wickets for ...	75

At the conclusion of the match Mr. Percy Howes, who still plays with Preston though now residing in Hawthorn, invited his fellow-members to pass the evening at his residence in Elgin street, where an enjoyable time was spent. Musical items were rendered by the host and Messrs Bell, W. H. Smith, W. Fyfe, F. Howes, W. Newbound, G. Sykes, P. Ogden, and C. Robinson. The latter as captain of the team returned thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Howes for their hospitality.

Preston play Fitzroy Footballers at Merri Park (Northcote) to-day.

V.J.C.A. (Second Grade).—Preston, 227 (Schwaebsch 49, Cooper 29, Greenhough 27, Wilson 16) v. Collingwood District, 122 and 75 (Wyer seven for 43, Schwaebsch 3 for 20). Preston won by an innings and 30 runs.

Preston second eleven play Collingwood United at Preston park to-day.

U.A.O.D. competition.—Gwalia, 68 and nine for 94 (Carnell 10 and 14, T. Barker 21, Sole 12, Carlson 11, F. Barker 12, Baxter 21 not out) v. Anglesea, 57 and 116 (Sole 12 for 49, Baxter three for 51, F. Barker one for 2, T. Barker one for 16, Tonkin one for 12). Gwalia won by 11 runs on first innings.

P.A.F.S. competition. — Northcote, 151 (T. Brown 10, G. Angus 62, Meyer 18, H. Watt 15, C. Wass 9 not out) v. Newmarket, 136 and six for 99 (Angus three for 31, Disher seven for 54, Brown two for 9). Northcote won by 15 runs on first innings.

Northcote District 83 and 2 for 44 (Punch 32 not out and 15, Ford 10, Hannah 18, Graham 16) beat Brunswick Juniors 56 and 67 (Hannah 14 for 42, including "hat trick," Lucas 3 for 47, Graham 1 for 14.

Northcote District play Brunswick Congregationals to-day at East Brunswick.

I.O.R. competition.—Northcote concluded their match against Clifton Hill last Saturday, the latter winning by 73 runs on the first innings. Scores—Clifton Hill 161 and 4 for 23 (H. Angus 3 for 44; Jacobs 3 for 50, Reid 2 for 30); Northcote, 88 (Jacobs 15, H. Angus 11). A painful accident befel F. Biddescombe, Northcote's wicket keeper, through a ball bumping and breaking his nose. To-day's match is against Melbourne at Royal Park, near Bourke and Wills' monument. Train leaves Northcote 2.15.

Presbyterian Association.—Northcote 126 and 131 (Teasdale 29 and 29, Lee 21, Hayes 20 and 14, J. Thomson 17, Brown 16, Richardson 16, Piggott 11, C. Walker 11 not out and 10 not out, Shands 10) v. Preston 58 (S. Boyd 12; Shand 1 for 1, Hayes 4 for 13, W. Thomson 2 for 14, Piggott 1 for 10). Northcote won by 68 on first innings. To-day Northcote play North Carlton at Princes Oval. Team will be picked from—Thomson (2), Walker (2), Hayes, Brown, Shands, Richardson, Piggott, Cox, Teasdale, Phillips.

Preston Presbyterians play East Brunswick at Preston to-day.

Northcote Methodist 143 and 126 (Vincent 59 and 28, Anthony 48, Horsley 39) v. Carlton 64 (King 3 for 28, Vincent 3 for 19). Northcote play Spensley St. at the rear of the racecourse to-day.

Prior to the cricket match between Northcote and Newmarket P.A.F.S. clubs at Croxton reserve on Saturday a painful accident happened to C. Wass, of Northcote. A ball was thrown in, and it looked like striking a bystander on the head; when Wass saw the danger, he jumped to catch it. Doing so he came in contact with the keen-edged knife with which the bystander was cutting some tobacco, and received a gash on his forearm which severed an artery. The wound was stitched up by a doctor. Wass returned with his arm in a sling as the ninth wicket of his side fell, and, having only 11 runs to get to win, he went in, and pluckily batted with one hand. He made 9, and his team won the match by 15 runs.

BOWLING.

The season of the rolling bowl was launched on Saturday last, the date of the first pennant match of the season, Northcote's engagement being against a strong team from Ascot Vale, and the home team suffered defeat by 10 points; the totals being:—Ascot vale 97, and Northcote 87. For Northcote Bennell's rink was to the fore, being 10 up against Hutchinson. Plant tied 25 all to Robertson, whilst Harrington and Mitchell were each down 10 to Thackwray and Franklin.

ASCOT VALE, 97.

Godso, Begg, Pratt, Hutchinson ...	18
Trenery, Peppard, Harris, Robertson	25
Fulton, Thomson, Thomson, Thackwray	29
Robertson, Broadbent, Shields, Franklin	25

NORTHCOTE, 87.

Boden, E. Reed, Bailey, R. Bennell	28
Saunders, Bastings, Campbell, Plant	25
Allen, Taylor, Schefferdecker, Harrington... ...	19
W. Reed, Marsden, Bailey, E. Mitchell	15

To-day's engagements are—A team v. M.C.C. at Northcote and B team v. Glenferrie Hill at Glenferrie. Train to Glenferrie and tram to "The Glen," off Glenferrie road.

Thornbury A v. Essendon at Essendon. Scores—

ESSENDON, 120.

Tonzel, Bunell, Goode, Royle ...	19
Munro, Hamilton, Spencer, McFarlane	41
Spence, Hindford, Dossiter, Marshall	21
Lane, Stones, McHardy, Paterson	19

THORNBURY, 76.

Frencham, Donagan, Brown, McGregor	14
Pepper, Turner, Bartley, Masson ...	10
McDougall, King, Harry, Denny ...	24
Sweetland, Harmsworth, Rouvray, Dedman	28

Thornbury B v. South Melbourne at Thornbury.

S. MELBOURNE, 86.

Kennington, J. Goldsmith, R. Goldsmith, Shaw	19
Beseler, Higginstram, Dunstan, Forbes	18
Johnson, Trewick, Sahlberg, Aitchinson	28
Carr, Wells, Forde, Tait ...	21

THORNBURY, 81.

Richards, Arthur, Muir, Warren ...	24
Lizard, Kelley, Webster, Dyte ...	32
Goldsworthy, Healey, Hammet, Harvey...	11
Bailey, Shaw, Greer, Hattam ...	14

Preston A v. Richmond Union.

RICHMOND UNION, 130.

Cooper, Pilbeam, Watson, Hansen	44
Newland, Brown, Cuddon, Bleach	33
Sellick, Young, McGillicuddy, Bunce	31
Smith, Wallis, Wintle, Loughhan ...	22

PRESTON, 69.

Olney, Bransgrove, White, A. S. Wilkinson	16
Woods, Robertson, Pike, Crispe ...	15
Broadhurst, Rowe, Paterson, Walker	12
Howe, Ross, Whiteoak, A. Wilkinson	26

Preston B v. Malvern-Caulfield.

MALVERN CAULFIELD, 109.

McCulloch, Kruger, Martin, Jacobs	34
Lanaher, Francis, Adamson, Hocking	25
Hooper, Lounstein, Knell, Burley ...	22
Carr, Adamson, Scott, Thompson ...	28

PRESTON, 75.

Box, Lucas, Dale, Stanlake ...	18
Mitchell, Howse, Ham, McPherson	16
Rojo, Walker, McDonald, Warr ...	22
Bricknell, Robinson, Hardess, Mutimor	19

To-day Preston A play Middle Park at Middle Park; the B team play Ascot Vale at Preston.

Star of Northcote I.O.R.

The fortnightly meeting was held in the tent room on Thursday evening, the 8th inst, Bro. J. Angus, C.R., presiding over a good muster of members. Four new members were initiated, and were welcomed by the P.C.R. Bro. C. Clarke; three propositions received and one clearance accepted. The secretaries were appointed to attend a united tent meeting at Kew on Wednesday, 21st October. The Prostestant Alliance wrote challenging the quoit team to a game of 2000, up on a date to be fixed. The challenge was accepted, and arrangements left in the hands of the quoit team. Bro. Neumann reported the rifle team had defeated Windsor by 3 points, and Richmond by 46. On the motion of the secretary it was decided to write to the Minister of Defence (Bro. Senator Pearce) congratulating him on his action in abolishing the canteen at the military camps. The balance-sheet was read by the secretary, which showed the finances to be in a flourishing condition. The total receipts for the quarter amounted to £328 15s 7d, and the expenditure to £236 18s 5d. The interest received for the quarter on moneys loaned out nearly reached the total paid out to sick members. The credit balance now stands at £3500 4s 3d, while the membership tops 400. At the conclusion of business a game of bowls was played against the East Ward Progress Association, and after an enjoyable game the latter came out victors. Light refreshments were partaken of, and the toasts of the teams honored. Next Thursday the games teams play Fitzroy bowls, shooting, and quoits.

Land for Sale

LYONVILLE ESTATE, PRESTON.
First Subdivision of the Property of the late Jas. Dunn.
132—ALLOTMENTS—132
Grand Frontages.
Noble Depths to Wood Street and Murray Road.
Within one minute's walk of the Plenty Road Proposed Electric Tram.
SPECIAL TERMS! Small Deposit. No Interest. Payments from 2/- weekly up to 8 years.
Plans and all information from J. W. Kinton, 328 Collins Street, Melbourne; McGregor Bros., Northcote and Preston; A. E. James, 54 Queen Street; Agents in conjunction.

Announcements

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Oldest-Established

Auctioneer,
Estate Agents,
Sworn Valuer,
Insurance Agents.

PROPERTIES LET AND SOLD.

RENTS COLLECTED.

LIST OF PROPERTIES ON EASY TERMS AT OFFICE:

203 High St., Northcote

Branches:
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STATION STREET, FAIRFIELD.
HIGH ST., PRESTON, corner Garnet St. (opp. Bell Station).

Phone: Central 1976.

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Local Government

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.
EXTRAORDINARY ELECTION.
WEST WARD.

Notice is hereby given that an Election of One Councillor for the West Ward of the City of Northcote will be held on Monday, the 2nd day of November, 1914, to fill the Extraordinary Vacancy caused by the death of Councillor A. E. Woolhouse.

Every Candidate at such Election must be nominated at the office of the Council, High Street, Northcote, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 4 o'clock in the afternoon on or before Nomination Day, viz., Thursday, the 22nd day of October, 1914, by the delivery to me or to my deputy, Mr. W. G. Swift, of a nomination paper in accordance with the provisions of the Local Government Act 1903.

A. THARRATT, Mayor,
Returning Officer

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.
PAN ANNUAL CHARGE.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Council of the City of Northcote, at a meeting thereof to be held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Northcote, on the 19th day of October, 1914, at 7.30 p.m., to make and levy a Pan Annual Charge of 15/- per pan for a weekly service, and 18/- per pan for a twice weekly service on all tenements within the said City not connected with the sewerage system of the Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works, for the year ending 30th September, 1915, to provide for the removal and proper disposal of nightsoil; the said charge to be made due and payable on the 20th October, 1914.

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

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.
REWARD.

Notice is hereby given that a Reward of £3 will be paid for information that will lead to the conviction of any person who may damage or break any of the Council's Electric Light Lamps or Fittings.

Ratepayers are particularly requested to take steps to prevent interference with the property of the Municipality.

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

SHIRE OF PRESTON.
WANDERING CATTLE.

NOTICE.—To be SOLD TO-DAY (Saturday) at 11 a.m., by Order of the Court,

ONE BAY FOAL.
ONE BAY MARE.
ARNOLD DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

Election Notices

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.
WEST WARD ELECTION.
H. R. SMITH
is the
SELECTED NORTHERN TRAMWAY EXTENSION LEAGUE CANDIDATE.

Ex-Cr. PEARL, Chairman.
W. H. SMITH, E. FREEMAN, F. WEEKS } Joint Secs.

Meetings

THE NORTHERN DISTRICT WHOLESALE MILK PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION.

A Meeting of Members of the above will be held in the Shire Hall, Epping, on Wednesday, 21st October, at 8 p.m.
Business: Price of Milk.
A. WUCHATSCH, Secretary.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

MAURICE COLLINS
Pty. Ltd.,
Furniture Warehousemen, Carpet and Linoleum Factors, Pianos, &c.,
have
REMOVED
From 242 and 250 High St., Northcote, to
Corner High and Elm Streets, Northcote.

Amusements

NORTHCOTE THEATRE
OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.
Matinees Saturdays and All Holidays.

NOW SHOWING.
A PERFECT GALAXY OF STARS.

A Three-Reel "Edison" Comedy,
MY FRIEND FROM INDIA.
MY FRIEND FROM INDIA.
A Masterly Adaption of the Famous Comedy Drama.

A Thrilling Drama of the Hills,
MOONSHINE MOLLY.
MOONSHINE MOLLY.
And
SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE.
SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE.
A "Keystone" Continuous Scream.

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.
Monday, 19th October.
Three Nights Only.
A Stupendous Military Drama,
MEMORY'S TRAGIC LEAP.
MEMORY'S TRAGIC LEAP.
Supported by the "Keystone" Quaint Comedians in
MABEL'S MARRIED LIFE.
MABEL'S MARRIED LIFE.
Featuring "Charles Chaplin," the Assassin of Grief and Remorse.

COMPLETE CHANGE
TWICE WEEKLY.

THURSDAY, 22nd OCTOBER.
Three Nights and Matinee.
A Highly-Emotional Drama,
LOVE'S CRUELTY.
A Sparkling "Vitagraph" Comedy,
THE GIRL FROM PROSPERITY.
And a Patriotic Spectacle,
FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

WAR SPECIALS EVERY WEEK.

LYRIC OPEN-AIR THEATRE, High St., Northcote, TO-NIGHT at 8 sharp. Balharry's Crimson Costume Comedy Company. Don't Miss this Brilliant Programme. Ten Star Artists and Latest Pictures. Admission 6d. Children 3d.
H. W. BALHARRY, Manager.

NORTHCOTE AND PRESTON SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

MONTHLY CONCERT & DANCE,
MONTHLY CONCERT & DANCE,
Northcote Town Hall,
WEDNESDAY NEXT, 21st OCT.

ARTISTS:—Miss Rosa Alba, Madame Gregor Wood, Mr. Gregor Wood, Mr. F. Barbour, Mr. Weston Pott, Society's Reel Party and Pipers.

Admission 1/-.
H. McPHERSON, Hon. Sec.

Dancing

DANCING. DANCING.
DANCING. DANCING.

NORTHCOTE TOWN HALL
(Large and Small Halls).

THE ROYALS'
THE ROYALS'
FINAL DANCE
FINAL DANCE
TO-NIGHT.
TO-NIGHT.

Sturtevant's Orchestra.
Dancing 8 till 11. Fee, 1/- at door.
H. GRIFFITHS, Sec.
A. MATTHEWMAN, Treas.

Wanted

STRONG Girl for Household duties; sleep home; Sundays free. Apply Penicuick, Northornhay St., Preston (opposite the new Reservoir).

WASHING or Day Work. E. Goodman, 34 Beaver's Rd., Northcote (next railway gates).

Notices

TO LEND, £1000, in amounts of £250 or over; trustees' margin. J. T. Downing, 30 Helen St., Northcote.

THE NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY will be CLOSED (for Stocktaking) on 20th October. All Books must be returned before that date.

Wanted to Buy

BAGS and Sacks of all descriptions. City prices given. Post cards attended. T. Rogers, 4 Mitchell Street, Northcote (next Reid's, Grocer)

Board and Residence

BOARDERS Wanted. Close to Tram and Train. 39 Johnson St., Croxton

Wanted to Sell

NEW Brick House, choice position, Mitchell St., close to High St., Northcote, 6 rooms and all conveniences, tile roof, electric light, etc. W. Gribble, 332 High St., Northcote.

W. O. Broody Hen, 4/6; Hen with 12 Leghorn Chickens, Padman strain, 13/6. "Craigielea," McCracken's Avenue, Northcote.

To Let

BRICK Villa, good order, 7 rooms, 4 loose boxes, motor garage, man's room, fowl housed; extra allotment, corner Railway Place and Warr's Av., Preston. McGeorge Bros., High St.

The Fifteenth Annual

"MOA" ROAD RACE

will be held on

SATURDAY, 31st OCTOBER,

Starting from Preston Reservoir (20 miles).

FOR RIDERS OF "MOA" CYCLES.

PRIZES:
1st, Gold Medal with Diamond.
2nd, Gold Medal.
3rd, Eight-Day Clock.
4th, Silver-Plated Sugar Basin.
5th, Gas Lamp.
Fastest time, Sash and Badge.

Entries received at
A. Brice's (late Merson's)
Moa Cycle Works
234 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Announcements

JOHN SHAW,
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329 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

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T. COX, 28 CRAWLEY ST., PRESTON, Manager.

Telephone, Northcote 96.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Having severed my connection with J. Shaw, and after six and a half years' experience of the requirements of the Building Trade and General Carting (3½ years with J. Shaw and 3 years as manager for Heron & Parker), I have decided to start in business for myself under the name of T. JOHNS & CO.

As a result of the experience gained over such an extended term, builders and contractors can rely on having all orders entrusted to me executed promptly.

Specialities: Sand, Gravel, Garden Soil, Metal and Screenings.

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Phone, Northcote 76.

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Contractors for Electric Power Installation Sunshine Technical School and Electric Light Sunshine Hall.

Householders requiring their premises Electrified in most up-to-date manner by skilled workmen, consult us.

Plans and Estimates Prepared.
Open Fridays 7 to 9 p.m.

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Tel. 1914.

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Agents for British "Ever Ready" Hand Lamps, Torches, etc.
Please interview us.

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Craig's Lane, Melbourne,
Proprietors.

R. FOERS and J. VAUGHAN have much pleasure in announcing to intending users of Electric Light or Power in Preston that they are prepared to undertake installation of same in private or business premises, workshops or factories, guaranteeing successful results.

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T. F. LePLASTRIER,
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Estimates Given. Prices Reasonable. All Work Guaranteed.

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PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, 12TH OCTOBER, 1914.

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

The minutes of the previous meeting and outgoing letters were read and approved.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From H. Hayden, asking extension of six months to complete erection of his residence.—Granted.

From Railway Commissioners, acknowledging receipt of letter asking removal of pig siding at Bell railway station, which would receive consideration.

From Sarah J. Marshland, North Fitzroy, apply for extension of electric current from Bell street along Donovan-street to her residence.—Referred to electric light committee, engineer to report.

From South Melbourne City Council, drawing attention to the want of accommodation at some hospital for cases of illness supervening on measles.—Received.

From John Howse, asking permission to tap the council's water supply pipe passing his residence.—Request granted at the pleasure of the council at a yearly rental of 5s.

From Shire of Strathfieldsaye, re Country Roads Board.—Received.

From Public Health Department, circular relative to cancer.—Referred to health officer.

From W. E. Booth and M. and H. J. Kendall, stating preparedness to give land required for tramway construction. [illegible] lived with thanks.

[illegible] giving [illegible]

From various [illegible] re Workers' Compensation Act.—Received.

From Shire of Bacchus Marsh, stating that the decking of bridge on boundary road had been twice broken.—Received.

From W. P. Steane, forwarding plan of subdivision.—Referred to the committee of the whole, engineer to report.

From A. A. Schultz, suggesting that asphalting half width be done from Bruce street to Bell street in Jessie street.—To be informed that same would be attended to later on.

From W. L. Foers, asking increase of salary from £10 to £15 as summoning officer.—Referred to committee of the whole.

From Health Department re private hospital requirements.—Referred to the inspector.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Cr. Warr, for the finance committee, recommended the passing of accounts to amount of £133 18s; and the public works committee, per Cr. Crispe, recommended payment of £214 14s 5d, both of which were adopted.

Cr. Robertson, chairman of electric light committee, reported in favor of extending the electric light scheme to Fettling street, as asked for by Mr. O. Lancaster.—Approved.

Cr. C. Stanlake, for the hall committee, moved that the council cannot accede to request of Preston D.F.C. for refund of extra lighting charge.—Agreed to.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

Cr. Allchin, chairman, presented the following recommendations, which were adopted with the exception of clause 2, which was referred to the engineer for further report:—

1. That instructions re road making from the Roads Board be referred to the engineer to carry out.
2. That the alignment of the Junction Hotel property, as per plan submitted, be agreed to.—Referred to engineer for further report.
3. That the offer of A. K. Holder, re sale of land in High street, be accepted, the secretary to have transfer made.
4. That the engineer have the necessary guarantees signed re water mains in Pender's street.
5. That the Metropolitan Board's suggestion for 10 feet easements in subdivisions be left in the engineer's hands.
6. That the council sign the usual indemnity against trespass, in connection with water mains in Garnet street.
7. That the matter of repairs in Bell street be left in the engineer's hands.

REPORTS.

The treasurer reported receipt of £124 14s since last meeting, and that the bank credit was £1416 9s 11d.

The rate collector reported on the condition of general rate and special improvement charges at end of financial year just closed:—Current rates struck, £5077 10s; do. collected, £4947 17s 5d. The sum of £41 14s 3d (arrears) had since been paid, leaving outstanding £118 13s 8d.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Crispe drew attention to the need of a morning train from Preston to Melbourne starting at about 6.10 a.m., to enable workmen to reach their work by 7 a.m. He moved that the railway commissioners be asked to include it in the summer timetable.—Carried.

LOOKING AHEAD.

Cr. Howe asked what the position was in reference to private street construction. Ratepayers were anxious to know what was being done.

Cr. Robertson said that he understood that nearly all the data was ready, and if the private street construction could be gone on with soon, it would be a good opportunity to help to relieve the dearth of employment. He asked whether it would be possible for the engineer to hurry on the plans and estimates.

The engineer explained that all the apportionments had been made, with the exception of two streets, which were held up in the consequence of a legal point being involved. They were in counsel's hand for opinion. Thereafter steps might be taken to make a start with the works.

The president moved that the engineer be empowered to expend £50 in forming and metalling Wood street, east of Miss Murphy's.—Carried.

The president reported that Crs. Howe, Stanlake, Allchin, and himself had interviewed Mr. Calder, of the Country Roads Board, to point out the disabilities under which the shire laboured in carrying heavy outside traffic on the roads. Ultimately Mr. Calder had held out a promise of favorable consideration of some portion of their representations.

Cr. Stanlake also reported on the same subject.

The report was received.

Cr. Crispe moved that a return of the day labor expended in each riding be laid on the table in a month.—Agreed to.

Cr. Allchin gave notice of motion that the minute on the book re valuation be rescinded with a view of substituting therefor that last year's valuations be adopted with supplementary valuations where required.

The council then adjourned.

NORTHCOTE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S CLUB.

Since the Rev. Father Brickley accepted the presidency the Northcote Catholic Young Men's Club has made remarkable progress. The membership is increasing rapidly, for all that well-directed energy and enthusiasm can do is being done to cater for a wide variety of ambitions and interests. A mock Parliament meets regularly to develop oratory and cultivate a knowledge of, and an active interest in, public affairs; meetings are held to read, expound and discuss the works of the best authors; an athletic club has been established and equipped, and a creditable, if by no means brilliant, cricket team entered for the C.Y.M.S. competition. The president and officers are always on the alert for new ideas and eagerly adopt all those likely to advance the interests of the parish or help its young men to fulfil the duties of citizenship with ability and credit.

On Thursday night last Father Brickley invited the whole of the members, the young ladies associated with the various Church societies, representatives of kindred bodies, and a few citizens who had assisted in the club's work, to meet him at the Northcote town hall. There was an attendance of about 200. [illegible] spiritual director, Rev. Father Murphy, whose interest in parochial activities is much appreciated. A musical programme of good taste and artistic value had been arranged by Miss Kitty Gleeson, of Clifton Hill. The items, the capable rendering of which led to frequent recalls, were as follow:—Flute solos, Mr. J. Cussen; solos, "Kashmiri," and "The Winds are Calling," Miss Esse Taylor; songs, "In the Purple Glow," "Until," and "Still as Night," Miss Beryle Nicholas; songs, "Somewhere a Voice," and "The Reason," Mr. G. Cowley; songs at the piano, "Romeo and Juliet," and "Agatha Green," Miss Dolly Stewart; songs, "Invitation," "Thinking of Thee," and "Love's Echo," Miss Lilian Cooper; comedy sketches, Mr. J. Cussen. During the evening Miss Vera M'Mahon, an accomplished step and fancy dancer, who has trained many prize-winners, and has made a special study of the fashionable and folk dances of Russia, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Greece and other countries, danced an impromptu Irish reel. The hall floor was cleared for general dancing, which was continued until nearly 12 o'clock. Father Brickley presented the prizes won in recent club competitions, and was complimented and thanked for the unselfish and untiring work he was doing to benefit the young people of the district. A cordial vote of thanks was also passed to Miss Kitty Gleeson and those who had given her assistance.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, 12TH OCTOBER.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Thurratt, Hayes, Johnson, and Redmond, J's.P.]

FRAUD SUMMONS.

Walter W. Allen v. J. Tynan. Claim for £18/15/-. Mr. A. M. Lonie appeared for complainant. The claim was undefended.

Walter W. Allen deposed that he obtained an order against Tynan last June for £18 15s, but had received no portion of that amount. The original claim was for £25 9s 6d. Off that amount defendant had paid £10.

An order was made for £18 15s and £3 3s costs; in default two months' imprisonment.

WANDERING CATTLE.

A. T. Hatton, cattle ranger, obtained verdicts against the following:—Henry Kelly, one cow, fined 2/6 and 3/6 costs; John Marotte, mare and foal, 2/6 each and 2/6 costs; Francis Riley, cow and heifer, 5/- each and 2/6 costs; William Neylon, two cows, 5/- each and 7/6 costs; Mary Baker, one cow, 5/- and 5/- costs; Thos. Horne, one cow, 2/6 and 2/6 costs; Thos Roberts, one cow, 2/6 and 5/- costs; Edwin Roberts, one cow, 15/- and 5/- costs; Ellen Flynn, two cows, 5/- each and 7/- costs.

RAILWAY PROSECUTIONS.

Special Inquiry Officer Beale, of the Railway Department, proceeded against Bernard Lannan for trespassing on railway property by reason of leaving the station by jumping from the end of platform at Croxton station instead of passing out through the barrier gates.

Defendant pleaded guilty, stating he was in a hurry to get home.

The P.M. thought there was some excuse for a man in a hurry by reason of the delays experienced at the barriers. The practice, however, was a dangerous one. The Department should provide better facilities for the avoidance of these delays.

A fine of 2/6 was inflicted, with 6/- costs.

Martin Lannan and Henry Phillips were also proceeded against on similar charges, and were fined 2/6 with 6/- costs.

Jas. F. Kenny was fined 2/6 with 6/- costs for gaining access to the Westgarth station by climbing the end of platform instead of entering by the barrier gates, and a lady passenger was fined 15/- with 5/- costs, for travelling without a ticket.

EJECTMENT ORDER.

Stott and Bastings, as agents for the National Trustees, Executors, and Agency Co., obtained an order against W. H. Wright to vacate certain premises within 7 days.

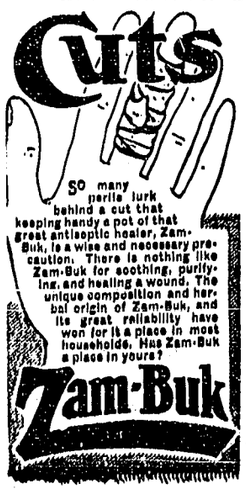
DEBT CASES.

Geo. F. Harris v. A. F. Harrison. Claim for £2 12s. Order for amount, with 13/- costs.

Same v. W. James. Claim for 6/5. Order, with 7/6 costs.

First Preston Troop Boy Scouts.

Last Saturday afternoon, after saluting the flag, the troop was divided into two sections in charge of A.S.M. Fry and Sone, respectively. The latter's side then proceeded to the Darebin Creek and defended the flag at a suitable spot. The attackers advanced on all sides but several scouts hidden in trees accounted for a number of them being put out of action. The flag was captured, but Corporal Brown gave chase and brought it safely back again. After two hours' time, the game ceased, and it was then found that only one of the attackers survived, while ten defenders were left. The points were, attackers 40, defenders 242. In the evening the patrols, under their P.L., had meetings and made arrangements for thrift clubs, lockers, etc. Mr. V. Fry has been made an A.S.M. in the troop, and his assistance will be welcomed. The boys gave him a hearty welcome. Nineteen boys were out on Saturday. On Sunday afternoon the troop spent an enjoyable afternoon at the Masonic service in the shire hall, and assisted by taking up the collection. At the bazaar committee meeting Mrs. F. Sheppard reported that a gentleman had promised to donate a gold medal to the value of £1 1s for some troop competition.



SO many perils lurk behind a cut that keeping handy a pot of that great antiseptic healer, Zam-Buk, is a wise and necessary precaution. There is nothing like Zam-Buk for soothing, purifying, and healing a wound. The unique composition and herbal origin of Zam-Buk, and its great reliability have won for it a place in most households. Has Zam-Buk a place in yours?

F. BRACE, Seedling Grower. Cabbage, Lettuce, Onion, Celery, Tomato Plants, 6d doz. Several kinds of Annuals to choose from, 9 dozen for 2/6; also Pansies, best kinds. Orders for all kinds of Plants promptly executed. No. 8 Dennis St., Northcote.

W. F. Pridgeon

Begs to advise that he is now carrying on the well-known business conducted for the past 25 years in High Street, Northcote, by the late Mr. Sanguinetti, and with an Up-to-Date Stock of

Wall Papers & Painting Materials

hopes to secure a continuance of support. Estimates given for Painting, Paperhanging, Glazing, Writing, and General Repairs.

Note Address:

391 High St., Northcote

Telephone, Northcote 163.

Announcements

Misses A. & E. Freebairn,
CONFECTIONERS AND SWEETS DEPOT
(Between Library and Town Hall), HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
High-Class Goods and Best Attention to Customers.
Soft Drinks of best Brands.

BURGESS BROS.
A. A. BURGESS
H. BURGESS
BUILDERS,
30 STOTT STREET, NORTHCOTE.
HOUSES BUILT TO ORDER.
Land Purchased.
Finance Arranged.
GOOD WORK. GOOD MATERIAL.
A Fair Deal our Motto.

ATTENTION!
J. BAKER,
DYER AND CLEANER,
661 HIGH ST., THORNBURY
(Opp. Tram Sheds).
Ladies' Costumes and Gents' Suits Cleaned, Pressed and Dyed, and made to look like new from 3/6.
Gents' Hats also Cleaned & Renowed.
Suit or Dress returned within 24 hours if necessary.
Articles called for and delivered.
REPAIRS a Speciality.
Ring up Northcote 251.

Societies

A.N.A.
NORTHCOTE BRANCH meets on alternate Thursdays at Town Hall. Next meeting—29th October.
Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia. No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.
J. E. NEWELL, President.
A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary, 19 Union St.

I.O.R.
STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217, meets at Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, alternate Thursdays Next meeting—22nd October.
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.
Juveniles meet alternate Wednesdays
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary,
38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

CHARLES FOWLER, Carpenter and Builder. Houses put in thorough repair and re-decorated. "Hill Crest," 659 High Street (Regent Station), Nth. Preston.

Fuel Merchants

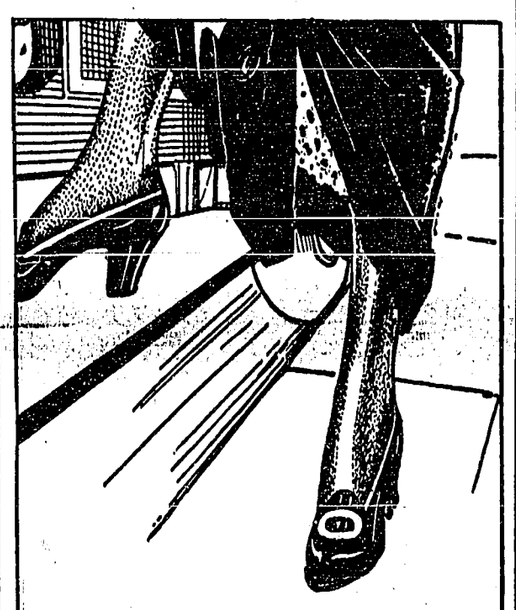
J. A. Bostock,
481 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
The Oldest-Established
HAY & CORN, WOOD & COAL MERCHANT in Northcote,
HAS on Sale all kinds of General Produce; also Firewood and Coal at Melbourne Prices.
Cut Green Bone, Velox Chick Feed, Pigeon Peas, Canary Seed and Sand, also Shell Grit for Fowls.
Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of RETORTED CHARCOAL.

Telephone, Northcote 145.
J. KIDD,
Wood, Coal, & Coke Merchant,
480 High St., Northcote.
ON SALE:
Chaff, Bran, Pollard, Maize, Wheat, Lucerne Pollard, Lucerne Chaff, Mill Sweepings.

J. SUTCH & SON
HAVE pleasure in announcing that they have opened as Wholesale and Retail PRODUCE and FUEL MERCHANTS at 66 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD SOUTH, NORTHCOTE, and have on Sale Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Peas, Barley, Maize, POTATOES, Onions, &c.
Also Box Block and Split 2ft. and 1ft. Common Mixed Wood, Mallee Roots, Coal and Coke.
Red Mixed Blocks, 21/6 ton
Split, 25/- ton
By civility and attention to customers' requirements we hope to have the favor of your patronage.
Phone, Northcote 459.

WHAT!
Still not INSURED against
FIRE!
Be wise in time and for a small outlay prevent the loss of HUNDREDS OF POUNDS!
ERNEST LEES
295 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Tel., Northcote 54.
Agent for
Gresham Insurance Co

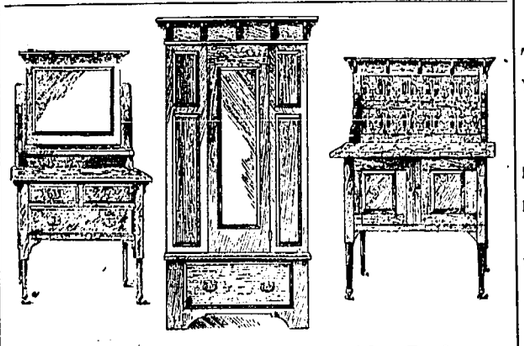
Wanted to Buy
POULTRY of all kinds bought sold or exchanged. Highest prices given Letters and post cards promptly attended to. W. Key, Epping.



Shoes for YOU!
We have every kind of Footwear to fit man, woman, and child—High-Grade Footwear, renowned for perfect finish, and long-wearing qualities. Our salesmen will be happy to show you Footwear for every wear at any time.
Robert Hurst,
(22 Branches)
293A HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
Melbourne, Geelong, Wonthaggi.

MOTORISTS
We can supply you with
ALL YOUR REQUIREMENTS
from a
SPLIT PIN
to a
COMPLETE MOTOR CAR
Everything supplied of the very best.
All Work Guaranteed.
CARS FOR HIRE
Telephone at any hour, Day or Night.
Northcote Exchange 324 or 399.

PRESTON MOTOR GARAGE
PTY. LTD.,
HIGH ST., PRESTON.



A Dainty, Well-Made, Durable Bedroom Suite, like this, for £7 15/-
Light or Dark Finish.
TYE & CO., 237-239 Smith Street, Fitzroy.
Credit can be arranged if desired.

Great Downfall in Groceries
AT
J. T. COLES & Co's.
THE CASH GROCERS

Note our City Prices:

Use Coles' Flour, 4½d	Green Peas, 3½d pkt.
Worcestershire Sauce, 5½d large bottle	Kolas Cocoa, 6½d tin
Three Large Tins Sardines, 1/1	Kolas hocolate, 2d cake
New Season Sauce, 2½d	Nestle's Cocoa and Milk, 7½d tin
Three tins Australian Wonder, 1/-	Nestle's Chocolate and Milk, 7½d tin
Swiss Milk, 4d tin	12lbs. Sugar, 2/7½
Hall's Horehound, 6d bottle	1/- bars Soap for 10d
O.K. Punch, 9½d bottle	5lbs. Best Rice, 1/-
Day's English Vinegar, 6d bottle	6 tins Sardines for 1/-
3 tins Herrings, 1/-	Red Salmon, 8½d tin
Large bottles Tomato Sauce, 4½d	Peeled Tomatoes, 6½d

Note Address: High Street, Thornbury

PRESTON PROPERTY EXCHANGE.
McGeorge Bros.,
Subdivisional Land Salesmen,
Auctioneer to Town of Coburg, and Shire of Preston,
Offices: High St., Preston
High St., Northcote
Sydney Rd., Moreland
Phones: Northcote 162, Brunswick 436.
Expert Insurance Agents & Rent Collectors
Clients with Acreage Blocks consult us. We will subdivide and show you Great Profits.
Watch Main Road Frontages. See Us To-Day.
McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

GROCERIES
Just a Few of our Prices:

12lbs. Sugar, 2/7½	Navy Cocoa, 6d tin
6lbs. Sugar, 1/4	5lbs. Rice, 1/-
Havelock Flour, 5d pkt.	Canned Tomatoes, 6½d
Saxon Milk, 4d tin	Dried Apricots, 9½d lb.

Best Leura Butter
A. F. HOLZER,
Corner Normanby Avenue and High Street,
THORNBURY.
W.S.

STERLING SOAP CO. PRESTON TRADE MARK
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
STERLING SOAP
PUREST AND BEST.
No Chapped or Sore Hands.
WHITE STERLING Non-Rubbing Soap. Largest 3d Bar on the Market.
SAVO SOAP, Easy Washing, 1½d & 2d Bar
Tallow Bought in any quantity.
STERLING SOAP COY., Oakover Road, South Preston

Estate and Insurance Agents

COMPULSORY INSURANCE
(Workers' Compensation Act 1914).
Under this Act all Employers MUST INSURE against Accident to Employes.
ERNEST LEES,
AUCTIONEER AND SWORN VALUER,
307 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
Will arrange your Insurance business, and save time, worry, and expense.
Send a Card or Ring Up.
ERNEST LEES,
INSURANCE AGENT,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Tel., Northcote 54.

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.
W. Freebairn & Co.
(SWORN VALUER).
HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Houses for Sale—small deposit; balance as 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, Central 4682),
Beg to notify that their business has been REMOVED to more COMMODIOUS OFFICES on the ground floor of LOMBARD BUILDINGS, 17 QUEEN ST. (between Flinders Street and Flinders Lane).
Loans Negotiated Promptly.
Auctions Conducted.
Fire and Life Insurances Effected.

PRESTON PROPERTY AGENCY.
A. ROBERTSON,
ESTATE, INSURANCE, AND FINANCIAL AGENT.
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:
CNR. HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON,
Close to Bell Station.
Telephone, Northcote 4.

Tel. 75 Northcote Exchange.
Gordon Garrett & Co.,
ARCHITECTS,
BUILDERS.
ESTATE, INSURANCE and FINANCIAL AGENTS,
FARM SALESMEN.
583-585 HIGH STREET, UPPER NORTHCOTE (near Thornbury Station)

E. H. SMITH,
LAND, ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
499 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite Tram Sheds)
and
Commercial Union Chambers, 413 Collins Street.
Houses & 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.
Phone, Northcote 251.

ESTATE AGENTS
S. G. Youren & Son
HEIDELBERG RD.,
ALPHINGTON
Write, Phone, or Call for Particulars of SHOPS, VILLAS, and ALLOTMENTS on Very Easy Terms at FAIRFIELD, ALPHINGTON and IVANHOE.
Open Saturday Afternoons.
Vehicle to Inspect.
Phone, Northcote 388.

Notices

TO THE RESIDENTS of NORTHCOTE and PRESTON.
If you have any Furniture requiring Re-Upholstering or Re-Caning, Hair Mattresses Teased, &c., &c., just notify J. ELDER, Bruce Street, Preston, who will make them as good as new. New Suites made to order and Coach Trimming done.

SUITES RE-UPHOLSTERED equal to new at prices that get and keep customers. Combination Diningroom and Billiard Tables kept in stock and made to order from £17 10s up. All accessories on hand. We shall call on receipt of your card.—F. ROBERTS, Lower High St., (near Union St.) Northcote Sth. Phone, Northcote 220y

Cooked Meats and Dairy Produce

DO YOU KNOW
that at
Mayer's Quality Shops
Honest Weight is Guaranteed?
The First Firm in Northcote to Instal the Famous
Toledo Honest-Weight Scales
Weighing by Natural Gravity.
Absolutely Without Doubtful Artificial Springs.
Then Deal Where Only Honest Weight and Finest Quality is Obtainable.

MAYER'S QUALITY SHOPS
High St., Northcote (opposite Theatre)
And 71 High Street, Northcote South.

Tailors

H. C. SAUNDERS
TAILOR,
269 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,
Thanks his numerous customers for their long extended patronage, and intimates to them that he has in stock all the latest Spring and Summer Suitings. It's profitable to wear
Saunders' Clothes
It's the decision of hundreds, after trying other tailors, that they have found the strength and quality in the material and make always reliable.
Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.

Plenty Rd. & Garnett St.,
PRESTON.
Arch. Wilkinson,
Tailor and Mercer.
Come and See our Window Displays of NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.
The Latest Styles and Colourings in Suitings.
Our MERCERY Stock is UP-TO-DATE.
All the Newest in Fashion Shirts Ties, Hats, Hosiery, &c.
Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality.

Established 1895. 'Phone, Cen. 7967.
W. H. SMITH,
Tailor & Costumier,
101 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE.
¶ W.H.S. is like the calendar, up-to-date as regards Tailoring.
Open Friday Nights, 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Miss C. McTaggart,
Thornbury Laundry
Lace Curtains and Blankets a Speciality.
Terms Moderate.
518 High St., Northcote
Also at 141 Plenty Rd., S. Preston.

G. L CHAPMAN,
Painter and Paperhanger, and General House Repairer.
Estimates submitted.
Letters promptly attended to.
20 Daly St., Northcote.

A Handsome Home
is easily assured if you furnish it right And it's easy enough to furnish it right if you are wise enough to deal with us.

An Example of Our Value
A handsome Parlour Suite, upholstered in Art Tapestry or American Cloth.
Price only £6 10s
We stock everything needed by the Modern Home, and can furnish completely either at the Lowest Cash Prices, or on Easy Terms.
THE COLLINGWOOD FURNITURE ARCADE
224-226-228 Smith St., Collingwood
The Firm with the Reputation

S. N. ADAMS
CASH GROCER
HAVING purchased the business of J. T. COLES & Co., at 302 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE, begs to intimate that he has a NEW STOCK which will be retailed at BEDROCK PRICES.

Reduced Prices:

1lb. pkts. Extract, 2½d	Three tins Australian Wonder Boot Polish, 1/-
7lbs. Sago, 1/-	Three tins Australian Milk, 1/-
3lbs. Honey (Italian), 1/-	12lbs. Best 1A Sugar, 2/7½
7lbs. bag S.R. Flour, 1/2	John Bull Oats, 6½d
1lb. tins Salmon, 9½d	Eucalyptus Oil, 5½d
Four Cakes Toilet Soap, 3d	

Remember Our Address: Orders called for and delivered.
302 High St., Northcote

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
F. W. MOLYNEUX
Wishes to intimate to the Residents of Thornbury and surrounding districts that he has purchased the old-established business lately carried on by Mr. E. W. INGHAM at 701 High Street, and known as
Thornbury Ham and Beef Shop
And hopes that by stocking the Best of Goods, and giving Satisfaction, combined with Civility and Attention, to merit a share of public patronage.
Our Motto: "Right Goods, Right Prices."
We want our friends and patrons to know that the Shop will be conducted in their interests just as much as ours—in other words, our interests are mutual. Phone, Northcote 643.

Northcote Leader

Circulating in Northcote, Preston, Thomastown, Epping, Diamond Creek, Arthur's Creek, Whittlesea, Fairfield, Heidelberg, Clifton Hill

Price 1d — Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper. — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1914 — Printed and published by the Proprietors, R. J. and J. S. Whalley, at their office, 309 High Street, Northcote in the State of Victoria.

Fuel Merchants

J. A. Bostock,
481 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
The Oldest-Established
HAY & CORN, WOOD & COAL MERCHANT in Northcote,

HAS on Sale all kinds of General Produce; also Firewood and Coal at Melbourne Prices.

Cut Green Bone, Velox Chick Feed, Pigeon Peas, Canary Seed and Sand, also Shell Grit for Fowls.
Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of RETORTED CHARCOAL.

Telephone, Northcote 145.
J. KIDD,
Wood, Coal, & Coke Merchant,
480 High St., Northcote.

ON SALE:
Chaff, Bran, Pollard, Maize, Wheat, Lucerne Pollard, Lucerne Chaff, Mill Sweepings.

J. SUTCH & SON

HAVE pleasure in announcing that they have opened as Wholesale and Retail PRODUCE and FUEL MERCHANTS at 66 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD SOUTH, NORTHCOTE, and have on Sale Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Peas, Barley, Maize, POTATOES, Onions, &c.

Also Box Block and Split 2ft. and 1ft. Common Mixed Wood, Mallee Roots, Coal and Coke.

Red Mixed Blocks, 21/6 ton
Split, 25/- ton

By civility and attention to customers' requirements we hope to have the favor of your patronage.
Phone, Northcote 459.

K. KNUDSEN,
WOOD, COAL, AND COKE MERCHANT,
Corner
HIGH AND UNION STREETS, SOUTH NORTHCOTE,
Wishes to thank his numerous customers for past patronage, and hopes for a continuance of same.
Best Box Blocks, Coal and Coke at Lowest Rates.

FURNITURE CAREFULLY REMOVED.
Light Carting Done.

Announcements.

UNDER ENTIRELY NEW
— MANAGEMENT —
The Regal Cafe
98 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD.

Dinner from 12 to 2.
Ladies' Afternoon Tea a specialty

Choice Fruits in Season.
Only the Best Confectionery kept in stock.

SPERO & VLASOPULOS (late of Vienna Cafe), Proprietors.

E. J. KELLEY,
Builder and Contractor,
Corner Harold Street and Railway Avenue, Thornbury,

Will Build on Your Land, or Buy Land you choose, Houses your Own Design, or Sell you Houses just finished, double or single-fronted. Best material and workmanship.
CASH or TERMS
Plans Prepared.

Your Boot Man
DIMMICK!
Big Stock!
Small Prices!
Extra Value!
NO CARDBOARD
243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Undertakers

Telephone 1160.
H. J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
And CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Head Office:
Corner Johnston & Hertford Sts. Fitzroy.

Funerals conducted at the lowest possible rates.
Hearses, Mourning Coaches, and Funeral Requisites.
The trade supplied.

Established 1856.
W. G. APPS,
UNDERTAKER,
MOOR STREET, FITZROY.
High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda.
Branch, Burgundy St., Heidelberg.
Phone, Heidelberg 60.

Wanted to Buy

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Darebin Road, Northcote. Phone, Northcote 778.

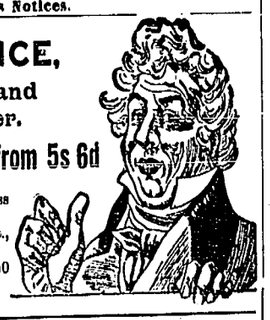
Kruse's Fluid Magnesia
FOR
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, AND ACIDITY.

Keep the Rain Off!

HAVE your Umbrella Re-Covered and Made to Look Like NEW at Mrs. PALMER'S, 257 High Street, Northcote. New Stock of Fancy Goods, Stationery, Post Cards and School Requisites.

Business Notices.

R. B. LAWRENCE,
Dyer, Cleaner, and Feather Dresser.
A Suit or Dress Like New from 5s 6d



Illustrated Price-List and Address Labels sent Post Free.
Office and Works: Cunningham St., Northcote.
Melbourne—4 Elizabeth Street, 50 Swanston Street, Royal Arcade.
All Suburbs.

SHAW & THORNTON,
Monumental and General Masons,
Granite and Marble Importers.

Inscriptions and other works done in Town or Country Cemeteries

High St., Northcote, opposite Brickworks
Private Address: 1 Armadale St., Northcote.
Designs and Estimates Submitted.

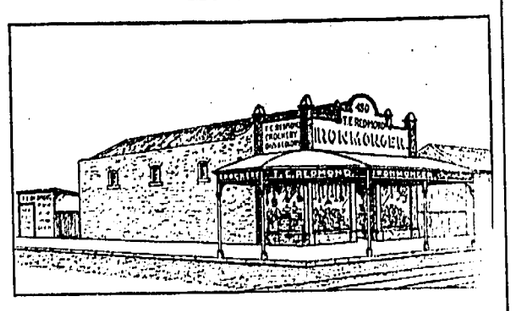
EDWARD FELLOWES,
Universal Carriage Works & Shoeing Forge
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Croxton Station)

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 night):
Drags, Wagonettes, Abbot Buggies, Wagons, Jinkers, Lorries, Spring Carts and Drays; also good reliable Horses and Ponies.
Picnics and Parties specially catered for.

T. E. REDMOND
Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant



Corner High and Dennis Sts., Northcote

Telephone 6253.
NEW DESIGN
"Economist" Gas Stoves

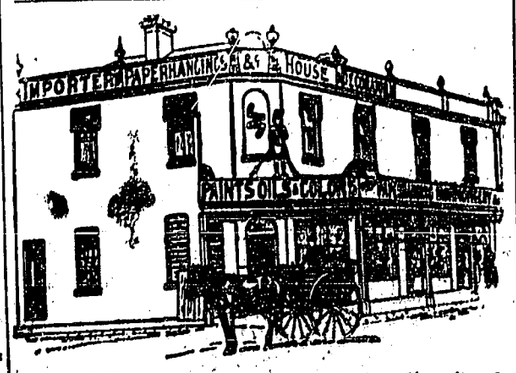
IMPROVEMENTS:
Taps at side, which enables a tray to be put in from the front to catch liquids boiling over.
Browner light over top of oven to brown scones, etc.
Flame top of Roaster which, while grilling, toasting, or roasting in Roaster, also heats top Oven for baking scones, cakes, etc., so that both Oven and Roaster are heated with one flame.

Very Economical. Durable. Heats Instantly.
A Splendid Baker.

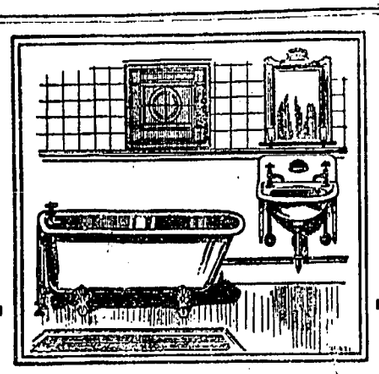
At present made in one size. Size of Stove—22in. wide x 18in. deep x 29in. high. Oven—Width, 14in.; Depth 12½in. Roaster—Width, 14in.; Depth, 14in. **This Stove Already a Big Seller.**

Two top lights, £4. Three top lights, £4 8s 6d.
(Bottom light under Roaster, 12/6 extra)

Wallis Bros. & Co., 419 Bourke St.
(Opp. Kirk's Bazaar). Factory: PRESTON.



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.



Taps, Bathroom, and all other Sanitary Arrangements of Your House

Must be kept in perfect order if you would enjoy health and comfort this Summer—and always. Good work can be carried out only by a plumber who has had experience as well as scientific knowledge of modern plumbing methods. I have both.

For years I have given complete satisfaction to my customers and their recommendations are helping my business to grow. The same attention given to small and large jobs alike. My charges are very reasonable.
Estimates free for all branches of the trade.

For Prompt and Reliable Plumbing Work come to
JOHN SHAW
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
Phone, Northcote 96

Established 20 years.
W. FIRTH,
GENERAL DRAPER,
344 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston Street).

C. WILLIAMS
WISHES to notify that he has commenced business as a
Bookseller & Stationer
at
365 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite London Bank).

Wedding and Birthday Cards and Post Cards in great variety.
We specialise in Fountain Pens, all makes.
Also at 315 Smith Street, Fitzroy.

"LET 'ER BUCK!—She Can't Break Graham's Harness."

FRANK GRAHAM,
Saddle, Harness and Collar Maker,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
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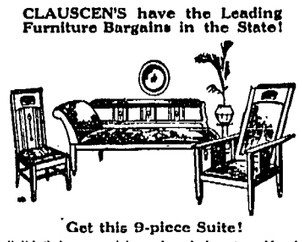

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Nine-piece Solid Oak Diningroom Suite, six small, two Morris chairs, new design, new shaped settee, pincushion seats, upholstered in any shade moroccoline, **£11.**

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Cattle and Premises under inspection of 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.
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Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surrounding districts.

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

The Favor of your Patronage and Recommendation respectfully solicited.

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Farm and Dairy:
SPRING STREET, PRESTON.

Pure, Fresh Milk, direct from our own cows, delivered twice daily in Preston and surrounding districts.
Premises and Cattle under Government supervision.
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Buggies, Jinkers, Waggons, Drays, and Carts of every description built on the most reasonable terms. Repairs promptly executed. Vehicles bought, sold and exchanged. Horses carefully shod, called for and returned. Best materials used. All work guaranteed.

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and Teas of inferior quality containing artificial flavoring which constitute the bulk of the Tea sold to the public.

"YARRUM" TEAS have a distinct, mild, malt flavor which at once appeals to your sense of taste and supplies that refreshing principle which you so much desire.

Grade I.	Grade II.	Grade III.
Specially-Selected 1/6 lb.	An Ideal Family Tea 1/3 lb.	The Last Word in Value 1/- lb.

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Choicest of Small-goods always to be had now at
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Corner High Street and Shaftesbury Parade, Upper Northcote.

Newly Established by
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Just sample and we know you will be pleased.

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The very best articles, either in Bread or Small Goods, always to be relied on.
Deliveries daily to all parts of Northcote.
The favor of your patronage and recommendation respectfully solicited.

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Plumbing in all branches attended to.

Estimates for Sewerage Connections.

Gas and Water Laid On. Water Meters Fixed.

Pumps and Irrigation a Speciality.

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THOSE who know say our prices speak for themselves.

¶ The goods, too, are first-class; guaranteed fresh, pure and wholesome as groceries can be.

¶ Prompt and thoughtful attention when you purchase at the shop; correct and careful delivery of the goods you buy.

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High St. & Woolton Av.
CROXTON

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Having severed my connection with J. Shaw, and after six and a half years' experience of the requirements of the Building Trade and General Carting (3½ years with J. Shaw and 3 years as manager for Heron & Parker), I have decided to start in business for myself under the name of T. JOHNS & CO.
As a result of the experience gained over such an extended term, builders and contractors can rely on having all orders entrusted to me executed promptly.
Specialities: Sand, Gravel, Garden Soil, Metal and Screenings.
T. JOHNS.
Address: "Hillview," Dundas Street, Preston.
Phone, Northcote 76.

Wanted to Buy

POULTRY of all kinds bought sold or exchanged. Highest prices given. Letters and post cards promptly attended to. W. Key, Epping.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Holy Communion.
7 p.m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Special Collections for Hospital Sunday.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister: Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning, "What Christianity is, by the Founder of It."
Evening, "Under Bearing."

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Minister: Rev. W. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
Sunday Services:
Morning at 11. Evening at 7.
All Welcome. Seats Free.

THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rossmoyne Street.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Children's Service.
7 p.m., Girls' Guild Service.
Preacher, F. L. HERIOT.
Sabbath School, 3 p.m.

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

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
HIGH STREET.
10 a.m., Brotherhood.
11 a.m., Rev. JOSEPH MCILROY.
7 p.m., Rev. JOHN ADAMS, subject, "Good News for the Poor."
ST. GEORGE'S ROAD.
11 a.m., Rev. ROBERT KELLY.
7 p.m., Rev. HENRY MOORE.
PRINCE OF WALES' PARK.
11 a.m., Hon. J. G. MEMBREY, M.L.A.
7 p.m., Rev. JOSEPH MCILROY.
CROXTON.
11 a.m., Mr. F. OLVER.
7 p.m., Rev. A. UGLOW.
All seats free. Strangers warmly welcomed.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services.
PRESTON (Church Anniversary.—11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. R. DITTERICH; 3 p.m., Rev. W. PRESLEY. See special advt.
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE; 7 p.m., Rev. G. S. SHINKFIELD.
PENDER'S GROVE.—11 a.m., Mr. J. ORTON; 7 p.m., Mr. W. THORPE.
All Welcome.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

SIXTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY,
Sunday, 25th October.
Preachers:
11 a.m., Rev. R. DITTERICH.
3 p.m., Rev. W. PRESLEY.
7 p.m., Rev. R. DITTERICH.
Gold and Silver Offerings.

CONCERT and SOCIAL, Monday, 26th October. Chairman, Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A. Speaker, Rev. J. Thomas, B.A., President of Methodist Conference. Musical Programme. Refreshments. Admission 1/-, Children 6d. J. C. NANKERVIS, Acting Sec.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Pastor: Rev. B. HEWISON.
Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. J. ADAMS.
7 p.m., Rev. J. ROBERTSON MCCUE (of South Yarra).
3 p.m., Men's Own, Rev. STANLEY B. GOBLE (of Koroit), subject, "Is the Bible the Word of God?"
Hospital Sunday Offerings received.

BAPTIST CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

An "Ideal" Meeting, Wednesday, 28th October, at 7.45 p.m. Chairman, Rev. H. Estcourt Hughes. Speakers: Rev. L. H. Field, subject, "The Domestic Ideal;" Rev. J. H. Goble, "The Civic Ideal;" 7 p.m., Rev. T. E. Ruth, "The Religious Ideal." Special Choir and Vocal Music. Collection.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Martin St., Northcote.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. BENSON BARNETT.
7 p.m., Rev. A. R. BUNTON.
All Seats Free. A Hearty Welcome.

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Registered Secondary, Primary, Sub-Primary.
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Kingdergarten to Senior Public. Spacious Class Rooms ventilated and lighted according to requirements of Board of Public Health. Large Grounds, Sports, Tennis, Badminton, Basket Ball, School Library.
Classes for Music, Drawing, Painting, Elocution; Singing, Miss Evelyn Ashley; Physical Culture, Prof. Bjelke Petersen; Dancing—Monsieur Bibron, Friday evening. Thirteen hour-lessons, 35/-
Boys' School (age to 12 years) separate class rooms and playground.
The three-term system. Pupils entering during term charged accordingly.

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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. quarter.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
Evening Classes at the college.

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INDIVIDUAL TUITION.
EVENING CLASSES.

For High-Class Goods Visit
The Model Knitting Depot,
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All kinds of Woollen and Brilliant Goods manufactured on the Premises.
Children's Clothing a Specialty.
ORDER YOUR CANADIAN BATHING COSTUME NOW.
Inspection invited. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Miss E. M. EDMONDS, Proprietress.

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Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.
PIANO, THEORY, Etc.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE TUTTON.
Singing, Voice Production, Interpretation, Elocution, and Deportment.
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Programmes arranged and Engagements undertaken for Weddings, At Homes &c

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Pupils prepared for London College, Conservatorium, etc., Exams.
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Terms strictly moderate. Monthly or quarterly.

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Certificates Melbourne and Women,s Hospitals.
Maternity Private Hospital (Registered)
"Sydenham," 21 Darebin Street (off High Street,) Upper Northcote.
Terms: Fortnight from £3 3s.
Special concession to Country Patients.
In all cases circumstances are considered
Enquiries invited. Phone, Northcote 226
A fine new ward for use of maternity cases.

NURSE DONOHUE.
"CLIFTON" PRIVATE HOSPITAL,
18 High Street, Northcote.
Midwifery Cases admitted and attended daily.
Every care and attention.
Telephone, Northcote 68.

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HELEN STREET, NORTHCOTE,
FOR CAREFUL
FURNITURE REMOVAL
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WOOD, COAL, and COKE.
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Private address: Mr. A. M. LONIE, "Craigielea," James St., Northcote.

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Telephone, Central 196.
C. R. CANDY—Private Address: 23 Rathmines St., Fairfield. Telephone, Northcote 521.
LOCAL OFFICE: At Office of E. & R. BAILEY, Estate Agents, High Street, Northcote South, where Mr. R. CANDY will attend on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

HOME AND WILKINSON,
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Commercial Union Chambers, 413 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Tel. 863.
A. S. WILKINSON. Private address—"Fylingdales," King William Street, Preston.
LOCAL OFFICE: McGeorge's Agency, High Street, where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 a.m. to 9.30 a.m., and Mondays 7.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.

STEPHEN P. THOMPSON, M.A., LL.M.
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR,
STALBRIDGE CHAMBERS,
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Phone: Central 5270.
NORTHCOTE ADDRESS: 182 High Street (opposite the Town Hall) where Mr. Thompson may be seen in the evening.
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DENTIST
(Established 1894).
LONDON HOUSE, 97 ELIZABETH STREET
(One door from Collins St).,
MELBOURNE.
Hours: 10 a.m. till 5.30 p.m.
By Appointment Only at "Toronto," 45 Martin Street, Northcote.

MR. LESLIE C. WEBSTER B.D., Sc., L.D.S.,
DENTIST,
Practices at
THEATRE BUILDINGS, HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Hours: 9.30 to 1 p.m. and 2 till 6 p.m.
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DR. STANLEY WILKINSON,
DENTAL SURGEON,
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Monday, Wednesday, Friday } 2 p.m. to 9 p.m.
7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
And at 80 Collins Street (next Ogg, Chemist), by appointment.

C. A. BROOKS
(Recorded by the Dental Board of Victoria),
534 HIGH STREET, THORNBURY.
Four doors Raleigh Street.
Hours: 9.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Saturdays, 1 p.m.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.
Fifteen years with C. J. Fyffe, Collins Street.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY
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DENTAL SPECIALIST,
Recorded by Dental Board Vic.
348 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(Near Separation St).
Phone, Northcote 640.
ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS, 9.30 a.m. to 11 a.m., 1/-.

DR. DENTON FETHERS Has Removed to "Bondi," High Street, Preston, opposite the Church of England.
Telephone: Northcote 361.
Hours at Preston—9 to 11 a.m. 6 to 7.30 p.m.
At 28 Collins Street—2 to 4 p.m.

[A CARD].
S. BRUEHL, M.D.,
SPECIALIST, MIDWIFERY, Etc.,
Has started practice at the corner of Arthurton Road and Hartigan Streets, opposite Northcote Station, and may be consulted daily at his residence.
Home—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, until 2 p.m., and evenings.

Announcements

J. W. HORMAN
Late Wertheim's (9 years foreman) and Sutton's,
PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, REPAIRER and POLISHER,
18 PLANT STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Pianos Selected. Estimates Free.
All Work Guaranteed.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
George H. Armfield,
94 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
SPECTACLES TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS.
Phone, Central 8183.

In Memoriam

JOHNSON.—In loving memory of our dear son and brother, Richard, who passed away on the 22nd October, 1913, at "Toora," Andrew Street, Northcote.

Not gone from memory, not gone from love,
Just gone to our Father's home above.
—Inserted by his loving parents, brother-in-law, sisters, and brother.

The Leader
JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24.

THE IMAGE THAT LIVED.

THE growth of the war-god in the mind of the German people is a fruit that has come to maturity in forty years of peace, a fruit as palpable to sight and to sense as oranges at Mildura, apples at Diamond Creek, or cabbages and cauliflowers in everyman's back-garden. When Germany, in pursuance of Bismarck's "blood and iron" policy, annexed Alsace and Lorraine, thus committing herself to a policy of military overlordship, she planted a tree whose fruit the world is now garnering. The necessity for keeping the army at full strength to cope with any combination of neighbours has been the ruling thought of statesmen and people ever since, and all have gradually grown to worship the image thus created. Every German is trained to be a soldier from his youth, and the smell of gunpowder and crackle of cannon is customary and necessary incense to his army-fetish. With the passage of the years the image waxed greater and greater, requiring more and more sacrifices from the people, till at last it veritably assumed life and has taken its creators captive. It opened its mouth on the housetops, proclaiming world-empire to the German nation, while Kaiser and people bowed down before it. This god pointed out that "only a scrap of paper," with Germany's signature to it, stood in the way of a holiday walk through Belgium to take possession of France, as the initial step to world-dominion. True, the honor of Germany might be thrown to the winds if that scrap of paper were disclaimed, but the god cried, "What of that, in face of all the good things I have shown to you!" Kaiser and people echoed, "What of that!"—and so the fruit came to ripeness, and is falling to the earth now in showers of blood. Great Britain, whose signature was also to "the scrap" guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality, exclaimed, "To me, honor is more precious than worldly possessions,—than life itself. That scrap of paper embodies for me and the world all the past and future history of civilisation. It must stand, or the British Empire must fall with it." Then the war-god smiled, tore the paper small, and threw the pieces into the face of the world. What has happened since, and is happening now, may best be told later on; sufficient at the present to say that the German war-god has proved itself a veritable devil to its devotees, "keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope." True, the German legions reached Paris, the paradise promised to them, but only to be immediately hurled thence by an "angel with a flaming sword," that bit deeply into the loins of their strong men; and an "east wind" blew, with blood-rain, that has drifted the Germans back to the "tearing-up" place marking their great infamy. Here the mask of the war-god will probably be torn off, and the devil-face clearly exposed, leaving mourning millions to learn anew, in suffering and sorrow, the A B C of civilisation.

SIX O'CLOCK BEER.

Occasionally articles in the "Age" exhibit a sanity amounting to positive wisdom, and then it is well for the public to recognise and appreciate vocally, for a great newspaper, in common with Betty in the kitchen and Hodge in the garden, relishes a word or or two of encouragement, especially when it has gone out of its way to lead off on such a topic as the temperance question, round which a battle-royal has long been waged between prohibitionists on the one hand, and liquor traffic advocates on the other. As the "Age" reasonably pointed out, the great mass of public is inert on this question, while recognising the necessity for stricter supervision of the sale of liquor, the average citizen is altogether unprepared to agree with the advanced temperance advocates that the trade should be abolished altogether, and so stands aside and allows the extremists on both sides to worry each other. The "Age" suggests that the question could easily be solved, by the general public taking an interest in the subject, and laying down a rational policy. For instance:—

"The public house sells to its customers until 11.30 p.m., under the patronage and sanction of the law. Shops which sell goods and foods are compelled by the same law to close every evening at 6 precisely. . . . . At the forthcoming election the people should let their candidate know that they demand a proper amendment of the licensing law; one that will force public houses to close at the same hour as food shops and other commercial establishments."

Now, there is a lot of solid, horse-sense in that proposition. It may not be satisfactory to the fighting battalions on either side, but it is the sort of amendment that is likely to commend itself to those who admit in a languid sort of way that the trade requires regulating, but are loth to take action by reason of the extreme views held by those whose zeal for reform has outdistanced their sense of proportion. Professing to lead, the latter have overrun themselves, like the Germans in the dash to Paris, and must now hark back to their main body, the general public. Of course there is material for interminable debate in connection with the suggested six o'clock closing of licensed premises, but the threshing out of details might easily be performed by a committee of experts. If a referendum were taken on the proposal advanced by the "Age," couched in the form of a plain, blunt query,—"Do you wish public-houses to be closed at six o'clock p.m.?"—the lazy giant (the people) would probably shake himself and reply YES in capital letters. If the question were couched in the involved terms so dear to the hearts of compromising politicians, who wish to "stand in" with beer while shaking hands with water, it would probably assume something of this form:—"Do you desire, other things being equal, that licensed premises should be brought under the penal regulation of the closure clauses of Act J.D.K.Z., section 443, sub-division 67 or, do you prefer the existing extension to 11.30 p.m.? or, alternatively, state the hour at which you would prefer the J.D.K.Z. to operate. Answer Yes or No."—In this case the "giant" would probably simply turn over, kick out his heel, and say "G'long! don't bother me!" just as he always does when they wake him up for the "pigs-in-clover," conundrum about scripture in State schools. Let us, however, give the "Age" credit for launching the little submarine, "Six O'clock," a vessel that may do much useful work in two oceans, beer and water, if it be not sunk at once by a combined attack from the Temperance and the Trade dreadnoughts.

At the meeting of the Northcote City Council on Monday evening, the mayor (Cr. Tharratt, J P.), paid a high tribute to the memory of the late Cr. A. E. Woolhouse, whose services had been highly appreciated both as councillor and citizen by the whole community. Other members spoke in similar strain, and a vote of condolence to the bereaved family was passed in solemn silence.

A Preston application for the use of the Thornbury picture theatre on a Sunday evening, for patriotic fund, was refused by the Northcote city council on Monday. On behalf of the applicants it was pointed out that artists' services could not be secured for any other evening, but the fact that the theatre is only in regular use for two nights per week, and that there was no obstacle to its use on any other night, removed the plea of "necessity," under which a former request on similar lines had been granted.

There was an air of mystery imported into the council meeting at Northcote on Monday evening, when Cr. Bastings asked for authority to expend 15 guineas for expert assistance to the committee appointed to bring up a report on tramway facilities. Cr. Bastings was unable to indicate the nature of the report contemplated, and councillors made it clear that they expected to know something before passing any money. The problem was solved by the withdrawal of the request for the time being.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY CONCERT.

The Northcote town hall was well filled on Wednesday evening for the monthly "land o' cakes" entertainment, for which the customary excellent programme had been compiled by the energetic committee. The only "fly in the ointment" (as with all other gatherings in this hall) was a difficulty in following quickly-spoken words, though many of the audience "cockit their lugs" for this purpose. Performers who desire to do themselves justice, are well advised in choosing slow-moving tunes, for in proportion as the pace increases the words string together into a jumble of echo-effects, as heard from centre and rear. Indeed, hall-goers should practice throwing the head to the other shoulder occasionally when listening, otherwise future generations of Northcotians may be kinked in the neck and walk in a circle. Of course, it is a recognised truth that singers who speak their words properly are few and far between, but audiences, as a rule, are able to make a pretty fair guess at what the performer intended to say, and rhyme helps occasionally. However, in this hall quick words and music seem to go first to the roof, where, no doubt, they might be distinctly heard from any part. The hall is a fine lofty building, and, probably its spacious proportions above are responsible for the "blur" sometimes noticeable on the ground floor. The Society's pipers, accompanying the ceremonial entry of Chief Angus, experienced no difficulty in this direction, apparently, but they had the two distinct advantages of marching through the audience, and of having their airs fenced in by drone-and-chanter wire-notting—which makes a difference. Every song was encored during the evening, and these favors were richly merited. Mr. F. Barbour sang in a fine bass voice, "The Trumpeter," "My Ain Folk," "My Old Shako," and "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." Miss Rosa Alba aroused hearty applause by her imitative vocalisation in "Dear Bird of Winter," and responded to a continuous recall, and in the second part sang "Snowflake," and "Wake up." Mr. Gregor Wood, for "The Bonnie Wells O' Wearie," earned full recognition, and afterwards stirred the audience with "Scots Wha Hae," and in "Blue Bonnets over the Border," was a distinct success. Madame Gregor Wood, in "My Land," and "Up in the Morning Early," was in capital voice and had to oblige with repeat numbers, while Mr. and Madame, in the duet, "Wae's Me for Prince Charlie," delighted eye and ear. The Society's Reel Party (girl pupils of Mr. Brown) stepped it merrily in elegant measure. The lighter side was in the capable hands of Miss Rosa Walton (in the absence, through an accident, of Mr. Weston Pett); in songs at the piano the young lady just caught the audience, "Little Mary Fawcett," "Martha," "Shop, Shop, Shop," being rendered in perfect style and pleased immensely. The Society's pianist (Mr. H. M. Rimmer) played accompaniments during the evening. At the conclusion of the concert visitors were hospitably entertained, and the usual dance was held, taken part in by a large number of young folk.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

The present programme is exceptionally strong in dramatic stars, "Love's Cruelty" and "The Substitute" being first-class dramas. The comedy element is also well sustained: "Ready, Aye Ready" and "For King and Country," are two war pictures of excessive interest, and thrills of pride go through every patriotic heart as a panorama of Great Britian's naval might is screened. Further war pictures are announced to commence on Monday next. "Our first line of defence" and "With the gallant Belgians in the fighting line" should prove immense attractions. The star picture commencing Monday is "The Port of Missing Men," a famous story of love and adventure and intrigue; "Such a Cook," a Keystone comedy, will also be in the programme. Thursday next, October 29, for three nights and Saturday matinee, "Lest we Forget," a graphic story of the sufferings created by battle, a picture founded on the present great struggle, the plot being laid on the Alsatian frontier, will be presented; also "Alone at Last," a Nordisk comedy, described as an antidote for the blues. The usual matinee for children to-day at 2.30.

Preston Branch A.N.A.

The last meeting of the above was well attended, Mr. E. Lewis in the chair. The president was appointed to represent the branch at Brunswick anniversary. Block of art union tickets was received from the patriotic fund and disposed of in the room. A letter from Mr. H. H. Olney asking branch to send delegates re beautification of parks, etc., was considered, Messrs Parnall, Douglass, and Lewis being appointed. Three new members were elected and two proposed. It was decided to organise a picture night, the proceeds to go towards assisting members who are out of work. Messrs Maltzahn and Douglass reported on the local Red Cross carnival, and a committee of 5 was elected to make arrangements for the procession. Mr. Dywer reported on the metropolitan committee. Mr. Michel was successful in winning the rifle shooting competition with a possible 50 from scratch. Next meeting Mr. Jarvis is to give a lecture on "The Eyes and their Defects."

LOCALISMS

Mr. H. R. Smith has been elected unopposed for the west ward, Northcote city council, in place of the late Cr. A. E. Woolhouse.

An important meeting of the Northern Tramway Extension League is called for Thursday next at 8 o'clock, to be held at Albion hotel.

A meeting of the "Advance Preston" League will be held in the library rooms on Wednesday evening to adopt rules and put the league into active being.

Squads of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, marched round Melbourne yesterday, raiding suspected German houses.

In connection with Hospital Sunday to-morrow, the Northcote City Band will play during the afternoon at Croxton park. The Salvation Army Brass Band will render a musical programme at the Northcote park at 3 p.m.

Mrs. Commissioner Hay, of the Salvation Army, is to visit Northcote next Wednesday, 28th inst., and at the Salvation Army hall on that day at 2.30 p.m. will hold a special meeting for women. All women from 17 years upwards invited. Admission free.

The Northcote city carnival, arranged by St. Joseph's church, Northcote, will be opened in the town-hall by His Grace Archbishop Mannix on Saturday, 31st inst., at 3.30 p.m., and will extend over a fortnight. An art union held in connection with the festival is to be drawn on the last night, Saturday, November 14. Proceeds in aid of the building fund.

The Education Department is to be asked to take steps to properly dispose of the drainage from the Wales street State school. At the Northcote City Council meeting several councillors testified as to the extent of the nuisance caused, one of them emphatically declaring that a capital charge might be laid at the department doors, should a fatal case of diphtheria occur in the locality.

The Northcote City Council received a very satisfactory preliminary report from the quarry committee on Monday evening, per Cr. Dennis. In accordance with the council's instructions work has been resumed, and everything is moving satisfactorily, metal and screenings being now available for the roads.

At the Northcote Police Court on Monday, before Messrs Plant and Bailey, J's.P., there was a small list of cases, comprising two "drunks," a rowdy boy, and a husband who had not paid his wife that money which the court had decreed was her due. The "drunks" were fined, the rowdy boy was cautioned, and the husband who was in arrears was "encouraged" in costs.

Mr. Roy Madden, who has been transferred to the First Expeditionary Force, was recently entertained and presented with a handsome inscribed wristlet watch and testimonial by his shop mates at Newport workshops..

J. S. Bartlett, florist, notifies that he has removed to 295 High St., Northcote (lately occupied by Northcote Fodder Coy.)

Miss E. M. Edmonds, of "The Model Knitting Depot," 532 High street, Thornbury, invites inspection of a high-class stock. A speciality is made of children's clothing. Woollen and brilliant goods are manufactured on the premises. Summer is here, and you do well in ordering a Canadian bathing costume now.

Note.—All books must be handed in this week to Northcote library for stocktaking. Readers should mark this.

All members of the Northcote I.O.R. glee party are requested attend final rehearsal on Monday night prior to fulfilling important engagement on 28th inst.

In connection with the Jika Jika election, notice is given by advertisement elsewhere that the Hon. J. G. Mombrey will meet his friends and supporters of Northcote in the town hall on Thursday evening next at 8 o'clock.

Next week Miss Scarfe will open a millinery establishment in new premises at 224 High street, Northcote (four doors north of theatre), and announces "latest city styles at suburban prices."

Adornments, lace collars, neckwear, etc., for ladies, are a speciality of Hattam's. Their assemblage of these items easily surpasses any which we have yet seen. [Advt].

At Mayer's quality stores, High st., Northcote, the new Toledo weighing scales have been introduced. There are no springs in the mechanism, weighing being done correctly in all temperatures.

The Royal Commission on the brick manufacturing industry has reported favorably to the combined companies, it "being unquestionably established that the price charged for ordinary bricks in the metropolis was lower than that charged in other large Australian cities."

In Mrs. Walker's show window, near town hall, there is a fine display of Christmas and other goods, consisting of dolls, mechanical toys, etc. A figure of Britannia, handsomely garbed, is the central figure, and is to be raffled in aid of the patriotic fund.

Miss Cora Hosking, pupil of Miss Myrtle Skinner, A.L.C.M., has been successful in winning the medal awarded by Trinity College of Music, London, for highest marks, senior theory exam. for December 1913 and June 1914.

A complimentary social will be tendered to Mr. R. M. Jennings on Thursday next at 8 p.m. in the Methodist schoolroom, High street, Northcote. Mr. Herbert Brookes, president P.L.C., will be in the chair, and the speakers will include Senator Millor, Mr. Sidney Sampson, M.H.R., and Mr. Jennings. A fine musical programme will be presented during the evening. Tickets 1/-.

For the hot summer days tasty wholesome dishes are in demand, and requirements in this direction can be supplied at the Thornbury ham and beef shop, 701 High street, Northcote, by Mr. F. W. Molyneux. One of Glanfield's large cooling chambers has lately been installed, and the best quality of cooked meats and dairy produce may be relied on. Fresh goods twice daily, while confectionery, ice cream, and iced summer drinks are stocked. Ring up Northcote 643, says the advt.

What are your Henley needs? Hat? hosiery? costume? gloves? Hattam's await your commands in the knowledge that whatever your need, their immense stocks can supply it. Call. [Advt].

Order Your Suit NOW!
and order it from WARDROP.
You can absolutely rely on Satisfaction
He's got his eye on repeat orders, and tailors to get them.
You'll find a Big Range of Suitings here—all the new shades and weaves represented.—Patterns Post Free if you ask for them.

And at Elizabeth St., opposite G.P.O., Melbourne.

ST. GEORGE'S ROAD TRAMWAY

RAILWAY DEPARTMENT VIEW.

While the arguments for and against a line of electric trams along St. George's road to Preston have been publicly ventilated over and over again from municipal and tramway league points of view, the attitude of the Railway Department has not been expressed. This was, however, done at the Standing Committee's meeting on Monday, as follows, as reported by the "Age"—

William Edward Keast, deputy general passenger and freight agent of the Railway Department, submitted answers to various questions set out by the committee. The department had not received any complaint concerning overcrowding on the Preston line. It was practicable to increase the number of trains run over the Clifton Hill line between 7.30 a.m. and 9.30 a.m., and 5 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. No decision had been come to on the point as to what would be the minimum time between trains if that railway were operated by electricity, but the frequency of the train service would of course depend upon the volume of traffic. Under electricity it would be possible to arrange for trains containing one third more seating accommodation than those run at present. Overcrowding took once took place between Princes bridge and Clifton Hill, on several trains in the second compartments only, with passengers going to and from work. Under electricity sufficient trains could be run to afford ample seating accommodation. If the electric tramway along St. George's road with branches to East Preston and West Preston were constructed, a loss of £2190 per annum would be involved to the railways. The Railway Commissioners were opposed to the proposed tramway on the west side of Preston railway line, because it would run parallel and almost adjoin the railway for the greater part of its length, while the remainder of the route was within half a mile of the railway line. The Commissioners, however, had no objection to that section of the proposed tramway commencing at the intersection of Dundas street and Plenty road, and proceeding along Plenty road to Tyler street, nor did they oppose the conversion of the cable tram in High street to electric traction. It was estimated that loss of revenue, if only the St. George's road and the western branch of the proposed tramway were constructed, would be £1430 per annum. No data were available as to whether the Northcote-Preston railway line was paying, but the impression was that it was not a paying line.

Mr. D. Melville.—Yet the district has gone ahead so well. Complaints had been made that St. Kilda line did not pay, but it was paying now.

Witness.—Yes. Suburban railways as a whole system were paying.

Mr. Melville.—Was the success of the railways in the same ratio as that of the trams.

Witness said he did not think so.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

At the council meeting on Monday it was decided to make application to have Thursday, 12th November (Whittlesea show day) gazetted as a public holiday.

The second annual parish ball will be held at the Mechanics' Institute, Woodstock, on Friday, 30th October.

The engineer reported to the council on Monday that owing to his inability to secure steam roller, a start would not be made with the main road contracts for a week or two.

PATRIOTIC MOVEMENT.

At a public meeting held in the shire-hall to consider a circular received from Lady Stanley, who was desirous of raising a patriotic fund in Victoria to aid the Victorian branch of the Red Cross Society, the proposal was readily agreed to, and met with a hearty response, a sum of nearly £20 being raised among those present. A committee was formed, and Mesdames Woodhouse and Don volunteered to canvass the district. Mr. G. Wuchatsch, by placing his horse and trap at the disposal of the ladies, materially assisted in the work. On the 13th inst. the committee and subscribers met in the shire hall, and found that a sum of £73 16s had been raised, including £10 from the shire council. The success, no doubt, was largely due to the enthusiasm and energy of the collectors. A hearty vote of thanks, certainly well-earned, was accorded them. The district contributing to the fund extended from Woodstock to Thomastown. A sum of £3 2s 9d was raised by the State School towards another fund, which is intended to provide comforts of various kinds for the Australian troops.

SUBSCRIBERS TO PATRIOTIC FUND (RED CROSS SOCIETY).

Epping Shire Council, £10; Messrs R. Smith, A. T. Smith, Jas. Dea, F. J. Andrews, T. Brophy, £2 2s each; Messrs A. Wuchatsch, G. S. Wuchatsch, J. O'Connor, O. Unmack, O. Clarke, S. O'Hern, A. Zimmer, D. Creighton, A. Nicholas, Mrs. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, £1 1s each; Mr. H. Umlauft, Mrs. R. Young, £1 each; Messrs A. Bell, Gamble Bros., J. Aitken, 15/- each; Messrs P. Ryan, H. Woodhouse, J. Marrinow, A. A. Schultz, 10/6 each; M. Zimmer, W. Fox, A. Lehmann, J. O'Meagher, H. V. Miller, Mrs. Clarke, 10/- each; W. Nuttall, Mrs. Vockensohn, G. Shallard, W. Exell, G. Trowell, J. Henderson, Jas. Brazil, C. Lehmann, J. Quinlan, H. Hehr, W. Taggart, W. Clemenston, J. Walles, Fred Walles, Mrs. Tinham, C. Parker, Miss Aitken, T. Cluno, A. R. Robertson, H. Donald, Friend, M. Cavanagh, W. Smelie, T. McDonnell, J. Paulka, J. and G. Spalding, Mrs. M. Brophy, Mrs. K. Austin, Jas. Ryan, Mrs. W. Young, 5/ each; Mrs. C. Seeber, 4/-; F. Shallard, C. Hudson, Mrs. McClelland, 3/- each; T. McLaughlin, Mrs. Hehr, Mr. Williams, Mrs. Mulholland, John McDonnell, W. Boyle, —. Ferri, E. Exell, E. McClelland, Mrs. J. Pratt, Mrs. Keys, Mrs. Daley, J. Daley, W. Payne, R. J. Batten, Mrs. C. S. Cotchin, B. Seeber, Miss Seeber, Mrs. M. Mahoney, J. Nebel, Mrs. C. Hehr, Mrs. J. Brazil, Mr. Gilman, C. Wilson, Miss Curtin, 2/6 each; Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. F. Nebel, Mrs. M. Wilson, "Cateye," A. Archer, P. Murphy, F. Young, Miss Günther, Mrs. Bunz, W. McDonnell, K. Kiely, "Defeated Footballer," 2/- each; J. Fairbridge, P. Cluno, "Preston Baker," J. Keating, G. Cameron, 1/- each.

Woodstock.—Messrs Goss Bros., B. McCormack, £1 1s each; Mrs. McCormack, Mrs. S. R. Prowse, T. M. Browne, H. Schultz, £1 each; J. W. Bodycoat, D. Bodycoat, R. Tucker, J. Cotchin, 10/- each; Mrs. Blair (also trayeloth), Mrs. McLeod, E. Whitta, W. R. Whitta, G. Doggett, 5/- each; Mrs. C. Goss, Mr

THE TURMOIL

By PAUL URQUHART.

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CHAPTER XX.

As the car swept up the miles on the Paris road, Lake related to me what had taken place after he had left me in the fight at the gate of the chateau. Following my directions he had induced Von Bach to drive direct to the capital. With Von Bach as her guardian, keeping an eagle eye on her for fear he should lose her, and thereby the plans of the airship, she had been safely installed in an old-fashioned hotel in the Quai d'Orsay. Having satisfied himself that she was quite safe, Lake had taken the copies of the plans of the airship, and deposited them, according to my instructions, at the Credit Lyonnais. The delay that these movements necessitated had evidently galled him considerably. He was consumed with anxiety about me, and as soon as he had rid himself of the plans, he took the car Von Bach had provided — a very powerful 60 h.p. Mercedes—and returned post-haste to St. Leger.

"I was fair fashed about you, Purcell, and t' job was I couldnt' see how I could help thee. I didn't like to risk coming up to the chateau after you, as I reckoned them chaps would do you no harm as long as I was at large to inform the police. If they had taken me as well, it might have been a different tale. So I goes to Mr. Holroyd here, and tells him everything, so that he could tell the police if it were necessary. Then we sent some of his stable lads, not liking to be seen ourselves, to watch the gates to see if aught happened. One of them sees car come out, and being stationed up a tree sees you lying there on t' floor. T' lad came back and told as soon as t' coast was clear, and we comes after you."

In my turn I related all that had taken place in the chateau, of the death of poor MacClintock, at which Lake was very grieved, for he had a kindly spot in his heart for the old mad Scotchman—of my insane folly in telling everything to Madame Hanoteaux, and of the flight into the secret passage. I think Lake was quite sorry he had not been there.

But while we were exchanging these notes of our experiences, I was really burning to ask after Joan. Lake must have known that, for I fancy he kept off the subject deliberately; that's one of his ideas of humor. At last I asked him point blank.

"How was Miss Joan when you left her?"

"Right enough."

There was a sort of finality about the answer, as if Lake were incapable of adding another syllable to his description if he were to die for it, which was extremely galling. I wanted him to tell me how she looked, how she had borne the journey, whether she was frightened, or had asked for me, or had seemed at all concerned about my welfare. But Lake's "right enough" seemed to dry up my interrogations at the very fount. I found that I could not cross-examine him on all these nice points; he should have told me what I wanted to know himself, without pressing. I was quite well aware that he knew what I wanted to know, and his utter lack of communicativeness was most provoking. I tried him with another feeble question.

"Did you have any conversation with her, Lake?"

"'Appen just a few words."

I turned on him with a laugh. The darkness hiding my blushes.

"George, you're an old swab; you know well enough what I want to hear, and you're just stone-wailing me with that confounded Yorkshire of yours, out of cussedness."

A sort of miniature earthquake at my side informed me that George was laughing.

"Well, Purcell, what am I to tell you?" he said at length, when the upheaval had come to an end. "T' lass is still bonny; she is prettiest lass I've seen this long while. She were a bit upset at your not coming with us, and she blamed me for leaving you behind, though I didn't take much notice of what she said, for they're unreasonable things are lasses. She cottoned on to old Von Bach at once, because he looked so fatherly and safe, I expect; promised me not to go outside the hotel until I returned. That's all I can tell thee, Purcell."

The dawn had already broken over Paris when we came down the Champs Elysees, and so to the Place Vendome, and our old quarters at the Bristol. I was for going straight to the private hotel, but on George pointing out that it was no use waking up decent people at such an hour, I consented to turn into bed, where I slept like a log.

As soon as I was awake and dressed, and had partaken of a solid English breakfast, George and I took the car to the Credit Lyonnais, collected the plans, and then drove direct to the Embassy. I left George outside while I, taking Hanoteaux's despatch-box with me, interviewed the Ambassador's secretary. I had to wait a good twenty minutes, however, before I could see the Ambassador himself. When I did at last obtain an audience of Great Britain's representative in France, I related to him as succinctly as I could all that had taken place in very much the same order of events as I have set it down here. He heard me with not a little interest, and I fancy surprise. Of course, in my narrative it was necessary to introduce Joan's name, but though I put as little emphasis as possible on the part she had played in my adventures, the Ambassador seemed to fasten on this aspect of my story with more interest than on any other.

"Where is this young lady now?" he asked when I had finished. I told him.

"Let me see, what did you say the young lady's name was?"

"She went by no other name than Joan at Castle Ellingham in Essex, but this man Hanoteaux called her Mdlle. de St. Egremont."

The Ambassador started as I mentioned the name.

"That is very curious. How old is this young lady?"

"About twenty-five."

"And her grandfather, was he a very old man?"

"I should say almost over ninety."

"This is very curious, indeed, Mr. Purcell. I have known many people in France, but I have only known two members of the St. Egremont family. They were father and son, the last descendants of their race. The father was a curious figure during the days of the Second Empire. The Marquess de St. Egremont—that was his style and title—was reputed to hold strange political views; no one knew exactly what they were, but inasmuch as they were neither Legitimist, Bonapartist, Orleanist nor Republican, that fact was sufficient to earmark him. In 1883 he was an old man of more than seventy. If my memory serves me rightly it was in that year that the St. Egremont family vanished from France. The son, who was a widower with one child, was killed by an anarchist bomb, which was intended for some foreign potentate on a visit to Paris. The old Marquess, when he saw the mutilated body, almost went demented. The next day he disappeared, taking the little girl with him. Nobody knew where he went. I don't say that there is any connection between this young lady and the Marquess's grandchild, but the similarity of names is certainly curious—very curious."

I was very interested in the Ambassador's story, but I was burning with impatience to have a sight of Joan.

"I will leave these plans in your possession, sir, if I may, and this box also. Perhaps we may find something in it to elucidate the mystery of which you have spoken."

The Ambassador smiled.

"Yes, Mr. Purcell, on some other occasion we will investigate the contents of the box. I quite appreciate your anxiety to be off. Let me give you a little advice. Leave Paris as soon as you can, and get Mdlle. de St. Egremont to England, out of the way. I am afraid you have made some very dangerous enemies."

Then, after paying me some very pleasant compliments, he bade me good-day. I hurried out to where Lake was waiting with the car, feeling like a school-boy who is just returning from the holidays. I was now free of all official cares. The plans I had been sent to obtain were safely in the hands of the Ambassador, and nothing more remained to be done. I could now devote myself entirely to Joan.

Lake had secured two private sitting-rooms in the hotel, one for the use of Joan, and the other for Von Bach and ourselves, and it was in the latter that I waited while a servant took my name to Mdlle. de St. Egremont.

Now, man at best is a fool in his dealings with women. He does not understand them He may have tried to be of service to one of them, to have helped her, to have run great risks on her account, and faced even death in her cause, and yet she may meet him with disdain and coldness. But let some coarse-brained brute beat the lady whom he condescends to admire, let him constantly maltreat her and neglect her, and she will cling to him with a faithfulness and persistence worthy of a Mrs. Micawber. These are the merest generalities, but at any rate they are partially true. I pretend to no knowledge of the opposite sex; I am always prepared to maintain that there is no fool like the man who pretends he knows women. Though I attempt to be philosophically agnostic on the subject, my feelings towards them are much as other men's are.

Now, in the present instance I had imagined to myself quite a pretty scene, in which I was to play the part of the conquering hero, and Joan was to reward me for all the labors I had undertaken on her behalf, with the gift of her love. I had feasted my mind on that scene ever since the night of her escape from the Chateau de Lisle. She would come to me, hail me as her preserver and press her gratitude and thanks upon me, and I, with the air of a Caesar, putting aside the thrice-offered crown, would declare myself unworthy of her praise. And so by gradual and dignified steps we would come to the stage where we should best express our feelings with silent lips. It was a pretty little scene, but outside my imagination it never took place.

I sprang up when Joan came into the room, all eager to receive my guerdon. She stood for a moment on the threshold, framed in the open doorway, as perfect a picture of womanhood as I have ever seen. A good night's rest, and, I may suppose, the first sense of security she had known for weeks, had given her back her color. The beauty of her hair, her eyes, her every feature, enthralled and bewitched me. She seemed to me at least the incarnation of all the world's loveliness—"the essences of all the blue lotuses," as the Oriental romances have it. My admiration and delight must have been written clearly in my eyes as I stood there spell-bound.

She was the first to speak, coming into the room and closing the door behind her.

"I have to thank you, sir, for all you have had to suffer and endure on my account, for all your kindness to me."

There was no doubting the sincerity of her words, but in my then mood, their formality acted on me like a cold douche. I would have held the little hand she put out to me longer perhaps than was necessary, but she withdrew it hastily, as if anxious to clearly mark the distance she wished kept between us.

"I hope you are quite rested," I said lamely, feeling in some indefinable way that I had been snubbed.

"Quite, thank you!" she replied quietly, gravely studying my face with those beautiful eyes of hers.

Our conversation seemed to have come to an abrupt and final close. Ridiculous as it may seem for a man ordinarily so loquacious as myself, I could hardly find anything more to say.

"Your journey—the other night, I hope it was not very tiring," I gulped, feeling myself blush like a schoolboy.

"Oh, no, not at all!"

Another full stop. There seemed no way out of the conversational impasse this time. This was not at all like the flowing talk of my dream interview. She had not even asked me to relate to her what had taken place at the chateau after her departure. She seemed to be bent on maintaining that attitude of icy reserve, for which I could find no explanation.

"What do you wish to do now," I asked imitating her reserve. She hesitated a moment before replying, as if afraid to say what was in her mind.

"I want to get back to England, but I have no money. If you will lend me enough to get to Essex I have friends in Castle Ellingham who I am sure would repay you. Grandpa was very poor, and I'm afraid he can't have left me anything, but I intend to take a position as a governess, and I could repay them then."

I felt curious. Her evident determination to accept no financial favors from me, her very independence, irritated me intensely.

"Come, Miss Joan, have you found me so poor a friend in the past that you talk in this way about the loan of a few dirty pounds? After all that has occurred, I am sorry that you should think a small loan an obligation not to be endured."

I spoke as I felt, with bitterness. Her air of reserve seemed to become intensified.

"I am very much obliged for all you have done, and if you will add to your kindness by lending me the money to get to Essex I will repay you at once."

"Very well," I said, shortly, angered at all this talk of pence, "you shall repay me every penny. We will keep a duplicated account in detail. We will not let you buy a penn'orth of hairpins, without accounting for it. I hope that will satisfy you, Miss Joan."

She looked at me with pained surprise.

"I should feel more comfortable if you arranged it so," she said.

"Very good. You shall travel by the mid-day train to-morrow. I regret the necessity which will compel me to force my company upon you, but I am afraid you must consent to my travelling with you. Until you are in England you will not be perfectly safe. I must ask you to remain carefully in the hotel until it is time to go to the station."

Just then the door of the sitting-room burst open, and Von Bach rushed in.

"Ach, my friend, I am glad to see you! So you have escaped so brigands. Your friend, Herr Lake, has told me all. You see I have bring the young lady safe. I have kept my promise. Where are my plans for the airship?"

I had quite forgotten all about Von Bach's story of the stolen plans, and the piece of chicanery by which I had induced him to help me to release Joan. It was best, I thought, to disillusionise him at once.

"I am sorry to confess it, Herr von Bach, but I haven't got them."

The look of genial good-nature vanished quickly from his face. He took a step backwards, as if recoiling from a blow.

"You have not got them, what do you mean?"

CHAPTER XXI.

I was sorry for Von Bach. He looked not only angry, but shocked. His stolid almost stupid face presented a variety of emotions. Anger, disappointment, suspicion and surprise.

"You have not got the plans?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

The tones of his voice made me regret the shabby part the force of circumstances had compelled me to play. Von Bach had been very kind to Joan. He had fulfilled his part of the contract with absolute fidelity. According to Lake, he had arranged everything with the thoroughness characteristic of his race. He had spared nothing to make Joan comfortable, and his whole attitude towards her had been of fatherly consideration. True, the motives that prompted him to act in this way were purely those of self-interest. He had wanted to secure the plans of the airship for his Government, and he had set about it without any particular regard for those nice points of honor which regulate the ordinary relations of human society. He played "all he knew." That was the recognised rule of the game in which we both were taking part. The fact that I had the advantage of him, in so much as I knew his cards, did not require me to allow him any points. He had been kind to Joan, and for that, as a man, I felt grateful to him. In his private capacity I should have liked to make him some return, but to Herr Von Bach, the German Secret Agent, I had no intention of yielding anything.

"I'm sorry," I said calmly; "but I really haven't got them. I feel I owe you an apology for not being able to fulfil my part of the bargain, but the death of MacClintock upset all my arrangements."

He was purple in the face with anger.

"You play with me; you deceive me; you have the plans of my airship, and you will not give them to me—no, though I help to get the young fraulein away—though I do everything for her comfort and convenience——"

His English broke down with a splutter of German gutturals. For a second or two he became unintelligible.

"Give me the plans of my airship; you have them."

He took a step towards me, almost threateningly.

"My dear sir, please do not get excited. Nothing, I assure you, would give me greater pleasure than to satisfy your reasonable wishes, but in this matter the Fates have been too hard for both of us. I can't give you the plans, for I repeat I have not got them."

Nothing I said seemed to affect him; he continued to repeat, "Give me my plans," with a persistent doggedness which seemed to suggest that he hoped to wear down my resolution with words.

"If it gives you any relief," I said at last, "please continue your assertion that I have the plans. But beyond gratifying your tastes I really cannot see what good purpose is being served by the continuation of this rather monotonous conversation."

"You have my plans," he said passionately, for about the fiftieth time, "and you will not give them me. You are a thief, Mr. Lovegrove—I say it—you are a thief!"

"These are hard words, Herr von Bach," I said coldly.

"I do not care how hard they are; I do not care what I say; you are a thief; you have stolen my plans, and you will not give them me."

The time had come for me to counter the German's attack. He was becoming altogether too obstreperous, and I had no desire to figure before Joan as a man who was accused of theft and put forward no defence.

"For the moment I will take no notice of your insults, Herr von Bach. I will make allowances for your disappointment, and because you have been so kind as to look after this young lady; but as you charge me with being a thief, I should like to make a few remarks about you in my turn. You will perhaps recollect that when we entered into our arrangement you told me that you were the inventor of the airship, that your plans had been stolen by Dr. Hamish MacClintock, and that the ship which owed its conception to your brains was being built at the Chateau de Lisle. Is not that so?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" he spluttered. "That MacClintock, he steals my plans—you promise to get them back for me if I do something for you—I do the something—you get the plans—and then you will not give them me!"

"You hurry on too fast, Herr von Bach. You must permit me to go more slowly. You told me, as you have just now admitted, that MacClintock stole the plans from you. It would seem you are quite fond of making charges of felony in your looser moments. Unfortunately it has been proved to me beyond the possibility of contradiction that you never invented this airship, and that the plans were never stolen from you. What have you to say to that?"

I have said that Von Bach was the most transparent actor that ever walked; but he has one histrionic gift to perfection. He could personate the appearance of an honest, truthful, self-respecting citizen, incapable of the arts of chicanery and deception, to perfection. I admired the splendid indignation with which he dismissed my true version of the affair.

"Ach, you can talk!" he said with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. "But I do not concern myself with your lies. I say you have the plans of my airship; give me them. If you do not give me them you are a thief."

"Sometimes, Herr von Bach," I murmured, "you are quite brilliant."

"Do not attempt to go to hide your crime with words," he replied, getting somewhat involved in his English idiom. "You are a scoundrel, Mr. Lovegrove, and you shall pay for it."

Suddenly he turned to Joan.

"My dear young fraulein, this man here is a common thief. He would seek to rob me of my labors of the brain. He has stolen the plans of my airship with which I conquer the air. Do not you trust yourself to him. You tell me the other day, that you hardly know him; do not trust yourself to him. He can talk, but every scoundrel can talk."

I saw that his words really had an effect upon Joan. She looked at me with a kind of wondering suspicion, which hurt me far more than Von Bach's ridiculous accusations. I began to wonder whether she would believe these things of me. I was still angry and bitter with her coldness towards me a moment before, so that I held my tongue, allowing Von Bach to continue.

"He has got my plans—he has got them by cheating me—and now he will not give them to me. I will tell you why. He goes to sell them—to sell my plans—to make money out of my brains. But I will stop him; I stand not quiet and am robbed."

With a scowling glance at me he turned abruptly and left the room. Joan and I remained facing each other. For a moment or two neither of us spoke. Joan's beautiful eyes seemed to search my face. Then of a sudden she flushed a little and looked down.

"Is this true?" she asked.

For me it was almost the last straw. I loved this girl. Twice at least I had risked my life to be of service to her. I had failed to be of much assistance to her in Essex, but in France I had succeeded in rescuing her from her imprisonment. I had never counted the cost in trying to help her, and I had helped her to some purpose. I had taken her literally by force from the hotbed of the most dangerous collection of criminals in Europe. And here she was asking me whether or no it was true that I was a thief? It was a bitter pill to swallow.

"Is what true?"

I put the question with an assumption of calmness that I was very far from feeling.

"What Herr Von Bach says," she retorted.

"You mean whether I am a thief or not?"

She did not answer, but the blush, I thought, deepened a little on her cheeks.

"You know nothing of me," I went on bitterly. "You are quite right to distrust me. You needed somebody to help you, and very properly took advantage of the first assistance that came along. I have absolutely no claim upon your consideration, and in case you should feel any burden of obligation, I hasten to tell you that Herr von Bach is quite correct; I did steal the plans, and, moreover, instead of handing them over to him, as I had bargained to, if he undertook to look after you in Paris, I have handed them to somebody else."

She looked at me in absolute blank astonishment.

"You—a thief!"

"I am no great adept at the English language, but isn't that what you call a person who steals something that isn't his?"

"You can't mean that you stole these plans from Herr von Bach—that you robbed him of his invention, and sold it to somebody else?"

She was quite pale now, and her distress was very patent.

"I didn't steal the plans from Von Bach, and I haven't robbed him of anything worse than his time."

"I don't understand," she said slowly, her forehead creased into a little pucker of confusion.

"It should be quite simple to understand. I am a thief. The fact that I didn't steal the plans from Von Bach makes no difference. I stole them from somebody else. It is quite natural you should believe Von Bach's story in preference to mine. He is middle-aged and a German, and I am sure he is, or ought to be, the father of a family, while I have nothing to commend me in your eyes except a very short acquaintance under circumstances so painful that you very properly wish to forget all about them."

"You don't understand—you are unkind—I didn't mean that I thought you a thief!—I only——"

Her sentences fell disconnectedly from her lips; she came to an abrupt stop, scarlet in the face, and with tears, so I thought, gathering in her eyes.

"Oh, yes, I understand. You are more inclined to believe Herr von Bach's story than mine; you think it within the range of possibility that I might be a thief. You don't quite understand how it comes about that I accuse myself of having stolen the plans, yet not from Von Bach, whose property they are—he has said they were his property. You are quite ready to think the very worst of me, in short."

I put as much vinegar into my words as possible. The bitterness of my mood seemed to increase the more I gave it expression.

"I am sorry if I hurt you. I don't quite understand. It all seems so contradictory."

"Is it worth understanding? After all, are the morals of an utter stranger, who has just chanced to come into your life, a matter of great moment?"

She shot an appealing glance at me from her eyes.

"Don't be angry with me!"

"I am not angry. I have made a mistake—that is all. I thought because you twice trusted me—once in Essex and again at the Chateau de Lisle—that you might have some confidence in me. But I forgot, of course, that circumstances alter cases."

Suddenly she put her hands to her eyes and burst into tears. I stood watching her, the strange mixture of my emotions—my anger and my love—keeping me from consoling her. She walked sobbing towards the door. As she opened it Lake entered, and, seeing her, stopped. She walked past him still sobbing, and I heard her mount the stairs to her bedroom. Lake turned a perplexed face to me.

"Why, whatever's tha been doin' to t' lass, Purcell?"

"'Pon my soul, I don't know, Lake. I suppose I've been making a fool of myself, as usual. I don't understand women!"

"There's nobody but a fool who ever said as they did."

CHAPTER XXII.

"And talkin' of yon lass," continued George. "I'd be more easy in my mind when we've gotten her back to England. I don't like this 'ere city. They call it gay, and so it may be when you coom over for a spree, but for them as 'as been messing about as we have, fashen thomsens with things that aren't their business exactly, it's not the sort of place, I fancy."

"Why, what's the matter, George?"

Lake was not the kind of man, I know, to express an opinion or show any sign of trepidation without good cause.

"Well, I don't like it, Purcell, he remarked, slowly, "and tha is a fact. There's too many rum-looking customers hanging about the neighborhood of this house. I won't swear to it, but I thought I saw that there Hanoteaux as I was comin' across the Pont des Arts. I tried to follow 'im, but it wer no use. You should have taken my advice, Purcell, and handed him over to the police"

"I couldn't. The terms of my commission practically forbid my calling in the assistance of the police, at any rate, as far as I am personally concerned. Now, of course, that the plans are safely in the hands of the Ambassador, I can seek the protection of the police like any other stranger, and if there is any trouble about Miss Joan's safety, I won't hesitate to ask their assistance. By the way, was Legros with him?"

Lake chuckled.

"No fear. I reckon he'd put as much country between himself and Hanoteaux as he could after he was let loose this morning. But who's this?"

The door suddenly opened and Von Bach and another man entered. The stranger was a tall, military-looking man with a thick black moustache turned up Kaiser fashion, a pair of steel-blue eyes, set deep beneath straight, shaggy eyebrows, a long, finely-pointed nose, and a rather heavy brutal jaw completed the picture of a very conventional type of German soldier. Without a word he looked from Lake to myself, surveying us with a sort of haughty indifference as if we were articles of furniture. Then he turned to Von Bach.

"Which of these men is it?" His voice was harsh and commanding, and I was not a little amused at the great deference—the almost grinding humility with which Von Bach replied to him, addressing him as "Herr General," and pointing to myself.

The stranger crossed the room to me, and began to speak to me with military abruptness, in perfect English.

"I am General von Klotz. You are, I believe, a Mr. Lovegrove?"

The man's manner was deliberately offensive—so, at least, it seemed to me. I adjusted my eyeglass carefully and returned his stare with patient nonchalance.

"You have my name with absolute accuracy. It was good of you to come here and convince me you were so well informed. Might I now suggest that as you have completed the only ostensible object of your visit, you should retire. These happen to be my private apartments, and I usually require more formality before receiving an entire stranger."

The General frowned.

"I have not come here to bandy words with you. You can relieve yourself of my presence immediately if you wish. You know very well the object of my visit."

I smiled blandly at him, for I foresaw it would not be difficult to make him angry.

"Strange as it may seem, General von—von—what did you say your name was?"

"Von Klotz."

"Ah, yes, Von Klotz! Strange as it may appear, General von Klotz, I am utterly unable to guess at either the object of your visit or the reason why you should intrude yourself upon my company uninvited."

He frowned at me more heavily than ever, and then finding that he obtained no satisfaction from this course of conduct, he turned to Von Bach.

"Is this man a fool?" he asked in German.

"If you wish to continue this interview, General," I retorted, before Von Bach could reply, "I must beg of you to be a little less abusive."

He turned on me quickly.

"Ah, so you understand German!"

"Are you proposing to conduct an examination? First you elicit my name, then you settle yourself to discover my linguistic abilities. Is there any other information I can give you? The date of my birth? or the blameless record of my babyhood? I beg of you continue, General. Don't allow the shortness of our acquaintance to hamper or discourage your thirst for information."

He treated my somewhat heavy-footed badinage with a fine assumption of haughty indifference.

"You know perfectly well the object of my visit. This pretence will not help you, my good young man. You have stolen some valuable plans belonging to Herr von Bach, and I demand their immediate restoration."

I could see a look of delightful anticipation steal over the face of Von Bach. He evidently considered that the General was handling me the proper way.

"I thought you were a German," I said, like one who has made an amazing discovery.

"You are correctly informed."

"Ah, indeed, General, then may I ask what locus standi you hold in the capital of a foreign country, and by what right you come here in Paris and make demands?"

He laughed contemptuously.

"The question of right we will discuss later on, Mr. Lovegrove. What is more to our immediate purpose is that you will hand me at once the plans belonging to Herr von Bach."

"And if I refuse?" I asked.

"You will not refuse," he replied grimly. "I am not a man to be thwarted. It is true I might have resource to the ordinary methods of recovering what you have stolen, in the French Law Courts, but the delay would be inconvenient. I demand that you give me the plans at once."

"But I thought the plans belonged to Von Bach? That is the story he told me. Is he incapable of conducting his own affairs?"

"The plans which you have in your possession, it is true, belong to my friend here, but the invention which they summarise has been bought by my Government. That is the reason why I am here."

"A very interesting reason," I remarked.

"I demand that you give me those plans at once."

I took my eyeglass out of my eye, carefully polished it in my handkerchief, re-adjusted it with deliberation, and once more focussed the glowering countenance of the German general.

"Before discussing this matter any further, might I ask what proof you propose to offer me that what you say is true?"

General von Klotz drew himself up.

I suppressed a smile with difficulty. His attitude towards me was hardly flattering; he must have thought he was dealing with a man whose stupidity flowed well over the mark of imbecility.

"I should never think of doubting the word of so distinguished an officer as you doubtless are, General von Klotz. I am ready to believe that you are a very George Washington among generals. But Von Bach there—well, you know, he's different, isn't he?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well—I don't want to be personal, of course, but he looks as if he could lie, doesn't he? You see, he's not a general, there's no guarantee of veracity attaching to his social position. He might be a journalist in disguise. If you could produce any testimonials as to his character—a letter from his vicar or something of that sort."

General von Klotz exploded. I haven't the slightest idea what he said, but I have always considered the German language quite the best vehicle of expression in the world for really strenuous swearing. I continued calmly. From the corner of my eye I could detect the grinning face of George Lake at the other end of the room.

"This story of Von Bach's, now, General, is what I should call distinctly thin. He says that Dr. MacClintock stole the plans and started building on the lines laid down there. He offers as a proof of this his bare statement. His account differs so widely from the account given me by the late Dr. Hamish MacClintock that I am really at a loss to know which of them I am to believe. I should like to satisfy everybody, but you see my difficulty, General, don't you?"

General von Klotz came very close to me, almost thrusting his angry face into mine.

"These plans belong to Herr von enough for you. They were stolen by Dr Bach, sir. I tell you that; it is MacClintock, you recovered them by arrangement with Herr von Bach, and I now demand that you return them to me instantly. I am not to be trifled with. I will give you five minutes to make up your mind, and then I will act."

"Make it seven minutes, General; there's something mystical about the number seven."

The General kept silent with an effort, and took out his watch. I lit a cigarette and sank back into the only comfortable chair in the room. The General kept his eyes glued on the dial. At the end of five minutes he shut the lid of his watch with a click and put it back in his pocket.

"Now," he said, drawing himself up, and advancing towards me. "Those plans—give me them!"

"I can't!"

"You can't? Why?"

"Do you know the story of the Governor of Gibraltar? He was asked once why he hadn't fired a salute. He replied that he had one hundred reasons, the ninety-ninth was that he hadn't any gunpowder. I have, likewise, a hundred reasons why I cannot give you the plans, General, the ninety-ninth being that I haven't got them!"

"You lie, you scoundrel, you lie!"

I was only just out of my chair in time, for the General, purple in the face, literally hurled himself on me, and it was only by slipping quickly sideways to the floor that I managed to avoid him. I saw George come across the room with the lust of fight in his eyes.

"Liar tha'sen," was all he said, and I daresay the General understood him, for there is some dim resemblance between the Yorkshire dialect and German. At any rate, his actions admitted of no misunderstanding. For in a second he had the General by the scruff of the neck and the slack of his trousers, had bullocked him across the room, upsetting Von Bach in his passage, and with a neat kick had dropped him to the bottom of the first flight of stairs.

I helped Von Bach to his feet.

"I am sorry to part with you like this, Herr von Bach," I said politely. "Let me assure you that those plans will never find their way to the German War Office."

He looked at me gaspingly for a moment, and then like a man bemused tottered out of the room, almost a pathetic figure.

To be Continued.

DISAPPOINTED LOVERS.

A disappointment in love was supposed to account for the extraordinary appearance of a large four-storeyed building in Oakley-street, Chelsea, the property of Dr. Phenie, though it was death, and not a rival, that robbed the doctor of his bride. Rumor said the young lady died a few hours before she was due at the altar, and her intended husband never recovered from the shock. The Chelsea building was in a class by itself, its exterior being ornamented with statues and other sculpture, brightened by a liberal application of gilt paint. In the extensive grounds, too, masses of carved stone could be seen. The house, shut off from the world, was furnished just as it was on the fatal wedding-day. Some of its windows were boarded, others covered by common sacking. It remained a mystery house until the doctor's death at the age of over ninety, a few years back.

Three years ago a somewhat similar case, though in humbler surroundings, was reported from the East End of London. A closely-shuttered shop in West India Dock road was broken open by the police, who discovered in a back room the dead body of an old man. There was evidence of decay on all sides, the only furniture being a broken chair and a dilapidated bedstead. Yet the shop was stocked with valuable musical instruments, pianos, violins, harps and banjos, whilst hidden away in different parts of the building were little packets of money and jewellery. It transpired that the man, whose name was Harold John Stout, had been crossed in love, and consequently shut himself away in his little room, living the life of a hermit and only emerging at night to obtain food. He died worth £2000.

Women as well as men have become hermits when love's young dream has come to an untimely end. In the eighteenth century there died a woman who had not left her room for thirty years, owing to a love disappointment, and just a few years later a similar case was brought to light. In the second instance the lady had vowed that she "would never see the light of the sun again," owing to being jilted in love. She religiously kept her vow, living in a darkened room till the end of her days.

America has also produced a martyr on the altar of blighted affection. For more than twenty years an old fellow shut himself up in a miserable room in Pittsburg, the birthplace of George Washington. At last, when it was decided that he should be arrested on the ground of insanity, it required the united strength of four constables to secure him. The police, on searching his house, were astonished to find thousands of dollar-notes. The grate was filled with silver dollars, the furniture was stuffed with them, whilst jars and bottles were filled to the brim with money. So much wealth was found that a waggon had to be brought to convey it to the bank, where it was found to amount to over £10,000.

A romance that equals any of the foregoing was revealed at Salford four years ago, when a bachelor of sixty, living in Railway-terrace, was visited by the sanitary authorities. Despite an income of £600 per annum derived from house property and London and North-Western Railway shares, he had confined himself in one room for over twenty years. Two loaves, a little sugar, and some canned meat formed his weekly diet. When the sanitary officers visited his room they found, lying near his bed, a stick used for driving away rats, and over his head a revolver. Under his pillow was found a faded photograph—the picture of the "faithless fair" whose fickleness had driven him to shun the face of his fellow-men for nearly a quarter of a century.

A PEN-MAKER'S ROMANCE.

Beneath the career of the late Mr. Joseph Lecture Petit, the chairman of Brandauer's Ltd., the pen-makers, there lies, according to the "Birmingham Daily Mail," one of the most interesting of business romances. For many decades he had been the mainstay of Brandauer's, and was associated with it when Mr. Brandauer, an Austrian, who had been the traveller for Kuhn's, the continental pen-makers, came over and started the business in Birmingham.

Mr. Brandauer advertised for a tool-maker, and Petit, who had a little place in Suffolk-street, being employed by Hinks and Wells, pen-makers of that day, replied to the advertisement. Mr. Brandauer appointed him foreman, a position from which he rose to obtain a controlling interest in a vast business. Mr. Brandauer himself married a daughter of Mr. Kuhn, of Vienna, and with her secured a dowry of £100,000, which enabled him to finance his Birmingham pen business.

There was already in Birmingham the oldest established firm of Gillott's, founded in an equally romantic way, for old Gillott was originally a Sheffield toolmaker, who tramped to Birmingham and set up as a pen-maker in a little back alley. Mr. Brandauer left the direction of the business largely to Mr. Petit, whose two sons eventually came into the concern, one who had been a dentist in Liverpool thus returning to the pen trade.

Mr. Petit (no whit a Frenchman, though his name suggests it) was a most generous and unostentatious man, and formerly a churchwarden of the old Handsworth Church. The extent of his benefactions will never be known.

Cross Collector: "Confound it, man! what d'you mean by telling me that this was a genuine Georgian candlestick, when here's the date on it—nineteen thirteen?"

Deceitful Dealer "Just so, sir; nineteen thirteen, George the Fifth!"

Modern friends are like the sun—only with you in sunshine.

MAD KING OTTO.

Europe's Greatest Royal Tragedy.

When will he die? When will the country which in half a century has been afflicted with three mad monarchs be released from the burden of a king who knows not one of his subjects; who has not written a word nor read a book for years; who seldom speaks a few intelligible, connected words, who knows nothing of the time or seasons, who spends almost every hour of the day in a padded room, and has had to be guarded from self-destruction for nearly thirty years? When will this hopelessly insane king die?

Fate seems determined that the people of Bavaria shall continue to ask this question for years to come. They can scarcely hope for a merciful release, in view of the recent report of the doctors who visited the demented King Otto, who has been incarcerated in the castle of Furstenried, near Munich, for close upon forty years. For although the King, who is king in name only, and who is now sixty-five years of age, has lived this terribly pathetic life since early manhood, his physical condition is such that the doctors give room for belief that the king will live quite a number of years. And thus the pitiful tragedy drags on.

Even though Prince Ludwig, who succeeded his father, Prince Luitpold, as Regent of Bavaria a short time ago, issued a proclamation in November last to the effect that the Regency was ended and the throne vacant, and that he had taken up the reins of government as king, he can never be a real king while his cousin, who is monarch by Divine right, lives.

The tragedy really began nearly 70 years ago, when Louis I., King Otto's grandfather, a well-meaning and liberal monarch, wasted the wealth of the kingdom on extravagant works of art, and became so infatuated with that notorious adventuress, Lola Montez, that he created her Countess Lansfeldt, with a pension of 20,000 florins. This infuriated the Bavarians to such an extent that they forced him to abdicate and placed his son Maximilian II. on the throne.

But already Maximilian had exhibited traits which betrayed the hereditary taint of madness, and his wild excesses ultimately led to his early death in 1864, when he was succeeded by his son, Louis II., brother to King Otto. Louis, too, carried his grandfather's love of art and music to excess, and the only achievement of his reign was his patronage of Richard Wagner, who owed everything to "Louis the Beautiful," for he had beauty like a girl's, with pale cheeks, long silky hair and large lustrous eyes. Women idolised him; men pitied him, and were ever ready to make excuses for his madness.

For a time it took a harmless form. He built fairy castles in the mountains, entertained ghostly guests, and fancied he was dining with Hamlet and Julius Caesar; drove about at midnight around his roads in a sleigh formed like a golden swan, engaged theatrical companies to play an opera or play to himself alone, bestowed titles on his barber and tailor, or wandered about the woods playing "Tristan" in apricot-colored tights.

One of his most astonishing acts, however, occurred in October, 1867, when his marriage was arranged with his cousin Sophie, who afterwards perished in the Paris bazaar fire. Everything was ready for the ceremony, and then the King announced that he would not marry. He destroyed every portrait of her he possessed, and opening a window threw a marble bust of his beloved princess into the courtyard below. It was a happy escape for the princess, but one can imagine her chagrin when she returned home husbandless after the vast preparations which had been made for her wedding.

In spite of this, however, Louis retained the affections of the Bavarians to such an extent that when he became hopelessly mad, and was placed under restraint in the castle of Burg in 1886, the peasants attempted to rescue him. They were unsuccessful, and three days later the bodies of the King and his medical attendant were found in the lake. There was evidence of a great struggle, but whether the King had murdered his physician in order to escape, or whether the physician had perished in an effort to frustrate the King's attempt at suicide, remains a mystery to this day.

For some time prior to Louis' death the late Prince Luitpold acted as Regent, and he continued to rule the affairs of Bavaria when Otto, Louis' brother, succeeded, for it was decided that, although Otto had been for ten years in an asylum, he should be declared King. There was, however, no coronation ceremony.

King Otto's affliction became apparent at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, when he ordered a squad of cavalry to charge a stone wall which he insisted was a body of infantry. Then secret letters offering peace to the enemy were discovered, with the result that he was placed under medical care, and from that time has been kept under constant surveillance.

Such is his pathetic state of mind that, like Nebuchadnezzar, he was often found eating grass, and an attendant had to restrain his appetite in that direction. He refused his food, imagining it to be poisoned, developed a horror of washing, and on several occasions nearly murdered his attendants.

Like his brother Louis, however, he has a love for grand opera, his great passion being for the memory of Jenny Lind. One day his physicians hit on the idea of entertaining him with a gramophone and records of German sopranos whose notes the King imagines are those of Jenny Lind.

Then somebody evolved the idea of dressing up a gramophone as a perfect likeness of the Swedish nightingale, and the simple deception has done wonders for the Mad Monarch, the soothing influence of the music and the model of the famous singer rarely failing to have a quietening effect on his mind, even in his most excitable and mad moments.

King Otto is happier now than he has been for many years, but the pitiful picture of this monarch dragging out his existence behind those castle walls is one which not only Bavaria but Europe generally would like to see blotted out.

LITERARY CENTENARY.

Exactly a century ago was published anonymously "The Waverley Novels," a work of fiction which was to take captive the whole reading world and to inaugurate a long series of unexampled successes in that special department of literature. Begun in 1805 and thrown aside for some years, it was rediscovered in a happy moment in 1813 while its author was searching his desk for some fishing tackle. Early in 1814 the first portion was shown to Constable, who offered £700 for the copyright—an offer which Scott declared was too large if the work should prove unsuccessful and too small in the event of its success. Eventually he and the publisher agreed to divide the profits of the first edition.

The first impression consisted of 1,000 copies, the whole of which disappeared within five weeks of publication. A second impression of 2,000 copies followed immediately afterwards, and a third and fourth, each consisting of 1,000 copies, were issued in October and November of the same year. And so the work went on its way triumphantly.

HOW TO DODGE LIGHTNING.

"Anyone standing some little distance from a tree should be safe from lightning," writes an electrical expert. "The tree—being a bigger object—is more likely to collect an electric charge, and will then act as a conductor. But a man walking across a bare space, such as Salisbury Plain, would be quite likely to be struck, and if he were riding a bicycle or had an um

ENGLAND AND THE WAR

MANUFACTURING AN ARMY.

A MILLION BRITISH SOLDIERS TO PUNISH BARBARIANS.

In a further budget of war news to the Sydney "Sun" the London representative of that journal deals with the fall of Namur and proceeds to relate many interesting incidents. Continuing, he writes:—

K. of K. has set out to create a series of armies which will make Europe shake beneath their tramp. He said the other day, "We must go on manufacturing soldiers until our men are marching into Berlin. Before long he will get what he wants, because England is sound to the core, but valuable time may be frittered away before the multitude realise the dangers which encompass the Empire. It is of the greatest importance that our new levies should be under canvas with all conceivable celerity. It takes at least six months to make a decent soldier, and long before six months every man that England can spare may be needed on French soil.

Still Spies Flourish.

The Germans, well posted in everything that is transpiring in England, are counting on our national slowness. Every means of communication is supposed to be censored, but they are still getting their spy reports from our shores. There is indubitable evidence that even the secrets of the Exchequer, and therefore of the Cabinet, have been conveyed to the Kaiser's espionage department. Not one word was allowed to leak out in London as to the proposed loan of £10,000,000 which Britain was to make Belgium, yet the German War Lord imposed a fine of £8,000,000 upon Brussels. It is as transparent as daylight that they were cognisant of the gift which England was on the point of making, and that they fixed the fine in this knowledge. Their spies serve them well, far too well for our welfare. They are fished out of the most unexpected places. One of our big motor men had a German nurse of unimpeachable integrity for the last seven years. When the war broke out she denounced the Kaiser and all his works. Her employer was so pleased that he invited her each evening to drink confusion to the Kaiser in a glass of his best port. The police arrived one afternoon and inquired for the whereabouts of Fraulein X. The employer indignantly asserted that she was a trustworthy and loyal woman. The police persisted, and searched her room. They found nothing. One little box near the door had escaped their attention. They asked what was in it, and were informed "Clothes." They opened the box; it was filled with district road maps, ordnance maps, and correspondence with the Berlin Espionage Department. For seven years the trusted fraulein had been a snake in the grass. She is now a prisoner in gaol.

The Badge of Honor.

The announcement of British casualties in the first great battle somewhat shocked the community. We have to go back to Inkerman to find a parallel for two thousand casualties in a single battle. Our worst engagement in South Africa, Spion Kop, only produced thirteen hundred casualties, and at Waterloo, where the future of the world was decided, they were less than six thousand. We are not accustomed as a nation to hearing of wholesale carnage being wrought upon our soldiers, and the figures have given us a chill down our spines, but there is no lamenting, no looking back, even though the War Office cannot tell us how many have been slain and how many only wounded. Our brave women have decided not to go into widows' weeds, and make fair England gloomy with crape; they have agreed to make the death of our gallant men an outward symbol of national grit by wearing on their arms a plain purple band in memory of those called away by the God of Battles. They have the less reason to repine, because there is accumulating evidence that our comparatively small force at the front brought to a standstill a vastly larger number of Germans, flushed with previous victories. There were kinks where the German attack drove home right along the French lines, but there was never the most minute indentation in the British formation. Even the Germans who were wounded or captured felt compelled to admire and applaud the supreme steadiness and the splendid fighting qualities of our troops.

Britain's Myriad Army.

You may recollect that when the German troops were setting out in 1900 for the Pekin Relief Expedition the German Emperor adjured them to win for themselves a reputation like that of Attila and his men. Glad, indeed, are Englishmen now that the German hordes are rivalling the Huns, that Lord Kitchener is at the War Office. The great soldier made his first official speech in the House of Lords yesterday. With characteristic modesty, he took his seat at the extreme junior end of the Ministerial Bench. His colleagues made him move towards its head. On his feet, he said, "I am not a politician, I am a soldier." That historic Chamber has never heard a soldier deliver a fate-fraught message to the people in such clear, lucid, yet clarion phrases. If Lord Kitchener had not elected to be a famous Field Marshal he could undoubtedly have been the leader of a great political party. It is very unusual to be able to hear any speaker in the House of Lords without effort. The acoustic properties of the Peers' Chamber are execrable, but every word of the War Secretary's advice to the nation could be heard everywhere. All through his career K. of K. has been a defensive rather than an offensive commander. He has found that it pays best to turn the other man's mistakes to account, just as the Japanese, with his jiu-jitsu, uses his opponent's strength against himself. Therefore, there was no surprise when Lord Kitchener disclosed that he expects the war to be protracted. Germany and Austria have called up their full strength. Germany is diligently training her boys. Under the Kitchener scheme, Britain will have a constantly growing army, which will rise step by step until there are a million thoroughly drilled soldiers to take the field and punish the barbarians of Middle Europe.

War By Terror.

The German army is marching under the banners of murder, torture, fire, and rapine. It shows no mercy, it gives no quarter. German cavalry occupied Linsleau. All the male inhabitants were ordered to give up whatever arms they possessed. No recently-discharged firearms were found. Nevertheless, these peasants were divided into three groups. Those in one group were bound, and eleven of them were placed in a ditch, where they were afterwards found dead, their skulls fractured by the butts of German rifles. The Germans entered Volm. The people were asleep. The Germans burnt the house of M. Deglimme. They carried off Mrs. Deglimme, half naked, to a place two miles away. She was then let go and was fired on as she fled, but without being hit. Her husband was borne off in another direction and fired on. He is dying. An old man at Neerhespen had his arm sliced in three longitudinal cuts. He was then hanged head downwards and burned alive. Young girls have been attacked and little children outraged at Orsmael, where several inhabitants suffered mutilations too horrible to describe. There is method in this appalling blood-lust. The Germans' excesses have been committed beyond the sight of neutral eyes. In large centres, where there have been neutrals to observe, they have behaved with something like decency, but in the small country towns along their lines of communications they have set out to affright and terrorise the peasants, so that they need not leave more than a handful of troops in the largest district.

Murder by Zeppelin.

In the first flush of dawn a great Zeppelin flew over Antwerp. When the Liege forts refused to surrender the Kaiser threatened to order up his air navy against them, but the Belgians declined to be intimidated. The Kaiser partly made good his boast by sending a Zeppelin above Antwerp Stealing silently over the forts outside the city, against which it made no attack, the great airship made straight for the Royal Palace and dropped seven high explosive bombs. None of them found their mark, but all fell within the precincts of the Palace. One struck a house occupied by poor people, murdered a pregnant woman, and horribly mutilated three young girls who were lying in their beds—one of the poor girls had half her face blown right away. Another bomb fell into the hospital of St. Eliazbeth, made an enormous hole in the ground, riddled the windows with fragments, but did not kill anyone, though a crucifix over the bed of a sick child was smashed to atoms. The cold-blooded brutality of this rain of death, this midnight assassination by the soldiers of the Kaiser, has filled all nations, belligerents and neutrals, with a fierce and avenging anger. The Zeppelin got away, although guns were hastily trained upon it. It may return again; it may mutilate and destroy a few more harmless and defenceless women, but for every life that it ruthlessly takes there will be a tremendous revenge wreaked upon the mad War God of Europe.

ANTHEMS OF THE ALLIES

"THE MARSEILLAISE."

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! To arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved,
To victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is scowling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To meet and send the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt they generous flame?
Can dungeon, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God, the All-terrible, Thee who ordainest,
Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword,
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-merciful, earth hath forsaken
Thy holy ways, and hath slighted Thy word;
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
Watching, invisible, judging unheard,
Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

According to the Dictionary.

Young Wife: John, what are you so cross about?

Husband (studying account-book): Well, frankly, this steady outflow of money is a little more than I can stand!

Young Wife (indignantly): You marked that book "Current Expenses," didn't you? Well, I looked in the dictionary, and current means "running or moving rapidly," and I am doing the very best I can!

Bacon: When a man is in love everything looks different to him.

Egbert: Yes; it's the same way when he knocks his head against a gas bracket.

THE FIRING LINE.

I'll give you a toast, my comrades, to drink in water or wine,
Whatever your creed or custom—The Men in the Firing Line!

Officer, sergeant, private, sapper or bombadier,
Gunner, dragoon, or guardsman, lancer or engineer,
At dice in the deadly trenches, with life or death on the chance—
The men that are helping Belgium, the troops that are holding France.

They marched to the front with music—they go to the rear-guard dumb,
To suffer in stoic silence the wounds that shatter and numb;
They came in the hour that called them, they fought as it showed them how,
And we know with never a tremor that the day of their test is now.

They laugh as the shrapnel sifts them; and whether the dawn is grey,
Or the staring searchlight blinds them, they die as they lived—at bay;
They fell as they fought—defiant, with all of their wounds in front,
Attaining the great fulfilment of those that have borne the brunt.

They wait for the frenzied German who dares not wait for the Czar;
They look to the east for Russia—but Russia is still afar;
Yet out of the East arises, and swells to a thunderous swing,
The song that her army shall march to—the words that a nation shall sing.

It lifts to a sound tremendous—solemn and sombre and slow—
That gives the time to a movement as vast as a glacier's flow;
The murmur of marching millions, of a multitude's advance
Slow-moving over a continent to break the fetters of France.

With blight in her wasted orchards and her wheat-fields sown with dead,
With her vineyards black and blasted, the tide of her rivers red,
Ruined, a realm of torment, yet rising anew to fight,
With men of our blood to aid her, France levels her guns to-night!

So here is a toast, my comrades, denying the Right Divine
To challenge the Right Eternal—The Men in the Firing Line!

OUR BIGGEST TREES.

NONE OVER 400 FEET HIGH.

Writing of big trees in Australia, Mr. Maiden mentions a David Boyle, who was always among big timber, who in 1889 wrote to the "Argus" giving particulars of a tree 522 feet in height. As this statement was challenged, Mr. Boyle replied that it was 10 years since he had seen this giant, and, on revisiting it, he found the top blown off, but the tree otherwise healthy. The measurement now, he adds, is 466 feet. Mr. Cairo, a well-known Melbourne photographer, said that he had taken a photo. of this giant, and that it was 464 feet high. Just about this time (1888) the Victorian Government decided to investigate the matter. The Government offered about £1000 to have the tree measured and photographed. The offer was not jumped at. But eventually the tree was found. The Inspector of Forests measured it, and found the height to be 219 feet 9 inches. The Hon. James Munro, then a member of the Government, being convinced that the big trees mentioned actually existed, thereupon offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of a tree 400 feet in height. This reward has never been claimed. Mr. Stanley Dobson, a surveyor, spent a lot of time around the Baw Baw Mountains and elsewhere looking for record trees; but the highest he found was near Neerim (Gippsland), and was 325 feet high. One of the Baw Baw giants was afterwards found to reach 320 feet . inch, and, until now, this remains unbeaten. So all of the trees of 100 and 500 feet have vanished into thin air. Whenever the surveyor has approached the giants they have shrunk into quite ordinary heights. People who talk airily of 400 and 500 feet high have really no idea of what such a height means. The ordinary gums, such as the bluegum, the messmate, the yellow box, and others, rarely reach as high as 150 feet. One may travel through a forest all day and never see a tree much higher than 100 feet. The red gum, in Victoria, rarely gets higher than 50 or 60 feet. So that to reach 326 feet the giant gum has done very well. But even such a man as the late Mr. Guilfoyle, until recently in charge of Melbourne Botanic Gardens, in his "Australian Plants," issued only two years ago, states that several trees reach a height of 400 feet. He gives, however, no particulars. We may therefore rest secure upon Mr. Maiden's explorations in this field.

THE BELLS OF MALINES.

DESTROYED BY GERMANS.

It was announced recently that the peal of bells in the cathedral of St. Rombart in Malines had been destroyed by the Germans. These famous carillion peals comprise as many as forty or fifty bells. Every quarter of an hour they play for half a minute, not the ordinary peals as we know them, but some phrase of music with full harmonies, four or five bells sometimes being struck together in the same chord. At the hour the chimes will sometimes play for five minutes, perhaps a snatch from some well-known opera or oratorio. These peals can be played from a keyboard like a piano, but the ordinary hourly chimes are of course regulated by clockwork. Of the towns that have already come into this war, Ghent, Louvain, Antwerp and Malines, all have famous chimes, and Tournai possesses another. But of all the chimes in the world the most exquisite are those of Bruges and of Malines. To sip one's coffee under an awning in the old cobbled market square, with the antiquated shops on three sides of it, and that beautiful cathedral tower, 320ft. high, pealing out this silver music through its ancient windows, is one of the rarest pleasures that are open to the tourist on the Continent.

A man may never realise what it is to be disappointed in love until after he has been led to the altar by the lady of his choice.

The perfect husband always belongs to another woman.

AUSTRALIA'S PART.

KITCHENER WANTS LIGHT HORSE

DOCTORS' FIRST JOKE.

Recruiting will be in full swing again in a week or two, writes the Melbourne representative of the "Sun." Now that the Government has decided to send more men, and continue sending more men till the issue has been decided in our favor, every fit Australian who wishes to go can be promised a place in one of the numerous contingents. The temporary lull in recruiting has been caused by lack of accommodation at the camps, and by lack of equipment. Already there are enrolled in each State far more men than required for the first two contingents, and an extra two battalions of infantry could be formed at once. Immediate efforts, however, are to be concentrated on securing the 2000 horsemen needed for the third Light Horse Brigade. Swordless horsemen may appear anachronistic in European warfare, but Kitchener has asked for them. He must have some task ready for the Australian Light Horse.

In their own way, the Australian efforts are unparalleled. First, in equipment. The War Office has already warmly praised our equipment of the First Expeditionary Force. It was possible only to a country self-contained in its defence. It was certainly impossible to any other Dominion. The equipment of the second force is being completed, perfect to the last button on the last man; that of further contingents is going to represent grave difficulties. Secondly, the task is colossal in transport and convoy. We have 32,000 men already promised; a bigger army than any ever transported and convoyed halfway around the world, from middle south to middle north of the line. But the task will not end there. There is no scarcity of men. The Commonwealth could supply 100,000 stalwarts, if necessary. And the Government means to do it, if the war goes badly.

The doctors have neatly brought off their first joke against the troops. They are appointing matrons as nurses. The aggregate age of the first six nurses appointed was 300! So the Expeditionary Force officers, even the married ones, who think youth is an attraction in women shipmates on a long voyage, are beginning to think out some elaborate trick to play upon the R.A.M.C. But the troops may be assured that there are some very womanly women going on this long voyage with them—many pretty women, too, judging by the nurses who have called at Federal headquarters. Nurse volunteers, in all States, have been much more numerous than required, and headquarters has had to enforce a stern rule that all first appointments must be made from the Army Nursing Reserve, and that other vacancies shall be filled from other applicants in proportion to the strength of the reserve in each State. Happily, the reserve was recently reorganised and strengthened. It will be a severe test for nurses; canvas life, hard work, harrowing sights, many demands upon physique and capacity to endure. But Australian womanhood, the much-maligned Australian girl, despite her powder-box and little frivolities, is rather glorying in the prospect. Sisters will receive £3 3s. a week, and nurses, £2 2s., plus 3/6 a day field allowance. They must provide their own kit—which they are notified includes bedding—but towards this they get an allowance of £15. We have no male nurses in the Commonwealth. Australians have preferred softer hands and more gentle faces. But male nurses are needed now. So they are being specially trained at the Melbourne and Alfred Hospitals. Other great hospitals in other great cities are now offering to train men for the medical units.

We are sending as many doctors as we can spare. We could not do less, but the effort is proving as costly as any sacrifice caused by the war. The doctors are going for small pay. They get only the pay corresponding to their rank, with field allowances, £1 2/6 for a captain, and so on. Obviously they are losing large sums by their voluntary departure from home. One leading Melbourne surgeon, who makes at least £3000 a year in this city, is going as a major, with prospects of spending his little earnings of £600 a year on essential personal expenses. Another popular surgeon, Dr. Fred Bird, is going without pay, and taking with him an assistant, two nurses, and an expensive equipment. It has been at Lord Kitchener's special request that the Commonwealth Government and medical profession are making this special effort. We are sending not only the six large field ambulance corps required for the Expeditionary Forces, but a complete line of communication unit as well. This includes a clearing hospital, for 200 sick, to be stationed on a railway or a good road; two stationary hospitals, for 400 sick, to be kept in the line of communications; and a general hospital, 720 beds, to be located at or near the base. The only part of the medical machinery which we are not sending is the convalescent hospital. This, of course, will be in England. It should again be emphasised that this large medical unit is not needed by our troops, and that it is being provided for the use of some other section of the Allied Army. Sixty doctors are in the first Expeditionary Force's field ambulances, 92 will go with the second force, while the navy and other medical corps are absorbing another 100, making a total of 250 doctors engaged, or 10 per cent. of the whole medical profession. One typical feature is the Light Horse Field Ambulance—an Australian device. It consists of light and mobile waggons and carts, with six doctors and 116 men. The average for medical corps as a whole is about 10 nurses and men for each doctor, and the total number of assistants in our medical contingents is about 2000. Those with money to spare should be informed that Colonel Featherstone, Director-General of the R.A.M.C., badly needs X-ray equipments, costing £350 each, and motor ambulances for the second contingent.

An old Scotch woman was famous for speaking kindly. No sheep was so dark but she could discover some white spot to point out to those who could only see its blackness. One day a gossiping neighbor lost patience with her, and said, angrily:—

"Wumman, ye'll hae a guid word to say for the deevil himself!"

Instantly came the reply:—

"Weel, he's a vera industreesous body."

A man's best friend is a woman who can keep him from making a fool of himself.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A Calcutta conjuror deceived a fruiterer in the belief that he had extracted a sovereign from a pineapple. The tradesman declined to sell any more of the fruit, and cut up the whole of his entire stock in the hope of finding more gold inside.

* * *

The Servian pig, remarks the London "Chronicle," is a remarkable animal, very different from the trim, carefully-groomed porkor of the English countryside. He is big, fierce and wolfish, with a coat of brownish hair as curly as a retriever's, which turns into long, grey bristles as he advances in years. As might be expected, Servian bacon is coarse and inferior, though quantities of it find their way to English breakfast tables, and the Servian pig bristles in the brushes that are used.

* * *

Ore is being mined at a depth of over 5000ft. in the Catlin shaft, the deepest gold mine of the Witwatersrand, in South. Africa. Considering the small and uniform increase in temperature in this shaft, and the fact that there are apparently no mechanical barriers, it is believed that mining can be carried on at a profit at a depth as great as 8000ft. The deepest metal mines in the world at present are in Michigan, U.S.A.

* * *

Dr. Rudolph Heym, jun., of Cleveland, is making arrangements with Mr. A. Lee Stevens, the balloonist, for a balloon hospital for heart disease patients. Dr. Heym believes that sending patients with weak hearts up in balloons at night, together with supplementary treatment on solid ground in the daytime, will prove a sure cure for heart disease.

* * *

A herd of swine, grazing near Pendre farm, Abergle, North Wales, attacked several sheep that were being kept in the same field, and devoured the carcases. Previously, the swine had gained access to a neighboring field and devoured the contents of the larder attached to the camp of the Eccles Secondary Schools.

* * *

Though he was defeated when they met in the Sydney event, Woorak is a firm favorite for the Victorian Derby. He is expected to win from beginning to end.

* * *

The war between Britain and Germany actually began at 11 p.m. on August 4. It is a date thrice memorable to the historians of the world—and bush-arguers will save us a lot of trouble by making a note of it.

* * *

An inch of rain over one acre would more than fill 54 tanks of 500 gallons each, the weight being 110 tons. If the storm covered, say, 1000 acres, 1,100,000 tons would have fallen. As storms frequently cover millions of acres, the total fall in one day is enormous.

* * *

Henry Thomas Oxley, aged 42, a laborer, was leaving the Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, Enmore-road, Newtown, carrying a bottle of beer, when he slipped and fell. The bottle broke, and severely cut his right thumb. He had the wound treated next morning, but tetanus developed, and he died at the hospital. At the inquest a verdict of death from tetanus was returned.

* * *

By mere waste, caused by coins rubbing one against another, the civilised world, it is said, loses one and a quarter tons of gold and eighty-eight tons of silver annually.

* * *

The Czarina possesses the most valuable fur in existence. It was a gift to her from the Siberian town of Vikoutsk, on the occasion of her coronation, and though only a pound in weight is valued at £12,000.

* * *

The chief engineer of the Commonwealth railways is endeavoring to stamp out sly grog shops and illicit traffic along the western end of the transcontinental railway. Provision will be made in future by the Government for the workmen. Efforts are also being made to improve the social conditions of the men in other directions, and arrangements have also been made to establish branches of the Commonwealth Bank along the route. The railway has now proceeded 126 miles from Kalgoorlie.

* * *

Marked decreases in railway revenue have been shown in returns issued by the department during the past six weeks. The revenue for the first week of October amounted to £132,080, or £4,580 less than that for the corresponding period of last year. Owing to the heavy transport of starving stock to areas where feed is available, the return from live stock traffic showed an increase of £6,766. The chief decrease was £9,776 in respect of goods traffic. Other decreases were £905 from passenger traffic and £374 from parcels traffic. From the beginning of the financial year on July 1 to October 7 the revenue amounted to £1,372,542, or an excess of £27,060 as compared with the same period of last year. The principal increases were £29,978 from live stock traffic, and £19,912 from passenger traffic, while goods traffic showed a decrease of £23,282.

* * *

Australian wool-growers are filled with delight at the successful sales of wool in London, giving promise of a good yield from the colonial clip, which has been stored beyond its due date for fear that there would be a drop in prices or a failure in the demand. As a fact, war has caused a new demand for wool, which was being pushed out of the market by shoddy cotton stuffs in the time of peace. For soldiers in the field, good woollen garments are necessary to enable them to stand the rigors of a winter campaign. And so in many lines of manufacture the cloying prosperity of peace was causing a degeneracy in trade which the fierce efficiency of war will eclipse.

An invalid was walking out with his wife the other day when a man met them and very effusively shook his hand.

"An' how do you do? How do you do? How is your health now?" exclaimed the man.

"None of your business," snapped the invalid, and, jerking his hand away, he hurried off with his wife.

"My dear," she said reprovingly, when he had slowed down so that she could speak, "why were you so rude to him? He seemed very anxious to know how you were."

"Rude nothing!" growled the invalid. "I've got a right to be. That chap is the new undertaker who opened a shop in our neighborhood last week."

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

Running a country newspaper is not all sunshine. A rural editor gives the following hint:—"The fellow who can play billiards, smoke cigars, have sixpenny drinks, shout for others, trip it to Sydney, go to the races, etc., should not overlook the fact that he owes us a couple of quid."

"D'yer see that there old cove comin' outer Jones' pub?" remarked the way-back leg-puller to a new arrival. "Well, 'e's the champeun boozer ov this locality. He's been drunk fur a quarter ov a century, an' if 'e wos ter wake up some mornin' an' find 'imself sober I do believe the shock would kill 'im. Twelve months ago 'e wos bitten by a tiger snake, an' badly bitten, too." "Did the man die?" the new chum asked. "No," replied the bushman, "but the snake got blind paralytic drunk."

Beauty is only skin deep, but curves is curves.

"The Secret of Smart Dress," runs a headline in a contemporary. Some of the costumes we have seen recently had nothing secret about them at all.

"Johanna" tells this one in the "Bulletin"—An exalted military gentleman in Melbourne found himself beset by an untidy young woman of about 25 in a suburban street the other morning. "You're——, ain't you? Well, Bill can't go to the war." "My good woman, I——" "I tell yeh straight. Bill can't go to the war, an' 'e won't, so there. Bill's engaged t' mo; then he goes and enlists t' fight the Germans. Well, he won't go, see. He's said he'll marry me, 'n' he ain't goin' t' got off so easy. I give you my word." Can't you picture Bill in a snow-filled trench, with a bullet in his neck, getting off easy?

All men are born free and equal, but the majority of them marry later on.

Of troubles connubial, jars and divorce,
This, we believe, is the fruitfullest source;
A man falls in love with a dimple or curl,
Then foolishly marries the entire girl.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous small.
He bought a big barometer
And put it in the hall.
And when the mercury went down
Because of wind and rain,
He climbed on the umbrella stand
And shoved it up again.

If everybody on earth spoke the truth and nothing but the truth for twenty-four hours, we should find ourselves well over the brink of the greatest social revolution the world has ever known.

Key Key, tailor by trade, had just taken out an insurance policy. A few hours later, by a curious coincidence, a fire broke out, which consumed his shop and its contents. The insurance company could find no ground on which to refuse payment, but the letter which accompanied their cheque concluded as follows.—

"We note that your policy was issued at nine on Friday, and that the fire did not take place until three o'clock the same day. Why this delay?"

Last week (writes "Gossip," of the "Stock and Station Journal") I had two schoolboys staying with me, who were on their way from Bedale's School, in Petersfield, Hants, to Scotland. I took them to all the things we had time for, including the "White City," and the play of "Grumpy," at the New Theatre. They had the time of their lives. We visited the Tower of London, and they saw the "Traitor's Gate," the site of the scaffold where people used to be shortened, the idle soldiers, the ancient "Beefeaters," and all the armor and the guns and swords and crossbows, and weapons of murder. They were greatly interested, and when we came out I said, "Now, boys, what interested you most about the Tower? What is the strongest impression that you bring away from the old place?" The bigger and older of the two (nearly 15) said:—"Well, my strongest impression, after seeing all the armor and the weapons of war is that the people of those times were fools." Before I had time to express my views, the younger one said, "Well, we're bigger fools now." "Amen," said I to that, and then we talked!

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

Circumstances alter kisses.—Carolyn Wells.

Many are men of probity—until you begin to probe.—J. Whitman.

The man who can't remember when he was a fool is one yet.—Strickland Gillian.

About the only way a woman can keep a secret is to keep it going.—Nathan Levey.

Woman: A being to run away from, or with—as the case may be.—Elbert Hubbard.

Young men, I have to advise you to try to be good rather than great. You'll have less competition.—T. Lawson.

The wages of sin is exposure.—Estelle Klauder.

A high old time lays many a man low.—Cole Blease.

On the door of success is "push," in brass.—Upton Sinclair.

Lots of people will take everything for granted, except a hint.—Greenwood Lake.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, but it isn't so cheap.—Sam Stimson.

The trouble with the average married man is that he doesn't know what a jewel his wife is till he comes to put her in a casket.—General Sickles.

"Northerner" writes:—Anent the drought, the recent heat spell, and the prospects of the rain which promises and never comes, it is curious to note that when Queensland summer rains come early they slacken off before Christmas, and a wet summer comes to the south of the continent. Why it should be so even Mr. Wragge doesn't profess to know, but it has been the case frequently in the past. A happy monsoon struck the north last week, and it was to the extent of 21 inches in one part of the tropics. Though this is nothing to talk about in those climes where during the monsoon time any place north of Townsville which doesn't get its ten inches or so of rain a week considers itself in the throes of a fearful drought, the fact remains that the monsoons are early this season, and if history repeats itself we are going to have a summer broken up by Southern Ocean anticyclones which spell rain for the south of the continent. The pearl-fishers at Thursday Island and Darwin have a motto to the effect that an early monsoon means a placid summer, and when they have a placid one we have a wet one. We can do with it.

It isn't so much that a woman wouldn't, but she hates to think that you think she would.

LADIES' LETTER.

Those who have to consider ways and means will do well to carefully eschew the more pronounced lines of the spring fashions, because almost assuredly they will not be generally worn here. I doubt if they would have taken with Melbourne people in any case, though they might have been favored, to a certain extent, in Sydney. People in Melbourne are rather more eclectic in the way of fashions and more prone to adapt and moderate the most marked characteristics.

However, the outbreak of war has brought about such a distaste for the outre and the eccentric that it will influence all fashions very strongly and tend to do away altogether with the fussy and frivolous effects. This will not necessarily mean that they will rush to the other extreme and have things only severe and depressing. Indeed, that is what we should strive to avoid at all costs, for there will be gloom enough without women seeking to add to it by their dress. Many are already doing so here when there is no need of it, for more black is being ordered than anything. But is there a more unsuitable color for wear in an Australian summer, especially a hot summer as this promises to be? Black draws the heat and shows the dust to a marked degree. It looks hot, too, and never has the fresh, cool appearance of more suitable colors.

No doubt the very long tunic or redigote will have a vogue for some time, but Australians should take into consideration, when deciding upon a style, that this tunic will not only add very much to the warmth of a costume, but also to the weight of the skirt, which is a big consideration in summer.

Remember, it was not for summer but for the autumn and winter dresses they were introduced in Europe. That is the trouble; we are following summer styles here when we should be following winter ones, and vice versa. The really modish people are a season ahead in styles, for they choose them from the latest books, which are, of course, intended for the opposite season—the coming winter in England. Instead, we should look to fashion books of about six months ago to realise what the leading dress designers intended for summer modes and deemed suitable for summer materials.

There is another thing connected with the new fashions, and that is we have become accustomed to light-weight comfortable skirts, and if we rashly choose heavier ones for summer wear we shall feel the effects in a marked manner. So those who find the summer trying will do well to eschew the double skirts altogether.

The little fishwife dresses, with the long princess bodice part and pleated skirt attached, with drapery or sash to finish it off, promise to find favor. They are certainly useful, but not exactly pretty or artistic, after the dainty and picturesque modes of a season or so ago. They are one of what is described as the Botticelli silhouette. But the rucked, very long-waisted bodices, with scarcely any fit, are nearer the real thing. There is, however, little becoming or artistic about them, only quaintness. It must be confessed that the fashions have made a distinctly retrograde move. A glance at the fashion books of a year ago will prove this beyond a doubt. Compare any modes of the last half-dozen years with the present fashions offered, and this becomes more apparent. It looks as if the dress designers have exhausted all artistic ideas and also all sources of inspiration which are becoming or artistic.

The death of the blouse and the coming of the crinoline is once more being mooted in the up-to-date fashion journals, but one is about as much likely to happen as the other. The blouse has become too much a garment of necessity in the modern women's wardrobe to ever be abolished. Just now the blouse with a colored waistcoat and sash, or muslin blouse with sleeveless waistcoat of a color to match the skirt, are the most modish forms. As for the crinoline, one cannot imagine sensible modern women submitting to have such an ugly and inconvenient form of dress forced upon them, even to be considered a la mode.

The beauty spot is making a tentative bid for favor. Sometimes the face is quite thickly strewn with black velvet cut in tiny designs. When these are worn the veil is banned, and the beauty-spots alone are used to enhance the beauty of the complexion.

It is worth noting that French women lately have rarely adopted the corselet skirt; they prefer the plain skirt with a blouse finished by a broad waistband. A blouse is much easier to arrange with these skirts than with those of the corselet type. A broad sash is so kind in helping to conceal safety-pins and all little imperfections.

Alas for our hopes of a return of the Quinlan Opera Company! The company has been disbanded; Mr. Quinlan is in America, Miss Perceval Allen is in England, and Mr. Parker and Mr. Maurice d'Oisley are in London, and recently both sang at a Sunday concert in the Albert Hall; Mr. Graham Marr is in New York, and the rest of the happy family are scattered to the four winds of heaven. Mr. Maurice d'Oisley, who was eagerly looking forward to another visit to Australia (where he made so many friends last year), is responsible for these items concerning the fragments of the late opera company.

Madame Melba seems to be settling down in her country home in the real chatelaine spirit, taking a genuine and kindly interest in all the movements and happenings in the district. She was lately asked to become the president of the Lilydale District Cricket Association, and in her letter in reply said: "I shall be delighted to accept the position, provided it will not be one of my duties to play cricket, because I can't, and never could. With all good wishes," etc. Madame Melba has a quick sense of humor, and always sees that side of a subject. She has already given concerts at Lilydale and Warburton, and is to give one at Healesville—all to raise money for various funds, local in one case, patriotic in the other.

One can hardly wonder at girls whose lives are not ruled entirely by convention visiting the military camp without a chaperon and remaining after the camp curfew bell has tolled at half-past six, when one hears of society girls—who are supposed to know better—doing likewise. Two well-known members of the supposedly elect, who went to visit their brother one afternoon, are said to have remained on after closing hour, and, furthermore, dined at the officers' mess. Two unchaperoned girls and over thirty officers. Poor Mrs. Grundy! They were not shy, that pair of feminine guests, were they? If this had happened at Aldershot there would probably have been detention for the feminine guests and a court-martial for the senior officer.

The difference between French and English is exemplified by the way the women are acting in the face of this dreadful war. They are facing the ordeal most bravely, the women of both nations, but a little thing shows the vital difference of temperament. There is nothing being sold in Paris just now, it is stated, but mourning. The Parisian women feel sure that everyone must have lost some relative at the front, so they are evidently putting on what might be termed anticipatory mourning, so as to be in readiness. Now, anyone who knows typical British women cannot conceive of them doing any such thing; rather they would have to be very sure their dear ones were dead, and not merely missing, perhaps prisoners, before they plunged into mourning garb. Though they might wear neutral tones or black, because they feel it is no time to go gaily bedizened when their country is at war, and so many of their neighbors are suffering. But that is another thing altogether. As it is, influential British ladies are proposing that black shall not be worn as mourning, but a white band on the arm merely. This is for two reasons, to obviate the depressing effect that so much black would have, but more especially for the sake of the people who can ill afford at such a time the expenditure that mourning would mean. If the majority decided not to wear black, no one would take it as any want of feeling or respect, and would not feel it a duty to spend badly needed shillings on useless "trappings of woe."

There is more than the usual element of romance connected with the wedding of Lieutenant Cooper, of H.M.A.S. Melbourne, and Miss Adelaide Schneider, as for some time the locale of the prospective bridegroom was unknown, and the idea of a big wedding had been abandoned. There was, therefore, much rejoicing when the "Melbourne" suddenly arrived in Port Phillip Bay, and as "sealed orders" did not reveal how long the cruiser would remain, the marriage had to be hurriedly arranged on Wednesday, and was celebrated on the following day. The bridegroom had to rejoin his ship on Saturday. There was quite a merry celebration afterwards at wedding-tea at the Oriental Hotel, where just a few intimate friends were entertained. The bride's cake was of especial interest, as it was ornamented with a model of the "Melbourne" and other nautical designs. The wedding was the occasion for double congratulations, as the engagement of the best man, Dr. Parr (surgeon of the "Melbourne") was announced to Miss Leonore Eddington, one of the bride's best friends, who, with Miss D'Ebro and Miss Beryl McAdam, was to have been bridesmaid at the big wedding; but, as it was, she had but one.

LEGAL JARGON.

Those who are accustomed to grumble at the length of legal documents would receive something of a shock were they to inspect some of the instruments which were commonly used but a short time ago. In the "good old days," before the passing of the Conveyancing Act of 1881, deeds and settlements frequently covered half-a-dozen skins of parchment, and men were employed by law stationers for the special purpose of engrossing these imposing documents on parchment. A few of these law writers still remain amongst us, and their writing on parchment is said to be most beautiful to look upon. But the Conveyancing Act practically put an end to their "profession" by greatly curtailing the length of legal instruments.

Of the unwieldy prolixity of some of the old, long-winded conveyances a law reformer of a humorous turn of mind gave the following amusing example: "If a man were to give another an orange, he would merely say, 'I give you this orange.' In the hands of a Conveyancing lawyer and put into writing, it would be, 'I hereby give, grant and convey to you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, claim, and advantage of, and in, the said orange, together with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full liberty to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said A.B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of whatever nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise, notwithstanding.'"

OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS.

An Englishman who was well endowed with this world's goods was very friendly with a Scotchman and an Irishman, both of whom were somewhat impecunious. In the course of time the former died, and the two friends received a communication from Mr. Graspall, the deceased man's legal advisor, informing them that they were each to benefit under his client's will. There was, however, a rather unusual proviso, which was to the effect that before either should receive the legacy they must deposit £100 in his coffin to be buried with the deceased.

Just before the funeral Mr. Graspall called them into the library, and turning to the Irishman, said:—

"Mr. Doughtery, have you complied with the condition imposed by my late client, and deposited £100 in his coffin?"

"I have, Mr. Graspall," responded the Irishman, "I placed a hundred sovereigns in the coffin two hours ago."

"And you, Mr. M'Phail?" continued the lawyer, turning to the Scotchman.

"Oo, aye," was the response. "I didna happen to have ony cash or notes aboot me, so I put in a cheque for £200."

"£

WHEELS ACROSS SIBERIA.

No. 3.—THE TRACK.

By Will W. Rock.

Out through a tunnel in the hills of Vladivostock, along a fringe of the Pacific, on over rolling plains, sweeping in great waves to the horizon, crawling over wind-swept steppes, mounting by zig-zag stretches, countless pine and birch-covered hills, skirting lakes, spanning rivers, winding, twisting, turning, run the twin threads of steel until at last they stop at two buffers in the city of Moscow, nearly six thousand miles from the starting point. Euclid tells us that a line is length without breadth. He must have had in mind the trans-Siberian line.

For nine days and nights we have been running on those steel threads, and have not yet found the end of them. Some passengers have come to the conclusion that there is no end, that they are doomed to spend the rest of their days bumping over sleepers. Always, before and behind us, two rails meet the horizon. Viewed from the rear platform of the train, the railway does not signify much. One has to travel for a week on it before he realises the colossal nature of that undertaking which cost the Russian Government 85 millions sterling.

The first sod was turned in 1891 by the present Czar, then Grand Duke Nicholas. Nine years later four thousand miles had been laid, including 30 miles of bridges. The work was divided into sections, and the trans-Siberian line was constructed at the rate of a mile a day. It was a rushed job, undertaken for military purposes—purposes which received a severe check at the hands of the little brown men in 1901. Like most rushed jobs, the work was badly done, and since 1904 almost the whole of the track has been relaid. It has also been duplicated as far as Irkutsk, and the work of duplication will continue until it reaches the Pacific. Already, along the route, big military depots have been established. Just outside Manchuria we passed a whole town in the process of building. It consisted of enormous, factory-like two-storeyed brick structures, which will serve as a permanent home for 100,000 soldiers. Next time Japan uncorks the big guns on the Russians in the Pacific, she will find herself up against an altogether different proposition from that of 1904.

But I wander from the track. The Siberia of our story books is a land of snow and ice, of cruel biting cold, of endless files of prisoners marching away north over the boundless white waste to stockaded prisons, there to rot and die. So firmly is this idea imbedded in the mind of the tourist that when he finds himself in a luxurious train de luxe, finer than the finest train of his own country, travelling in the height of comfort over rolling grass-covered plains and slopes ablaze with wild flowers, between hills covered with valuable forests, he rubs his eyes and confesses to a feeling of amazement. The idea of summer in Siberia had not occurred to him. Yet, when the train halts he fairly pants in the heat, and is glad to order a cool drink from the waggon restaurant.

Summer is the growing time in Siberia. The whole countryside is a study in different shades of green. For three days we ran over plains, splashed with wild flowers of all colours of the rainbow. Right to the edge of the line they grew, nodding their dainty heads in the breeze. Lilies of the valley, peonies, iris and hyacinth, and many others that were foreign to me. Further west, we came upon the wheat, hundreds of miles of it, white to the harvest—wheat that must be sown and reaped between the month of April and September.

The trans-Siberian is not a scenic route. For those who allow it to do so, it may easily become monotonous. But, notwithstanding the enormous expanse of plain country, there is much to claim the attention. The very fact that your train in half a day traverses a stretch of country that took unfortunate prisoners weeks to cross in earlier years, should help to make the trip interesting. For a day and a half we ran through plains without seeing a single tree. Through the greater part of it there was no sign of life of any sort; nothing but grass-covered land stretching in long undulations on either side. The movement of the train gave the peculiar impression that those billowy slopes were slowly heaving like the waves of some vast ocean. My companion gazed upon it, and snorted. "Why don't they stick a plough through it? Why don't they raise something?" he said, and turned to his book.

Yet the loneliness of this great, silent land laid a spell upon me, and I could not cease from gazing at it. It is full of possibilities. They have an expression in Japan: "Never make use of the word 'magnificent' until you have seen Nikko." It might be said: "Never make use of the word 'vast' until you have seen the plains of Siberia."

Harbin, Manchuria, Tsitsikhar, Tchita, Irkutsk, Krasnoiarsk, Kainsk, Omsk, Petropavlovsk and Chelinbinsk—a long string of cities lies behind us, to say nothing of the scores of smaller towns with unspellable and unpronounceable names. The Russian peasant, setting out on a railway journey, reaches the stations early, and purchases his ticket an hour beforehand. It is necessary to do this in order to catch the train. Imagine a man with two minutes to spare, and trying to book a fourth class single to Nikolaevsaravinovsky.

The most curious thing about the towns along the route is that the railway never enters them. In many cases the town lies on a rise two or three miles from the station. The cause reveals an interesting sidelight on Russian official methods. When surveying the line, the engineers followed a system of polite brigandage that, for sheer audacity, leaves American "graft" a long way in the rear.

As the line progressed, each town was approached, and asked how much it would pay to have the railway brought through it. If the settlement "coughed up" a sufficient quantity of roubles, the line cleft the heart of it, a fine station was built, and the town flourished like a green bay tree. If the community only partly met the demands of the brigands, the railway approached within measurable distance of the town, and a station was built on the plain. In such a case the town developed a tail, which straggled from the main centre until it met the line. There are many of these comet-like cities along the route.

If the town refused point blank to pay, it was left standing lonely and aghast upon the plain, while the railway circled majestically miles away to the north or south. A woeful case in point is the city of Tomsk. "How much will you give if we bring the line through your city?" politely asked the surveyors and engineers. Tomsk fairly snorted with indignation. "Not a red cent," it said. "We are the capital of Siberia, and you must come here." "Oh, must we?" said the brigands. "If you don't come across with the coin you will find that there will be unsurmountable engineering difficulties which will prevent the railway from getting anywhere near your city." And to-day the capital is on the wane. Those "engineering difficulties" must have been found, for the line runs sixty miles to the south of the city. And, as a direct consequence, Irkutsk, hundreds of miles further east, has gone ahead of Tomsk by leaps and bounds.

In the trans-Baikal section, we met the first of the big bridges. It spanned the River Chilka, a tributary of the Amur, in itself a mighty stream. Since then we have crossed on great frames of steel domes of rivers, chief among which were the Selenga, Yenesei, Obi, and Irtish, broad silent streams rushing northwards to the Arctic Sea.

So for nine days and nights we have been following the trail. From the rear platform of the train I gaze at the long leagues of steel dropping away behind us, and marvel at the gigantic nature of the undertaking. The thing fascinates me. But my travelling companion is an American. (This is inevitable. If you journeyed to Mars or to the nether regions, your travelling companion would be from the U.S.A.) He is unspeakably bored with the whole trip. At intervals he thrusts his head through the window and looks away ahead at the rails which seem to meet the skyline, and there is a shade of disappointment in his voice as he remarks: "Gosh! There we go for hundreds and thousands of miles!"

(To be continued.)

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. STH. MELBOURNE

This match was commenced last Saturday before a large crowd of spectators. The home team had first use of a splendid wicket, and opened with Heather and Woodbury to the bowling of Bailey and Yeomans. Heather was caught at leg by Begg off the first ball bowled by Yeomans, and off the fifth ball Woodbury played a ball back to the bowler, who missed a one-handed chance, which proved an expensive mistake. Kyle was bowled by Yeomans in his second over, and two wickets were down for 7 runs. Kenny joined Woodbury, and trouble was in store for the bowlers, the score being taken to 156 before Kenny was caught by E. Yeomans off Brown. The retiring batsman scored 96 by free and attractive cricket without giving a chance. He was accorded a great reception upon returning to the pavilion. After this the tide turned in Northcote's favor, and six more wickets fell before 6 o'clock for 124 runs. Woodbury played a patient innings for 88, and was batting 3½ hours before being bowled by Brown. His innings was marred by only one chance. Brereton was very lucky in making 30, and Purvis got 23. Norman Brown recovered his lost form with the ball and bowled well, getting 5 for 78, while E. Yeomans also performed well with 3 for 67. The fielding was keen throughout the afternoon. Scores—

S. MELBOURNE—First innings.

E. Heather, c Begg, b E. Yeomans	3
W. Woodbury, b Brown ...	88
J. Kyle, b E. Yeomans ...	3
A. Kenny, c E. Yeomans, b Brown	96
R. Deas, c F. Yeomans, b Brown ...	10
H. Brerton, c sub., b E. Yeomans	30
T. Purvis, b Brown ...	23
A. Gray, stp. Vernon, b Brown ...	0
S. Anderson, b Shewan ...	5
J. Saunders, not out ...	1
J. Giller, not out ...	2
Sundries ...	11
Total for 9 wkts. ...	272

Bowling—R. Bailey 0 for 33, E. Yeomans 3 for 67, N. Brown 5 for 78, F. Lugton 0 for 48, L. Shewan 1 for 38.

SECOND ELEVENS.

This match was played at the Northcote park, where Northcote batted on a splendid pitch, and occupied the wicket the whole afternoon for the good score of 302 for the loss of 8 wickets. The first wicket fell cheap, but James and Studley added 78 for the 2nd wicket before Studley was stumped after scoring 61 in good style. The next three batsmen added 45, Wilkinson 16. James was the next to go after making 54 in excellent style. Trinnick hit hard for his score of 30, including six 4's. The score stood at 7 for 197 when Ahern and Cody, batting splendidly, added 98 for an eighth wicket partnership. The former rattled up 62 in 40 minutes, including three 6's and five 4's, while Cody, one of this season colts, showed great promise for 58 not out. Kenny 5 for 74, Facey 2 for 65, and Turner 1 for 35 secured the wickets.

Both matches will be resumed to-day.

NORTHCOTE CLUB ELEVEN.

The club eleven played a match last Saturday against Richmond at the Merri park. The latter won the toss and batted first, but their stay at the wickets was brief, as their could do nothing with the bowling of Price, being disposed of for 44 (Price 7 for 14, Curtis 2 for 4, Burley 1 for 20). Northcote at call of time had lost 5 for 173 (Summers 43 retired, Price 34 not out, Sherry 26, Trott 18, Burley 19 not out, Dunn 16). Northcote won by 5 wickets and 129 runs.

To-day Northcote commence a two days' match against the Ascot Vale Presbyterians at Ascot Vale. The following catch 2.27 train from Flinders street:—Dunn, Sherry, McPhee, Tobin, Burley, Price, Hamilton, Mitchell, McGoldrick, Curtis, Summers, Trott (2), Craddock, Heron, Hore, Wheeldon.

FIRST GRADE JUNIORS.

PRESTON V. FITZROY FOOTBALLERS.

This match was commenced last Saturday at the Merri Park. Fitzroy's captain (P. Parratt) won the toss and elected to bat, sending in Harrison and Moles to the bowling of Blundell and Mehegan, the latter getting a wicket with his first ball. They totalled 102 (Cooper 31, Parratt 11, Flegg 11; Froebel 4 for 15, Mehegan 4 for 42, Blundell 2 for 41). Froebel also caught 3 men in the slips. Preston replied with 7 wickets for 126 (Lawson 43, Westmoreland 37; McLennan 2 for 36, Lethbridge 1 for 4). The game will be continued to-day, Howes 2 and Mehegan 5 resume batting.

SECOND GRADE V.J.C.A.

Preston v. Collingwood District, commenced at Preston last Saturday. Collingwood batted first, but only made the moderate score of 72, owing to the splendid bowling of Hedigan and Wyer (Freake 17, Phillips 16; Hedigan 6 for 24, Wyer 4 for 41); Preston have lost 8 wickets for 184 (Pears 62, including eight 4's, Nankervis 36, Schwaebsch 17, Newbound 16, Cooper 16 not out). To be continued to-day.

St. George's Road Methodists v. Nth. Melbourne Methodists. Scores—Nth. Melbourne, 43 (Eaton 6 for 12, Hart 2 for 27); St. George's Road, 164 (Hart 31, Rhodes 39, McCaster 26, Sherwan 16). To be resumed to-day.

Presbyterian Association.—Northcote six for 95 (J. Thomson 42 not out, Shands 12, Hayes 11, C. Walker 10) v. North Carlton, 117 (Richardson four for 12, Teasdale two for 22, Hayes two for 27, W. Thomson one for 16.) Match will be concluded at North Carlton to-day.

North Suburban Cricket Association (A grade).—Northcote District 108 (D. Wass 24, E. Hannah 22, P. Kelly 20, B. Graham 11) v. Brunswick Congs., 66 (Lucas three for 9, Graham one for 0, Hannah five for 23.) Match will be concluded to-day at Coburg.

I.O.R. competition.—Northcote, 128 (Jacobs 52, McClure 22, Harris 11) v. Melbourne, 6 for 9 (Angus 3 for 3, Clarke 3 for 3). To be resumed to-day.

BOWLING.

A PENNANT.

Thornbury v. Melbourne, played at Windsor.

MELBOURNE, 110.

W. Sims, Bleach, Doig, G. Sims ...	32
Trew, Morris, Morton, Kemp ...	30
Mylius, Andrews, Dunbam, Pascoe	26
Dickenson, Grant, Pennington, E. M. Pascoe ...	22

THORNBURY, 70.

Boyd, Smith, Hayes, Ingham ...	21
Robinson, Major, Hosking, Wright	11
Slater, Cogle, Doran, Bainbridge ...	22
Sharp, Campbell, Murden, Crawley	26

Northcote A were at home to M.C.C., where a pleasant game was played, the latter winning by 18 points.

M.C.C., 105.

Robinson, Dyer, Cornish, Trickett	20
Robins, Cohen, Marsh, James ...	21
Tenny, Clarke, Ellis, Gordon ...	31
Invin, Henderson, Belinfante, Tatchell ...	33

NORTHCOTE, 87.

Allen, Taylor, Schieferdecker, Harrington ...	30
Saunders, Bastings, Campbell, Plant	25
Bowden, E. Reed, R. Bailey, Bennell	16
W. Reed, Marsden, E. Bailey, Mitchell ...	16

Thornbury A v. Kew, played at Kew.

THORNBURY, 96.

Pepper, Turner, Bartley, Masson ...	19
Williams, Harmsworth, Rouvray, Dedman ...	28
McDougall, King, Harry, Denny ...	27
Frenchman, Donagan, Brown, McGregor ...	22

KEW, 92.

Millist, King, Reynolds, Mansfied	24
Krome, King, Mansfield, Niven ...	14
Snell, Camiesan, Thom, Wollard ...	27
Lemmon, Summerton, Bennie, Bradshaw ...	27

Northcote B team v. Glenferrie, played at Glenferrie.

GLENFERRIE, 129.

Willis, Partridge, LeConteur, Clark	27
Hutton, Fryer, Hamilton, Holland	35
Kewish, Ferguson, Robbins, McInnes	36
Hauty, Dodshun, Willis, Whitehead	31

NORTHCOTE, 70.

Dalglish, Plant, Duncan, Clarke ...	21
Thomas, Thompson, Reid, Horman	18
Threlkeld, Miller, Dennis, Threlkeld	23
Mitchell, Tidy, Harper, Tribe ...	8

Thornbury B played a friendly match against Richmond Union.

THORNBURY, 98.

Goldsworthy, Aealey, Webster, Harvey ...	32
Robinson, Arthur, Richards, Muir...	20
Greer, Shaw, Bailey, Hattam ...	27
Whittaker, Mulready, Lizard, Kelly	19

RICHMOND, 81.

Craige, Colechin, Molyneux, McNaughton ...	21
Lee, Broctor, Woods, Weate ...	26
Rogers, Pratt, Smith, Dawson ...	13
George, Bahm, Yenchen, Smith ...	21

TO-DAY'S FIXTURES.

Thornbury A pennant team play Glenhuntly at Thornbury. In the B pennant Thornbury A have a bye, but play Nth. Fitzroy a friendly game at Nth. Fitzroy; the B team play Hawthorn at Hawthorn.

Northcote A team play Camberwell at Camberwell. Drag leaves green at 2 p.m. The B team plays Dandenong at Northcote.

Preston A meet Glenferrie at Preston, and the B team goes to Canterbury.

Entries close on 10th November for Thornbury night rink tournament.

EDEN PARK.

On Wednesday, the 14th inst., the Hon. Mr. Livingstone, Minister for Education, accompanied by Mr. A. R. Robertson, M.L.A., motored out and officially opened the new school, this being a red letter day in the history of Eden Park. The new building was gay with a draping of flags, while the ladies spared no efforts in making the display of the banqueting tables as pleasing to the eye as possible, not forgetting the "inner man." At about 2 o'clock the ministerial car arrived, and a large concourse of people sat down to do justice to the good things awaiting them.

Mr. Preston, chairman of the school committee, called upon Mr. Robertson to propose the toast of "The King," Mr. Robertson responding with a rousing patriotic speech, at the conclusion of which the company rose and heartily sang the National Anthem.

The chairman then welcomed the Minister of Education to the district. The Minister, who was accorded a very hearty reception, stated that he wished to instil into the minds of all present, especially the children, that the school was theirs, and trusted they would do all in their power to make it a home, and utilise all the means at their disposal for qualifying themselves for the higher spheres of life. In no part of the world was a people so favored as Australia in the education of its people. Victoria was spending about eighteen shillings per head per annum in the education of its children, an expenditure that was well spent money. He attributed a good deal of the successful establishment of the school to the tactful way in which the member for the district (Mr. Robertson) had handled the affairs of the constituents. (Applause). If the grade of the school was raised they would have to consider the matter of a teacher's residence; he thanked the people for their hearty reception, and hoped to again visit Eden Park on some future occasion. He had much pleasure in declaring the school open. (Great applause).

The chairman of the committee, in addressing the gathering, outlined the history of the school from its inception some 10 years' ago, pointing out that the children of the Park had not received fair treatment from the Education Department, as in eight years there had been no fewer than nine teachers, a fact that was detrimental to the children's education. It was a great contrast, since the advent of Mr. Hart, head teacher, some three years ago, that a consistent system of teaching had resulted in four scholars having received merit certificates, whilst a number had qualified. Mr. Hart had always taken great interest in the children and the welfare of the school, and it was with great pleasure that he noted Mr. Hart was eligible for promotion to a higher grade school. As the school was almost eligible for a higher class, the Hon. Minister might see his way to raise the school's grade and reappoint Mr. Hart without putting him to the unnecessary expenses of removing. (Applause.) He had great pleasure in presenting to the school, on behalf of the committee, a nicely-framed picture of the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament.

Cr. Browne, of Epping, said it was a pleasure to be present at such a large gathering, and congratulated the people on the fine building.

Addresses were also given by Mr. J. Mason, J.P. (Glen Vale), Rev. D. Bruce (Whittlesea), Mr. Hart (teacher), and Mr. Rowe (correspondent school committee).

Meetings

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

The Hon. J. G. MEMBREY will meet his Friends and Supporters from the whole of Northcote in the Town Hall on Thursday Evening, 29th inst., at 8.

All Supporters are urged to be present.

E. O. YEOMANS, General Sec.

NORTHERN TRAMWAY EXTENSION LEAGUE.

A Meeting of the above will be held in the Albion Hotel on Thursday, 29th inst., at 8 o'clock. Important.

W. H. SMITH, Secretary.

Wanted to Sell

JERSEY Heifer, just on calving. Mrs. Lingwood, Showers Street, South Preston.

TWELVE Padman Chickens, three weeks, with mother, 13/6; three buff hens, with cockerel, 8/6; also bantams. 31 Pender St., Upper Northcote.

SPEEDWELL Bike, B.S.A., free wheel, first-class order. "Polworth," Collins St., Northcote.

Wanted

LAD, just leaving school. J. P. Howe & Co., Tanners, High St., Preston.

WANTED to Lease—Three to Five Acres, good house, outbuildings. Anxious, P.O., Preston.

J. S. BARTLETT
FLORIST AND NURSERYMAN,
WISHES to notify that he has REMOVED to more Commodious Premises at 225 High Street, Northcote (lately occupied by Fodder Company) where patrons can rely on obtaining all varieties of Plants, Seeds and Seedlings, also Cut Flowers and Funeral Designs.

NORTHCOTE CITY COUNCIL.

MONDAY, 19TH OCTOBER.

Present:—Crs. Tharratt (mayor), Plant, Glanfield, Lees, Dennis, Mason, Redmond, Henderson, McDonell, Hayes, Schwaebsch, Johnson and Bastings.

The minutes of last meeting and outgoing letters were read and approved.

From M. and M. Board of Works, forwarding garantee agreements in respect to reticulation of various streets.—Received.

From same, stating that after further consideration the water supply committee cannot see its way to vary its decision relative to the desired extension to Kellett street.—Received, Cr. Redmond expressing strong dissatisfaction at the attitude of the Board in regard to this application, which had been sent to the Board nearly a dozen times.

From Frank Anstey, M.P., promising to bring matter of improvements to Northcote telephone exchange under the notice of the P.M.G.—Received.

From J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., promising attention to matter of improvements at Northcote station, and drainage of Wales street school.—Received, Cr. Hayes urging that the latter matter should be expedited, as the nuisance was very apparent to those people living near the school. Crs. McDonell and Redmond also testified to the bad state of the drainage at this point.—It was decided to ask Mr. Membrey to promptly represent the matter to the Education Department.

From F. T. Hickford, Brunswick, intimating that he was again a candidate as a representative on the Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board.—Received.

From Public Health Department, asking statistics of cancer patients.—Attended to.

From same, drawing attention to the recurrence of cases of diphtheria in Westbourne grove.—A report from the health officer stated that the street in in question was sewered, and was one of the most sanitary streets in the city.—Received.

From Public Works Department, stating that Mr. Balfour-Melville, Melbourne, had been appointed auditor of the Northcote City Council books at a remuneration of £55.—Received.

From South Melbourne City Council, suggesting co-operation in providing a hospital for cases of illness supervening on measles.—Cr. Dennis said the matter had been considered by the committee of the Queen's Memorial Infectious Diseases Hospital, who could not see the way to incur expense necessary for the treatment of measles patients. He moved that the letter be received. Cr. McDonell thought the council could do more than this. He moved, as an amendment, that the council's representative on the hospital committee be asked to take into serious consideration the question of making provision for such cases. Cr. Hayes supported. The motion was carried, and the matter was referred to the committee of the whole for further consideration.

From S. H. Don, acting secretary Northcote library committee, applying for quarterly allowance (£42 10s) and £4 for assistant during librarian's holiday.—Received.

From Rev. J. Murphy and committee, inviting the council to opening of Northcote city carnival by His Grace Archbishop Mannix, on Saturday, 31st., at 3.30 p.m.—Received.

From Alfred Ford, Melbourne, asking what was being done in the matter of bridge over Darebin Creek, Northcote, and Ivanhoe. Also suggesting that piers might be built of bluestone concrete, a supply of stone being on the spot.—Received.

From McCarty, Underwood, and Co., forwarding copy of tramway report.—Received.

From W. R. Steele, Vauxhall road, applying for a permit to use explosives for the purpose of blasting out stone at his premises.—Request complied with under supervision of engineer.

From H. Thomson, Healesville, asking reply to a former letter respecting a water main that had been laid through his allotment in Gotch street.—Council's commissioner to be asked to look into the matter and report.

From secretary Preston Red Cross Branch, asking permission to hold a picture night in the Thornbury picture hall on Sunday, 15th November, in aid of Red Cross Fund.

Cr. McDonell moved that the request be complied with. Seconded by Cr. Glanfield.

Cr. Dennis opposed the motion. He considered there should be no serious obstacle to the entertainment being held on a week night, as the theatre was only used two nights per week.

The motion was lost.

From Salvation Army, asking permission to play in park next Sunday afternoon and to take up collection for the hospital.—Request granted.

From Mr. Doherty, complaining of cattle wandering near his place.—Referred to inspector.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Cr. Mason, chairman of public works committee, presented recommendation for payments of accounts.—General £646 9s 8d, loan £39 16s 5d, electric light £129 6s 4d; also that a fixed rate be charged at the rate of 6d per month per light on current for private dwellings pending receipt of a further supply of meters.—Adopted.

Cr. Plant, chairman of finance, legislative, and park committee, recommending payment of accounts.—General £883 18s 5d, loan £39 16s 5d, electric light £132 11s 4d, mortgage account £27 15s.—Approved.

The mayor, for the committee of council, recommended that the matter of providing lavatory accommodation in the vicinity of the racecourse be referred for consideration with the estimates.—Agreed to.

SCHOOL SITES.

The mayor reported that the committee had inspected sites under offer to the Government for school purposes, consisting of two pieces of land in Clarke street, one in Mitchell street, and one in Separation street, and had come to the conclusion that the site on the north side of Clarke street, five acres, just at the back of Smith's bacon factory, had several advantages in the lay of the land and adaptability for the purpose required, and should be recommended.

Cr. Plant thought there should have been more than four sites under offer.

Cr. Johnson had come to the conclusion that the Clarke street situation recommended was the best of those under offer.

Cr. Dennis moved that the Education Department be requested to acquire the site alluded to. He would point out, however, that about eighteen months ago Sir Alexander Peacock had inspected various allotments then available, in the south ward, and favored the selection of a piece of the railway reserve, but nothing more had been heard of this. The north side of Clarke street possessed many advantages, though it was in the east ward, just on the opposite side of the road from the south ward. There would be no difficulty in draining the ground, and taking everything into consideration he thought it would not be possible to secure such a suitable block in the south ward.

Cr. Mason seconded the motion, explaining that the question of site had been delayed so long that chances of securing a piece of land in the south ward had been lost. The area in Westgarth street, near Fairfield, was too far away, and it was now almost a matter of "Hobson's choice" to take the Clarke street site.

The motion was carried, Crs. Lees and Bastings, as land agents, abstaining from speaking or voting on the question.

THE COUNCIL'S TRAMWAY SCHEME.

Cr. Bastings mentioned, on behalf of the tramways sub-committee, that that body was almost ready to submit a scheme to the council for consideration. Before doing so, however, it was desirable to secure a preliminary expert report on certain features of the project. He therefore moved that the committee be authorised to expend the sum of £50 10s for this purpose.

Announcements

Stott & Bastings

Oldest-Established

Auctioneer,

Estate Agents,

Sworn Valuer,

Insurance Agents.

PROPERTIES LET AND SOLD.

RENTS COLLECTED.

LIST OF PROPERTIES ON EASY TERMS AT OFFICE:

203 High St., Northcote

Branches:
HIGH ST., UPPER NORTHCOTE (Corner Normanby Avenue).
STATION STREET, FAIRFIELD.
HIGH ST., PRESTON, corner Garnet St. (opp. Bell Station).

Phone: Central 1976.

The Best Medium for Real Estate in Northern Suburbs

Cr. Hayes seconded.

Cr. Schwaebsch thought that the scheme should at least be outlined before committing the council to any such expense.

Cr. Henderson also objected, on the ground that no definite information had been given. A definite scheme should be laid out first. If the committee was in earnest it should bring in a preliminary report before incurring expenditure. In any case he would ask the mayor whether money had been provided for such a purpose.

The mayor replied that the municipal year having just expired, and estimates not having yet been framed for the ensuing year, the sum asked for might be voted if the council was desirous of doing so.

Cr. Johnson agreed with the contention that some information should be given before money was voted.

Cr. Bastings explained that the committee had gone into the question very carefully, and now desired to have a report prepared in the proper way. The committee would undertake to have the expert work done for £15 15s. Without divulging any of the committee's proposals he might mention that the question of tramways had been discussed with Mr. Smith, who had recently returned from a trip to the old country, and had given the committee much valuable information.

Cr. McDonell understood that a report of some sort was to be made by the committee, but he did not feel disposed to vote money until some information was before the council.

Cr. Mason said he would like to know what they were being asked to vote money for. He counselled withdrawal of the request until a preliminary report was made.

Cr. Bastings asked leave to defer the matter for 14 days, and the request was acceded to.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. McDonell moved that the crossing at the corner of Newcastle and Flinders streets be referred to the engineer for report.—Agreed to.

Cr. Lees moved that repairs to asphalt, Clark street, be referred to committee.—Approved.

Cr. McDonell moved that asphalt near Armadale street be referred to public works committee.—Carried.

THE QUARRY.

Cr. Dennis reported that the wish of the council had been carried out, and the quarry reopened. Stone was now being broken, and a complete report of the committee's work would be laid before next meeting.

Cr. McDonell moved that a further report be obtained in regard to the quarry. He understood it was now being worked by non-union men.

Cr. Henderson seconded the motion, pro forma, in order to explain that the committee's report to next meeting would cover the ground completely.

Cr. Dennis said that the report was delayed owing to the committee having consented to be interviewed by several gentlemen, and the result of these interviews was to be taken into consideration by the committee this week. A large majority of the men working at the quarry had previously been in the council's employ, and everything was proceeding satisfactorily.

The motion was then put to the meeting and rejected.

FIRE STATION.

Cr. Hayes said that some twelve months ago motor appliances had been promised for the Northcote fire station, but nothing had since been done in the matter. He moved that Cr. Hickford, the representative on the fire board, be written to; also pointing out that the fire station in Mitchell street was very badly situated, as the horses had to come down the hill and take a sharp turn at right angles on reaching High street. Several councillors agreed as to the unsuitability of the present site, and the motion was approved.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

The plans, etc., for the construction of Andrew street, from Brooke street, to Basting street, were adopted.

Consideration of rating gas mains, and also unimproved land values was deferred.

Cr. Bastings was appointed to represent the council on the M. and M. Board of Works, filling the vacancy caused by the death of the late Cr. Woolhouse.

Tenders

WANTED Estimate for Sewering Premises at 65 Pender Street, Upper Northcote. Plans may be inspected any evening between 7 and 8. J. B. Campbell, Pender Street.

Lost and Found

LOST.—Jersey Cow, hollow back, piece of rope round horns, small udder. Mr. Sweetman, "Uralla," Bell St., Preston.

LOST.—White Cow, light yellow neck and head; newly calved. Reward. Bradshaw, Plenty Road, Preston.

Board and Residence

YOUNG Lady Student requires above with private family, Upper Northcote preferred. Cleanliness, Thornbury P.O.

Wanted to Buy

BAGS and Sacks of all descriptions. City prices given. Post cards attended. T. Rogers, 4 Mitchell Street, Northcote (next Reid's, Grocer).

Amusements

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2.30.
Programme Exactly as at Night.

TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT.
SUPERB PICTURE GLORIES
And
THE LATEST WAR SPECIALS
Just Arrived by This Week's Mail.

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.
MONDAY, 26th OCTOBER.
Three Nights Only.
A Tense Story of Bright Blades and Loyal Hearts.
THE PORT OF MISSING MEN.
THE PORT OF MISSING MEN.
A Famous Story of Romance, Adventure, and Intrigue.
An Entrancing Plot Wonderfully Conceived.
Also More War Specials:
OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE
And
WITH THE BELGIAN ARMY
In the Fighting Line.

THURSDAY, 29th OCTOBER.
Three Nights and Matinee.
A Picture of To-Day.
LEST WE FORGET.
LEST WE FORGET.
A Story of the War.
Founded on the Present Great Struggle.
And
ALONE AT LAST.
ALONE AT LAST.
2000ft. of Mirth and Fun.
An Antidote for the Blues.

LYRIC OPEN-AIR THEATRE, High St., Northcote, TO-NIGHT at 8. Special Henley Programme. Balharry's Crimson Costume Comedy Company and Pictures. All New Faces. Best Open-Air Entertainment in Australia. Come and See the Baby Elephant. Admission 6d. Children 3d. H. W. BALHARRY, Manager.

CROXTON PARK CONCERTS. CROXTON PARK CONCERTS.

GRAND OPENING:
SATURDAY, 31st OCTOBER
(Derby Night).

NO PICTURES! NO PICTURES!
but a
CLEAN VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINMENT.
None but Best Artists Engaged.
Direct from Bijou Theatre.
English, American and Australian Performers.

New Scenery. Electric Lighting.
Plenty of Seating Accommodation.

Musical Selections by Brass Band before performance and during interval.

Popular Prices: Adults 6d, Children 3d.
Managing Director, PERCY FOSTER.
Local Manager, ARTHUR HOTTON.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

THE NORTHCOTE CITY CARNIVAL,
THE NORTHCOTE CITY CARNIVAL,
in aid of Building Fund
Will be opened by His Grace
ARCHBISHOP MANNIX
In the Town Hall, Northcote, on Saturday, 31st October, at 3.30 p.m., and continued for a fortnight.

Art Union drawn Saturday night, 14th November (last night).
J. McCLOSKEY
M. J. HARTNETT } Hon. Secs.
H. J. WHITLEY

PENDER'S GROVE ASSOCIATION will hold their FORTNIGHTLY SOCIAL in the Pender's Grove Hall, corner Dundas and Newcastle Streets, THIS (Saturday) EVENING. Good Floor, Splendid Music, Sociable Company. Everybody Welcome. Gents 1/-, Ladies 6d.

A. NEWELL, Hon. Sec.

Local Government

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

TENDERS will be received up till 4 p.m. on Monday, 2nd November, for the following Contracts:—

No. 18.—Supply of Bare Copper Wire.
No. 19.—Supply of Rubber-Covered Copper Wire.
No. 20.—Supply of Insulators.
No. 21—Electric Light Meters.
All materials to be of Colonial or British manufacture.
No. 54—Construction of Ethel Street, Northcote.
No. 55.—Supplying and Laying Water Pipes to Merri Park, Northcote.

Specifications may be seen at this office.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

Municipal Offices, Northcote,
20th October, 1914.

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

NUMBERING HOUSES.

The Ratepayers are hereby requested to note that the Council's numbering officer is Mr. A. T. Hatton and no one else has any authority to sell or affix numbers on houses within the City. An official receipt must be issued for each number sold and fixed, and the above official is the only one authorised to do such work.

It is further notified that the number approved by the Council is a white enamel plate with black numbers.

W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

REWARD.

Notice is hereby given that a Reward of £3 will be paid for information that will lead to the conviction of any person who may damage or break any of the Council's Electric Light Lamps or Fittings.

Ratepayers are particularly requested to take steps to prevent interference with the property of the Municipality.

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

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

EXTRAORDINARY ELECTION OF ONE COUNCILLOR.

WEST WARD.

I hereby give notice that the following Candidate has been duly nominated for the office of Councillor for the West Ward of the City of Northcote to fill the Extraordinary Vacancy caused by the death of Councillor A. E. Woolhouse:

SMITH, HENRY RALPH

As the number nominated does not exceed the number required, I therefore declare Henry Ralph Smith duly elected as a Councillor for the West Ward of the City of Northcote to fill the aforesaid Extraordinary Vacancy.

A. THARRATT, Mayor,
Returning Officer.

22nd November, 1914.

THE NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY will be CLOSED (for Stocktaking) on 26th October. All Books must be returned before that date.

OWNERS Houses, Land, sell, let, Northcote, Preston. Particulars, Gray and Ballantyne, 590 High Street, Northcote.

Notices

THE Salvation Army Brass Band will render Musical Programme at Northcote Park on Hospital Sunday (25th October), at 3 p.m.

ALEX. NEILSON, Adjutant.

SALVATION ARMY HALL, Mitchell Street, Northcote.

Wanted 300 WOMEN from Northcote and surrounding parts to come and hear Mrs. COMMISSIONER HAY on Wednesday, 28th October, at 2.30 p.m. Admission Free.

PRESTON CHILDREN'S SEASIDE EXCURSION, Mordialloc, 1914.

RECEIPTS.

To Balance	£13 10 10½		
,, Interest ...	8 4		
		13 19 2½	
,, Donations ...	...	48 12 5	
,, Railway Tickets	...	41 18 0	
,, Refreshments (sold)	...	6 9 1	
		£110 18 8½	

EXPENDITURE.

By Railway Department ...	£41 4 0	
,, Sports A/c ...	... 7 10 0	
,, Refreshment A/c	... 43 6 8½	
,, Secty., Advt., &c.	... 1 7 6	
Balance ...	... 17 10 6	
	£110 18 8½	

CHARLES SHOWERS,
Hon. Treasurer.

Audited and found correct—
GEORGE BRANSGROVE
HENRY AUHL } Auditors.
14th October, 1914.

Special Notices

LADIES!

THIS SHOULD INTEREST YOU.

MISS SCARFE,
ARTIST IN MILLINERY,
Will OPEN Next Week at
224 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(four doors north of Theatre).

City Styles at Suburban Prices.

Phone, Northcote 645.

G. Chesswas,
LICENSED PLUMBER,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(Near Tram Sheds).

Sewerage and General Plumbing Work of every description undertaken.

WATER METERS FIXED.
Estimates given.
Letters promptly attended to.

Private address: 7 Elm St., Northcote.

Phone, Northcote 604.

C. A. P

EPPING SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, 19TH OCTOBER.

Present:—Crs. McCormack (president, Browne, Wuchatsch, McCoy, and Dea.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Public Health Department, suggesting the principal conditions which should govern the registration of a building or premises to be used as a private hospital.—Received.

From Department of Public Works, stating that Mr. G. D. Meudell had been appointed to conduct the annual audit at a fee of £6 6s.—Received.

From Public Works Department, explaining the method of procedure in reference to contracts carried out under the Country Roads Board Act.—Referred to secretary.

From Country Roads Board, advising that the sum of £300 had been made available for expenditure by the council on the maintenance of Epping road, and also asking that steps be at once taken to put the works in hand so that full advantage may be taken of the season extending to about the end of next May.—Referred to engineer.

From State Accident Insurance Office re Workers' Compensation Act.—Received.

From Shire of Tambo, soliciting co-operation of the council in reference to abolition of the Lands Acquisition Act.—Received.

From Egbert Lock, secretary to conference of Victorian municipalities re Country Roads Act, forwarding report of conference held to consider the working of the Act; also asking the council to attend conference at the Melbourne town-hall on 21st October after the conclusion of the annual meeting of the Municipal Association.—The president was appointed to attend conference, on the motion of Crs. Wuchatsch and McCoy.

From Shire of Strathfieldsaye, in reference to the discontinuance of the special grants to municipalities, and the proposed reduction of the annual endowment. As the abolition of the latter would probably follow if an emphatic protest was not lodged in time, it was earnestly hoped that this council would be represented at the conference called by the Shire of Woodend.—Received.

From Shire of Chiltern, inviting representatives from each shire or borough, the revenue of which from a 1-rate does not amount to £1500 or £300 respectively, to a conference to be held at the offices of the Municipal Association at 9.30 a.m. on 22nd October to discuss the following resolutions carried by the above council:—(a) That the Government be asked to reduce the revenue required to be raised from a 1-rate—in case of a shire from £1500 to £1200—and in case of a borough from £300 to £250; (b) That boundaries of shires (where possible) be so altered as to raise the revenue to the required amount rather than by extinction.—The president was appointed to attend conference, on motion Crs. Browne and McCoy.

From Shire of Broadmeadows, stating that twice during the past few weeks the decking of bridge over the Merri Creek on boundary of Broadmeadows, Preston and Epping shires had been broken by traffic, and the broken planks had been renewed by the council's staff.—A reply to be sent that council was prepared to pay its proportion of the expense incurred in repairing bridge.

From Dunn and Son (public analysts to the Shire of Epping), intimating they had received no samples for analysis for the quarter ended 30th September. Also stating that Sec. 17 of the Pure Food Act makes it necessary for councils to submit at least three samples of food or drug for each thousand of the population yearly for analysis.—Cr. McCoy moved and Cr. Browne seconded that the secretary forward the samples required.—Carried.

From Mary Field and Butler Bros., giving notice of their intention to appeal to the Court of Petty Sessions against the valuation of their properties situated in Woodstock riding (Eden Park Estate)—Ex-Cr. Butler, who was present, asked for the appeals to be heard at Whittlesea on the 22nd inst.—Cr. Browne moved, and Cr. Dea seconded, that the matter be left in the hands of the president.—Carried.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The treasurer (Mr. G. McClelland) reported as follows:—Riding Dr. balances—Woodstock, £231 1s 11d; Epping, £444 13s 2d. Cr. Trust Account, £26 0s 11d.

PAYMENTS.

The accounts for the month, amounting to £270 8s 3d, were passed payment on the motion of Crs. Dea and Browne.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

The engineer (Mr. C. J. McCormack) reported as follows:—

Road Board Work.—I find it will be about three weeks before we are able to get a start with the contracts let, as I am unable to get steam rollers.

Caretaker's cottage.—The contractor has signed up for this contract. He intends going on with the work at once.

Owing to the state of finances I thought it advisable to defer inviting tenders for spalls until a later date.

Attention has been given to bad holes and ruts in Grant's road, also Merriang road.

The balance of metal unspread will be put out this week.

Several drains require attention north of Beveridge road, and will be attended to at an early date.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Cr. McCoy moved that a letter of thanks be forwarded to Mr. A. Robertson, M.L.A., for his successful efforts in getting an unconditional grant of £150 from the Government for the Thomastown Settlement road. Cr. Browne seconded.—Carried.

On the motion of Cr. Wuchatsch the existing scale of charges for hire of shire-hall was rescinded and a new scale drawn up as follows:—Hall and piano, £1; hall only, 15s; charity entertainment, including piano, 10s.; public meetings, 5s; committee meetings, 2s 6d; library portion of hall and piano, whole night, 10s; without piano, 7s 6d; library portion, half night, 5s; use of hall for elections, 10s.

On the motion of Crs. Dea and McCoy it was decided that Whittlesea show day (Thursday, 12th November) be gazetted as a public holiday in the shire.—Carried.

NO LICENSE LEAGUE.

The quarterly meeting of the council of the Jika Jika No License League was held in the High street Methodist school hall on Saturday, October 10th. Mr. J. C. Newnham, vice-president, occupied the chair. Mr. J. Brewster tendered his resignation as secretary, and Mr. D. E. Beasley was appointed to the position. It was decided to write to the various churches and Sunday Schools drawing attention to Temperance Sunday on November 8th, and asking that special reference to temperance be made on that date. It was agreed that in appreciation of his decision to abolish the wet canteens from the military camps, a letter from the league be forwarded to the Minister of Defence (Senator Pearce). As both candidates for Jika Jika electorate at the forthcoming State elections are temperance supporters and local option advocates, members are left free to vote according to political opinion. An important meeting of the executive committee is called for Saturday, November 7th. Business—Drawing up of the constitution; arranging programme of meetings from February to November, 1915; proposal for establishing a fighting fund for 1917.

F. BRACE, Seedling Grower. Cabbage, Lettuce, Onion, Celery, Tomato Plants, 6d doz. Several kinds of Annuals to choose from, 9 dozen for 2/6; also Pansies, best kinds. Orders for all kinds of Plants promptly executed. No. 8 Denn St., Northcote.

Northcote City Band.

The annual meeting of the above was held on the 13th inst., Mr. H. Hellings (bandmaster) in the chair. The balance-sheet showed finances to be in a satisfactory condition. During the year the band has given its services for many patriotic and charitable events. The membership has increased during the past six months, new music has been purchased, and the members generally have show enthusiasm and determination in their work. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:—Bandmaster, Mr. H. Hellings; sergeant, Mr. A. Perritt; secretary, Mr. H. Partridge; corporal, Mr. H. Bell; treasurer, Mr. H. Stevenson; assistant secretary, Mr. A. Partridge; committee—Messrs Miller, C. Moore, F. Partridge, S. Stevens, and W. Sheldon; organising committee—Messrs Clifford, Castleton, Fraser, McGann, Moore, and F. Partridge; librarians, Messrs Billings and Miller. Throughout the year the band has presented before its weekly subscribers four concerts, which were well patronised and appreciated. Sunday next the band plays at the Croxton Park (Hospital Sunday).

CHILDREN'S PATRIOTISM.

The Victorian State School Patriotic League, comprising the thousands of State Schools, and tens of thousands of school children of Victoria, are working most successfully on definite lines, to render monetary assistance to relief-funds and, to teach practically, something of the love and duty owed to the Empire, by all Australian children as well as adults. Already thousands of girls are at work making shirts, socks, nightingales, scarves, cholera-belts, &c., for use in hospital or at the front. Varied indeed are the means already taken by the children at the call of their chief. In addition to the Wangaratta boys dragging in firewood on Saturdays, and giving the money thus gained to the patriotic fund; to the Oxley Flats youngsters catching frogs, and selling them to the Universities at 2 6 per dozen (how the mouth of the traditional Frenchman of our school days would water at this); other children are selling vegetables from their school plots, whilst others are ear-marking for the Empire, the proceeds of certain favorite rabbit traps. One little country urchin caught leeches, sold them to a chemist, and appeared at school, late, with the money clutched in his little fist.

LAID UP WITH ULCERS.

CRIPPLED LIMBS MADE SOUND BY ZAM-BUK.

When through a knock, bruise or varicose veins the skin tissues break down and slough away into running sores and ulcers, Zam-Buk is the one healer to cleanse the diseased parts, subdue burning pain and inflammation, and promote sound, permanent healing with healthy new skin.

"My husband, who is a driver," says Mrs. M. Elliot, of 12 Baillie street, North Melbourne, knocked his legs whilst suffering from varicose veins. Soon after he was going through awful agony from ulcers. His limbs were fearfully inflamed and swollen, while the pain was terrific. My husband got worse and worse, and at last he became so crippled that he had to lay up. We tried all sorts of remedies, including those the doctor prescribed, but nothing brought any relief; in fact, the ulcers became worse and the pain increased.

"He then commenced using Zam-Buk carefully dressing the open wounds with this grand balm. The results were pleasing, for Zam-Buk was very soothing and eased the awful pain almost as soon as applied. By continuing the application of Zam-Buk the inflammation and swelling were quickly reduced and the ulcers brought to a more healthy condition. Gradually the sores healed one by one, and eventually the limbs were completely cured, and my husband was able to resume work and get about as usual. Now, should he knock his legs, the prompt application of Zam-Buk prevents any recurrence of the trouble.

"During the winter months my children used to suffer awfully from chilblains on the toes. Their feet would be so inflamed and swollen that it was impossible for them to wear boots. However, I am glad to say that Zam-Buk soon reduced the swelling and irritation, and cured them in a very short time." 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.

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(Next Henderson, Butcher)
High St., Northcote
W.R.

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GOOD WORK. GOOD MATERIAL.
A Fair Deal our Motto.

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Ladies' Costumes and Gents' Suits Cleaned, Pressed and Dyed, and made to look like new from 3/6.
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REPAIRS a Speciality.
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A.N.A.

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J. E. NEWELL, President.
A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary,
19 Union St.

I.O.R.

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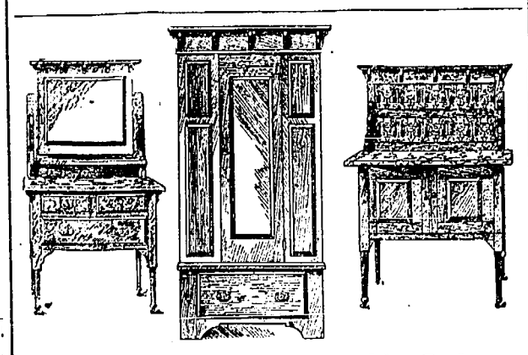

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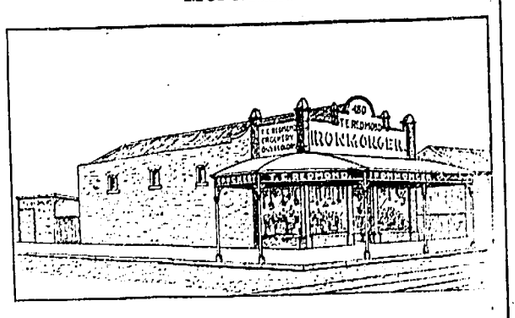

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Taps at side, which enables a tray to be put in from the front to catch liquids boiling over.
Browner light over top of oven to brown scones, etc.
Flame top of Roaster which, while grilling, toasting, or roasting in Roaster, also heats top Oven for baking scones, cakes, etc., so that both Oven and Roaster are heated with one flame.

Very Economical. Durable. Heats Instantly; A Splendid Baker.

At present made in one size. Size of Stove—22in. wide x 18in. deep x 29in. high. Oven—Width, 14in.; Depth 12½in. Roaster—Width, 14in.; Depth, 14in. **This Stove Already a Big Seller.**

Two top lights, £4. Three top lights, £4 8s 6d.
(Bottom light under Roaster, 12/6 extra)

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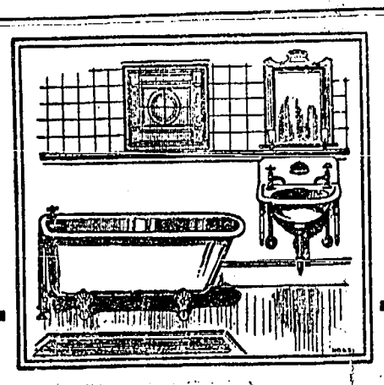
PLENTY ROAD, SOUTH PRESTON.
All kinds of Builders' Ironmongery, Lime, Cement, &c., stocked. Oils, Colors, Glass, &c., at lowest rates. The smallest as well as the largest jobs undertaken. Estimates given for all kinds of House Repairs. Telephone, Northcote 290.



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Must be kept in perfect order if you would enjoy health and comfort this Summer—and always. Good work can be carried out only by a plumber who has had experience as well as scientific knowledge of modern plumbing methods. I have both.

For years I have given complete satisfaction to my customers and their recommendations are helping my business to grow. The same attention given to small and large jobs alike. My charges are very reasonable.
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Established 20 years.
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Adams's Margarine
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ALL LEADING STORES.

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Large stock of Sundries.
Also Ladies' Hand Bags, Purses, &c.

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Where Scholars are specially catered for in all School Requisites. Best of Confectionery and Summer Drinks. Drinks kept on Ice during Hot Weather. Post Cards, Stationery, and Haberdashery kept in stock. Best Brands of Smoker's Requisites, &c., &c.

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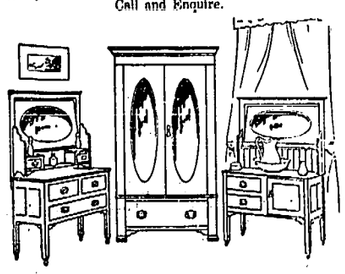
Fine roomy Couch, covered in Art Cretonne, in Floral, Stripe, or Plain Effects, reversible lid, opens both ways, extra wide, exceptional value,
45/-



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Magnificent Solid Oak Diningroom Suite, nine pieces, six small, two Morris chairs, new design, new shaped settee, pincushion suite, upholstered in any shade morocco leather
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To see this Suite is to buy it! It is easily the Finest Bedroom Furniture value in the State. Bevelled mirrors, each piece magnificently made. Look at the illustration and see how superbly it is designed and constructed. **£14.**

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PRESTON DAIRY, GOWER ST., PRESTON.
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Cattle and Premises' under inspection of 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 districts.

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

The Favor of your Patronage and Recommendation respectfully solicited.

"Rona" Dairy Farm
Farm and Dairy:
SPRING STREET, PRESTON.

Pure, Fresh Milk, direct from our own cows, delivered twice daily in Preston and surrounding districts.
Premises and Cattle under Government supervision.
Our Milk is guaranteed free from preservatives and coloring.
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Vehicles of Every Description Built Repaired, Sold or Exchanged.
Coachpainting and Trimming Done.
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All Work Guaranteed.
Rubber Tyres Fitted,

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Champion's Leads and Best Oils only used.
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You need not be an expert to tell the difference between a Cup of Tea made from the delicate tender tips of the Tea Plant as used exclusively in the

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HIGH-GRADE TEAS

and Teas of inferior quality containing artificial flavoring which constitute the bulk of the Tea sold to the public.

"YARRUM" TEAS have a distinct, mild, malt flavor which at once appeals to your sense of taste and supplies that refreshing principle which you so much desire.

Grade I.	Grade II.	Grade III.
Specially-Selected	An Ideal Family Tea	The Last Word in Value
1/6 lb.	1/3 lb.	1/- lb.

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The Store for Good Groceries,
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Phone, Northcote 530.

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Largest Circulation of any Local Newspaper in the Northern Suburbs

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HAY Bought in any quantity.

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CHAFFCUTTING MILLS,
PRODUCE MERCHANTS, &c.,
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Saddle, Harness and Collar Manufacturer,
365 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

We have a full stock of Harness and Saddles, New and Secondhand

All country orders are promptly attended to.
First Prizes at Local Shows.

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Choicest of Small-goods always to be had now at
"THE ELITE"
Corner High Street and Shaftesbury Parade, Upper Northcote.

Newly Established by
H. DOREIAN,
PASTRYCOOK & CONFECTIONER.

Just sample and we know you will be pleased.

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51 DAREBIN ROAD, NORTHCOTE.

The very best articles, either in Bread or Small Goods, always to be relied on.
Deliveries daily to all parts of Northcote.
The favor of your patronage and recommendation respectfully solicited.

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Gas and Water Laid On. Water Meters Fixed.

Pumps and Irrigation a Speciality.

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THOSE who know say our prices speak for themselves.

¶ The goods, too, are first-class; guaranteed fresh, pure and wholesome as groceries can be.

¶ Prompt and thoughtful attention when you purchase at the shop; correct and careful delivery of the goods you buy.

¶ If it is inconvenient to visit us, phone Northcote 449 and our traveller will call.

Alf. Norton
High St. & Woolton Av.
CROXTON

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Having severed my connection with J. Shaw, and after six and a half years' experience of the requirements of the Building Trade and General Carting (3½ years with J. Shaw and 3 years as manager for Heron & Parker), I have decided to start in business for myself under the name of T. JOHNS & CO.

As a result of the experience gained over such an extended term, builders and contractors can rely on having all orders entrusted to me executed promptly.

Specialities: Sand, Gravel, Garden Soil, Metal and Screenings.

T. JOHNS.
Address: "Hillview," Dundas Street, Preston.
Phone, Northcote 76.

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POULTRY of all kinds bought sold or exchanged. Highest prices given. Letters and post cards promptly attended to. W. Key, Epping.

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Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A.
7 p.m., Mr. J. CLARKE, of the Children's Special Service Mission, London.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
7 p.m., Evensong and Sermon.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister: Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning, Rev. J. A. CROCKETT, "The Claims of the Ministry."
Evening, Rev. R. W. ROCK, "The Book that Leads, The Book that Keeps, the Book that Talks."

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Minister: Rev. W. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
Sunday Services:
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THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rossmoyne Street.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., "The Man Who Judges but is Not Judged."
7 p.m., "A God Who Deceives."
Preacher, F. J. HERIOT.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
HIGH STREET.
10 a.m., Brotherhood.
11 a.m., Rev. ROBERT KELLY.
7 p.m., Rev. LAWRENCE TAIT.
ST. GEORGE'S ROAD.
11 a.m., Rev. JOSEPH MCILROY.
7 p.m., Mr. E. ANTHONY.
PRINCE OF WALES' PARK.
11 a.m., Mr. WILKINSON.
7. p.m., Rev. JOSEPH MCILROY.
CROXTON.
11 a.m., Rev. THOMPSON.
7 p.m., Rev. THOMPSON.
All seats free. Strangers warmly welcomed.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. G. S. SHINKFIELD; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE.
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. PARNABY, L.Th.; 7 p.m., Rev. G. S. SHINKFIELD
PENDER'S GROVE.—11 a.m., Mr. W. J. GRAY; 7 p.m., Mr. W. BOTT.
All Welcome.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Pastor: Rev. B. HEWISON.
Sunday Services:
Pic-Nic Preparation Day.
11 a.m., "A Talk to the Bairns." Junior School Choir will sing. (Communion).
7 p.m., Young People's Service. "Baxter's Second Innings." Senior School Choir will sing.
3 p.m., Mr. Humphries, subject, "God's Assurance." (Also important business).

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Martin St., Northcote.

Pastor: Rev. A. R. BUNTON.
Sunday Services:
11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. THOMAS LAVER, of Malvern.
All Seats Free. A Hearty Welcome.

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Registered Secondary, Primary, Sub-Primary.
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Classes for Music, Drawing, Painting, Elocution; Singing, Miss Evelyn Ashley; Physical Culture, Prof. Bjelke Peterson; Dancing—Monsieur Bibron, Friday evening. Thirteen hour-lessons, 35/-
Boys' School (age to 12 years) separate class rooms and playground.
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INDIVIDUAL TUITION.
EVENING CLASSES.

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REMOVED
From 248 and 250 High St., Northcote,
to
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The Model Knitting Depot,
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All kinds of Woollen and Brilliant Goods manufactured on the Premises.
Children's Clothing a Speciality.
ORDER YOUR CANADIAN BATHING COSTUME NOW.
Inspection invited. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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PIANO, THEORY, Etc.

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Singing, Voice Production, Interpretation, Elocution, and Deportment.
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Terms: Fortnight from £3 3s.
Special concession to Country Patients.
In all cases circumstances are considered
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A fine new ward for use of maternity cases.

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CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.
Fifteen years with C. J. Fyffe, Collins Street.

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Hours at Preston—9 to 11 a.m.
6 to 7.30 p.m.
At 28 Collins Street—2 to 4 p.m.

[A CARD].
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SPECIALIST, MIDWIFERY, Etc.,
Has started practice at the corner of Arthurton Road and Hartigan Streets, opposite Northcote Station, and may be consulted daily at his residence.
Home—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, until 2 p.m., and evenings.

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Late Wertheim's (9 years foreman) and Button's,
PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, REPAIRER and POLISHER,
18 PLANT STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Pianos Selected. Estimates Free.
All Work Guaranteed.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
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Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31.

THE RACE FOR TRADE.

The world's market is now open for capture in many lines hitherto supplied almost exclusively by German and Austrian manufacturers. France and Great Britain, whose hands are fully engaged in the great conflict, have little time to spare in this direction. Indeed, there is no European nation in a position to act as the world's provider in cotton, woollen, and silk fabrics; in jewellery, perfumes, gloves, stockings, and a hundred other articles of cheaper sorts for which Germany has had a monopoly for many years. Women's material and adornments of all kinds have been marketed by Germany at prices that have ousted other competitors. It is probably not too much to say that in every house in Australia there are goods of German manufacture, ranging from a piano to a fire-fender, from a silk costume to a boot-lace. The flow of these commodities has now been effectually interrupted. Where is the future supply to be looked for? America, as the great neutral trading nation, has, of course, a magnificent chance of capturing the trade, provided that prices are not unduly advanced. The key to Germany's success has been cheap production, quality being a secondary consideration. It is doubtful if America can produce many of the lines hitherto supplied by Germany at anything near the latter's prices, as industrial conditions entail heavier living charges on the American artisan. Japan is certainly in a position to produce at a minimum expense, and may easily secure a trade ascendancy in the Pacific. South Africa and Australia have huge opportunities lying at their doors, but, having for so many years relied on the old-world for supplies, possess neither factories nor appliances to enable them to take advantage of the special chances opened up by the war. On the whole it looks as if America should score heavily for the time being, but that the cheaper-living peoples of Japan and China will receive a permanent fillip to their industries. The markets they gain there is no reason why they should not hold, for in the stress of competition they have a great advantage in cost of production, as compared with the white races. The alliance with Great Britain, and the effective assistance supplied by Japan during the war, ensures the latter's reception by the world on terms of equality with the westerns; therefore ascendancy in commercial enterprise for various lines of goods is assured both to China and Japan, and we may be certain that more than ordinary endeavors will be made by the agents of these industrious nations to undertake the role hitherto filled by Germany. By fencing itself in with a protective tariff Australia may hope in time to work up its raw products for home consumption, instead of sending away produce for manufacture elsewhere, but progress on these lines has been exasperatingly slow during the past twenty years, and prices have had an average rising tendency all the while. We may prevent the entry of low-priced goods to Australia, but there is little prospect of, for example, opening up a profitable service to the numerous islands of the Archipelago lying to the northward, where Germany has had almost sole control. That inexhaustible market is now open to Australia equally with Japan. The chances are immeasurably in favor of the latter under existing conditions, and the whites will later on again be faced with the problem of whether the more primitive races may be brought up gradually to the standard of the advanced ones, or whether the latter are to be forced to conform to the modes of the former. The use of the Senegal blacks by France, of Sikhs and Bengalese by the British, and the great feats of arms already credited to these soldiers, must react in a thousand ways in stimulating the colored races. Can they be lifted to the Australian standard of wages and living? If not, how may Australia compete with them later on in a race for open markets?

The S.S. "Medina" arrived at Port Melbourne pier at 7 a.m. on Thursday, after an uneventful voyage, during which, the ordinary trade routes were avoided in order to minimise war risks. Lt. Col. and Mrs. Braithwaite, and Messrs. Whalley Bros. were among the passengers, all looking very much better for their holiday.

Contrary to expectation the Hospital Sunday collections did not suffer from the extreme demands made on the charitable during the past two months. This shows a fine spirit, and indicates the self-reliance of the people under the combined stresses of war and drought conditions. The following were among the collections chronicled on Monday:—Northcote James Street Presbyterian Church and S.S., £21 9s; Preston Presbyterian Church and Sunday school £6 10s 2d; Holy Trinity, Thornbury, and S.S., £9 12s; Northcote, Preston and Fairfield Catholic Churches, £20 11s 6d; Northcote Methodist, High street, £8 8s; St. George's Road Methodist and S.S., £2 18s 6d; Prince of Wales' Park Methodist and S.S., £9 10s 4d; South Preston Methodist and S.S., £3 14s 7d; Northcote Church of Christ and S.S., £4 10s; Preston Church of Christ and S.S., £2 8s 10d; Northcote Congregational and S.S., £2 16s 6d; Northcote Baptist and S.S., £4 12s 6d; Lutheran Church, Thomastown, £7 0s 9d; Salvation Army Band performance, Northcote park, £2 17s 4d; Northcote City Band, performance at Croxton park, £4 8s; Diamond Creek Band, £6 13s 9d; R. B. Lawrence works and employes, £5; employes F. G. Smith, Northcote, £2 12s 6d; employes Northcote Brick Co., £27 5s 10d; Lutheran Church, Thomastown, £7 0s 9d.

At the Preston Police Court on Tuesday, before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs Barrow and Ellison, J's.P., there was imposing list of small cases. Wandering cattle owners cheerfully paid 5/- each, with 2/6 summons fee. A dozen cyclists positively fell over each other in contributing 10/- each for the privilege of stealing slices of the footpath to ride upon, at spots wherely newly-spread road metal offered joy-rides free of cost. Four youths, who had put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their sense of humor, paid 20/- each for playfully dropping rocks into the enemy's trenches, as represented by the hotel cellar. Another, who did what he did because "he didn't know what he was doing," handed in 10/- with a very sober face. Altogether the morning's takings made the clerk of courts a very wealthy man for the time being. A man who had taken charge of a carpenter's plane, at the Junction hotel, was accused of being illegally in possession of same. He asserted he was a plain-dealer, and, by evidence, sought to make it a deal plainer. The Bench, from its airy plane, saw knots that it never saw through, but said Go, and he Got.

Owing to delay in the arrival of the "Medina," Cr. Braithwaite, J.P., who was re-elected to the Preston shire council in August last (during his absence in the old country), arrived a few hours too late to take the declaration and sign as a councillor, the Act stipulating that this must be done within two months of election. Under these circumstances the seat must be declared vacant, and a fresh election take place, before Cr. Braithwaite is legally entitled to appear as a representative for the central riding.

Preston shire has decided to discuss the purchase of a steam road roller. The quarry is now in full swing, and road metal is being spread on various streets, to the great temporary inconvenience of the traffic. The metal is thrown down at present, leaving the setting of the roadway to the good offices of time and traffic, but the latter does as little as possible, so much so that tradesmen find their business returns affected when the roadway is dressed. A roller would do away with this inconvenience, but it costs a fair sum of money to obtain one. However, cyclists are evidently ready to assist, judging by the fact that nearly a dozen of them were fined 10/- on Monday for using the footpath where the metal has been spread over the full width of the road.

An excellent entertainment was given in the shire hall, Preston, on Monday evening, when the girls' and boys' guilds connected with the Presbyterian church gave a display before a large audience. The Rev. W. A. Roberts presided, and extended a cordial welcome to the visitors. The programme included dumbbells, sash drill, parallel bars, wands, bar exercises, rods, pyramids, lantern march, basket ball, etc. Throughout their work the young people reflected much credit on the instructors, Messrs J. M. De La Rue and F. C. Young. Accompaniments were played by Miss E. Coles. Several songs were rendered.

An evening in aid of the kitchen stall of the Boy Scouts' building fund, Preston, was held on Thursday, 22nd inst., the president (Mrs. Holliday) in the chair. Many useful articles were received, and reports from the various stall-holders were given as follows:—Miss Gray, £1 7s 6d; Mrs. Booth, £6 4s 4d (including the above); Mrs. F. Sheppard, donation soap from Mr. von Lylius (Sterling soap); Mrs. Holliday, large donation lollies; Mrs. Brown, parcel of goods for drapery stall and 16/6 for refreshments; Mrs. Schulz, 13/10; Mrs. Catton, pastry. It was decided that £2 10s be handed to the appointed buyers of the bazaar committee. Next meeting, 5th November, evening for fancy stall.

A grass fire occured at Queen street, Preston, caused by the boys playing with matches. Losses sustained—George, agent, High street, Preston, three acres of grass; D. Lazarus, 1½ acres grass; T. Brock, 1½ acres grass; A. Crispe, jun., 25 acres of grass and 2 panels of post and rail fence destroyed 30 panels of fence severly damaged; A. Sabelberg, orchard, five acres grass, three panels of post and rail fence destroyed, 55 fruit trees and ten panels of fence severely damaged; A. Stewart, 11 acres grass and seven panels of fence destroyed. The fire was attended by 14 firemen, who, with assistance, took 3½ hours to extinguish the outbreak. The fire extended on to a road near by, and swept along it for several hundred yards.

The management of the Lyric theatre open-air entertainments presented a most enjoyable programme last Saturday evening, every item being well received by a packed audience. The star item of the evening was the singing of patriotic songs by Miss Violet Falvey, she receiving a double encore for each of her programmed numbers. The star attraction for to-night is Truman's performing dogs.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

Excellent programmes continue to attract good attendances, the war specials in each programme being eagerly awaited. The parade of the Indian troops, now being shown, is a panorama that arouses enthusiasm. The German troops entering Brussels and the ruins of Termonde after the siege, are also interesting. The war series will be continued every week.

Monday next, Nov 2nd, for three nights and special Cup Day matinee, a big star is announced, "A Woman's Triumph," a masterly film adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's immortal masterpiece "The Heart of Midlothian." Written under under unique circumstances and founded on fact this powerful story is a wonderful lesson of truth and courage that stirs the pulse and grips the heart. A special picture of the race for Melbourne Cup, depicting Australia's great sporting event from start to finish, will be shown on Cup night. A Pathe drama, "The Silent Messenger," is the star commencing Thursday, Nov. 5th. Two Keystone comedies, "Fatty's Finish," and "Those Happy Days," will be also produced. Matinee to-day at 2.30.

PATRIOTIC NEWS.

City of Northcote patriotic fund.—Amount peeviously acknowledged, £490 19s 5d; proceeds Mrs. L. Baker's concert, £10 3s 6d; Northcote Tramway Coy., postal note found in car, 5/-; R. E. Wilson, £1. For Belgian relief fund—Northcote Methodist ladies' gymnasium, 10/6.

From the above it will be seen that the Northcote fund has topped the amount aimed at by the committee, namely, £500—a most creditable result.

At the Northcote Congregational Church last Monday night a farewell social was tendered Mr. David Armstrong, who is leaving shortly for the theatre of war. The school hall was well filled. A short programme was submitted, in which the following took part:—Mesdames Road, Isaac; Misses Pickering, Kidd, Vertigan; Messrs Doward, Wood; Revs. Isaac, Road. Games were also indulged in, Mr. Roy Carron acting as master of ceremonies. Just before supper the Rev. A. R. Bunton, on behalf of all present, voiced the good-will of the friends, and asked Mr. Armstrong to accept a small token of esteem. A suitable response was made. Mr. Armstrong will have charge of one of the mechanical transports.

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LOCALISMS

Report of the complimentary social to Mr. R. M. Jennings, held on Thursday evening, is crowded out this week.

The fine additions to Mayor Tharratt's business premises in High street, Northcote, are now approaching completion.

Miss Rita Hall, of South Preston, attired in nurse's costume, has succeeded in collecting the sum of £2 1s 2d for the Hospital Fund.

A concert to raise funds for the annual picnic on Cup Day was held at the Northcote Presbyterian Sunday school on Tuesday evening, when a good programme was presented by the scholars to a large audience.

A call to the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, from the North U.F. Church, Perth, has been sustained.

Mr. C. Williams, bookseller and stationer, intimates elsewhere that he has a fine stock of typical Australian cards for frie ds in the old country. See display in show window near Tharratt's.

The regular meeting of the Northcote A.W.A. was held on the 19th October, the president (Miss Olive Sullivan) in the chair. One new member was elected. Miss E. Glasson will arrange the syllabus item at the meeting on Monday, 2nd November (dramatic night).

The Rev. E. T. Ruth, Melbourne, made some striking references to church divisions at a public meeting at the Baptist Church, Northcote, on Wednesday evening.

This district is being favored with church-head visitations, His Grace Archbishop Mannix speaking at Northcote town hall to-day in opening a church carnival, and His Grace Archbishop Clarke will take the evening service at All Saints', Preston, to-morrow.

The Hon. the Premier makes his policy speech at Creswick on the 7th prox. Mr. Membrey will open his campaign for Jika Jika on the following Tuesday, 10th, when he will speak at the Preston shire hall.

At the conclusion of the Preston shire council meeting on Monday evening the president (Cr. Bricknell) and councillors made complimentary reference to the manner in which Mr. Theo. Ford had filled the editor's chair of the "Leader" during the past seven months.

As per advertisement members of the Northern Tramway Extension League are requested to attend the meeting of the city council on Monday night next, when a tramway report will probably be submitted by the sub-committee for consideration.

Where are you going on Tuesday? Flemington? The Seaside? A Picnic? Wherever you go, you'll need to purchase your wearables at Hattam's. For values, Hattam's stocks are incomparable. [Advt].

The annual picnic in connection with the South Preston Methodist Sunday school will be held at South Morang on Tuesday next. Train leaves Bell station at 9.20, returning from South Morang at 7.30.

A meeting of the Northern Tramway Extension League will be held next Thursday week, 12th November, at the Albion hotel.

Mrs. Sabelberg desires to thank all those who so kindly helped to put out the grass fire on her property last Saturday morning, under such trying conditions. [Advt].

The electric light installed at the Preston shire hall has made an appreciable effect for the better, so much so that the walls now appear to be dingy under the new illuminant, and the council has decided to consider the advisability of a complete spring cleaning.

Mrs. Hurst desires to thank all who so kindly helped put out the fire at "Oakhill" on Saturday. [Advt].

Mr. F. Morgan, Labor candidate for Jika Jika, announces that he will address the electors at the Preston shire hall on Wednesday evening next.

The Whittlesea Agricultural Society's annual show is to be held on Thursday, November 12. There is a good train service, and the grounds form an ideal spot for a day's outing. Public luncheon will be provided, and a brass band will enliven the proceedings. Trotting competitions, hunters, and high jumping events form part of the attractive programme.

"Late night, Monday!" That means you'll be able to Hattam's any time up to 10 p.m. for whatever you need to wear at the Cup or that picnic. Don't disappoint yourself! [Advt].

CHURCH NEWS.

The collections at the Preston Methodist church to-morrow will be for the hospitals.

Northcote Baptist Church.—Next Sunday will be picnic preparation day. The pastor will conduct both services. In the morning a special talk to the bairns will be given. The junior school choir, that carried off the silver shield at the recent competitions, will sing their test piece. The service will be followed by the communion. In the evening a special young people's service will be held, Drummond's famous cricket parable, "Baxter's Second Innings," being the theme. The senior school choir will render special music. The Men's Own is to be addressed in the afternoon by Mr. Humphries, on "God's Assurance." Some important business will also claim attention, so a large attendance is desired.

The services next Sunday at the Northcote Congregational Church will be conducted by the Rev. Thos. Laver, of Malvern. The rev. gentleman is one of the leading Victorian Congregational ministers. The pastor is enjoying a well-earned holiday.

Mr. J. Clarke, of the Children's Special Service Mission, who is now visiting Australia and New Zealand in the interests of the work of that mission, will preach at All Saints', Northcote, to-morrow evening.

During the present week a very handsome lectern, with Bible and bookmark, has been presented to All Saints' Church by Colonel Hall, of Clifton Hill, in memory of his late wife, who died November 1, 1911. The lectern will be used for the first time at to-morrow morning's service, when the lessons will be read by the Colonel.

Methodist Church, High Street.—Mr. Watson will have charge of the Brotherhood meeting on Sunday morning next, speaking on the subject of "Praise." The Rev. R. Kelly is to preach in the Church in the morning and the Rev. L. Tait in the evening. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered after the evening service. In connection with the Sunday school, much interest is being manifested in the preparations for the annual picnic, which takes place at Greensborough on Tuesday next.

Northern Tramway Extension League.

A meeting of the above was held in the Albion hotel on Thursday, the president (Mr. W. Pearl) presiding over a moderate attendance. The secretary reported that the Railways Standing Committee had completed the taking of evidence in reference to the proposed tramway along St. George's road, and that he had obtained a complete copy of same. The matter of raising funds to further the objects of the league was referred to the executive. It was decided that members should attend the council meeting on Monday evening, when the newly-elected councillor for the west ward (Cr. H. R. Smith) will take his seat for the first time. A general discussion took place over the Northcote council's proposed scheme of tramway extension, those present, however, being of opinion that no proposal could be submitted that would meet their approval other than the route supported by the league. The next meeting will be held at the Albion hotel on Thursday, 12th November.

THE JIKA JIKA SEAT.

MR. FRANK MORGAN OPENS.

At the Northcote town hall on Thursday evening, Mr. J. Sheehan, president of the Jika Jika electoral council, F.I.C., acted as chairman, and introduced the Labor candidate, Mr. Frank Morgan, to a meeting of electors. In doing so, Mr. Sheehan paid a high tribute to Mr. Morgan's qualifications for the office, stating that in him would be found a representative who would worthily uphold the traditions of the city. (Applause.)

Mr. Morgan, who was treated with acclammation on rising, said there was no needinowndays for anyone to apologise for standing in the Labor interest. In days gone by some folks made excuses, but that day was gone. Many stories were told against Labor candidates, which were untrue, and it was strange that Labor should be singled out for this sort of thing. He believed that taking them men for men, character for character, they were a better class than the Liberal Party. (Applause.) The first thing done by oppenents of Labor was to try and cast asperations on the character of a candidate. He (the speaker) had already experienced instances of this, in having to refute rumors that he was addicted to drink. As a matter of fact he was a staunch teetotaler, and had not tasted drink for 25 years. This sort of thing had been the common experience of the Labor Party. The early pioneers of Labor had been reviled by the press, and had not a press of their own to put forward their cause. Yet to-day more than half of the electors of Victoria had passed a vote of confidence in the Labor Party by returning it to Parliament with a majority. (Applause.) The Fusion Party had been formed to try and "down" the Labor Party. Liberals and Conservatives saw the Labor Party making great headway, and therefore combined. When the drum was beaten all the crowd got together to "down" Labor. Some representatives came forward claiming to be as good as Labor men, but, as a matter of fact, there was no room for a Radical in the Liberal ranks, and the vote went with the Conservatives every time. If the electors of Jika Jika did their duty there could only be one result. Mr. Anstey recently had obtained a majority of 5000 votes, and although the gentleman was a clever man, he was nevertheless only a unit of the Labor Party, the same as any other member, and there was no reason why a smaller unit, standing for Labor principles, should not receive the same majority. (Applause.) Although he (the speaker) might not be an Anstey, for the good of the movement he was entitled to the same vote. (Applause.) The battle was political, not personal. Mr. Membrey was better known in Northcote than the speaker (a voice: "Too well known") That gentleman was personally very popular, but politically it was not known where he stood. (Laughter.) A man might be a jolly fine fellow, yet not be much good as a politician. The Fusion Party was always anxious to dip its hands into trusts funds to meet deficits, and had wasted a lot of money. For irrigation works 4½ millions had been spent, and afterwards it was found that over a million had to be written off, and taxpayers had to carry that load for years. On railways, too, much money had been wasted and to-day the railways were handicapped because Liberal administrations of 20 years ago had squandered revenue. If the present war and drought lasted, the railways would not pay, and there should have been a reserve fund to tide over a lean period such as was ahead. The wheat crop was going to be a failure, and there would be a big slump in the earnings of the Department this year. The policy of the State Government in regard to closer settlement had caused great dissatisfaction owing to the "spotted titles" given to selectors. He thought this should be altered, so as to make the land deeds a good market security. The evil had been particularly shown in the Pender's Grove settlement, where free titles had been given to speculative builders, but not to bonafide selectors, and the building regulations had been loosely administered. A Bill had gone through Parliament lately called the Apprentices' Bill, its object being to allow employers to keep apprentices on at half-time during the war and for six months after. A Price of Goods Bill was also brought in, but was enacted for six months only, and must be re-enacted at the end of that period. This showed that the interests of the employers were studied before those of the workers. The Fusion Government had also wasted money on the John Murray training ship, and in paying Mr. McBride's expenses to England as Agent-General. The Tramways Bill had been included in the Greater Melbourne scheme that never went through. The lease of the tramways expired in 1916, and no provision had yet been made for conducting the tramways when the lease fell in. The Tramways Trust had paid over two millions in dividends. The municipalities had taken all the risk and the Trust took the profits. The Labor Party went for electoral reform, giving one vote one value, and favored a redistribution of seats, making 63 instead of 65 for the Assembly. At present some of the city electorates had 30,000 names on the roll, while country electorates has as low as 6000. There should be a re-allotment of electorates, and the Labor Party was going to fight for it. (Applause). Municipal franchise should also be put upon popular lines. The lesson of the Northcote trams should be noted, where the municipality had leased the trams, and £40,000 had gone as profits into private purposes. The people of Northcote should make different arrangements when the lease expired. There should be a permanent Board created to deal with municipal matters, consisting of paid men, and there would be thus some sort of guarantee that they would do what they were paid for. The Labor Party strongly advocated the Initiative Referendum, giving to the people the right to introduce legislation. It also believed in an anti-Trust Bill, as the Interstate Commission had clearly proved that trusts existed in Victoria. A Fair Rents Bill was also favored, as being very necessary in the interests of the workers. Six months ago in Northcote houses could not be got, and high rents were being paid; now many of those houses were vacant, and rents would presently come down in consequence of the dull times, but there was nothing to prevent them being raised to the old level as soon as better days came along again. Landlords did not study their tenants, and should not be studied by the workers, who, if they were only earning half wages should only pay half rent. (Applause). The Labor Party would bring in a Bill to prevent rents being raised beyond a fair range of profit. The Forestry Department would also receive the attention of the Labor Party. Mr. Martin Hannah had done much for the timber industry of Victoria, had helped to make it clear that unless the State took care of its timber resources there would be none available in another 25 years. A free University was another plank in the Labor Party platform; the workers' children should have equal opportunity with those of the "toffs." He regretted that that day and evening had been so hot and close as to militate against the attendance at the meeting that night, but he believed that the Labor Party was going to win the Jika Jika seat at the coming election. The Labor Party had not the same money at its disposal, or motor cars, as its opponents had, but the votes were available to win the seat if properly mustered. (Applause). They had every reason to believe that the Labor Party would do better than the Fusion Party in the government of the country, and he asked undivided support at the ballot box. (Applause).

The following questions were put to the candidate:—

"Are you in favor of Scripture lessons in State schools?"

Reply: "No; I will support the free, secular, and compulsory clauses of the Act, and am not in favor of alteration in the direction of introducing Scripture lessons." (Applause).

"Would you support a Bill giving the right to work?"

Reply: "Yes; a Right to Work Bill would be a good thing; there was no reason why anyone in Australia should be allowed to rem in out of work. At the present time the government should set relief works going to the extent of twenty millions, if necessary, and the Labor Party would see to it that it was done." (Applause).

"Are you in favor of teachers in Catholic schools being paid the same wages as those in the State schools?"

Reply: "Yes, certainly, provided those who employ them pay for it. (Laughter). He would not favor the State paying for teachers in other than State schools."

"Are you in favor of letting the public get coal from the State coal mine?"

Reply:

WON'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

STORIES OF THE BELGIANS.

HARRIED BY THE ENEMY.

WITHOUT HOMES; WITHOUT COUNTRY.

Writing from London under date September 5, the special representative of the "Sun" refers to further incidents in connection with the war.

"Ve vill vin in de end, vraiement, in de end. Our Allies, they help us, we all vin in de end." Just as I was eating my dinner after my first breath of fresh air for a week, a sweet-voiced nun with the delightful restfulness of her calling, came to my front door and said that she had three Belgian refugees—a mother and two daughters She had nowhere to put them, could I give them beds and food until Monday morning? They waited without in the street. They were soon up the steps, and if ever people needed a roof over their heads they did, for they were tattered and torn, and toil-stained, and moneyless, and foodless, and friendless, in a strange city, in a strange land. At first there was a mutual quizzing, then a thawing, then a conversation, in which madame, who talks broken English, did most of the talking, and the two daughters, who do not understand English, gazed with distended pupils at sights still visualised, and we listened. And after that fearful recital, the plucky little woman said, "Ve vill vin in de end, vraiement, in de end. Our Allies they help us, we all vin in de end."

She is a matronly little soul, with a motherly face and maternal mildness softening her eyes. She is more French than Belgian, and can be silent in six different languages. Her eldest daughter is a handsome, well-developed girl of some eighteen summers, her youngest daughter is probably fourteen. They had walked from Conde to Rouen, got train to Havre, crossed the Channel to Folkestone, and so to London. They are a middle-class family, apparently frugal and industrious, and, above all things, peaceful. The father built up a lucrative photographic business. The mother gave an eye to the salon, but most of the time to the housekeeping. She has all the Frenchwoman's passionate attachment to her home, and is wrapped up in her children. Even when war was declared the family had no idea that it would come to their door. Even when their papers told them of the plague of Uhlan locusts they thought it would pass south of them, and leave them in a backwater of happy harvest fields. But first French soldiers passed through their town, and then British arrived. "Such fine, stalwart fellows, so happy, so lively, so courteous, so roguish, that every woman in Conde felt it a special honor to supply their needs." Then the French soldiers vanished in the night, and the British disappeared in the day, and the town was left at the mercy of the savage German soldiers. "Conde could not check, could not do them any harm, but they fight so viciously, so cruelly, so brutally! If they have a reverse they kill non-combatants in a spirit of atrocious revenge; and if they have a victory they strut and torture and terrify the simple townspeople to express their exuberance."

Swept Before the Storm.

Conde is close to Mons. The boom of the big guns and the bang of the field artillery was the signal for a general exodus. Only the lame, halt, and the blind, the aged and the infirm were left in the little town. The others streamed out into the roads to walk day and night in any direction, anywhere, that would keep them ahead of that fearful German scourge. The rapidity of the Germany advance allowed them no rest. Day and night they had to plod forward, snatching a few hours' sleep as best they could, and risking their lives by doing so. For food they were dependent upon the charity of the villages through which they passed, and the further they travelled the greater grew the migration. The whole country-side was filled with the sound of the pattering of poor feet hastening to the coast, or hurrying closer to Paris.

I could harrow you with tales of fiendish suffering, but two isolated incidents will give you some idea of what these refugees had to endure. Eight days from Rouen a woman left her cosy farm cottage to join the fugitives. She had three children of tender years, one of them a baby in arms less than twelve months old. She made a bag of her apron something like that in which farmers used to carry wheat when they sowed their crop by hand. In this she placed the baby, and with the other children clutching her hands she trudged sturdily to the haven where all thought there would be protection. They lived in the open day and night, under a burning sun by day, and beneath a saturating dew at night. One afternoon, as they caught a first glimpse of the housetops of Rouen glistening in the sunlight there was a cry from the rear, "The Uhlans! The Uhlans!" Immediately the orderly crowd became a frantic mob. It was save who can. They took to their heels and ran as long as they had breath. The Uhlans did not pursue them. Physical exhaustion stopped their wild rush. The scattered groups collected themselves again, and took tally to see that all were accounted for. The farmer's wife still held her two children by the hand, but the apron was strangely light. She put her hand down to reassure herself; the baby was not there. Committing her two little children to companions in distress, she turned her back upon safety and went over the road again to look for her baby. Neither she nor the baby was seen again.

A man of sterling character in a little Belgian town had risen from very humble beginnings to a position of eminence in his community, and grown old with the respect and affectionate esteem of his fellow-citizens. He was too old to fight, too feeble to be left alone, too beloved to be deserted. A son and his wife and their little brood somehow managed to get the old man from that far-off town on the frontier to Rouen. They will never know how the miracle was accomplished, but they landed their precious burden in a lodging-house in a quiet part of the prosperous French city. The old gentleman seemed to have been benumbed by the terrible perils through which he had passed. He sat all day in a semi-comatose condition, taking no notice of anybody, or anything. The children were left in the room to look after him, in his sudden senility. On the fifth afternoon after their arrival there was a stillness in the room which made the mother sweat with fear. She rushed up the stairs, after having been out for a few minutes' shopping, to find her children dead, killed by their grandfather, and the old gentleman dead after his paroxysm of madness.

Monstrous Iniquity.

There are only old men and old women in the track over which the Germans have passed. All the young men and the middle-aged men are serving under arms. Every girl of every age, madame told me, has been sent away out of reach of the blackguardly Teutons. "We have heard, we have seen," she said, "and we would rather kill them than leave them along the German line of advance." To England madame and thousands of other refugees are coming. Foodstuffs are at famine prices in Belgium and the north-east of France. The Germans have destroyed the harvest in order to more readily subdue the country, and by starvation make the fortresses surrender. There is little food left anywhere within their reach. What there is will not sustain the people still there. English people, hardly having taken their belts in by a single hole, can well afford to feed these unhappy refugees. I wish you could see them. I wish you could listen to their plain, poignant stories of man's inhumanity. I wish, above all, that you could do something towards helping them. I warrant you that every sacrifice of personal comfort or pleasure that you make to help these people will not have been made in vain. Won't you do something?

At Folkestone Channel steamers from Dieppe, Ostend, and Flushing disembarked over 9000 refugees to-day. Some of them are in comparatively affluent circumstances. But the immense majority are of the poorer classes, and on the border of most utter destitution. There were distressing scenes as they sat on the piers with their scanty flotsam and jetsam of personal apparel waiting for the train to bring them to London. The majority were womenfolk whose husbands are fighting, and who may have already gone to the Great Unknown. Most of them, like worthy citizens, have big families. One woman who had only a dressing-gown on her back had ten children in her charge. There were many nuns, some so old and feeble that they could only totter along, and there were other women who could not walk at all, and who had to be wheeled in invalid chairs. Again, will you not practice some self-denial and send what you can well spare for these victims of the Mailed Fist?

AIRCRAFT IN WAR.

THE MENACE OF THE ZEPPELIN.

In view of the recent cable announcements that Germany is feverishly pushing on with her Zeppelin fleet and has been indulging in nightly practice at torpedo-dropping into Lake Constance, a summary of the latest achievements in air-ship development may be of special interest at this stage.

Three main disabilities handicapped the Zeppelin dirigible as a fighting machine, and, in overcoming these vessel after vessel came to grief till the Kaiser and the Count were reported to have reached the limit of their patience. These disabilities were lack of speed limit; of elevation to, say, 4000 feet, and inability to deliver effective attacks or defend themselves from attack.

Details of construction have been preserved in strictest secrecy, but records of trials have been freely published of late, and the extent to which the handicaps referred to above have been eliminated, may be judged by the following striking, not to say disquieting, facts:

The new naval airship LIII. flew over 2000 miles in 34 hours, and carried enough fuel to remain aloft for three days and nights. She averaged 62 miles an hour, and at one stage reached 94 miles an hour with the wind astern.

All the latest Zeppelins are fitted with 40,000 c.p. searchlights, that illuminate the ground from a height of 4500 feet, and with wireless apparatus capable of sending messages over 450 miles.

The modern Zeppelin can remain for four hours at an altitude of from 6500 to 9000 feet, and at a pinch can climb to 10,000.

All Zeppelins are now coated with aluminium paint as a protection against sun-expansion and rain; this also renders them practically invisible at great altitudes.

For offence and defence the LIII. carries steel-capped torpedoes that will pierce six inches of armor-plate; two quick-firers throwing two-inch shells, and two machine-guns of latest pattern in the cars, two adjustable swivel-guns on platforms above the balloons, and one below the cars.

Zeppelin V. recently scored a fair percentage of shots at a suspended aeroplane 6000 feet across the air, and claims to shoot accurately at any lesser distance.

It stands to reason that if Germany possessed a fleet of, say, twenty-five of these aerial monsters it would be a force to be reckoned with. As a matter of fact she is reported to possess two naval air-ships (the huge LIII mentioned, and a Schutte-Lanz II, with a speed of 50 miles and an altitude record of 7500 feet), and eight military Zeppelins (including four remodelled and lengthened vessels). In addition it is certain that the adaptation of the three famous "Delag" passenger airships, and the "feverish activity" reported in the cables, may have brought Germany's air-fleet up to twelve or perhaps twenty vessels. On paper this is a formidable weapon, and, according to some experts, it constitutes the surprise which Germany boasted it had in reserve for the Allies. We can only hope that the preparations being made by the Allies to meet it will be an equally effective surprise.

"JEST SILLY PRANCING."

"I've been thinking you over, you and your Empire, and all the rot of it. Rot of it! It's you Germans made all the trouble in Europe first and last. And all for nothing. Jest silly prancing. Jest because you've got the uniforms and flag! . . .

"War's a silly game. It's a silly game. We common people — we were fools. We thought these big fellows knew what they were up to—and they didn't. Look at that chap. 'E 'ad all Germany be'ind 'im, and what's 'e made of it? Smashin' and blunderin' and destroyin', an there 'e is."—Bert Smallways, H. G. Wells' hero in The War in the Air.

AUSTRALIA WILL GAIN MOST.

AT THE END OF THE WAR.

Says a German Seer.

The following is an extract from a speech made by Victor E. Kroemar, in Stuttgart, Germany, at the International Socialist Congress in August, 1907:—

"The result of this war will be that Europe will be a dreadful place to live in, and that as soon as the war is over emigration on an unprecedented scale will take place to America and Australia, mainly to Australia. After the war, a deeper sense of brotherhood will pervade all nations, resulting in the realisation of many of the ideals for which reformers have been striving for centuries. The outcome of the war will be as follows, according to my methods of reasoning from past causes to future effects, combined with instinctive perception and a knowledge of the occult (hidden).

"After a terrific struggle Germany will be defeated on all sides, and a succeeding revolution will establish a German-Austria Republic. The Slav part of Austria will go to Russia, and there will be a powerful Slav Federation.

"A European Federation of nations will be subsequently established. England and France will divide Africa between them, and England will control all the rest of the German colonies.

"The English fleet will police the world, and no other fleets of any dimensions will be permitted.

"Australia will gain more than any other nation as the outcome of the present disturbances, as population will flow in at a tremendous rate, and the commercial centre of the world will shift from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through increase of population, and the opening of the Panama Canal. Tremendous expansion will take place in Canada, particularly the Western States of America, and Australia, especially about the Federal Capital, which will become an immense manufacturing zone."

OUR LAND OF PLENTY.

MORE THAN WE CAN EAT.

Victoria's imports and exports last month were about half their usual dimensions, and the prospect is that they will be still less this month. If the German fleet got loose we shall probably have to do without all goods from Europe for a stretch, and what then? We have more meat, fruit, vegetables and wheat than we can eat, and more leather than would boot and fully clothe the whole population. In short, we should all be able to gorge ourselves to repletion on the natural products of this bountiful land, the drought notwithstanding. Only we should have no newspapers, no whisky, and no money. Thousands of us would be out of work, and could only go about striving to eat down the superfluity of meat and grain until we became suffocated by the accumulations of wool from the sheep. The butter and cheese we should have to consume would be appalling to the strongest stomach, and our eyes bulging with repletion, we should simply gaze in stupid despair at the formidable growth of the rabbit pest. As a fact, we should have to organise an army to fight with "bunny" for the possession of the Commonwealth. It is a great thing to be thirteen thousand miles away from where the maddened millions and millions of Europe are reeling into common carnage; but isolation would have worse terrors in so small a population as ours until natural causes got to work and produced through the cradle sufficient new lives to cope with the appalling increase of our embarrassing plentitude.

"BILLETING" UP-TO-DATE.

Lord Kitchener's new armies in England are "billeted" on householders. All who can afford to do so, charge nothing, but an official scale of payment has been issued which will interest many householders. Here it is:—

"Orders were issued last evening authorising general or field officers to issue billeting requisitions and requisition of emergency for the provision of carriages, animals, vessels and aircraft.

An Army Order gives the following special rates to be paid for billeting to an occupier other than the keeper of a victualling house:—

Lodging and attendance for soldier where meals furnished, 9d. per night.

Breakfast as specified in Part I. of Second Schedule to Army Act, 7½d. each.

Dinner as so specified, 1/7½ each.

Supper as so specified, 4½d. each.

Where no meals furnished, lodging and attendance, and candles, vinegar, salt, and use of fire, and necessary utensils for dressing and eating his meat, 9d. per day.

Stable room and ten pounds of oats, twelve pounds of hay, and eight pounds of straw per day for each horse, 2/7½ per day.

Stable room without forage, 9d. per day.

Lodging and attendance for officer, 3s. per night.

Note.—An officer must pay for his food.

GERMANS IN SYDNEY.

TROUBLE AT BIG HOTEL.

General upheaval marked the proceedings in a big Sydney hotel last week after the arrival of a number of German deportees from Rabaul, in German New Guinea. It will be remembered that a number of officials from that colony were ordered to be deported to Australia, but with no further restriction upon their movements. Strangers in a strange land, they knew not where to lay their heads upon arrival in Sydney. Through the kindly offices of someone who had found them "not bad chaps," quarters were found for them at this hostelry. When their presence became known to Australian guests there was an all-round scatter and angry clients besieged the office, clamoring for "my bill, please, and you needn't keep a room for me next time I come to Sydney." Instead of making a "nice little punch" from a body of wayfarers anxious to find accommodation at any price, the establishment found its regular business falling away from it in large chunks. Sympathy can swing either way, according to which side of the shield you choose to see.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Report says that a leading bookmaker, in the exuberance of his patriotism at the outbreak of the war, wagered two thousand pounds to one that it would be all over in six weeks. Which only shows that turf-men are ignorant of some matters outside sport. There are sometimes means of knowing how a horse will finish in a given race, but in the war game every entrant is a trier up to his last ounce, and, the stakes being life and death, little business arrangements before the event don't count.

Many black and white artists are joining the colors.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous slick,
His forte was nabbing tickers
In a quarter of a tick.
When once his eagle-eye observes
The watch that you have on,
You may think the thing is goin', but
Lor' bless your heart, it's gone!

The hon. sec. of the London Fresh Air Fund appeals to ladies to send him their hair combings, every pound of which will provide a poor child with a day in the country. We like this idea of turning Old Hair into Fresh Air.

The famous Black Watch now fighting in France should be made of gunmetal.

NOT VERY FILLING.

The cake of soap.
The printer's pi.
The critic's roast.
The feast of reason.
The spice of a joke.
The glass of fashion.
The morsels of gossip.
The reply that's tart.
The toast of the town.
The salt of the earth.
The meat of a question.
The wine of exultation.
The food for reflection.
The fruits of repentance.
The spirit of an occasion.
The taste of one's quality.
The milk of human kindness.
The water of a precious stone.

Curious ad. from a London daily:—

To those leaving for the war, a child's caul for disposal, worn by a soldier through the South African war, who returned uninjured, which can be verified. Price £6, or nearest offer.

Doubtless he (or she) sold it. The world is full of mugs.

"KEEP SMILING."

A Few More Anticipated German Leading Articles.

We have much pleasure in offering our readers a hypothetical anticipation, suggested by Berlin's mafflickings over German alleged successes.

Such determination to look on the bright side of events deserves every encouragement.

"The world stands astounded at the progress of German arms. The fall of Paris, London, Brussels, St. Petersburg, and any other capitals of countries which we are at war with, but whose names escape us at the moment, is now absolutely assured. No doubt some attempts will be made by the treacherous foreign Press to represent our latest evolutions as adverse to our arms, but even our enemies will shrink before such a Herculean falsification. Before the armies of four countries—or, at all events, of Belgium—the German battalions have proved their ability to move in the direction they wished. What can Europe do against such troops as ours, and such an Emperor?"

Again: On the investment of Berlin.

"Our ultimate victory in this mighty struggle which has been forced upon us, seems at last close at hand. Our Emperor and his soldiers have once more reached this great city of Berlin, the centre of the world's culture and civilisation, bringing with them, practically as prisoners — for they have been lured from their bases, and, without provisions, must, in a hostile country, shortly surrender—not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of the finest troops France, Russia, England and Belgium can put in the field. At last we can give way to the pent-up feelings of joy that the unbroken successes of our sons and brothers have filled us with. At the some time, there is still work for us to do; we have still to fix the size of the indemnities which we shall exact from these cosmic freebooters who so ruthlessly trampled on the peaceful benignity of our invincible Fatherland. A committee, under the joint presidency of the Kaiser and the Chancellor, has already met to consider and settle this and other important matters. The Fatherland is at length in sight of its longed-for world empire.".

WHERE DOES THE FARMER COME IN?

Oh drat that everlasting hay;
Spear piled on spear.
We fight the stuff from day to day,
From year to year.

No matter if a thousand stacks
This harvest yields;
Next year we'll have to break our backs
In these same fields.

Who eats the hay? Not ma nor pa,
Not me nor you.
I ask again who eats it? Ha!
The horses do.

We raise the hay for horses' grub.
"Well, then," you say,
"Why keep the horses?" There's the rub—
To haul the hay!

The hay needs horses; horses, hay—
It is a sin.
Us farmer ginks will ask some day
Where we come in?

Australia again. The first "Britisher" to essay a flight in France during the war is Mr. Oswald Watt, of Melbourne, and who holds the rank of captain in the Commonwealth Forces. He is an excellent pilot of a Bleriot, has "looped," has flown in Egypt and in France, and is a fine all-round sportsman. Unable to get back to England when war was declared, he joined the French "Aeronautique Militaire," and was appointed to a nice hot little Bleriot squadron, comprising Garros, Vedrines, Andemars (the Swiss crack), and Pegoud (the first looper). They ought to be pretty useful on service.

SAYINGS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

When a man understands the heart of a girl and the kiss of a widow, there's nothing left for him to learn.—Archibald Sullivan.

It isn't until a girl has been disappointed in love three or four times, that she begins to dream of a career.—Nathan Levoy.

Many a girl deludes herself with the belief that she has completed her education before she marries. — Sam Stimson.

Better see rightly on a pound a week than squint on a million.—George Bernard Shaw.

'Tis better to be loved and lost than never to be loved at all.—Carolyn Wells.

The practice of giving babies war-names, such as Liege, has become fashionable, but the unchristened may be pardoned for hoping there will be no memorable sieges of Polish towns. (See map.)

The proposed rates for insurance under the Workers' Compensation Act give an insight into what experts consider the most hazardous occupation. The man who is least liable to meet with an accident incapacitating him from work is the clerk, for he is rated at 3/- per cent., whilst an employe on one of our coastal steamers is rated at £5. The motor car menace has a curious reflection. An employe driving a motor-car is rated thrice as high as one who doesn't, though the risk of the pedestrian as compared with that of the occupants of the "hooting horror" are a large way on the hospital side of the man who got in front of the car. Factory hands are insured fairly cheap, for we have an efficient department which sternly prohibits employes taking risks, but oyster sellers are fixed at the high rate of 12/6. Maybe this is a protection against possible risks of an infuriated customer who has been served with a passe bivalve. A perusal of the list shows many anomalies to the non-statistical, but insurance is one of those gambles with fate and chance with which the mathematical mind is always busy. Anyway, it would seem that the safest way to escape a falling brick or being mangled up by a tram is to be a clerk, whose only apparent risk is giving himself blood-poisoning by stabbing himself with a rusty pen. The undertaker, the boarding-house keeper and host of others run twice his risk.

Many a man who vows he would give his soul for a woman's love feels that he has been overcharged when it costs him his reputation.

COMPLETED.

When Florence went fishing with Jack
He said, "There is one thing we lack;
We have tackle galore
But we need one thing more."
And he gave her a nice fishing-smack.

A WOMAN OF THE NORTH

WORK OF A PIONEER.

LIFE ON THE ROPER RIVER.

When the Northern Territory becomes populated a hardy race of men and women will be developed. At present it is a difficult land for the white man to live in, but Nature is making her selection, and here and there a sturdy pioneer may be found who is made of the right stuff, and who is putting up a sturdy stand against whole battalions of difficulties.

As Mr. Sidney Kidman puts it, the Territory is a land which is not understood. In his opinion, the place has been misrepresented, and will probably continue to be until it is better opened up. Mr. Kidman is one of those who are doing valuable pioneering work in the Territory. The value of his development is all the greater because of the fact that he is able to spend money on artesian bores and well-sinking. But there are settlers in the Territory who cannot spend money freely in the effort to make Nature smile, and whatever they accomplish in that direction is the result of sheer hard work. And the Territory has shaped its peculiar type of woman as well as its characteristic style of man.

One of the best-known and hardest-working women pioneers in the Far North is Mrs. Rogers. Her husband, who is a drover, took up land at Paddy's Lagoon, on the Roper River, and as he is seldom at home, the responsibility of running the station devolves upon his wife. For the greater part of each year Mrs. Rogers fulfils the multifarious roles of station manager, boundary rider, cattle musterer, and general station hand. Away in that lonely spot in the Gulf country, 700 miles from Port Darwin, this woman of strong, determined and courageous character has followed her arduous life for years, and, what is more, has made good progress. Her only assistants are a couple of black gins and a black boy or two, and her companion her young son.

At her little homestead on the Roper the traveller always finds a welcome awaiting him. A fine stamp of woman, square-jawed and vigorous, Mrs. Rogers is going to carve more history in the Northern Territory than a whole host of Government officials. Although she can handle a horse better than most men, and yard a bullock with the best of them, her nature is by no means coarse. Her home, which is built of pakka bark, is as daintily arranged inside as a cottage in a Melbourne suburb. She is an extraordinary woman.

About six months ago, during one of her husband's long droving trips, Mrs. Rogers suspected the blacks, who had been camped in the ranges behind the homestead, of spearing her cattle. She acted promptly. Arming herself with a rifle, and taking with her a station black boy, she mounted a fast horse and set off through the ranges in pursuit. The offending blacks managed to keep out of her way, and the punitive expedition, fortunately for the blacks, had no other result than that of exercising a wholesome moral influence on the marauders.

On another occasion this remarkable woman of the north was mustering cattle on the station, mounted on a very fine horse named Goldtop. Something frightened the animal, and taking the bit between his teeth he started for the big timber. It was a tough struggle for the mastery, but the woman won. To-day she shows as a trophy of her exciting adventure a bridle with the rings straightened out, and the bit bent, evidence of the way in which Goldtop pulled in his effort to get away with her.

Occasionally Mrs. Rogers takes a trip into Darwin, a little matter of 700 miles, accompanied only by Polly, a plump gin, and a couple of black boys. They camp and look after the horses just as men would. She does all her own stockyard building, and grows the only vegetables to be found in that part of the country. Not long ago she broke in some bullocks to work on a mission station that has been established on the Roper River.

Few women would be capable of going through such hardships as these, even if they were compelled to do so. Mrs. Rogers lives this rough life from choice. She is happy and contented, and accepts her stern round of duties as quite the natural course of events.

"SHOT!"

PARIS STORY OF HOTEL MANAGER.

"He's been shot; over a hundred spies have been shot at Vincennes and La Muette."

This Frenchman was speaking of an hotel manager I used to know a little, writes the Paris correspondent of the London "Daily Mail." His hotel is off the Champs-Elysees, a place of soft carpets and inlaid wood, marble and palms. He was one of those suave, self-possessed German or Austrian hotel managers who make on you an uncanny impression of omniscience.

They speak every European tongue without a trace of faltering; they know the name of the best hotel, and are personally acquainted with its manager in every city of Europe. They can give you detailed directions for the most complicated journey without opening a single time-table, and their information is right to the last particle; they know at what station the dining-car is put on, and they impress you to remember that the train leaves Kleinstadt-am-Fluss twenty minutes earlier this month than the time mentioned in the time-table.

That is how I remember him; always in a frock coat whatever the season, whatever the hour of day or night; always wearing the diamond pin that a travelling monarch gave him; always alert though unobtrusive; known of all his guests, familiar with none.

Certainly, if we had stopped to think about it, we should have realised that there was one side of his life of which one saw nothing. He was rich, they said; he owned other hotels of his own in Paris and Switzerland.

Was he married? No one knew or even troubled to ask; it was enough that whenever you came to the hotel he was there with the same wonderful memory for your name and everything about you, the same silent, smooth efficiency.

He has been shot, they say. Possibly it is only another of the exaggerated stories that are passed from mouth to mouth in this imaginative city of cafes and concierges and gossip. Certainly he disappeared immediately war began, while both guests and staff were turned out at an hour's notice, and the hotel itself is now empty and guarded by the police.

Page Boy's Discovery.

We shall know what became of the manager perhaps after the war. It was one of the page boys of the hotel, they say, who, in a boy's way, got out of his attic window on to the roof. He scrambled about in great glee for a while, climbing on to the ridges of the gables and looking over the housetops right away to the green Bois. At last he came to the turret that stands at the corner of the roof—one of those little ornamental cupolas that architects put on to hotels to gratify the hotel proprietor's sense of graceful design, a thing like a pepper caster, surmounted by a tall flagstaff, which is stayed against wind by a circle of stout wire ropes running down to the roof.

There is a door in the side of the cupola with a ladder leading up to it, and the sight of a closed door in a turret is enough to fire the curiosity of any boy. Up the ladder scrambled the little page, pushed open the door—and then started back in astonishment. Instead of being empty the turret contained a large table, and the table was covered with instruments and coils of wire and wheels. The man sitting at the table had a telephone receiver clamped over his head, and as the door opened he swung round with a startled word.

Penitently the frightened little boy stood there stammering apologies. He had recognised the chief of the hotel staff. The manager seized the boy angrily by the shoulder. What business had he there? What did he mean by disturbing important experiments? "Go down at once, you little rascal, and if you say a word about this without my permission, there'll be trouble ahead for you."

Thoroughly scared, the "petit groom" scurried away. It was some days before he told anyone of his strange discovery of the manager in the cupola with the mysterious coils of wires and telephone receiver. But gradually, first to another page boy, then through all the servants of the hotel, the story spread. And at last one Frenchman who heard it, more alert than the rest, remembered that there was talk of war between France and Germany and took the trouble to go around to the police station.

Nothing apparently happened. But the military governor of Paris had been told of the incident, and from the windows in houses around the hotel discreet field-glasses were watching the unobtrusive little turret. Then there came the German declaration of war, and the next morning several detectives in plain clothes drove up in a taxi-cab to the hotel.

"Secret Wireless."

They crossed the broad hall with its lofty, gleaming marble walls, to the manager's office. At his rich mahogany desk sat the manager, spruce, self-possessed, capable as ever. "You have been using a secret wireless apparatus on the roof of your hotel for the purpose of conveying messages to the enemy. You are arrested as a spy." Some of the detectives were driving away with their prisoner a moment later. The rest stayed to make arrangements for the immediate closing of the hotel.

And since then the manager has not been seen by anyone. Only from every side you hear the same story. A court-martial sitting in one of the big barrack forts around Paris, and the next day a firing squad in the moat, and, facing it, the hotel manager, a convicted spy.

Is this the true story of his disappearance? I can only say that it is what everyone in Paris will tell you. War is a grim business.

"Ah," she sighed, "for many years I've suffered from dyspepsia."

"And don't you take anything for it?" her friend asked. "You look healthy enough."

"Oh," she replied, "I haven't indigestion. My husband has."

HOARDED TREASURE.

THE VAST WAR CHESTS OF EUROPE.

European authorities figured that when the Balkan war began and there was dread among the common people of Europe than a general war might result, nearly £70,000,000 in gold was hoarded in three countries in sums ranging from a gold piece or two up to tens of thousands of pounds. Austria-Hungary was credited with hiding away £30,000,000, Germany £13,000,000 and France £26,000,000.

This was money which had been traced into those countries just before the Balkan hostilities began and after war started. In addition to this vast sum there was an unguessable quantity of gold already buried in the ground.

Russia is believed to have tens of thousands of hoarders of money. It is utterly impossible to guess at the amount of gold which the people of Russia have put into the ground or into the cellars of their homes. The sign of wealth would mean the coming of the tax collector, and among the men who look poor are owners of countless weight in gold.

Vast sums of gold and silver coin have gone into Russia, which seldom gets go of it. The great imperial war chest has behind it, if the signs mean anything, other sums in little war chests—gold which the Government might draw out if it offered lands for sale, or bonds the people would trust, or opportunities in commerce heretofore denied them.

England has its hidden hoards, no one knows how large or how many, but there is concealed in England nothing like the amount that is hidden in continental Europe, where foreign armies have only to cross a surveyed boundary line or a little creek to raid their enemies. Turkey, whose people have been terrorised for ages, has more lost hoards than the world will ever know about, because there the hoarding has gone on for ages, during which armies have swung up and down the denuded lands, tearing down cities and destroying everything that could give comfort or sustenance to an enemy.

Spain has millions of dollars in gold, silver, pearls and gems buried and lost in a thousand ancient castles, monasteries and other public buildings. In the heyday of her glory Spain imported countless millions of gold and silver from the Americas and faithless officials made away with great sums in bullion, hiding it away—and many of them never recovered it.

India is the bottomless pit of the world's gold. In one year India imported £60,000,000, and there has never been a time, apparently, when India was not importing gold, silver and precious jewels. In the temples of India there are said to be 360 million pounds in precious metal and precious stones. India has more fine pearls than all the rest of the world put together. They have even gold cannon there—cannons which weigh 280lb. each.

The tourist sees some of this gold; if a visitor should attend a function given by one of the princes of India he would see jewels whose value he could not estimate. Afghan, Mogul, Tartar, raiding through India, found millions upon millions, but the troops did not find it all. In the ground, in places where none could find or would suspect, is the vast wealth which the natives of India bury, and keep buried.

The Ameer of Bokhara, a Russian vassal in Central Asia, is said to have been accumulating a hoard amounting to £1,600,000 a year, and this is kept in a great vault where Russia might possibly find a resource in case of need. In Egypt and along the north shore of Africa the Barbary Coast people have their hoards estimated by the millions. The lost treasure of the Incas is estimated at £120,000,000 in gold.

No one is able to guess the amount of gold that has been looted in the history of the world by raiding armies. When the wars of old were waged billions of treasure changed hands from the vanquished to the victors. The treasure was commonly the public funds. Men known to have wealth were held for ransom, enslaved, tortured, cut to pieces bit by bit in the effort to compel the revelation of hiding places.

In the ruins of Carthage is a vault that holds the treasure of the vandal Genseric, which was not found when Carthage finally fell. The buried treasure of Carcassonne in Southern France was put away when the Huns and Slavs ranged over Europe trying to exterminate the Latins. Alaric the Goth looted Rome and cached his treasure in Carcassonne, tradition says, in a deep cave, and killed the men who helped him to stow it away, and it has never been found.

This treasure was part of it from Solomon's Temple, Titus having raided Jerusalem and made away with the treasure that Solomon had gathered up and which was part of it loot that King David had captured in his great wars of conquest and defence. There was the accumulation of ten centuries of profit in the Temple of Solomon.

The loot of ancient Rome, the loot of Constantinople, of Calcutta, Bombay, Pekin, with the treasure ships captured at sea, paid the price of capture. There were raids on the treasure towns of Spanish America which made the pirates wealthy. But the capture of bullion and the exaction of ransom failed to compensate the victors from about the time of the Napoleonic wars.

Wars of conquest followed wars seeking loot. Nevertheless the modern wars accompanied by opportunities of loot which are unparalleled in ancient history. Thus the defeat of France resulted in the payment to Germany of £200,000,000 after the war of 1870—a tribute payment hardly rivalled in ancient days. If France, Russia and Great Britain should conquer, Germany will doubtless be compelled to stagger under such an exaction of tribute as no ancient Caesar ever dreamed.

If the hoards of Europe could be tapped—if the hidden treasures of European cities should be tapped by invading armies—the possibilities of loot in jewels and precious metals are beyond compute. But all the loot possible would not compensate for the hundreds of thousands of ounces of gold which must be paid each day for army sustenance and equipment. In olden times wars paid for themselves, reckoning from the viewpoint of the victors. Wars were then for loot. The ships of the conquerors returned from across the seas with treasure—they even went to war loaded with treasure for emergencies, as witness the Spanish Armada, whose gold is still the dream of fortune seekers.

LADIES' LETTER.

From Melbourne.

A fashionable wedding which is listed to take place next month will perforce be robbed of much of its prospective glory by the war clouds hanging o'er us. But the numerous friends of the happy pair cherish the hope or the affair being of the not too quiet order. Partly because people are feeling the need of a little brightness lighting the darkness, and also because a function of social importance will be good for trade.

There is a matrimonial rumor going around which, if true, will cause the greatest sensation and astonishment that has happened for a very long time. I almost dare not whisper it, it seems so surprising, yet in a way, when one considers all things, it is quite possible, you know. It is connected with very well-known people on both sides, but I cannot tell you more just now, except that the man has been married before, is very wealthy, and is very well known; in fact, a notable personality. The girl is a beauty. The whisper has come from another city, but the people are Victorians; so my informant thought it would be an excellent thing.

There is not much talk of work for our soldiers just now, but it is necessary to keep up a steady supply of warm clothing, to be continuously sent to the front. Socks, belts, and warm shirts in particular will be needed, and all warm under-garments. But every woman worker should be entreated to see that the patterns are correct, and the work well done. Do you know that ever so much work sent in to the depots has had to be handed over to the seamstresses to be re-done? Some things were so badly put together that they would not have stood the strain of a week's hard wear. It cannot be too emphatically pointed out that it is quality, not quantity, which should be the main thing considered. Many could not be put right, because of being cut too small, or misshapen. Now, this is sheer waste of material, and is a scandal, for there is a growing shortage of good warm woollen materials. This is not always the fault of the worker, but of those responsible at the various depots, who are supposed to give proper patterns. I know of one case where a pattern of a cholera belt was given from a principal depot. The girl, who had no experience of cutting out, was very careful to keep exactly to the pattern. When she had finished the belts she put one around herself one day to see how they acted, and was dismayed to find they would not meet around her. And she is a slimly-built girl. They would be utterly useless for men, you know, and she had put a lot of work into them, for they are of more than one thickness of material and are all quilted. They were beautifully made, so neatly, and it was such a disappointment to her. She did not know enough about sewing to be able to correct them, so just handed them in. Unfortunately, she did not point out their fault, so I suppose there were many others made from the same pattern. It was given to Betty, but she understands cutting-out, and directly she saw the pattern she observed that something was wrong. She put it against Jack before she used it, and soon saw how much larger it needed to be made. There is very little wool to be had in Melbourne for socks—that is, the right kind of wool. It must be of good quality if it is to be comfortable for the soldiers, and if it is to give any wear. The English experts, who understand, lay great emphasis upon this point, and emphatically state that it is useless to use common wool for socks.

One of Melbourne's richest heiresses chose to make her wedding a bright one for those less fortunate than herself or friends who would not miss the enjoyment such an occasion gives. The money which would have been spent on a big wedding was given in a lump sum to provide comforts for our soldiers, and in giving a treat to the old people at Cheltenham, who each received a present as well as a fine "spread," so that the name of May Parker, who also built a wing at the Home, will always be revered and remembered. The bride, Miss May Parker, the youngest daughter, by his second marriage, of the late Captain Tom Parker, founder of the firm of Huddart Parker and Co., was married to Mr. Noel Boothby, of Malvern. The ceremony took place at Christ Church, South Yarra, and it was certainly never more beautifully decorated, though many fashionable marriages have been celebrated within its walls. The bridal gown was fashioned of exquisite lace and tulle and instead of the orthodox bridal veil, she wore in her hair a twist of the lace, finished with small wired ends. Wedding tea was served after the ceremony to a few old family friends.

You will be amused, if not interested, I am sure, to read a prediction by that clever writer, Barry Pain, of the ultimate effect of the "futurist" craze in women's dress and fashion. After you have read it tell me if you do not think he is a little bit too "sarky." He writes this in the "Futurist Fifteen," a recent publication:—"Checks will be unfashionable. In fact, there will be no checks at all. Women's dress will go to the limit and lean over. The prevalent style will have in it something of the Italian ballerina, a touch of the city policeman, and quite a good deal of the Fiji Islander. Very expensive materials will be used; on the other hand, very little of them will be required. Tattooing will be the last scream, and the question of whether tattooing really takes the place of clothing will be much discussed. Women will by a pretty fancy have the initials of the man they have married or are about to marry tattooed on their foreheads. A method of painlessly, swiftly, and permanently removing tattoo marks will be discovered, and the inventor will make a large fortune. Nose-rings and anklets will be worn, but only in the evening. The size of the nose-ring will increase as the season progresses. The duckiest little tomahawks will be procurable, and every girl who is really there will carry a scalping-knife in her hand-bag. The knife will be used to snip the end of her cigars—for the cigarette nonsense will be far too mild and infantile for 1915."

Isn't he too bad?

A gentleman recently carried a letter of introduction from a friend to a stranger. The stranger received him coolly and showed him the door. A little investigation revealed the reason. The letter said, "Treat him like a trump," but the stranger had read it "Treat him like a Tramp."

THE TURMOIL

By PAUL URQUHART.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

I have never seen anything of General von Klotz from that day to this. Von Bach also has gone completely out of my life. I have never heard that he has fulfilled another mission to England to excite the nerves of the "National Review," and to cause the War Office a great deal of amusement. I suspect that the General must have closely questioned him after that little interview in my rooms on the Quai D'Orsay, and elicited the humiliating information that he had been bamboozled from first to last. The incident, I imagine, brought Von Bach's official career to an abrupt close. At any rate, I have seen nothing more of him.

The departure of my two visitors found me in a better temper. There is nothing like a mild quarrel to brace the nerves and to give one the sense of optimism which blurs one's troubles and eases one's mind. True, I could not bring myself to approach Joan with a view to re-establishing my credit with her. I still felt somewhat sore at the suspicions she had cast upon me and the attitude of aloofness towards me which she had chosen to adopt. But I sent Lake with a message to her, hoping thereby to break the ice.

Although I was too proud to go myself—if it was really pride which held me back—I confess I was weak enough to stand on the stairs within earshot, to catch the sound of her voice and to hear what she had to say. Acting on my instructions, George went to her bedroom door and knocked. At first there was no reply, but after some more thundering blows—there was no modulated tapping about George's knocks—I heard a very soft voice exclaiming, "Who is there?"

"I'm George Lake. Miss Joan, and I've coom wi' a message from Purcell."

"Well, what is it?"

"Won't you come out on t' landing, or dost tha want me to shout through t' keyhole?"

"Why can't Mr. Purcell deliver his own messages?"

"Nay, I can't say, lass. Happen he's a bit daft-like about yer, and doesn't like to talk hissen, in case he'd look silly. Anyway, he asked me to step oop and speak for him."

I cursed George inwardly. He was far exceeding my instructions, and the worst of it was I knew that the old scoundrel was enjoying himself immensely. I could almost hear him grinning from my post on the stairs. There is no hyper-delicacy about George. I believe that for two pins he would there and then have proposed marriage for me.

"What has Mr. Purcell got to say?"

"It's just this, Miss Joan; he says he doesn't want to force hissen on yer—which ain't true, for he's fair longing for a sight of you—but that as circumstances have placed you under his protection—and a lot more of same kind of grand language, which Purcell can talk when he's put out about summit—he wants you to promise not to leave the house unless he tells yer to. You chap Hanoteaux is bound to coom after you, if only to save his own neck, and tha can't be too careful."

"Please thank Mr. Purcell for the trouble he is taking on my behalf, and assure him that I will do as he wishes."

There was a pause for a moment, and I prayed that Lake would come away. I dared not call him myself, it would have looked too undignified. But George, usually the most silent of men, seemed on this occasion to be devoured with an itch for talking. I heard him knock again on the door, and Joan's voice answering him with an interrogative "Yes?"

"Don't fret thaken, lass. He'll coom all right. He's got thee out of a nasty mess—he's fair takken oop with yer—ever since he saw you in Essex—and if he do fratch a bit, he'll coom all right in t' end. Cheer oop, lassie!"

I met George in the sitting-room, to which I descended quickly as I heard him coming down the stairs. For the first time in my life I was really angry with him.

"What the devil do you mean by talking to Miss Joan like that?" I exclaimed furiously. "Couldn't you keep your confounded familiarities to yourself?"

He regarded my angry state with a maddening calmness and equanimity that was peculiarly galling.

"Happen!" he said shortly, and stopped.

I opened the floodgates of my wrath. There is nothing more irritating than that habit Yorkshiremen have of using the word "happen" when they want to adopt a perfectly non-committal attitude. It is the ideal stone-walling word, signifying just nothing at all. The agnostic point of view on matters of religion is no more exasperating to the devout believer than is this word "happen" to a man in the state of mind in which I then was. I attacked him with a bitterness which would have moved most men to some physical expression of their annoyance. I called him "impertinent," "insolent," "objectionable," "officious," and laced this mixture of epithets with adjectives of a more violent and reprehensible order. When I stopped for want of breath and for lack of anything more to say, he was still as calm and unmoved as ever.

"Tha's tha finished, lad?" he questioned, looking at me with those untroubled blue eyes of his as if I were some naughty child who didn't know any better.

"Yes," I replied shortly. "You can go to——"

"I expect tha'll feel a deal better now, Purcell?" he said, in a tone of friendly commiseration.

I dropped back into a chair, struggled for a moment to be angry and dignified, and then burst out laughing.

"Confound you, George, you'd drive a man demented! Why the dickensport you go and talk that rubbish to Miss Joan?"

"Well, it was true, wasn't it, Purcell?"

"Was what true?"

"Why, that you're fair taken oop with her—that you're longing to have sight of her—that you're a bit nasty just because t' lass doesn't throw herson into yer arms first kick off."

"Yes, but——" I began weakly, and then stopped, finding myself absolutely incapable of coping with George.

He came over to my side and put a friendly hand on my shoulder.

"It'll all coom right, lad. Lasses are all the same. She'll be glad enough to have yer, but she's holding off out of contrariness. You should have seen her that night when we left you behind at the chateau. She was fair mad to go back to yer, no matter what was waiting for her there. She thinks same way of you as you think of her. Don't tha tak any notice of a bit of fratching; it's allus the same. I nobbut told her the truth, and if tha could see her, I'll back thee lad there's no tears in those bonnie eyes of hers now; she'll be smiling as pleased as owt."

I found it impossible to say anything more to him. Never were a man's love affairs taken so compleely out of his hands and in such a matter-of-fact way.

"All right, George," I said, resignedly. "You meant well, and it may be that you are right. But, 'pon my soul, I never dreamt of having to court any girl through you as my deputy. There's nothing Cupid-looking about you, Lake!"

George smiled.

"Nay, there's nothing fancy about me," he said with innocent pride and genuine gratification.

I believe he thought I had paid him the highest compliment that one man can pay to another!

"Have you got the car outside, Lake?" I said, changing the subject. "I think I'll go round to the Embassy and have a look through those papers we took from Hanoteaux."

The Ambassador was very amused when I told him of my interview with General von Klotz, and indulged in an altogether undiplomatic chuckle when I described Lake's share in that incident.

"I suppose you have called, Mr. Purcell," he said, when I had concluded my narrative, "to examine that despatch-box. I have already opened it, and certain of the papers dealing with the little exploits of M. Hanoteaux and his anarchist society are already in the hands of the police. I think they will find them interesting."

He paused a moment, eyeing me keenly, with a half-humorous expression on his face.

"There were some other papers in the box, which I have not sent to the police."

I jumped up eagerly.

"Have they anything to do with ——" I began, and then hesitated.

The Ambassador smiled.

"With the young lady you so gallantly rescued from the Chateau?"

"Yes," I retorted, blushing a little. "Do they throw any light on the curious mystery that seems to surround her?"

"They throw considerable light; in fact, they establish her identity beyond dispute."

"Is she Mdlle. de St. Egremont as that man Hanoteaux called her? Is she any relation to the St. Egremont that you mentioned?"

I was burning with curiosity, the more so as his Excellency seemed inclined to hold back his information as long as possible.

"Yes," he said, speaking very slowly and precisely, "they prove beyond dispute that she is Joan de St. Egremont, and that she is the granddaughter of the Marquis de St. Egremont, whose complete disappearance from Paris and the world in which he cut no small figure, created such a sensation in the year 1883."

I kept my feelings as well in control as possible.

"May I look at the papers?"

"Certainly. Not only shall you look at them, but you shall have the pleasure of returning them to the young lady whom they chiefly concern."

He went to a side table on which stood the despatch box I had taken from M. Hanoteaux. Opening it, he took out a bundle of papers, roughly tied together with string, and very dirty and crumpled.

"These are the papers," he said, tapping them, "and they contain one of the most curious and tragic narratives I have ever read, and during the course of my career I have seen and heard much that the rest of the world never sees or hears of. You will understand something of my feelings on reading these documents when I tell you that I knew the Marquis de St. Egremont well—that he cut a considerable figure in Parisian society for more than half a century, and that the part he chose to play in this mad world was never even suspected."

He handed me the papers.

"Take them and read them. You may if you like read them here; I have no engagements for the next half-hour, and your perusal will not take you long."

Sitting down, I untied the string that bound the bundle together, and smoothed out on my knee the dozen or so sheets, torn from some penny copy-book, of which the dossier was composed.

Each sheet was scrawled over with long spidery hand-writing, clearly that of a very old man, for the alignment was erratic, and the writer had a habit of changing the direction of his words from the horizontal to the perpendicular at the end of each line. It was written in French, and at the top of the first sheet was a blob of sealing-wax, impressed with a boar's head and the motto "Esto Quod Esse Videris."

The document was directed to "My grand-daughter, Joan de St. Egremont, to be read by her and her alone after my death, and then burnt."

I looked up questioningly at His Excellency.

"You may read it with a clear conscience," he replied to my unspoken question. "The circumstances which induced the late Marquis to take these precautions have entirely changed. There is no need any longer to preserve his secret inviolate. We two at least may know it, whether it would be advisable to place Mdlle. de St. Egremont in possession of the information the dossier contains, after you have read it you will be the better able to judge."

Without more ado I began to read.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"This is the confession of Charles Auguste Phillippe, Marquis de St. Egremont; written only for the eyes of Joan de St. Egremont. I write it that she may know of the dangers which she has to avoid. I am now an old man. I was born in the year 1810, and I lived my early life when ideals and systems of government occupied the mind of France. Like many another young man, my views changed with the changing of the various constitutions that ruled France. I was anti-constitutional when Louis XVIII. sat upon the throne, anti-absolutist when Charles X. succeeded him, and opposed to all government when the revolution of July made Louis Phillippe King of the French.

"I became an individualist, and claimed the right for every man to live out his life in his own way without interfering with the liberties of his fellow creatures. It was a fashionable pose, this theoretical anarchism. I had great wealth, a clever tongue, and I collected round me men of my own class, who professed the same extravagant views as myself. When after the revolution of 1848 the second republic was founded under the presidency of Louis Napoleon, I still clung to the creed I had adopted only as a theory. I absolutely refused to have anything to do with an active propaganda. The coup d'etat, by which Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor, made me alter my view.

"I saw with my own eyes the unfortunate people being shot down in the streets of Paris on the night of December 4, 1851, and I went home burning with indignation against the organisation of human society, which necessitated such scenes as I had witnessed. From that moment I became an active anarchist. I spent money freely in the cause, and in the course of time was elected to the innermost committee of the anarchists—the Central Committee for the Organisation of Combat. No one suspected me; my wealth and title gave me an undisputed position in Parisian society. The Emperor, like his uncle, desiring to surround himself with families of the ancient regime, courted my society. I was a welcomed guest at the Tuilleries, and all the time I plotted the murder of kings and princes—those innocent persons who symbolised what we hated most. I lent my countenance to the attempt made by Orsini on the Emperor in 1886, and many other crimes—I did not consider them so then—have blotted my conscience.

"I was to have a bitter awakening in the year 1882, my only son, Felix, Viscount de St. Egremont, married. In the followng year a child was born to him. That child was you, Joan. Your mother died in giving you birth, and your father and yourself came to live with me.

"At this time I was the treasurer of the Central Committee. All the funds, amounting to almost a quarter of a million, all in gold, were kept in the cellars of my house. In the year 1885 the visit of some foreign monarch to Paris determined us to attempt his assassination. Everything was arranged. The man who was to throw the bomb which was to rob the world of another monarch, was selected. He was a half-crazed Italian, the very type of man we required. The bomb was to be thrown from a cafe on one of the principal boulevards through which the foreign potentate had to pass from the station.

"At this time your father was a major in the Cuirassiers, and, as fate would have it, he was entrusted with the command of the escort attending the royal carriage. The bomb was thrown, but for some reason it failed to explode. The carriage drove on hastily; your father, with the courage worthy of the best traditions of our family, dismounted from his horse to pick it up. As he did so, it exploded in his hands. He succeeded in saving the lives of many innocent persons; he himself was killed. I witnessed his death from the balcony of a house, which I had taken for quite another purpose. I think then that I went mad.

"I loved my son, and the sight of his mangled body drove all other thoughts from my mind. I first saw to his remains being taken to my house, and then made my way to where the Central Committee for the Organisation of Combat was sitting in full assembly.

"I tell you, I was mad, or I would not have done what I did. I rose in my place, and denounced them for the murder of my son, and in my folly declared that I would make their names known to the police. At first they told me that I should never leave the room alive, but at the suggestion of a young man of twenty-one, a certain Victor Hanoteaux, who had been admitted to the Central Committee on account of his considerable scientific knowledge, they decided to adopt another course. . . . My tongue was cut out, and the drums of my ears were pierced. Then, with the assurance that if I communicated with the police I should meet with instant death, I was set at liberty.

"I staggered home burning with a desire for vengeance. At first I thought I would go straight to the authorities, but I remembered you, and the disgrace which would attach itself to you throughout your life if such revelations were made. I determined upon a more subtle vengeance. I had charge of the funds of the Committee. I would flee away to another country, taking them with me. Within an hour the four casks in which they were contained were on their way to England. I accompanied them with you in my arms. In London I dared not stay. I had to find some lonely spot far from the world of people, anyone of whom might recognise me. Chance brought me to Castle Effingham, and this house. Here I have lived since, and here I shall die.

"Burn this as soon as you have read it. So far I have escaped the clutches of the Central Committee, but any chance circumstance may bring their vengeance down on my head, and if not on mine, on yours when I am dead.

"My estates are still in France. I have never dared to sell them or to claim their revenues. Beware, lest you are ever induced to do so either, for cruel death awaits any St. Egremont who is known to be alive in France. The money which lies buried beneath the hearthstone you may use. It will enable you to live in the manner becoming a member of my family.

"This I leave you, and my blessing. When my polluted soul leaves this mangled body, bury me in the churchyard among the people who have befriended me. Place no name upon my tombstone, but inscribe this motto, which served the like purpose to another sinful and misguided man —'Qui nunquam quievit, quiescit. Tace!'"

As I finished the last sheet I looked up at his Excellency.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked gravely.

"I think it is the most tragic human document I have ever read."

"I agree with you. You will remember that I already warned you to get Mdlle. de St. Egremont out of Paris as soon as possible. It is clear that the Central Committee, in spite of the unfortunate Marquis's precautions, discovered his whereabouts and struck at once. That they spared his grand-daughter we must regard as some mental aberration on the part; one cannot use the words pity and mercy in such a connection; but they would not be likely to spare her a second time, and on that account I took the liberty of informing the police—without mentioning any of the circumstances of the case—simply saying that the girl who was your ward was in danger of molestation. They will keep an eye on her, but none the less I beg you to leave Paris at once. You have performed the task with which you were entrusted with admirable discretion; I shall take care that my opinion is known in the proper quarters, and there is no reason now why you should stay any longer here."

"I will take your Excellency's advice, and go by to-night's boat train. But what shall I do with these papers?"

"I will entrust them to your keeping, Mr. Purcell. You may if you think wise, and the circumstances permit it, give them to Mdlle. de St. Egremont. If the police succeed in stamping out this nest of criminals —and the information I have been able to send them should make it not difficult—the young lady should have very little difficulty in establishing her claim to her grandfather's property."

Putting the papers in my pocket, I took my leave of the Ambassador, and hurried out to where George was awaiting me in the car.

"Where to now, Purcell?" he asked, as I got in by his side.

"Back to the Quai d'Orsay; we've got to pack—we leave for England to-night."

"And I, for one, shan't be sorry. I'm fair stalled wi' these foreigners."

In a few minutes we were back at our rooms. As the concierge opened the front door for us I inquired, for no particular reason, whether Mdlle. was still at home. His reply staggered me.

"Why, no, Monsieur; she left to join you some ten minutes ago, directly after your letter arrived."

"My letter!" I exclaimed, dumbfounded. "What do you mean?"

"I do not know that it was your letter, monsieur," replied the man with a leer, for which I could have knocked him down. "But Mdlle. said it was from you, and set out with the greatest haste."

I pushed past the man and raced up the stairs, Lake at my heels. I made straight for Joan's bedroom, and without going through the formality of knocking, burst open the door. Nobody was there.

"Good heavens, what does it mean, Lake? I asked, turning to my comrade in an agony of fear.

"It means they've been after her, as I thought they would. They've got her to meet them by a trick."

I cannot properly describe my feelings at that moment. I felt like Lucifer must have felt when he stood at the confines of hell and looked back at the distant glories of the Paradise he was never to know again. I was completely crushed. It seemed then that I had lost her for ever. The Ambassador's words recurred to me. "They are not likely to spare her a second time"—and now they had caught her again.

Why hadn't I remained by her side! Why had I quarrelled with her that morning? I cursed myself bitterly for a self-sufficient ass and careless fool. To have had the greatest treasure in the world in my possession and to lose it—the thought of it was almost unbearable. I turned helplessly to George.

"What are we to do?" I asked feebly.

"Fetch t' lass back again, of course; where's you letter that the man spoke of? She may have left it behind her. Aye, there it is."

He picked up a letter from the dressing table and handed it to me. I read it eagerly.

"Dear Miss Joan,

On receipt of this please come at once to Cabaret de l'Universal, and the Rue Vivin, Boulevard Montpannasse. I dare not explain my reasons in this letter, for fear it may go astray, but it is of the utmost importance that you should come at once.

Yours sincerely,
HUGH PURCELL."

It was the most impudent piece of forgery, for there had been no attempt to imitate my hand. They had evidently counted on the fact that Joan was not familiar with my writing. The letter brought back to me my powers of action.

"Come on, George!" I said rushing from the room, shouting out my directions to him as we hurried down the stairs. "You go to the Prefect of Police. I'll join you there afterwards when I have been to the Rue Vivin—they are not more than twenty minutes ahead of us, and we may catch them yet."

"We'll have a good try, Purcell," muttered George behind me.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Rue Vivin is a dirty narrow little street leading from the Boulevard Montpannasse to the Luxembourg Gardens, frequented mostly by young men with a hankering to follow in the footsteps of Henri Murger's heroes in "La Vie de Boheme," and succeeding only so far as their morals and their general uncleanliness are concerned. So narrow is the street at one end that I nearly had a nasty accident as I swept recklessly into it at a good thirty miles an hour.

There were shouts and cries and the raucous grunting of a huge motor-horn, as a long blue motor-car, with a closed-in tonneau, rushed towards me from the opposite direction. There was no chance of our passing in the Rue Vivin, so I had to draw up dead, with all my brakes on, and a skid of several yards, which did not improve my tyres. I pulled up only just in time, for the driver of the blue car refused to reduce his speed for a moment, and scraped round the corner of the street, grazing the pavement on one side, and just avoiding the axle of my front wheel by a hairbreadth on the other. It was almost out of sight before I sufficiently recovered myself to look after it, with the intention of expressing my feelings to the chauffeur.

The cabaret, rejoicing in the title of L'Universe, I found to be the ordinary kind of lower-class French drinking-shop. It had a short zinc-covered bar near the entrance, from which the one waiter fetched supplies for the customers, and behind which the inevitable Madame — a fat, elderly dame, with a squint and a moustache, which many a young man might have envied, sat knitting, with an eye on the till, and a general appearance of being the waiter's gaoler, so closely did she seem to watch his every movement, especially when any cash transaction took place between them. Some artists with big black hats and flowing ties and baggy corduroy trousers were sitting at one of the tables playing cards, the rest of the place was empty. It did not look as if the Cabaret de l'Universal could be a profitable undertaking, if its proprietor depended simply for his earnings on the drink industry, and my heart sunk within me when it occurred to me that in all probability this was just the sort of place where the proprietor would seek to make some extra profit by less honest means. Probably the moustached Madame would engage in any little enterprise, from receiving to kidnapping, at a price.

"Good-day, monsieur," exclaimed the syren behind the bar, as I hesitated on the threshold, uncertain how to set about my inquiries.

I saluted her with my hat, and going up to the bar, leant over far enough to indicate to her, without attracting the attention of her customers that I desired to have a word in secret with her.

"What does monsieur desire?" she asked, speaking low, with a quick, suspicious glance first in the direction of the unfortunate waiter.

"A young lady has been here, Madame. I wish you to tell me where she is now, and if she is not here, where she has gone to?"

A frown puckered Madame's brow.

"For what does monsieur take this establishment? I know nothing of any young lady."

"Very good, Madame. I have no time to waste; the young lady I know was induced to come here— I have proof of it. Here are a couple of twenty-franc pieces; they are yours if you tell me the truth at once. If you refuse I shall have resource to less pleasant methods of persuasion."

She drew away from me quickly, her face alive with fear and suspicion.

"I do not understand," she muttered. "I know nothing of what monsieur speaks."

"You'd better know quickly, Madame, for I am impatient. See, I am willing to pay for your information, though there is hardly any necessity. The police will be here shortly, and I doubt if they will prove so generous."

The mention of the police acted like magic. From sullen silence she passed to extreme garrulity.

"Ah, monsieur jokes with me," she exclaimed, gathering up the two gold pieces with which I had baited the counter, "I will tell him everything he wants to know. But, of course, one must not talk to every chance customer that comes in—that is so, is it not?—and I said to myself when you spoke to me first, 'I will say nothing till I know more of him.' That was right, was it not?"

"Yes, yes, but never mind about your motives; tell me what you know of the young lady."

"There was a young lady here," she said, bending further forward, and speaking more softly still. "It happened all within the last hour. Three men come in, and tell Pierre to bring them paper and a pen, and they sit over there, and together they write some letter, many times over till it satisfy them. Then one of them goes out; half an hour later the young lady arrives. She seem surprised at the place, glancing up and down the room as if looking for somebody. I ask her what she desires, and she replies that she expected to meet a tall young Englishman here. At that one of the two men remaining rose from his seat, and coming forward with a bow, said that he had been sent by a M. Purcell. That was all I overheard, for he took her over to the table and made her sit down. I could see that she was very uneasy. Presently a large blue motor-car drew up at the door. The two men rose, spoke to the young lady for a moment, and then after some hesitation, she followed them outside. I saw her get in, and the car drove off, and that is all I know, monsieur."

I did not wait to hear more. I felt I had wasted too much time already. All unconscious I had paced the very car in which Joan was being hurried away to some horrible fate. Without even a farewell to Madame, I dashed from the cabaret, and regardless of all rules of speed, made for the headquarters of the police. I found Lake awaiting me there.

He saw at once by my face that something had happened, and without troubling me with any questions conducted me straight to the Prefect of Police. That celebrated little man, who exercises a power in France, compared to which the immutable will of the Czar is as nothing, already knew my name and my business.

"Yes, Monsieur Purcell, I had been expecting you. I received a request from his Excellency about two hours ago for special attention to be paid to the safety of the young lady under your protection. Unfortunately, it would seem—so I gather from our friend here—that the warning came rather too late. What fresh news have you to tell me?"

I quickly related the account of my visit to the cabaret in the Rue Vivin. The Prefect rang a bell, and an official appeared like magic at his side.

"M. Roquier, a large blue automobile visited the Cabaret de l'Univers in the Rue Vivin at about half past five—twenty minutes ago—that is. It passed down to the Luxembourg Gardens, and so, by the Rue Buonaparte. Obtain information at once as to where it has gone. It has some bearing on the case I mentioned to you this morning. It probably took the direction of Versailles. You will accompany these two gentlemen in their automobile in pursuit of it. Have it stopped, if possible, on the road; you had better take four men with with you."

M. Roquier retired as swiftly as he had come. The Prefect handed me a cigarette, and for five minutes I made a pretence of chatting calmly with him on a variety of subjects, though really I was in a frenzy of anxiety and impatience. At the end of the five minutes M. Roquier appeared again.

"A car answering your description, monsieur, has passed along the road to Versailles. It has been seen at three points, the last time at Sevres, travelling at a high rate of speed. It will be stopped at Versailles. If these gentlemen are ready——?"

I waited for no second bidding, and with a hasty farewell to the commissionaire, I got into the car. George was already in the driver's seat. M. Roquier and four gendarmes, who looked as if they would not have been surprised if the angel had appeared with the last trump—took their places in the tonneau. Once under way Lake pressed the engines for all they were worth. Travelling as we were under the aegis of the law, there was no necessity to take any account of speed limits, and within a quarter of an hour we were at Versailles, having covered the ten miles at the rate of about forty-five miles an hour.

We drew up at the police bureau. M. Roquier, without waiting to open the door, vaulted over the side of the car, and disappeared within the building. A second later he reappeared with yet another gendarme.

"This man," he said to me, "will take the wheel, if monsieur pleases. We have found the house to which the car has gone, and we shall go the quicker if the one who drives knows the way."

George gave up his position at the wheel at once, and sat down on the floor with his feet on the step. There were now eight passengers on the car, and we attracted considerable attention as we rolled back up the wide street of the famous town. Once clear of the main thoroughfare we turned to the left down a long road, lined at either side with chestnut trees. It was already dusk, and beneath the canopy of leaves it was almost dark. A turn to the left, and we were in a little lane. Here the driver stopped, and we all got out.

At a sign from M. Roquier, the four gendarmes fell into marching order; he himself led the way, accompanied by the man we had picked up at Versailles. Without a word we began to march at the double down the lane.

A long curve in the lane, and then suddenly from among the trees there came into view a small villa surrounded on every side by a high wall. We stopped for a moment, and M. Roquier and his guide held a muttered conversation for a few moments, then we marched on again more quickly. When we arrived at the villa, M. Roquier made his dispositions with the celerity of a general of cavalry. The four gendarmes were sent to scale the wall at the back, while the remainder of our party paid our attention to the front door.

It was a curious door, curious not only on account of the fact that it was the only opening on that side of the house, for there were no windows overlooking the lane, but curious in its structure. It was not one of those light flimsy doors, in keeping with the chalet-like appearance of the villa. An attempt had been made to give it an innocent appearance by painting it a sky-blue, but it needed no experienced eye to see that it was made of metal, and that that metal was in all probability steel. In the middle of the door there was a small grating, such as used at monasteries with a sliding panel that could be opened or closed by the gate-keeper inside.

In spite of my acute anxiety, I could not help admiring the calm sort of swagger—I can think of no other word which so accurately expresses his attitude—with which M. Roquier set about his duties. Stevenson has said that every great action is the better for a dash of purple, and even the somewhat sordid work of the policeman can be raised to a respectable level by the manner in which it is performed.

With a preparatory twist of his moustache, M. Roquier took a large jack-knife from his pocket, opened it, and forced the blade deeply into the wood of the sliding panel, close to the framework of the door. He motioned to the Versailles gendarme to hold it. Then he pressed the electric bell.

We could hear a tinkle from within the house. For a second or two there was silence. Then, as we listened, holding our breath, we distinctly heard footsteps softly and stealthily approaching the door. M. Roquier looked quickly at his comrade, and the man gripped the knife that held the panel more firmly; for the fraction of an inch the panel was moved. The man within was trying to catch a glimpse of us before answering our summons. The fact that he could not move the panel seemed to trouble him, for he went away, returning a few seconds later, so we gathered from a muttered conversation, with a companion.

We could distinguish no words, but it was clear from the efforts that were made to move the panel, that the persons inside were not a little troubled as to who we might be. M. Roquier rang again. There was another pause. Then we heard the sound of a well-oiled bolt shot back, and the door swung softly open to the distance of some ten degrees and there stuck. The persons inside had taken the precaution of keeping the chain fastened.

(To be Continued.)

COST OF GREAT ARMIES.

The net cost of the British Army, according to estimates for 1913-14, amounted to £28,220,000. The estimates for the Navy for 1913-14 were placed at £46,309,300.

The estimated military expenditure of the German Empire in the budget for 1912-13 amounted to £47,775,200, excluding expenditures on Colonial troops. The German naval estimates for 1912-13 amounted to £20,250,800.

The military budget of France for 1912 showed an estimated expenditure of £40,916,700 for the military establishment. The navy estimates for 1913 amounted to £18,400,000.

Italy during 1912 spent about £8,271,800 on her navy, and about £15,842,638 on her army.

The military budget of Russia, ordinary, and extraordinary, amounted in 1911 to £55,950,918. The Russian naval expenditure in 1913 amounted to £18,143,390.

The army estimates of Austro-Hungary for 1911 were £18,719,200, and for the navy £5,135,712.

The military expenditure of Japan for 1911-12 was about £13,000,000, and her naval estimates for 1912 amounted to £9,215,000.

KITCHEN WRINKLES.

Cleansing with mustard is said to remove the smell of fish from pots.

If a knife is placed under a tumbler or glass dish, boiling milk or water can be put in without breaking the glass.

Rusty-looking silk can be made clean and new-looking if sponged with the water in which potatoes have been boiled.

When boiling eggs, wet the shells thoroughly in cold water before dropping in the boiling water, and they will not crack.

After washing lamp-chimneys, try polishing them with dry salt. This gives the glass a brilliant shine and prevents it from cracking.

Fat or suet will keep sweet for a much longer time if separated from the skin, finely shredded, and mixed with flour. Keep in a dry, cool place.

A good way of stiffening the bristles of hair-brushes after washing is to dip them into a mixture of equal quantities of milk and water, and then dry before the fire.

To remove fruit-stains from tablecloths and serviettes, apply powdered starch to the stained parts, and leave for several hours till all the discoloration has been absorbed by the starch.

Always put scrubbing-brushes to dry with the bristles face downwards. This lengthens their lives considerably, as if dried the other way the water naturally soaks into the wood and rots the bristles.

To remove paper labels from old bottles easily, wet the face of the label with water and hold it for an instant over any convenient flame. The steam formed penetrates the label at once and softens the paste.

When cooking vegetables remember that all vegetables which grow above ground should be put into boiling water, and all which grow underground in cold water—with the exception of new potatoes.

Stains on blankets and other woollen goods may be removed by a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and yolk of egg. Spread the mixture over the stain, leave it half an hour, and then wash the article as usual.

When the lamp-wick is too large for the burner and does not turn up readily, drawing a few threads from the middle of the wick, instead of cutting down the sides, is more satisfactory, as it keeps the wick from ravelling.

To remove stains from knife-handles and also to keep the ivory from turning yellow, rub the handles well with a cut lemon; afterwards wash well in soap and water and dry immediately. This removes the stains and keeps the ivory a good color.

After washing oilcloth and linoleum, be sure to dry it properly. If left damp it will speedily rot, and finally become totally spoilt. It is a great mistake to use too much water for washing it. The cloth should merely be wrung and passed over the surface.

Mackintoshes, when dirty, can be easily cleaned at home. Spread out the garment flat on the table and scrub with warm water and yellow soap in which a little carbonate of ammonia has been dissolved. Rinse in cold water and hang in the air to dry. On no account put it near the fire.

Brown boots and shoes that are shabby-looking can be entirely renewed in appearance by being blackened. They should be rubbed well with a cloth and gone over with a little soap and water to remove as much of the old polish as possible. Then, while still somewhat wet, they should be painted with shoemaker's ink. Three coats of this should be applied, after which the boots should be blacked and polished.

ONE WHO PRACTISED.

A little girl was sent in a hurry for the doctor the other day, and when she reached the steps of the physician's house she found there a doctor of divinity, the pastor of the church which she attended.

"Well, my little girl," said the minister, who recognised the child, "what is the matter? Nothing serious, I hope."

"I don't know for sure," said the girl. "Only we can't find my tennis ball anywhere, and we think the baby has swallowed it."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the reverend gentleman, much amused. "And so you want the doctor. Well, I'm a doctor. Won't I do?"

The little girl eyed him for a moment in a brown study, as though the idea was new and might be good. "No," she said, at last, shaking her head with decision. "We want a doctor that practises, not one that preaches."

Sandy MacPherson and his wife were discussing his drinking habits, when she said to him:—

"Sandy, you know I never mind much when you get gentlemanly drunk, but only when you get so beastly drunk. Sandy, when you see you have all you want why don't you ask for lemonade or sarsaparilla?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Annie," said Sandy; "when I get all I want I can't say sarsaparilla."

BISMARCK, THE MAN OF BLOOD AND IRON.

What He Did for Germany.

The hand of Bismarck, the greatest statesman Germany ever produced, can be largely traced in the present war. One of the great aims of Bismarck's policy in the 'sixties and 'seventies was to secure his country against attack from without through alliances and political combinations. Curiously enough, it was the manner in which he engineered certain European alliances which led to this "man of blood and iron"—the phrase is based on the Iron Chancellor's own use of the words in a speech in 1862—being termed the "Peacemaker" of Europe; for while his foreign policy aimed principally at isolating France and rendering her incapable of forming anti-German alliances, he gradually combined the central Powers of Europe into a Peace League, the nucleus of which was the Austro-German Treaty of Alliance, which Italy joined in 1886.

So successful was he in counteracting the aggressiveness of Russia that the latter Power remained passive during the great Franco-Prussian War of 1870, when Alsace and Lorraine fell a prize to the Germans.

In spite, however, of what he did for the German Empire by bringing about many powerful domestic reforms which had the effect of consolidating the people and country, Bismarck was not altogether popular. As a statesman he was imperious, jealous, vindictive, and often unscrupulous.

The present Kaiser resented his masterful and independent ways, for Bismarck would brook no interference with his various schemes, and strongly resented his young Sovereign's keen interest in public affairs as an intrusion on his own domains. One one occasion, in an important matter of foreign policy, the Chancellor declined to inform his Sovereign of the steps he intended to take until they could no longer be undone, and it was subsequently known that he even withheld from the Emperor until just before his fall the real nature of the engagements he had secretly contracted with Russia.

It is now, of course, a matter of history how the Kaiser proved himself the more masterful of the two in the end, and determined to "drop the pilot"—to quote the words of the famous "Punch" cartoon—the man who made Germany what she is to-day.

The final and irreparable breach was caused by questions of foreign policy. Bismarck held in his hands all the tangled threads of European diplomacy, and he felt he could safely dare his youthful and inexperienced master to disentangle them without his assistance. The last words exchanged between the Chancellor and the Emperor were spoken in English. After a long and somewhat heated discussion, Bismarck rose and said in English, "Then I am in your way, sir?" The Emperor answered "Yes," and from that moment the old Chancellor knew that he was also doomed to learn and to teach the lesson that no man is indispensable.

Ultimately many efforts were made by the Kaiser to conciliate Bismarck, but failed to have any permanent effect upon the irascible ex-Chancellor, who, as one eminent writer has put it, refused to submit patiently to the honors of a "first-class funeral." Bismarck died on July 30, 1898.

BATHS OFTEN DO HARM.

It is a mistake to think that baths are always beneficial to one's health. Under certain conditions they do more harm than good, and should be avoided as much as possible. Baths are particularly dangerous for persons whose general physical condition is weak, as well as for those with a tendency to apoplexy or to fatty degeneration of the heart.

A cold bath in the morning is valuable if it is promptly followed by an even increase in the bodily temperature. When a cold bath is followed by the slightest chilliness it is proof that harm is being done.

The longer you stay in a warm bath the more depressing the effect. This may be overcome to a large extent by adding salt to the water.

If a stimulating effect is wanted, a hot bath should not last more than two minutes at the most, for as the temperature of the water is gradually lowered the bather will feel the effects of moist heat and will be as depressed as he is on a humid day in midsummer.

Sea bathing is highly stimulating, and is of great benefit to everybody who has sufficient vitality to react after the bath. The benefits of sea bathing are due not only to the coldness of the water, but also to the various minerals it contains. The effects are always much better when the bather knows how to swim. Science has discovered that salt-water bathing affects the nerve centres in a way that stimulates the activities of all the vital organs.

But, like all other forms of bathing, a dip in the ocean is not good for everybody. It is recommended for dyspeptics, sufferers from gout, and anaemic or diabetic persons. On the other hand, sea bathing should be avoided by consumptives, sufferers from rheumatism and heart disease, and by everybody who is in a greatly debilitated condition.

SWITZERS MUST WORK.

Switzerland is a country that has a short and easy method of dealing with the lazy man who is work-shy. The Swiss act upon the theory that a man who is unemployed is, if left to himself, prone to become unemployable, and that for a community to allow any one of its members who is capable of work to remain unemployed is a public waste. In industrial Switzerland there is no place for the idle. It is considered the duty of the authorities to assist in every way possible persons honestly seeking employment, and it is also held to be their duty to punish the work shirker and to force him to earn his bread before he may eat it. No toleration is shown to the loafer, begging is prohibited by law, and vagrancy is classified as a crime in the legal code of the Confederation.

In Switzerland a man may not deliberately join the army of the unemployed and remain indefinitely in the ranks without even making an effort to secure employment and in the interval be constantly deteriorating into an unemployable. There is no resorting to charitable institutions as hotels, no wandering about the country extorting alms from honest people while pretending to be in search of employment.

An unemployed person must make a serious effort to find work. If he does not the authorities will find it for him, and of a kind that may not be to his liking, and he is compelled to perform the work assigned to him. If he refuses he is placed in the workhouse, where military discipline is maintained and where every inmate is required to work to the full capacity of his strength, for which he receives as compensation his board and lodging, with wages ranging from three to ten cents per day. His stay in the institution depends upon his conduct, and during his forced employment the State make a profit on his labor, as most of the institutions of this character are so well managed that they are sources of income instead of expense to the cantons to which they belong.

"THANK HEAVEN, THERE IS NO NAPOLEON."

Mr. Bonar Law's Patriotic Speech.

"If you ask me what we are fighting for," said Mr. Bonar Law, "I reply that we are fighting for the honor and, what with the honor is bound up always, the interest of our nation. But we are fighting also for the whole basis of the civilisation for which we stand and for which Europe stands. I do not wish, any more than the Prime Minister, to inflame passion. I only ask the House to consider one aspect. Look at the way Belgium is being treated to-day. There is a report—if it is not true now it may be true to-morrow—that the city of Liege is invaded by German troops and that civilians, as in the days of the Middle Ages, are fighting for their hearths and homes against trained troops. How has that been brought about? In a state of war, war must be waged. But remember that this plan is not of to-day or of yesterday; that it has been long matured; that the Germans knew that they would have this to face; and that they were ready to take the course which they took the other day of saying to Belgium, 'Destroy your independence. Allow our troops to go through, or we will come down upon you with a might which it is impossible for you to resist.' If we had allowed that to be done, our position as one of the great nations of the world, and our honor as one of the nations of the world, would in my opinion have been gone for

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, 26TH OCTOBER.

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

The minutes of previous meeting and outgoing letters were read and confirmed.

Cr. Allchin apologised for the unavoidable absence of Cr. Howe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Hon. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., stating that he had presented to the Railway Department the council's request for an extra train on the new time-table.—Received.

From various insurance societies, re Workers' Compensation Act.—To be informed that the council was insured in the State office.

From the analyst, reporting that eight samples of milk forwarded complied with the standard.—Referred to the health officer.

From M. and M. Board of Works, stating that £2900 had been allotted for improving the pressure of water in Hotham and Dundas streets, South Preston, but the work could not possibly be put in hand before the end of the approaching summer.—Received.

From Mrs. F. Sheppard, hon. sec. Red Cross Society, asking for use of park on Saturday, 14th November, for holding carnival and bazaar.—Referred to the president.

From M. and M. Board of Works, intimating inability to recommend extension of water supply in Bailey avenue, Preston.—Received.

From F. T. Hickford intimating that he was again a candidate for representative on the Fire Brigades' board.—To be supported by the council.

From M. and M. Board of Works, forwarding guarantee documents in connection with extension of water supply to Agnes street, Preston.—Documents to be signed.

From E. E. O'Byrne, asking refund of rates overpaid.—Referred to the valuer.

From John Adams and Co., applying for slaughtering license.—Granted, subject to approval of the Board.

From Metropolitan Board of Works, stating that there would be no objection to electric light attachments being fixed to the Board's vent tubes.—Received.

From Railway Department, stating that the Commissioners could not see their way to incur the expense of removal of the pig siding at Bell station.

Cr. Stanlake moved that the Department be asked to reconsider its decision. The stench was, at times, very bad and a great many complaints were made about it.

Cr. Robertson seconded the motion, trusting that the council would not stop its efforts till this nuisance was abated. He pointed out that it might be possible to have the pig trucks shunted off at the brick siding, or the trucks might be run directly into the factory's ground.—The motion was carried.

From Public Works Department, intimating that Mr. J. V. M. Wood had been appointed to audit the shire books at a remuneration of £22.—Received.

From All Saints' Church, Preston, inviting the Preston council and officers to a festival service on Sunday evening, 1st November.—Councillors to attend.

From J. Goodfellow, applying for extension of electric light to property in Osborne grove.—Referred to electric light committee.

From W. T. Grant, asking when electric light extension would be made to premises in Dalgety street.—Referred to electric light committee.

From W. E. Cash, representative on the Queen's Memorial Hospital, re the proposal for receiving measles patients.—Referred to committee of the whole.

REPORTS.

The treasurer reported receipts from last meeting £269 16s 9d.

The inspector reported having impounded sixteen head of cattle, making a total for the last six months of 143. He had also sent in eight samples of milk, which all came up to the standard required by the act.

Cr. Warr, on behalf of the finance committee, recommended that accounts amounting to £77 11s 10d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

Cr. Crispe, chairman of public works committee, recommended accounts for payment, amounting to £332 8s 2d.—Adopted.

On behalf of the electric light committee, Cr. Robertson moved as follows:—

1. That no action be taken on M. Sabelberg's request for extension of electric light scheme to premises in Queen street.—Adopted

2. That F. Robbins' application be held over for fourteen days.

3. That S. Marsland's application be held over for the present.

4. That the city of Northcote's account, for extra works (electric light scheme), £25, be paid.—Carried.

Cr. Allchin, chairman of committee of the whole, recommended as follows:—

1. That this council does not think it wise to expect Queen's Memorial Hospital to take in measles cases.—Approved.

2. That J. Wilmoth and Sons be informed that no petition had been received by the council re Leamington Estate.—Carried.

3. That the council cannot see its way to increase the salary of the summoning officer.—Approved.

4. That the alignment of the Junction hotel property be agreed to.—Carried.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Crispe moved that the matter of renovating the shire hall be referred to the estimates.—Carried.

Cr. Allchin moved that a report be brought up by the quarry committee at next meeting.—Seconded by Cr. Stanlake and carried.

In reply to Cr. Crispe, the engineer stated that there were about thirteen men employed in connection with the quarry and the wages paid were about £32 per week. On an average about 225 yards of metal were broken, and 15 yards of screenings.

Cr. Robertson reported having attended the Municipal Conference.

The Preston shire suggestion to alter the date for the payment of rates to 30th March, had not been adopted.

Cr. Allchin strongly advocated purchase of a steam road roller, and moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole for consideration.—Carried.

Cr. Crispe moved that the committee of the whole go into the matter of Murray Road west. It was a wide road, and it might be advisable to plant the centre. There was money on the loan schedule for it.—Seconded by Cr. Robertson, and carried.

Cr. Allchin moved, in accordance with previous notice, that the motion on the minute-book, re new valuation for the year, be rescinded, and that the valuation for the year 1913 be adopted. Supplementary valuations to be made where necessary.

Seconded by Cr. Stanlake, and carried.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, 26TH OCTOBER.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Hayes, Dennis, Brown, Stott, and Redmond, J's.P.]

P. H. Mayer, for having groceries exposed for sale after 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, was fined 5/-, with 7/6 costs.

Fines of 10/- were inflicted on two passengers, for travelling in a first-class railway carriage on second-class tickets.

Two lads, Earnest Forty and Francis Barden, were committed for trial on a charge in relation to Ellen Ruth Burns, 15 years of age, the evidence disclosing a sad lack of morality on the part of all concerned.

Ladies in need of gloves, hosiery, costumes, blouses, hats, etc., for Tuesday will do well to visit Hattam's—"the store that satisfies." Open till 10 p.m. Monday. [Advt].

BAPTIST GATHERING.

A "IDEAL" EVENING.

An "ideal" evening was held in the Baptist church, High street, Northcote, on Wednesday, at the close of a ministerial session.

The word "ideal" means—well, something like the bunch of carrots tied to a donkey's nose to make him go ahead—something to strive after and never attain—therefore "ideal."

Is there a better definition of the word? There may be, but lots of things in this world are difficult to define. The choir found it so, evidently, for it opened with "Oh for a thousand tongues to tell." Its tuneful wishes were well voiced in "ideal" fashion, under the fairy baton Mr. M. Carter, and, latter, in the anthem "Sun of my Soul," sweet cadences rose and fell with light and shade in every line. It was fine.

The Rev. H. Estcourt Hughes, of Box Hill, was chairman of the meeting, and introduced the Rev. L. H. Fields, who spoke on

THE DOMESTIC IDEAL.

An ideal Christian home was a rarity. He proposed to give attention to two or three things that mar the Christian Ideal. As an illustration, he pointed to the love match of Jacob, who met Rachael at the well, loved her at first sight, kissed her, then lifted up his voice and wept. (Laughter.) He was not an impressionable young man either, being between sixty and eighty years of age at that time. The love of Jacob for his wife was a beautiful story, as recorded in the Scripture, but their first conversation after marriage was also recorded, when Jacob said, "Do you take me for God Almighty?" So, people, even when they loved, fell into the habit of snapping at one another, and using sharp words, under which circumstances, the gentle dove of peace soon took flight. Ill-balanced affection was one of the dangers to be avoided. The second was a surrender of position of the man. God made man the head of the house; the responsibility was on the father. As an example of surrender, he instanced the love story of Moses and Zipporah. The latter was not in sympathy with the worship of Jehovah, and Moses was in danger of God's displeasure until he asserted himself, and then that danger was averted. Another destructive agency was the erection of a wrong altar in the house. Gideon was instructed to throw down the altar of Baal and erect God's. Worldly-minded friends, in pursuit of pleasures, formed a Baal's altar. An altar of family worship was necessary in every home.

Mr. Watson sang the solo "Lord God of Abraham," in a finished manner.

THE CIVIC IDEAL.

The Rev. J. C. Martin, in the unavoidable absence of the Rev. J. W. Goble, affirmed that a Civic Ideal was the necessary complement to other ideals. Men gathered themselves into communities for protection, fulfilling the law that social betterment comes only through social service. Unless a high standard were aimed at, the clash of armaments and the triumph of brute force might stand as the perfection of civilisation. The existence of the liquor traffic was a serious menace to social life and should be grappled with. The Americans, seeing that the saloon was the most wasteful force in the community, had closed many of them. The men of a city must have a wide vision and a passionate love of righteousness if they would rightly upbuild civic ideals.

Anthem by the choir, "Hark, hark my Soul."

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAL.

The Rev. E. T. Ruth, Melbourne, said that the modern cruxifiction of Christ often came from the inside of the church, that church, which is His body, being broken to pieces by divisions of professing Christians. It was no wonder many people were perplexed by the religious differences. There were so many shibboleths, and the churches were so concerned about things that did not matter, that ideals were being lost. What he wanted to know was why the people were satisfied to have these barriers. The one church that Christ prayed for had within itself the healing of all differences. Although he was a Baptist by conviction, he regarded infant baptism as a prolific source of evil, but he also thought division in the churches was infinitely an greater one. He believed that the instant a man had Christ in his heart he was a member of the universal church. What a farce it was when people sang, "We are not divided, all one body we." They were divided, so much so, that the church could not tackle any problem, and while it was so they might as well try to mop up the ocean with a broom as to try and evangelise the world. There was no real virtue in mere denominationalism. The religious ideal was to be eclectic—to be complete in Christ. The "one" church was always ahead, in the far distance, and this fact was utterly wicked in view of the world's needs. Oh, the tragedy of it! the waste of it! Christ still prayed in the garden that the church might be one, and we refuse to be one. The burning message of the New Testament, was the one church—one for the individual—the city—the world. (Applause.)

The Rev. B. Hewison moved a vote of thanks to the speakers, chairman, choirs, and ladies of the church who assisted to make the meeting such a success.

MINISTERS' FRATERNAL.

The Baptist Ministers' Fraternal held the second day of their annual school of theology at Northcote on Wednesday last, in response to the invitation of the Northcote Baptist Church. About thirty ministers, belonging principally to the metropolitan area, were in attendance. Papers were read at the morning service by Rev. H. A. Horsfall (of Coburg) on "Christian Mysticism," and in the afternoon by the Rev. S. Beckingham (Canterbury) on "Revivals since the Reformation—a Critical Comparison." Mr. Beckingham, who is a comparatively recent arrival from Wales, supplied a great deal of interesting information concerning the famous Welsh revival under the leadership of Evan Roberts. Both papers were much appreciated and followed by vigorous and stimulating discussions. The ladies of the church entertained the visitors at luncheon and tea. Mrs. Smith acknowledging the thanks expressed by Revs. G. J. Mackay and W. O. Ward at midday, and Mrs. Hewison responding when Revs. P. J. Masters and J. R. McCue voiced the visitors' gratitude at the tea-table. Among the visitors at the social function were Rev. J. Adams (Methodist), Pastor A. G. Day (Church of Christ), and Capt. McIlveen (Salvation Army). The president of the Baptist Union (Mr. G. H. Doery) sent an apology for absence, and apologies were also received from a number of ministers of local churches who were prevented from attending. The Rev. J. Adams, in conveying fraternal greetings to the visitors, spoke most appreciatively of the presidential address delivered by Mr. Doery the week before, and of the action of the "Argus" in devoting a complimentary sub-leader to it. At the ten-table Pastor Day represented his brethren in wishing the Baptist fraternity prosperity and progress. The kindly invitation of the president of the Thornbury Bowling Club (Mr. H. Hattam) to visit and make use of the bowling green was appreciated by the visiting members, several of whom are ardent bowlers. Unfortunately an exceptionally full day's programme prevented acceptance of the invitation, but its kindliness was none the less welcome to the members of the Fraternal. A business meeting, wedged in between the morning and afternoon sessions, resulted in the Rev. F. Clemens, of Murrumbeena, being elected president of the Fraternal, in succession to the Rev. H. E. Hughes, of South Melbourne, who, in company with the re-elected secretary (Rev. G. P. Rees) was warmly thanked for valuable services rendered.

BOWLING.

A PENNANT.

Thornbury v. Glenhuntly, played at Thornbury.

THORNBURY, 95.

Robinson, Major, Hosking, Wright	31
Boyd, Smith, Hayes, Ingham ...	22
Sharp, Campbell, Murdon, Crowley	15
Pepper, Cogle, Doran, Bainbridge	27

GLENHUNTLY 89.

Hearle, Maxwell, Rider, Jamieson	20
Fricker, Sherlock, Monckton, Hardham	24
Dall, Carroll, Pelzer, Bell ...	27
Bremner, Wells, Steel, Jones ...	18

Northcote v. Camberwell, played at Camberwell.

CAMBERWELL, 122.

McCracken, Adams, Rooks, Chadwick	41
Westaway, Farmer, Cross, Jacobs	35
Alley, Spear, Champion, Short ...	36
Davies, Purvis, Roberts, Pullar ...	20

NORTHCOTE, 82.

Saunders, Bastings, Campbell, Plant	15
Bowden, Reed, Bailey, Bennell ...	20
Allen, Marsden, Scheiferdecker, Harrington	21
Reed, Taylor, Bailey, Mitchell ...	26

Preston v. Glenferrie, played at Preston.

PRESTON, 99.

Olney, Ross, White, A. S. Wilkinson	27
Pike, Robertson, Crispe, jun., Crisp	26
Broadhurst, Rowe, Paterson, Walker	28
Howe, Woods, Whiteoak, Arch Wilkinson	18

GLENFERRIE, 89.

Edmonston, Anderson, Wollard, Clarke	21
Martin, Austin, Swyer, Ashworth	20
Eakins, Robbins, G. Crocker, Morrison	22
H. Crocker, St. Ledger, Parlett, Love	26

B PENNANT.

Thornbury B v. City of Hawthorn, played at Hawthorn.

HAWTHORN, 115.

Parry, Plummer, Kroahn, McNaughton	25
Newbury, Sexton, Giles, Warren ...	24
Robins, Holder, Unkles, Nayler ...	36
Woodard, Wilson, Smith, Wilson ...	30

THORNBURY B, 79.

Goldsworthy, Healey, Hammet, Harmsworth	19
Lizard, Kelley, Webster, Dyte ...	17
Richards, Weate, Muir, Warren ...	17
Shaw, Greer, Bailey, Hattam ...	26

Preston B v. East Camberwell, played at Camberwell.

E. CAMBERWELL, 102.

Scott, Stafford, Martin, Lancaster	30
Gaylard, Benning, Whittington, Beckford	25
Swift, Read, Ewing, Tavener ...	25
James, Wheelan, Ewan, Courfield...	22

PRESTON, 82.

Zwar, Mitchell, Ham, McPherson ...	20
Bransgrove, Rojo, McDonald, Warr	18
Bricknell, Robinson, Hardess, Mutimer	23
Box, Lucas, Dale, Stanlake ...	21

The Thornbury A team in the B pennant sent three rinks to North Fitzroy to play a friendly game, as they had a bye.

N. FITZROY, 100.

O'Connell, Scheele, Fritsch, Baird	31
Gibbs, Smith, Scott, Capper ...	32
Lewis, Wood, Winness, Furzer ...	37

THORNBURY, 57.

Frencham, Donagan, Brown, McGregor	27
Williams, Ingram, Chapman, Rouvray	14
McDougall, Whittaker, King, Denny	16

In the A pennant Thornbury play Williamstown at Williamstown, and in the B pennant the A team will play Ivanhoe at Thornbury and the B team play Richmond Union at Richmond today.

Preston A play Aberfeldie at Preston; the B team play Melbourne at Windsor.

Entries for Thornbury night tournament close on 10th November.

ADVANCE PRESTON LEAGUE.

A meeting of the above newly-constituted body was held in the Preston library building on Wednesday evening to consider the report of committee appointed at a previous meeting to draw up a constitution for the formation of an association. Apologies were received for the non-attendance of Crs. J. P. Howe and C. H. Warr. Mr. E. Lewis was elected chairman, and called on the secretary (Mr. H. H. Olney) to read the draft rules drawn up by the committee, which, with some slight amendments, were adopted. It is provided that the league shall be of a strictly non-partisan character, and political and religious discussions are prohibited. All ratepayers and adult residents to be eligible for membership. The main object will be to work in conjunction with the council for the general advancement of the district, and the beautification of the local parks. Membership fee, 2/- annually. The executive committee to consist of a president, two vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, and six members, two of the latter to be appointed by the council. Power was also given to arrange entertainments and otherwise raise funds, the profits from which were to be handed to the council to carry out work approved by the League. It was decided to hold a meeting on Thursday, November 10, to elect officers, details in reference to calling same being left in the secretary's hands. Votes of thanks to the chairman and secretary brought the meeting to a close.

Pender's Grove Association.

The half-yearly meeting was held at the hall on Wednesday last, Mr. G. A. Schultz presiding over a large attendance. It was decided to delete the office of the two vice-presidents. The report and balance-sheet was read and adopted. This showed that the Association had improved its status both financially and numerically during the past half-year, and, judging from the progress made, the liability on the hall will soon be liquidated. The hall committee will then be in a position to extend the building and provide room for the ever-increasing attendances at functions, &c. The election of officers for the ensuing term was proceeded with, and those elected were installed by the retiring president, Mr. Schultz. The latter was highly eulogised for the manner in which he had conducted the meetings. Mr. Birchall is the president for the ensuing term. Members were urged to attend the hall on Saturday evening, and also were requested not to forget the "return night" to the ladies on Monday next (Cup Eve). A good programme has been arranged, and an enjoyable entertainment may be anticipated. Musical items by Mr. Bell and the Pender's Grove Glee Party brought the meeting to a close.

Star of Northcote Tent I.O.R.

There was a large attendance of members at the usual meeting of the tent held on the 22nd inst., the C.R. (Bro. J. Angus) in the chair. Two new members were initiated. The Zion Hill tent, Heidelberg, wrote appealing for help for the wife and family of the late Bro. W. Barkway. The matter was left in the hands of a committee to devise a scheme for raising money to assist same. Bro. Gibson reported that the debate team (Bros. Gibson and Perrin) had debated against Carnegie and had come out victors, and were still undefected. Bro. Shattell also reported favorably regarding the rifle team competing in the Collingwood Friendly Societies miniature rifle competition, they not having yet suffered defeat. At the conclusion of business the games teams played Fitzroy bowls and shooting, and the home team came out winners in both games, bowls by 4 points and shooting by 12 points. Next Thursday night Northcote play Carlton bowls, shooting and quoits.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. S. MELBOURNE.

FIRST ELEVENS.

This match was resumed last Saturday, when South Melbourne, with 9 wickets down for 272, carried the total to 302, and then declared the innings closed, Giller 24 not out batted nicely.

Northcote commenced batting at twenty minutes to 3, and batting carefully lost 6 wickets for 177, and the match was drawn. Spicer's wicket fell cheaply, but F. Yeomans and Chesswas batted resolutely against some good bowling, and added 97 runs before Chesswas was caught by Giller off Purvis for a patient and well-made 50. Brown made 14 quickly before being caught by a sub off Kenny. Yeomans was the next to go, being caught at the wicket through a mishit off Kenny. The retiring batsman had batted for two hours for 58, made faultlessly. Vernon was bowled by Kyle for 1, and then Lugton, who was batting nicely, was caught in the slips off Anderson for 25. C. Begg 16 not out and Billings 1 not out played out time. Kyle bowled well, his figures being—18 overs, 10 maidens, 26 runs, 2 wickets. Scores—

South Melbourne, 9 for 302, innings closed

NORTHCOTE.

G. Chesswas, c Gillber, b Purvis ...	50
G. Spicer, c Kenny, b Kyle ...	6
F. Yeomans, c Crereton, b Kenny...	58
N. Brown, c Osborne (sub.), b Kenny	14
F. Lugton, c Osborne, b Anderson	25
R. Vernon, b Kyle	1
C. Begg, not out	16
S. Billings, not out	1
Sundries	6
Total for 6 wickets ...	177

Bowling—Saunders 0 for 15, Kyle 2 for 26, Woodbury 0 for 8, Giller 0 for 20, Anderson 1 for 32, Kenny 2 for 41, Purvis 1 for 23.

SECOND ELEVENS.

Northcote carried their score of 8 for 302 to 333 before the last wicket fell. Cody carried out his bat for 68, made in excellent style, while Plant got 11. Fransden was well caught by Wilkinson off the fourth ball bowled by Ahern, and Lockyer was run out through a smart piece of fielding by Gibaud. Two for 16. Sykes and Smith then took the score to 77 before Trinnick took a nice catch in the outfield off Wilkinson, which disposed of Sykes, who made 38. The next two batsmen failed to score, as End was bowled by Plant and Kenny was run out through some smart work by Wilkinson. Facey scored 4 and was then bowled by Plant, and then Wilkinson bowled Smith for 36. Day was the next to go, being caught by Richardson off Plant, and the last two wickets were secured by Ahern, the side being dismissed for 134. This was a fine achievement for the Northcote bowlers, as South Melbourne have an exceptionally strong batting side, and the wicket was perfect. Ahern 3 for 19, Plant 3 for 24, and Wilkinson 2 for 16 bowled well. South, who were 199 runs behind on the first innings, followed on and lost 2 wickets for 40, when time was called. Gibaud 1 for 11, Richardson 1 for 21. Northcote won by 199 on the first innings.

Northcote play Essendon to-day, the first elevens at Northcote, and the second elevens at Essendon. Teams—First eleven—Bailey, Begg, Billings, Brown, Chesswas, Lugton, Plant, Spicer, Vernon, Yeomans (2). Second eleven—Ahern, Cody, Daley, Friend, Gibaud, James, Richardson, Studley, Shewan, Trinnick, Wilkinson.

CLUB ELEVEN.

The club eleven played a match against the Ascot Vale Presbyterians at Ascot Vale last Saturday. Northcote won the toss and decided to bat on a good wicket, of which they made very little use, losing at the call of time 8 wickets for 69 runs. Hamilton 27 was top scorer and Summers 10 being the only other to get double figures. Ascot Vale were all disposed for 71 runs, Gus Trott 3 for 11, Sherry 3 for 80, Curtis 1 for 5, secured the wickets for Northcote. The game was drawn.

Northcote play Bayswater to-day at Bayswater. Players and their friends who intend to make the trip are requested to catch the 1.55 Ferntree Gully train from Flinders steeet station.

FIRST GRADE JUNIOR ASSOCIATION.

Preston v. Fitzroy Footballers, played at Merri Park. At the drawing of stumps the previous Saturday the scores were—Footballers, 102; Preston, 7 for 126. Howes and Meheran resumed batting, and brought the score to 148, when Mehegan was run out for 15. Blundell and Boyle failed to score, and the innings closed for 151, Howes getting 16 not out. The Footballers second innings opened sensationally, Harrison hitting 15 off the first over and scoring 31 out of 32 runs, when he was bowled by Blundell, McLennan 19, Flegg 11, and the total reached 99. Boyle, a left-hander, bowled well for Preston, taking 5 for 30, and Mehegan got 1 for 10. Requiring 51 runs to win, Preston started their second innings, and made the runs with the loss of three wickets, thus winning by 7 wickets. Westmoreland 17 and F. Bullough 16 not out batted well.

To-day Preston play North Melbourne District on the Preston oval, starting at 2.45 p.m.

Clifton Hill A.N.A. 410 (J. Greenwood 140, Newbound 115, Thompson 43 not out) v. Middle Park 97. A.N.A. won by 313 runs.

Clifton Hill A.N.A. play West Hawthorn at Croxton reserve to-day.

SECOND GRADE JUNIOR ASSOCIATION.

Preston second eleven v. Collingwood United.—This match was concluded last Saturday on the Preston oval, the locals winning by an innings and 25 runs. Scores—United, 72 and 87 (J. Hedigan 12 for 60); Preston, 184 (G. Peers 62, E. Nankervis 36, E. Schwaebsch 27, J. Cooper 16, W. Newbound 14).

This afternoon the Preston second eleven play Collingwood Footballers at Mayor's park, opposite Clifton Hill station, starting at 2.45.

I.O.R. competition.—Northcote v. Melbourne. This match resulted in a win for Northcote by an innings and 68 runs. Scores—Northcote, 128 (Jacobs 52, McClure 22, Harris 11); Melbourne, 16 and 46 (Angus 5 for 10, Clarke 3 for 4, McClure 2 for 12, Jacobs 2 for 11). To-day Northcote play Fitzroy at the east ward park, commencing at 2.45.

P.A.F.S. competition.—Northcote, nine for 172 (Fontaine 71, Brown 41, Disher 20, Meyer 12) v. Glenhill 41 and 31 (Disher eight for 19, Crellin eight for 30, Whiteoak two for 5).

U.A.O.D. competition.—Gwalia play Middle Park at Fitzroy racecourse today.

Presbyterian association.—Northcote 138 and 2 for 52 (J. Thomson 42, Richardson 23, Shands 12 and 17 not out, Piggott 20, E. Walker 19, Hayes 11 and 14, C. Walker 10) defeated North Carlton 117 and 8 for 90, innings declared closed (Piggott 5 for 46, W. Thomson 5 for 38, Richardson 4 for 19, Teasdale 2 for 22) by 21 on the first innings. To-day they play East Brunswick. Players catch 2.15 train at Merri for Royal Park. Preston and Thornbury 160 and 88 (A. Boyd 56 not out, S. Boyd 50 and 44, Henkel 16 and 8 not out) v. East Brunswick 184 and 9 for 55 (S. Boyd 11 for 68, Watt 6 for 35). To-day they play Carlton at Princes Oval.

Northcote Presbyterian Juniors defeated Glengyles last Saturday by 50 runs. Scores—Northcote 38 and 64 (Ferguson 25 not out and 11, Esbry 10 and 21, Peters 24); Glengyles 51 and 41 (Pavitt 9 for 7, Ferguson 8 for 11, Pullyblank 4 for 18, Leitch 1 for 0).

St. George's Road Methodists defeated North Melbourne by an innings. Scores—North Melbourne, 43 and 117; St. George's Rd., 166. St. George's Road and East Brunswick play on the former's ground to-day.

High Street Methodists 65 and 85 (Anthony 19 and 18, Calder 16, Dimmick 11 not out) v. Spensley Street 66 and 96 (Anthony 6 for 21.) Northcote are requested to meet at corner of Gatehouse street and Sydney road to-day.

CYCLING.

The fifteenth annual "Moa" road race will be run to-day, starting from Preston Reservoir at 3 p.m. The following are the handicaps:—

2 min.—T. Griffiths, J. Cornell.
3 min.—J. Convy, A. Murphy, P. Gaynor.
4 min.—T. Murphy, S. Bouchier, J. Clay, — McGrath.
5 min.—N. Alexander, T. Chesswas, N. Bagley, A. Wallis, — Stewart, S. Knight, E. White, J. Slattery.
6 min.—W. Wallis, S. Convy, A. Bruckon, T. D. Smith, S. Sterry, G. Anderson.
7 min.—D. McGillivray, F. Waterson, — Swift, L. Sheppard, G. Tonkins, F. Carnell, W. Gaynor.
8 min.—H. Maker, J. Cain, O. Ayton, E. Sampson, M. Olney, — Hamilton, A. Morrison, G. Smith, W. Henderson, — McMillan, — Sleswick.
9 min.—T. Thake, C. Eagles, L. Spratling, D. Reid, W. Blake, E. Polglase, D. Grant, H. Knight, S. Wallis, — Beecroft.

Preston Troop Boy Scouts.

Last Saturday sixty members of the troop mustered for games and swimming afterwards having tea outdoors. On Cup Day the troop will journey to Hurstbridge. Next Thursday night the bazaar committee will meet, and a full attendance is desired. The troop committee room has now been commenced by S.P.L. Doutch. Last Thursday 33 members of the troop attended a concert in the St. George's road Methodist church and rendered 8 items.

Local Government

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

TENDERS will be received up till 4 p.m. on Monday, 2nd November, for the following Contracts:—

No. 18.—Supply of Bare Copper Wire.
No. 19.—Supply of Rubber-Covered Copper Wire.
No. 20.—Supply of Insulators.
No. 21.—Electric Light Meters.

All materials to be of Colonial or British manufacture.

No. 54—Construction of Ethel Street, Northcote.
No. 55.—Supplying and Laying Water Pipes to Merri Park, Northcote.

Specifications may be seen at this office.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. G. SWIFT, Town Clerk.

Municipal Offices, Northcote, 20th October, 1914.

CITY OF NORTHCOTE.

NUMBERING HOUSES.

The Ratepayers are hereby requested to note that the Council's numbering officer is Mr. A. T. Hatton and no one else has any authority to sell or affix numbers on houses within the City. An official receipt must be issued for each number sold and fixed, and the above official is the only one authorised to do such work.

It is further notified that the number approved by the Council is a white enamel plate with black numbers.

W. G. SWIFT, Town Clerk.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

EXTRAORDINARY ELECTION OF A COUNCILLOR FOR THE CENTRAL RIDING.

Notice is hereby given that an Extraordinary Election for the Central Riding of the Shire of Preston will be held on Thursday, 19th November, 1914, to fill the Vacancy caused by Ex-Councillor W. Braithwaite, J.P., failing to make and subscribe, within the time appointed, the necessary declaration under the Local Government Act 1903.

Every Candidate at such Election must be nominated at the office of the Council, Preston, between 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on or before the nomination day, viz., Thursday, 5th day of November, 1914, by the delivery to me or to the deputy returning officer, Mr. A. Dean, Shire Secretary, of a nomination paper in accordance with the provisions of the Local Government Act 1903.

C. BRICKNELL, President.

Shire Hall, Preston, 30th October, 1914.

Board and Residence

VACANCIES for Young Men Boarders. 5 Arthur St., Preston.

WANTED Board and Residence, North Preston, for married couple. State terms. C.F., Post Office, Clifton Hill.

WANTED respectable Working Men to board; near train and tram. "Eileen," Railway Place, S. Preston.

TWO Young Men share room; private; minute tram, train. 41 Station Avenue, Northcote.

Wanted to Sell

HORSE, black, staunch, any trial, cheap. 248 Plenty Rd., Preston.

Lost and Found

STRAYED into Paddock, Park Brown Pony Mare, like Collieer shoulder. Information, 17 Keon St., Thornbury Park.

Wanted to Buy

BAGS and Sacks of all descriptions. City prices given. Post cards attended. A. Rogers, 4 Mitchell Street, Northcote (next Reid's Grocer).

Stott & Bastings

Oldest-Established

Auctioneer,
Estate Agents,
Sworn Valuer,
Insurance Agents.

PROPERTIES LET AND SOLD.

RENTS COLLECTED.

LIST OF PROPERTIES ON EASY TERMS AT OFFICE:

203 High St., Northcote

Branches:
HIGH ST., UPPER NORTHCOTE (Corner Normanby Avenue).
STATION STREET, FAIRFIELD.
HIGH ST., PRESTON, corner Garnet St. (opp. Bell Station).

Phone: Central 1976.

The Best Medium for Real Estate in Northern Suburbs

Amusements

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

Matinees Saturdays and Holidays.

MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2.30.

TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT.
A Sterling Programme.
SEE THE WAR PICTURES.
WIRELESS FROM THE WAR.
The Germans Entering Brussels
And
OUR OVERSEAS TROOPS.
A Glorious Parade of the Indian Contingent.

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.
Monday, 2nd November.
Three Nights Only.
THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.
Sir Walter Scott's Immortal Masterpiece visualised in a Masterly Film Play, entitled
A WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.
A WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.
Also
THE LATEST WAR PICTURES.

The Race for the Melbourne Cup will be shown
CUP NIGHT
And ALL THE WEEK.

THURSDAY, 5th NOVEMBER.
Three Nights and Matinee.
A "Pathe" Drama Sensation,
THE SILENT MESSENGER.
Also
Two "Keystone" Comedies,
FATTY'S FINISH
And
THOSE HAPPY DAYS.

SPECIAL MATINEE CUP DAY.

CROXTON PARK CONCERTS.
CROXTON PARK CONCERTS.
TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT.

GRAND
VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINMENT
VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINMENT
15 STAR ARTISTS
15 STAR ARTISTS
Headed by
JESSIE & DOLLY MILLER,
The World's Greatest Musical Marvels.
MISS NELLE McQUIRE,
Motto Balladist.
ARTHUR DOUGLAS,
Australia's Greatest Scotch Comedian, introducing latest Scotch Songs.
MISS VIVIE POWERS,
Dainty Soubrette.
RISDEN & SHAPIR,
Melbourne's Favorite Patter Comedians and Vocalists.
MISS ROSALIE DODDS,
Coon Singer and Buck Dancer.
GEORGE WALTON,
Everybody's Favorite Comedian.
MISS OLGA SCARFFE,
Male Impersonator and Dancer.
ROGER QUINTETTE,
Continental Acrobats, Balancers, and Equilibrists.
JAMES DODD, Pianist.
The Northcote Brass Band will play before the Entertainment and during the interval.

Popular Prices: Adults 6d, Children 3d.
A. HOTTON, Local Representative.
PERCY FOSTER, Manager.

LYRIC OPEN-AIR THEATRE, High St., Northcote, TO-NIGHT at 8. Another Brilliant Programme of Star Artists and Pictures. All New Faces, Songs, &c., and Truman's Performing Dogs. Great Show.
H. W. BALHARRY, Manager.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

THE NORTHCOTE CITY CARNIVAL
THE NORTHCOTE CITY CARNIVAL
in aid of Building Fund
Will be opened by His Grace
ARCHBISHOP MANNIX
In the Town Hall, Northcote, on Saturday, 31st October, at 3.30 p.m., and continued for a fortnight.

Art Union drawn Saturday night, 14th November (last night).
J. McCLOSKEY
M. J. HARTNETT } Hon. Secs.
H. J. WHITLEY

WHITTLESEA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL SHOW,
ANNUAL SHOW,
THURSDAY, 12th NOVEMBER.

Attractive Programme of Events. Hunters', High Jumpers', Trotting Competitions.
An Ideal Spot for a Day's Outing. Brass Band in attendance. Public Luncheon.
Water Laid On to the Ground.
Good Train Service.
Entries Close Thursday, 5th Nov.
J. E. STEER, Secretary.

Election Notices

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

J. G. MEMBREY will meet his Northcote Friends and Supporters TO-NIGHT in the Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, at 8 o'clock. All his supporters are requested to be present. Special invitation to the Ladies.
E. C. YEOMANS, General Secretary.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

J. G. MEMBREY will meet his Preston Friends and Supporters on Wednesday Evening next, 4th November, at 8 o'clock. Rally up. In Library Hall.
JOHN LANG, Hon. Secretary Preston Committee.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

FRANK MORGAN, Selected Labor Candidate, will Address the Electors at the Shire Hall, Preston, on Wednesday, 4th November. Roll Up.

WEST WARD ELECTION.

I wish to sincerely thank the Ratepayers and the Northern Tramway Extension League for electing me unopposed as representative in the Northcote City Council.
Yours truly,
H. R. SMITH.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

CENTRAL RIDING EXTRAORDINARY ELECTION.

TO THE RATEPAYERS.

Ex-Cr. WILLIAM BRAITHWAITE desires to notify the Ratepayers of the Central Riding that owing to the War in Europe his return to Preston was unduly delayed, and his seat in the Council thereby became vacant.

He therefore takes this opportunity of thanking you for the confidence reposed in him during his absence in England, and of announcing that he will again be a Candidate at the forthcoming Extraordinary Election, when he hopes for a continuance of your confidence and support.

Meetings

NORTHERN TRAMWAY EXTENSION LEAGUE.

A Meeting will be held on Thursday, 12th November, at the Albion Hotel. Members are requested to attend the Meeting of the City Council on Monday next, when a Tramway Report will probably be brought forward by the sub-committee for consideration.
W. H. SMITH, Secretary.

Land for Sale

LYONVILLE ESTATE, PRESTON.
First Subdivision of the Property of the late Jas. Ryan.
132—ALLOTMENTS—132
Grand Frontages.
Noble Depths to Wood Street and Murray Road.
Within one minute's walk of the Plenty Road Proposed Electric Tram.
SPECIAL TERMS: Small Deposit. No Interest.

WHEELS ACROSS SIBERIA.

No. 4.—LAST STAGES.
By Will W. Rock.

Nine days ago the International train left Vladivostock. To-morrow we reach Moscow. The railway line stretches to the horizon behind; it meets the skyline ahead. The train is like some writhing insect crawling across a continent. Nine days and nights of travelling on a steel trail six thousand miles in length, and thus far not a hitch in the scheme of things. According to the figures on the verst posts, we should reach the big city at 10 o'clock in the morning (three versts being, roughly, equal to two miles).

It has been a long trip—the longest railway journey in the world. As it is the summer season the journey has been somewhat dusty. There are forty passengers on board, and I think every one of them will be glad to leave the train, if only for a day. A picture arises in my mind of forty people taking forty hot baths in various Moscow hotels to-morrow morning, for and because of which the said hotels shall be enriched to the extent of forty roubles.

Our train is suffering from a disease which might be termed not "engina pectoris," but "engina mutatis." We are constantly changing engines, evidently with a view to saving time. In the early stages of the journey, the locomotives carried wood for fuel. When the supply ran short a new locomotive, piled high with pine blocks, took the place of the old one. Then, for a time the tenders were loaded with coal. Now we are being drawn by a huge machine burning oil fuel.

Active emigration policy, encouraged and fostered by the Government, is beginning to leave its mark upon this great silent land. Frequently, at a stopping place, we meet an emigrant train—a long string of third and fourth class carriages with tousled heads and stolid faces at the windows. A dirtier, duller lump of humanity than the Russian moujik (peasant) it would be hard to find. His hair is matted, his stolid face covered with a rank growth of tangled whisker, in which the dust of years has accumulated. His red shirt, worn outside the trousers, is usually filthy. From his greasy sheepskin hat to his heavy Blucher boots, he stands for a type of the Great Unwashed. The women folk are not much better. Their features are coarse and heavy, though here and there one sees an intelligent face half-hidden by a gaudy patchwork shawl.

We are constantly passing trainloads of these poor unfortunates emigrating from the crowded slums of Russian cities to the little-known land of Siberia, hoping for better opportunities, yet lacking the energy to grasp them. Very tired and worn most of them looked after days spent in hard uncomfortable carriages. Sometimes the people were herded together on the door of a covered van, bearing a strange legend in Russian, which, when interpreted, read: "To carry 12 horses or 40 people." When one of these emigrant trains stop, the moujiks tumble out and rush to samovars and cauldrons on the platform, which are always filled with boiling water; then follows the meagre repast of rye bread and scalding hot tea.

The trans-Siberian line is something more than a means of transit. It is Russia's only path to the Pacific, and she is guarding it well. Along the whole of the route, at every verst post is a cabin built of rough logs. In each of these cabins is a peasant, and sometimes his wife and family. As the train passes, the peasant or his wife stands at one side and signals the way clear with a small green flag. After the train has passed the signaller steps to the middle of the track and continues to hold the flag at arm's length until the rear coach is out of sight. It is said that you are never out of sight of these small green flags—they stretch from Moscow to the Pacific.

Russian cities have no special name for beauty, but the towns and villages of Siberia can certainly claim the last word in ugliness. The houses are of roughly hewn logs, unpainted and badly shaped. The yards are full of slush, and it was patent from the train that the pigs had free access to the house. There is apparently no attempt at street making. A vehicle of any description raises a whirlwind of dust, and it is easy to imagine what the condition would be in winter. In such a setting, the lofty church, with its green painted walls and white minarets stands out in striking contrast, completely dominating the town.

In the larger towns the arrival of the International express is an event of great importance. It proves a popular diversion, and the low platform is thronged, especially if it be in the evening, with the young life of the town. Uniformed young bloods parade up and down with the girls of their fancy. Huge, fair-haired blue-eyed yokels, who have never been fifty miles away from the place, stare with wondering eyes at the passengers. The little Japanese maid who has travelled from Vladivostock with a wealthy American and his family creates quite a sensation in her blue kimona and wooden slippers. Eyes and mouths opened wide in wonderment at her. Many of the inhabitants of these towns are the descendants of convicts, with whom the big prisons some miles back from the railway are still full. And the sullen, cowed faces of some of the older men tell a sad tale of suffering and privation.

The Russian moujik does not make a good farmer. He is indolent and sadly lacking in energy. He won't work to-day because it is a holiday, the next day is Friday, and everybody knows it is unlucky to begin anything on Friday. Then comes Saturday, and it is hardly worth while starting the job, for the next day is Sunday. By Monday, perhaps, the crop is beaten flat by the wind, and he loses half of it.

Notwithstanding its many handicaps, Siberia is progressing. One can see abundant evidence of the fact as he passes through the country. Great stretches of land spreading further and further back from the railway are being cultivated. Mines are being developed, forests are being drained of their wealth. Along the line the Government is setting the peasantry a good example in the erection of fine wooden dwellings, neatly painted, of spic-and-span appearance, surrounded by groves of birch trees, for its employees. In short, Siberia is shaking herself. The country is waking up, and the thing that has performed this miracle is the trans-continental railway.

Yesterday afternoon we left the steppes, and climbed slowly through forest-covered hills. By many grades and deviations we crossed the Ural Mountains, and slipped from Asia into Europe. Set in a clump of birches in a gap between two hills is a stone obelisk with the word "Asia" on one side, and "Europe" on the other. It marks the boundary line between the continents.

This morning we woke amongst the wheat. All day we have been running through it, hundreds of miles of golden grain, most of it lying in stooks. The crops are not fenced as we see them in Australia, but sweep in vast stretches to the horizon. Everything in this immense country sweeps to the horizon. When it doesn't sweep, it rolls.

Now, we are running alongside the mighty Volga. Five minutes ago, we crossed it on a great bridge, one of the biggest engineering feats of the line. One such river running through the heart of Australia would change the history of the country. There are large steamers riding on its waters. Within my line of vision a tug is towing a huge raft of logs, in size equal to a small paddock.

To-morrow we shall lunch in Moscow. It seems scarcely credible that in less than ten days we have completed a journey which in former years took weary squads of prisoners, trudging slowly over the steppes, some two years to accomplish. In another 48 hours I shall have finished my trip. My route lies via Warsaw, Berlin, Hook of Holland and Harwich, thence through the green fields of old England, to that city—the Mecca of all tourists—which has been the beginning and the ending of so many journeys.

THE LATE POPE A FRIEND OF THE JEWS.

[BY M. A. RAPKEN, SAN FRANCISCO (late of Northcote.)]

Pope Pius X, when he was Patriarch of Venice, had many friends among the Jews of that city. And despite the objections of his entourage at the Vatican he insisted in keeping them as friends and admitting them to audience. Just before the election of 1909, talking to some Venetian friends, he said: "The only thing I care about is the fate of Romainin Jacur, my old friend. He does honor to the Jews, he's a great gentleman and a fine man. I wish all the Christians were like that Jew."

When Pius X w s Bishop of Mantua Leo XIII asked him, "Tell me, Monsignor, the best Catholics at Mantua, those who give most to charities and social works; are they the aristocrats or the common people?"

"Holiness," replied Sarto, "the best Catholics in Mantua are the Jews."

The Pope in 1906 sent a pastoral letter to the Catholic clergy and laity of certain Roman churches existing in Russia, warning them against countenancing in any way the outrages on the Jews. At that time there was some talk as to why the Pope interested himself in the Jews. But it was soon explained that the Holy Father numbered among his staunch friends some of the richest Jews in Europe, and that it was a friendly feeling for the race that prompted him to send the warning to any Russians of his own faith.

I believe that the teachings of His Holiness went as far as Northcote. At my first election to the town council (at that time being the only Jew) not only every other denomination contributed to success of my nomination, but especially Father Brazil, who not only showed his friendly feeling towards me at all times, but secured an audience for me with Archbishop Carr. Before I left for the United States, Archbishop Carr gave me a most beautiful letter, with his blessings, and with his seal, which I treasure most highly.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

SMARTING PAIN AND INFLAMMATION—ZAM-BUK CURES MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

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"One day, whilst we were living up at Newcastle," says Mrs. McDonald, "I was on with the cooking, when by some means a big dish of fat caught fire on the stove. The sudden sheet of flame so alarmed me that I upset the scalding liquid all over my arms. My dress caught fire, and my skin and flesh got fearfully burnt. In parts, where the sinews were drawn up, my arms presented a sickening appearance.

"Though I tried remedy after remedy my fearful injuries went unhealed for six months. Then I happened to get a pot of Zam-Buk, and the ease it brought was remarkable. Zam-Buk soothed away the pain and irritation, and drew all the fiery feeling out of the wounds. As I persevered with Zam-Buk the inflammation was thoroughly got rid of, the distorted sinews relaxed, and all swelling went down. Finally Zam-Buk caused the raw flesh to heal over splendidly."

Miss Beatrice McDonald, describing her own case, said:—"When a child of ten I was helping to iron out the clothes when I fell off a chair. In putting my hand out to break the fall I got it burnt against the stove, and then before I could recover one of the red hot bars came into contact with my chin and throat.

"Though the burnt places were greatly inflamed, the very first dressings of Zam-Buk allayed all fiery pain, and in a little while caused all my injuries to heal up nicely. Zam-Buk effected a cure that was a little short of wonderful."

Zam-Buk is excellent for eczema, pimples, sore hands, burns, ulcers, scalds, piles, poisoned and festering sores, ringworm, scalp diseases, cuts, sprains, etc. 1/6 and 3/6 per pot of all chemists and stores.

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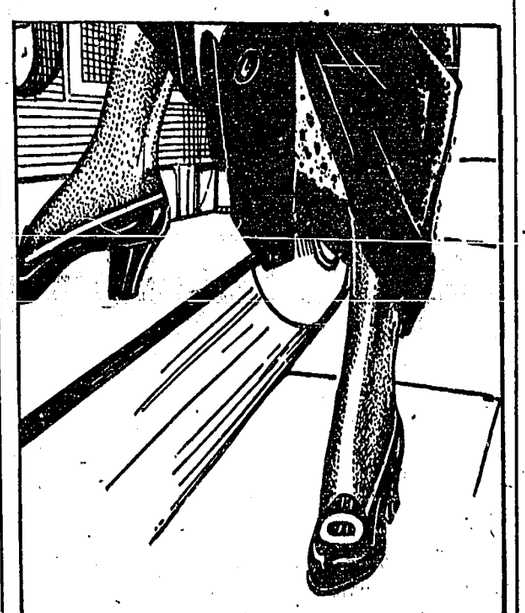

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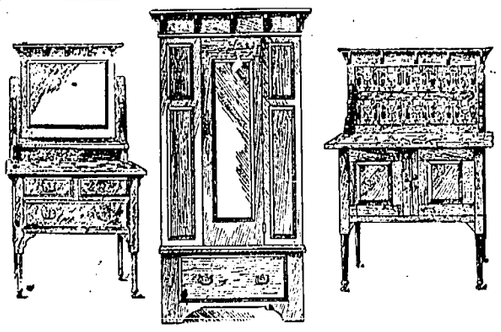

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