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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1915

Printed and published by the Proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 595 High Street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.

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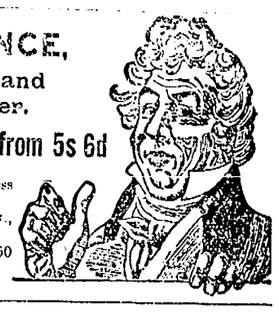

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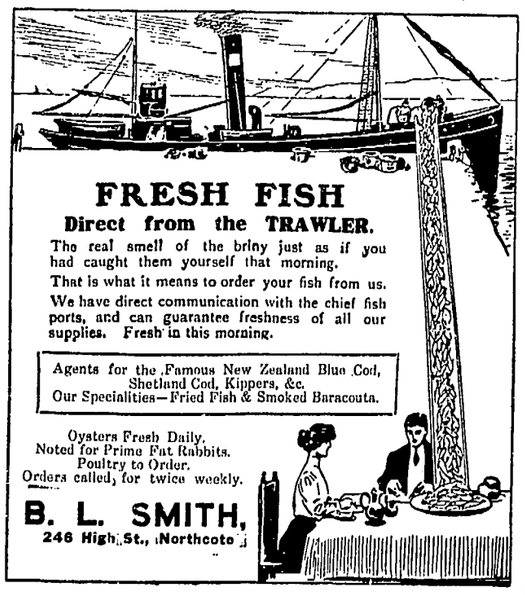

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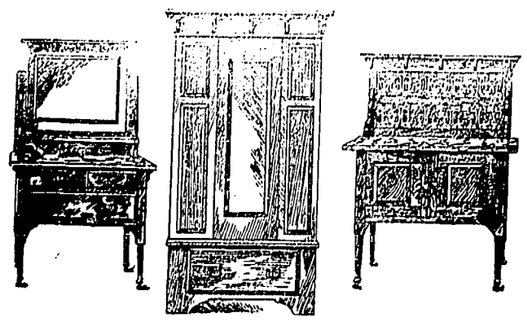

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Best brands of Smokers' Requisites in stock.
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Sunday Services:
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7 p.m., Evening Prayer. "The Book of John the Baptist."
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Minister: Rev. R. W. ROSS.
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7 p.m., "The Value of Conviction."

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All Welcome. Seats Free.

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Sunday Services:
Preston, 11 a.m., Rev. R. KELLY.
7 p.m., Rev. J. ADAMS.
High Street, 11 a.m., Rev. J. ADAMS.
7 p.m., Mr. R. BROOM.
PRINCE OF WALES' PARK.
11 a.m., Mr. WM. HOOD.
7 p.m., Rev. J. MCILROY.
NORTH PRESTON.
11 a.m., Rev. J. MCILROY.
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All seats free. Strangers warmly welcomed.

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A. S. WILKINSON, Private address—"Fernleigh," King William Street, Preston. Tel., Northcote 623M.

HARRY A. NORRIS, Public Accountant and Auditor, Financial Agent, Estate Agent, and Land Valuer, 2nd Floor, Bank of Australasia Chambers, 367 High Street, where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

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MR. ALEX. G. DE LACY DENTIST
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LONDON HOUSE, 97 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE.
(One door from Collins St.).
Hours: 9 a.m. till 5.30 p.m.
By Appointment Only at "Toronto," 69 Martin Street, Northcote.

W. Ritchie,
BLACKSMITH & WHEELWRIGHT, HAS commenced business in Mr. Bruce's premises, 1 Separation Street, Northcote, where he will be pleased to see all his old customers and friends. Horseshoeing a specialty. Terms strictly cash.

Thoroughbred Cocker Spaniel Dog, Liver and White; answers to name of "Rex"; lost on Saturday evening last, between Separation Street and Clarke Street, Northcote. Finder will be rewarded on returning to 3 Separation Street.

Lost, Saturday, between Northcote and Preston, Ladies' Gold Watch, with Chain attached. Finder will be rewarded on returning to 3 Separation Street.

Lost, Saturday afternoon, Gold Bar Brooch, between Northcote and Preston. Finder will be rewarded on returning to 3 Separation Street.

Lost, Saturday

"War is the World's Greatest Energiser."

MR. HERBERT N. CASSON, the great business organiser, after organising some of the greatest industrial concerns in America, is visiting England to teach business methods to produce the greatest efficiency. The text of his stimulating series of lectures was given on the 22nd July. Its chief points are given in the following notes:—

"I preach 'good business,' and that only, whether business bodies don't pay. To make profit you must do things in the right way. But I don't preach business efficiency alone, but friendship and self-respect and family life and citizenship as well. Money is only the ticket for the show."

"I am an optimist. Optimism pays. If you don't believe it look at Lloyds, best wholly on optimism. Invest more money than any of us, millionsout of our fears and apprehensions. Wherever you are anxious about a thing happening, Lloyds say "Come on, well bet you 500 to one it won't happen," and Lloyds get rich. They know the cash value of optimism. If you are worried about Zeppelins go to Lloyds. They'll bet you 500 to none you are not struck. They are business optimists."

Lost Thursday [July 22nd] the Kaiser, for the first time, admitted that Germany was to blame for the war was a mistake on our part," he said.

Germany went up like a rocket; she will come down like a stick. There was a South Sea bubble—it exploded. Germany's North Sea bubble will explode just in the same way. I can see Germany's third explosion maturing. First she exploded and destroyed Rome, that was in the 6th century; second she destroyed European commerce with the Hanseatic League, that was in the 16th century; to-day she is exploding Austria, Turkey, and herself.

When did the German fall brain? When she sank the Lusitania. That moment Germany forgot that she belonged to the human race; the German Empire became an impossible thing—it had to be destroyed. Germany became the outlaw nation, the mad dog of Europe. The horror that the great floating hotel went to the bottom, a victim of German brutality, and all the schools in Germany rejoiced, that hour the thought of my children with no toleration of, the existence of, the German Empire particular. The German Empire had to end.

It Germany wins, it is the end of civilisation. Lights out! Dark Ages again. As the Dark Ages came when the Huns destroyed the Roman Empire, so they would come again if the Lusitania is to be the trade mark of the German Empire.

How did Germany rise? Not by brutality. By science, by organisation. She rose by efficiency, as she shall fall by brutality, that is the rule for ever, and she shall fall for lack of heart. Germany developed only her mind and methods; she never developed her feelings.

Therein note a lesson for us business men. We only win, if we win without falling again is to have efficiency, have a business like our blusters, than have cold-blooded efficiency alone and the deadly stupor of the times. I would live on scores if I might be kindly and loving to my fellowman Efficiency is not efficiency coupled with kindness and humanity and the desire to make men better.

German culture has always been a veneer. In 9 A.D. the Romans were driven out of Germany. Germany was never civilised. Europe was Romanised. England was Romanised. Germany was not. Germany's great, powerful giant, cramped up in the middle of Europe; cunning, clever, was brutal, greasy, always thinking "Why can't I be the boss of the world? Why should I be poor, good-natured Englishrubs the seat and possess Calais—and I am strong—and I am stronger and better organised than they are. I have organised my foreign trade; England has not even begun to think about it."

Then began the rise. In 1870 Bismarck forged the Ems telegram to the French Emperor to provoke the Franco-German War in eight months France was crushed, and there was Alsace-Lorraine and two hundred million as indemnity for Germany. In 1870 came the Reichsbank. And then organised banking power Germany put the banks behind her business men. We have no thing like that in England or the United States. Followed a scientific tariff, the only one of its kind that exists in any country. Germany organised her foreign trade. In 1913 she reached the remarkable total of 900 millions. We were in a fair way to being overwhelmed, but Germany has doubled us in iron and steel. In 1913 ours us in woollens, Yorkshire's woollen, cutlery, etc. The total German exports for the last five years were two thousand millions.

If Germany had stuck to business and let the war alone she could have built the world. She had built up the greatest manufacturing and selling organisation ever known. Germany was a happy land from how she rose and how she shall fall.

Germany built up a great automatic machine, his German account called German character. Germans began to believe all praise and flattery. Trouble came with the world *Gott*. They seem to regard themselves as superior—a herd of people ever breaking loose to see and running around. No wonder —they had beaten France in war and Great Britain in commerce. Success turned their heads.

The world was made for Germany, they whispered to themselves, and slowly they prepared the Great Plan:

Conquer the Slavs.
Annex the Balkans and Turkey.
Build a German railroad to the Persian Gulf.
Crush France.
Annex Belgium.
Control China.
Conquer Britain.
Terrify the United States.
Secure the world market.

For ten years they worked on this great plan while Lord Haldane was in the next room talking about the Zeppelins and the Navy. They built a thousand miles of railway to the Persian Gulf. Trains are running to the railroad to-day from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf. It was a private railway built on German territory. As if anything under German control could be private! In Germany no one even a man's conscience is private.

Germany had six dreams:

(1) The North Sea Dream: We snatch to the sea.
(2) The Austrian dream: We will swallow up the Hapsburgs and annex Austria-Hungary.
(3) The Balkan dream: Berlin to Bagdad.
(4) The Asia Minor dream: A Holy German Empire. Why did the Kaiser go on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem? To paralyse the his armies.
(5) The African dream: The ultimate land of raw materials.
(6) The Chinese dream: The ultimate workshop.

Think of the African and Chinese dreams: In the one all the raw materials necessary; in the other 400 millions of people to run the world shop.

All this while we fabled away in a fool's paradise; talking about Welsh Disestablishment and Home Rule and Votes for Women and Redmond riots and Ulster risings. Germany was getting ready and Bismarck said; *Gott* is with us."

Our watchmen, while the great plan was maturing, cried "Peace!" "Peace!" We had a secret service, cost it £50,000 a year, and it remained secret; it didn't exist. Lord Haldane, in 1906, cut down secret service the world has ever known; knew all about what was going on, but said nothing.

The only thing that will save us is: Germany has made worse mistakes than we have done. Here are Germany's mistakes:

(1) Bismarck tactics don't require a Bismarck. They do. The Kaiser is no Bismarck. His brain is not fit for the job.
(2) Gentle nations cannot fight. Belgium proved that a lie, as Germany knew the first eight days. Belgium was to be overcome merely by the Germans saying "Ah." They said "Ah" as Liege and Liege murdered them. There is nobody worse than a quiet man once you get him started. Everybody in a hurry knows that. The quiet man has always got the worst knuckles. He doesn't talk, only hits you.
(3) Britain will remain neutral. British *Gott*.
(4) Violence is power. It isn't.
(5) Fear rules the world. It doesn't.
(6) German nature is human nature—other nations can be dominated as Germans are. They cannot.
(7) The Golden Rule is sentimental nonsense. It is not.
(8) The Slavs to survive are the most ruthless. It is a lie.

Germany has always misunderstood the facts of evolution. Evolution doesn't mean that war is different from the monkeys, not the cases.

Germany gathered facts and never understood them. She has no knowledge of human nature. She is a born humour. Plenty of information but no judgment. No idea of fair play. Cannot understand why we chucked the captain of the Emden; doesn't understand why we don't care how we are, it's so long as it is not below the belt. It has reaped for public opinion.

Germany developed into an efficient brutal civil service. Plus the crazy Kaiser. A land of contradictions. Its best Lander—All British Crockery ware. Cup and Saucer, 3½d. Direct. Its worst Lander—All British Crockery ware. Cup and Saucer, 3½d. Direct. Its worst Lander—All British Crockery ware. Cup and Saucer, 3½d. Direct.

Germany developed into an efficient brutal civil service. Plus the crazy Kaiser. A land of contradictions. Its best Lander—All British Crockery ware. Cup and Saucer, 3½d. Direct. Its worst Lander—All British Crockery ware. Cup and Saucer, 3½d. Direct.

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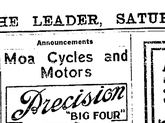

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"Large ulcerated sores broke out on my leg, and some were so deep that I could have put the bowl of a pipe into them.

"I was treated by a Wallsend doctor, but without permanent benefit resulting. The ulcers kept breaking out more than ever, and if I happened to knock my leg even slightly bad ulcers would appear. In this miserable state I remained for several years. I tried all the doctors I could get to, but they did not relieve me for long. I also used all the advertised ointments I could get during that period, which was long before Zam-Buk was brought into existence. However, it was only often wasted, for the pain was intolerable all the time. It was just as if burning fires were putting a red hot searing iron into the wounds. No one could tell how great I suffered.

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I.O.R.

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217, meets in Rechabite Hall, Separation Street, alternate Thursdays at 8 p.m. Sick Pay: For 12 months, £1 a week; following 6 months, 10/ a week; afterwards during sickness, 5/ a week. Funeral: £21 at death of member; £15 at death of member's wife (if insured).
Fees: Benefit members, 1/- week; quarterly; Honorary members, 1/ quarter. Proposition fee, 2/6.
Juveniles meet at alternate Wednesdays
J. NEWMAN, Secretary,
86 Raleigh St., Northcote.

I.N.F.

MICHAEL DAVITT BRANCH, No. 8,
Meets at Town Hall, High Street, Alternate Tuesdays.
Next meeting—9th September.
Open to all those of Irish descent.
Benefits.—Sick Pay from £1 per week. Funeral, £20.
Contributions.—Benefit Members from 1/- per week; Honorary Members, 5/ per annum.
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All information from P. RYAN, Secretary, "Ivanhoe," 31 Alexandra Parade, Northcote.

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LONDON LETTER.

Carmelite House,
Carmelite Street,
August 17/7/1915.

The Recruiting Campaign.

Lord Kitchener began a fresh recruiting campaign in the City of London by speaking at a meeting at Lancashire Friday last, and he repeated a very enthusiastic reception all along the line of route. London could never fail than ever of men. Lots on leave from the front. I have never seen so many as on Monday, when I was in the City. Everywhere I met the receive their decorations at the hands of from the King, Sergeant O'Leary, the crossing young lads V.C., was the first London on Saturday last, when he got the great attention at Paris. He is a modest sensible young lad, is Lord Haldane, his former colleague at the War Office, who knows him from the politics, praises him highly for his record for surprise, peculation, forbearance, and resourcefulness.

The French Flag Day.

It is unfortunate that by some subterfuge or other the Parisian stocks attempt was made to have a French celebration in London on the July 7, which is calculated to bring into disrepute the national and most successful effort. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., is now a leading figure in the day, and Lord Haldane, declined that although he had been at many functions and great gatherings in Hyde Park, the reception of Viviani and Joffre was the greatest he had ever witnessed in his life. All the boys for the national anthem and kindly received in the French Hall M.P., and you can see how the Parisians could pay in all parts of London. One meeting everywhere this week hands and promises of help. Often authorities have through the streets. There are a great many Belgian refugees in all parts of London. This afternoon I saw a great crowd following a motor car, which proved to be Madame Vandervelde, the wife of the great Belgian Socialist leader, who is now in London. She was addressing the men to enlist. Two young Canadians were helping her in a motor-car at the moment. Every day there are motor-omnibuses with wounded soldiers. The most progressive thing I have seen brief respite from the horrors of the battlefield. Before I left the Secretary of State for War announced that he had decided to grant a special commission to Lieut.-Colonel Sir Bertram Ramsay, M.P., who has already rendered valuable service in connection with the Territorial Force, to raise a battalion of Pioneers for service in the field. Sir Bertram has been given a free hand to select his officers and men, and he has already received a large number of applications from men who are anxious to serve in this capacity. The battalion will be known as the 17th (Pioneer) Battalion of the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment).

France in London.

Now that we have got to know the French in London much better than ever before, the more we began. Most, in fact we have now left us to go to the front. Many of the French colonies are here now left us to go to the front. Many of the French colonies are here now left us to go to the front. Many of the French colonies are here

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The Flying Girl

By RICHARD MARSH.

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CHAPTER XII.
Trying To Cut the Record

Marjorie did not answer. She made them a delightful dog as he had expected. Indeed, he turned out, they would you will."

The girl was no doubt that to—as far when he did, the gentleman was perfectly upon the terrace. It was to her that he said it so coldly that he was not to enter upon the house. She spoke very sweetly.

"Thank you so much, you are both of you very kind; but I really think I'll wait till I'm turned out."

Mr. Hessman looked at it one could say a great deal but said noth- He put the cigar between his teeth, once entered by the last, turned to the Spaniard, and, with a gesture like unto that of an orchestral conductor, he began to sing. Whether he was a little bit nervous, or whether he was a little bit flurried, or whether he was a little bit of both, it was difficult to say. Anyhow, Jim Turner was poker-faced as a Spaniard could be, and that is saying a good deal. He looked on at the performance with a face which was absolutely devoid of expression.

There was no doubt that Mr. Hessman was singing out of tune. Not only was he singing out of tune, but he was singing to all the repertoire. Jim Turner was a musical enthusiast, and he knew a good deal about music, and he was quite certain that Mr. Hessman was singing to all the repertoire. Jim Turner was a musical enthusiast, and he knew a good deal about music, and he was quite certain that Mr. Hessman was singing out of tune. Not only was he singing out of tune, but he

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. A. C. SELLAWAY, M.A.
Special Quarterly Collection for Church Maintenance Fund.

HOLY TRINITY, BROADMEADOWS (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Holy Communion and Sermon
7 p.m., "Lilies and the Soul."
C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Morning, Rev. E. W. ROCK, subject, "Why the Cross?" Evening, Rev. W. SOMERVILLE, B.A., subject, "Christ's Death" (Communion Service).
Evening, Rev. J. M. JAMES, B.D., of Ivanhoe.

Sabbath Services:

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Minister: Rev. A. W. ROBERTS.

11 a.m., "More than Conquerors."
7 p.m., "Mighty to Save."
All Welcome. Seats Free.

THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Cnr. Bonnie Doon and Gilbert Sts.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

11 a.m., Rev. SIDNEY SNOW, M.A. (Ormond College).
3 p.m., Rev. C. E. ANDERSON, M.A. (Kew).
7 p.m., Rev. J. BARNABY, M.A., B.C. (Lecturer Ormond College).

BIRTHDAY SOCIAL, Tuesday, 14th, commencing at 8 p.m.
Rev. F. L. HERBERT.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
HIGH STREET.
11 a.m., Rev. H. WILLIAMS.
7 p.m., Rev. J. ADAMS.
ST. GEORGE'S ROAD.
11 a.m., Rev. L. TAIT.
7 p.m., Mr. W. HAY.
PRINCE OF WALES' PARK.
11 a.m., Rev. J. ADAMS.
7 p.m., Rev. L. TAIT.
All seats free. Strangers warmly welcomed.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON, 11 a.m., Rev. J. A. JEFFREYS; 7 p.m., Mr. J. M. MANKEY.
SOUTH PRESTON, 11 a.m., Mr. J. ORTON; 7 p.m., Rev. WESLEY HOBBS.
PENDER'S GROVE, 11 a.m., Mr. W. BOTT; 7 p.m., Mr. T. GREENHALGH.

WEST PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH (Sunday School Hall, Murray Road).

Sunday Services:
3 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. HALES.
Everybody Welcome. Come Along and Help this Movement.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Mansfield Avenue, Northcote.

Minister; Rev. A. B. BUNTON.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., "Christ Our Faith Saith Unto You, Live."
7 p.m., "The Still Small Voice."
Visitors cordially welcomed.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Separate Hall.
Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER. PIANOFORTE.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE TUTTON.
Singing, Voice Production, Interpretation, Elocution and Deportment. Studios:
A. R. EARL, Violin.

Programmes arranged and Engagements undertaken for Weddings, At Homes &c.

HERR BRENNECKE (Royal Conn., Colegne & Berlin) VIOLIN, HARMONY AND COUNTERPOINT.

KEMP ST., NORTHCOTE.

MISS QUENNIE PARKER, A.L.C.M. Receives and visits pupils for the study of PIANOFORTE.
Pupils prepared for Leaving Certificate, "Norman," Waterloo Rd., Northcote. Private Valet twice weekly.

MISS RUBY GROVES, A.L.C.M. Medalist.
Associated Board R.A.M., R.C.M.
PIANOFORTE, THEORY, SINGING.
54 James Street, Northcote. Terms on Application.

MISS CLARICE FREEMAN, L.A.B. of R.A.M. and R.C.M., G.M.B.
PIANO, HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT.
Pupils prepared for examination. Terms on application.
"Burford," Regent Street, Preston.

MISS HILDA MALMGREN (Pupil of Gen. Weston), Principal Violin Class, Geelong College.
Elocution, Theory, Special Violin Class for Children.
200 Clarke Street, Northcote.

MISS RUBY BOND, DRAMATIC ART AND PIANO (Pupil of late Frederick Bean). Receives Pupils for SINGING and VOICE PRODUCTION.
Open for Private Engagements—Concerts, Weddings, &c.
165 Westbourne Grove, Northcote. Elocution taught by Miss Josephine Samuel every Thursday.

MISS ELMA B. JOHNSTON, A.M.M.A., TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, Theory and Harmony.
Thorough Technical and Musical Foundation laid for Young Students.
Pupils Prepared for Examinations. Terms on Application.
"Murray Dell," Waterloo Road, Northcote.

MR. REGINALD W. BROWN (Late Royal College of Music, London), Receives Pupils for PIANOFORTE, Harmony, Theory, &c., at 74 High St., Northcote South. Moderate Fees, in Advance.

SIDNEY COLE, VOICE TRAINER AND PIANIST.
Ex-Professor, London Academy of Music. Licentiate, Royal Academy of Music. Associate, Royal College of Music. Receives Pupils at ALAN'S, And at 162 High Street, Northcote (opposite Town Hall).

MR. G. ARNOLD TALBOT, A.T.C.L., PROFESSOR OF VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING, PIANO, ETC.
Address: All Colonies' Vicarage, Preston.

Law.

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

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.
"THE OLDERFLEET" (First Floor), No. 418 COLLINS STREET.
Telephone, Central 196.

C. R. CANDY—Private Address: 23 Rathmore St., Fairfield. Telephone, Northcote 1007.
Mr. CANDY is Also Agent for the Australian Estate Agents, High Street, Northcote South, where Mr. H. CANDY will attend on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

Professional.

HOME AND WILKINSON, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Commercial Union Chambers, 113 Collins Street, Melbourne. Tel. 853.

A. S. WILKINSON, Private address—"Fyllingdales," King William Street, Preston. Tel., Northcote 1007.

LOCAL OFFICE: Deacon's Agency, High Street, where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 a.m. to 2.30 p.m.

Professional.

MR. ALEX. G. DE LACY, DENTIST
(Established 1894).
LONDON HOUSE, 87 ELIZABETH STREET
(One door from Collins St.), MELBOURNE.
Hours: 10 a.m. till 5.30 p.m.
By Appointment Only at "Preston," 45 Martin Street, Northcote.

W. Ritchie,
BLACKSMITH & WHEELWRIGHT, HAS commenced business in Mr. THOMASTOWN,
Where by strict attention to business, combined with civility, he hopes to get a fair share of patronage from the surrounding districts.

All Horses Carefully Shod.
All Cases Treated under the Latest and most Scientific methods.
All Kinds of Farm Machinery Overhauled and Repaired.
A Trial solicited.

LADIES!
Let us Dye your hard head and your fur to-day, and have it ready to-morrow to lavish on the "toy" Your Costume, Cloth, Feather, Fur, Ribbon or Lace will be dyed to any shade you desire, and Cleaned as well. Work will be fast and efficient.
G. A. MacNEILL, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 464 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (Near Robinson's).

Announcements.

Phone, Northcote 265.

Let Us Make A SUIT Specially For YOU

Tailored on us to emphasize the finer points of style, cut, and personal fit which every careful dresser looks for and appreciates. Made from the latest and most elegantly finished of roadway, estimated to cost from £7 10s to £8 8s, will have to be charged for. The landowners abutting on the road will, no doubt, have to be charged with the cost, and it will eventually be paid by them; but for some years the kitchen of the people will have to pay the counsel. It is a pretty big proposition admittedly, just based on a co-operative partnership with Heidelberg in the matter and hardly wisely expended so much, the council is in honor bound to go through with the work as soon as it can see its way to do so.

Cr. Hayes was on Monday evening re-elected as the Northcote Council's representative on the Metropolitan Board of Municipal Association. Cr. Redmond moved in addition that the council support the proposed amendment of the Act, giving power to the right to vote whether they have paid their rates by the 15th June or not, as the equitable and efficient penalty, he thought, that they had to pay interest, without losing their votes. Cr. Cain, the new Labour member for the city, strongly expressed the same view, and said he would support the amendment in Parliament. Cr. Hayes said that he would be guided by the instructions like that they would turn to their representative in Parliament, and it was decided to make the conference matters paper an order of the day for next meeting.

The ownership of a dog, which was disputed in the Northcote Court on Monday, was decided in favor of Mr. Dog itself. Four witnesses on each side were examined, but the dog belonged to the plaintiff or to the dog itself respectively, and the case is a sight less and much difficulty in settling, as a decision will stand as a precedent in all future disputes as to the ownership of dogs. While the plaintiff, Miss Margery Anderson, was in the witness box she was asked to say how much the cost of living is so high.

The Fixus Co., 116 High street, announces that it manufactures all kinds of carpenters, painters, paperhangers, etc. for home requirements, also vacuum cut pet cleanser for hire.

Mr. Montgomery, Store, 324 High St., Northcote, for gramophones, records, and all accessories. Inspection invited, repaired and satisfaction guaranteed. (Adv.).

FITZROY, NORTHCOTE AND PRESTON TRAMWAY.

NORTHCOTE REPRESENTATIVES APPOINTED.

At the meeting of the council on Monday evening, Crs. Hayes, Redmond, Derham and Schwaebsch were appointed to be representatives for Northcote on the above Tramway Trust.

The council received from the Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works a letter suggesting the advantages they would derive from connecting up the two systems being conducted and operated under one management. The engineering costs, for instance, in connection with the renewal of one per cent. there would be an estimated saving of £10,000 on the building, and of £3000 per annum on operating expenses. The Board invited the City of Northcote to send a representative to a conference at the Town Hall.

Cr. Redmond said he thought the Board was trying to get control of the tramways in this district.

The Australian Patriots League informed the Northcote council on Monday evening that the League was prepared to receive applications for rejected recruits, and asked that the council would co-operate in the matter of their distribution. It was also requested that the council would extend to the league hospitality at local homes for periods of two or three days to visitors to Australia's wounded heroes. The matter was left in the hands of the mayor.

Northcote Theatre.—Tremendous attractions for next week. Monday, Harry Tichfield in "Jim the Penman," Tuesday, "The Stolen Heiress," a Scottish romance, Wednesday, "Till I Die," a great war drama, and "The Quarry," a thrilling detective story. Thursday and Friday, "Gallant Australians."

GALLANT AUSTRALIANS.

Sergeant J. L. Baker, of the 60th Battalion (late of Northcote), and resident of Arthurton road, is now at Royal Park Hospital.

J. T. Whitaway, junr., of Westbourne grove, Northcote, has received word of the Gallipoli landing. B.A.M.C., to join the second contingent. He is at Royal Park training.

L. J. Grove and Charles Vickers, of Northcote and Thornbury, have gone into camp, the former to Broadmeadows, and the latter to Seymour. Harry Macklin, also, of Gordon street, is at present in camp.

George Callender and Norman Crean, employees of Sykes' bakery, who were more Preston men who have joined the colors.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The 21st anniversary of the Northcote Congregational Church was celebrated last Sunday, when the services were conducted by the Rev. Gunson, Hewer and Stoddart. Excellent discourses were given by the two gentlemen. Appreciated solos were rendered by Mrs. Lees, Mrs. Gunson, Messrs. Messrs Long and Millet. Mr. Howard Millet was the accompanist. Afternoon tea, and Miss Vera Myers at the piano, were provided.

ANNUAL CONCERT.

The concert was further continued on Wednesday evening when a second concert was held in the church, an attractive programme being presented. The choir, under Mr. Gibbs, contributed the following ballet and gentlemen took part: Messrs. Millet, Petrie, Hawkins, Wilkinson, Smith, Mesdames Johnson, Mansfield, Gibbs, Millet and Messrs. Duncan.

Prizes were presented by the church secretary (Mr. Millet), treasurer (Mr. Shurwood), choir (Mr. Gibbs), and the secretary of the Church Building Fund (Mr. Pickering). The latter announced that the year ending June 30, 1915, showed the handsome assets for outside of the building fund, and a small deficiency, which, it is hoped, will shortly be wiped out. The membership of the church has slightly increased, and the Sunday School has enrolled twenty new scholars for the year.

A comprehensive vote of thanks to the performers and the singing of the doxology terminated the concert, after which the audience adjourned to the school hall to partake of refreshments.

"The Waltzes" Costume Comedy Co. are to open at Preston this evening for a season in the town hall on Wednesday night. The performers have been at some particularly well—and would probably have achieved still greater successes but for being confronted with an epoch of empty theatres. It is rather a risky enterprise these days to venture on entertainment which is not, in aid of one or other of the war funds, or backed by some organization, but the Waltzes were smartly dressed, and sang several choruses with more than usual spirit. It has a good supporter in Miss Lucy Dunbar, who is a pleasing soubrette, and Miss Phyllis Hilton is also a favorite. Miss Nellie Cuthbert is also a capable song and dance artist, and Mr. Jack Hilton is a capital baritone. The company also possesses Jimmy Lee, a humorous one, Ernest Lenihey and Tom Preston, the last-named having a fine voice and bearing. Others who form part were Miss Mary Vaughan (pianiste dancer) and Miss Mollie Lewis (mandoline).

Let Us Make A SUIT Specially For YOU

Tailored on us to emphasize the finer points of style, cut, and personal fit which every careful dresser looks for and appreciates. Made from the latest and most elegantly finished of roadway, estimated to cost from £7 10s to £8 8s, will have to be charged for. The landowners abutting on the road will, no doubt, have to be charged with the cost, and it will eventually be paid by them; but for some years the kitchen of the people will have to pay the counsel. It is a pretty big proposition admittedly, just based on a co-operative partnership with Heidelberg in the matter and hardly wisely expended so much, the council is in honor bound to go through with the work as soon as it can see its way to do so.

SAUNDERS
The Old-Established Ladies' & Gents' Tailor
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE

OUR Ladies' Costumes, Coats and Skirts, are in great favor.

The Leader
JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

LOCALISMS

The winning numbers in connection with the art union raffle by Mrs Earl are advertised elsewhere.

We have received from C.Y. "21 for the Cole butcher's first.

A late meeting of the Loyal Lady Northcote Lodge five new members were initiated.

The annual meeting of the Northcote Cricket Club will be held in the band (lodge room) next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Northcote City council invite tenders for supplying metal, supply of horses and drays and carting from the quarry for the ensuing 12 months.

In aid of the funds of the Preston Methodist Church Sewing Guild a garden party is to be given at the mid-week on Wednesday next, 15th inst., by Mrs. Hall, at her residence, Cramer street, Preston. Mrs. Hall is one of the most energetic workers in the church and district, and will be assisted by a number of friends.

A special meeting of the Preston branch of the Red Cross Society is called for Monday evening, when ball, to make arrangements for a welcome to the returned soldiers, who are expected at the Military Rest home at Mont Park.

Northcote Picture Theatre patrons will kindly note that the entertainment in future will commence at 7.45 p.m. A change of programme will be given on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, when the popular comedian, Charlie Chaplin, and Keystone comedies, will appear. Next week—"Gallant Australians."

With a view of minimising the dust nuisance in High street, Cr. Redmond on Monday evening asked the council's engineer prepare a report on the cartage of metal, and the cost of laying it, and the matter might be considered at next meeting.

The monthly concert of Northcote and Preston Socialists will be held in the town-hall on Wednesday evening next, 15th inst., when Mr. Hartley, of Park Military Hotel, will lecture on "Socialism and Militarism." Mr. Hartley is a well-known speaker, and should be accorded a good night's entertainment.

Northcote council on Monday evening received a letter from Mr. Cain, M.P., on the question of water supply, in which he stated that he was unable to see his way to assist in the matter, but would be glad to do so if he could. Then he rang up Mr. Hodgson, who informed him that the Defence Department, to whom he was in communication on the matter, had given to show uncleanness. "Let the dog go," said Mr. Gale, and immediately the animal was released it ran across the street, jumped over the witness stand, and gambolled round the plaintiff with every manifestation of delight. Which only dog then ran to the other side of the court, and similarly greeted his lady friends of the plaintiff. An order was made for the dog to be sold and Coach Trimming done.

SUITES RE-UPHOLSTERED equal to new at prices that pay and keep customers. Consultation Diningroom and Billiard Tables kept in order 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 312.

Established 9 years. No Branch Shops.

A. MYALL
(Member V.F.F.A.)
Caters for the People in Fish and Rabbits.
Everything You Require for an Appetising
Breakfast, Dinner, Tea or Supper.
Importer of Shetland Sheep, Lambs, Blue Cod,
Blooters Haddocks
Agent for Celebrated NEW ZEALAND BLUE COD.
Oysters and Fish Fresh Daily.
Try Us Once. Our Goods and Prices will do the Rest.
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(Three doors below Theatre).

Houses & Land For Sale

LAND FOR SALE.
PRESTON.
CHEAP BUILDING LAND ON EASY TERMS.
Be Wise and Buy Before the Rise is sure or more of these Exclusive
OAKHILL ESTATE.—Elevated Position. Lovely Views. Only 2 Deposit. Few years' terms.
DOVEDALE ESTATE.—Large Blocks from 10- month. No Deposit. No Interest.
PANORAMIC ESTATE.—On Proposed Tramway Line. No Deposit. Easy Terms.
HILLSIDE ESTATE, No. 3.—Very Choice. Only £5 Deposit. No Interest.
HILL ESTATE, Preston Station. A few left. Blocks left. 18- month. Easy Terms.
Plans and all particulars,
A. Robertson,
ESTATE AGENT,
CORNER HIGH AND BELL STS., PRESTON.

Worker's Compensation Act.

TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT ALREADY INSURED.

MITCHELL BROS.,
ESTATE AGENTS,
235 High St., Northcote,
Having been appointed Agents for
State Accident Insurance Office
(Guaranteed by the Government of Victoria),
Are now open to transact any business coming under the above Act which will be now absolutely compulsory.

NORTHCOTE'S NEW MAYOR.

RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS OF THE COUNCIL.

At the meeting of the Northcote City Council on Monday evening the new mayor (Cr. Hayes) was formally and heartily congratulated.

Cr. Jennings said it must be gratifying to Cr Mason to know that he had been unanimously chosen as the mayor for having worked with Cr Mason as a colleague he was in a position to know that all matters affecting the interests of the ward had received fair consideration at his hands. He felt certain that the council had made a wise choice, and he hoped that both the mayor and mayoress would have a pleasant term. The desire of the council, he believed—in these times of stress—was to put together as little expenditure as possible. He sincerely trusted that the mayor would see the termination of the war and be able to take part in the celebrations to mark the return of peace. He was quite satisfied the mayoress would prove in every way equal to her position, and their congratulations were to her also.

Cr. Plant, in adding his congratulations, assured the mayor and mayoress that the council's support which he as an ex-mayor and old councillor) and Mrs Plant could give.

The whole of the councillors having offered their congratulations,

The mayor said he greatly thanked them for their kind expressions and offered his congratulations to Cr. Mason on his splendid administration of the affairs of the ward. He had been in councillors ship the ultimate object of every councillor to aspire to the chair, and take it if his colleagues considered him fit to occupy with it. He had not sought the position; he was a councillor or none for him. The council had unanimously offered him the position, otherwise he would not have taken it. Under these circumstances he did not see how he could refuse. He had just alighted from the tram at the Preston terminus when the news was broken to him, and he fell upon the footpath. He was writhing with pain, and when surrounded by passers-by he screamed out "Don't touch me, I'm the mayor of Northcote, by God." Mr. Walker, of the Junction Park Military Hotel, came on the scene in the hotel, where he was sheltered from the rain until he could be taken home. He considered he possessed the Christian qualities of humility and modesty, and he would endeavor to live up to them. He moved an amendment that the council's engineer prepare a report on the cartage of metal, and the cost of laying it.

Cr. Redmond seconded the amendment, and congratulating him on his election to the chair of Northcote's premier ward. He was pleased to see Cr. Plant back by a larger majority than ever; and Cr. Williams, who had been successful in securing a seat as his second try, for Schwaebsch, formerly a member of the council. Cr. Jennings, whose work, he said, had been of high merit, and had won him the confidence of the ratepayers.

Cr. Redmond (north ward) introduced Cr Roberts, in whom he was sure he was going to have a most trusty colleague.

Cr Smith (west ward) introduced Cr Gray, remarking that with a "little bit of coaxing" he would make a good councillor. (Laughter.)

Cr. Schwaebsch, the "father of the council," was first called upon. He said he was pleased to see that the ratepayers had had strenuous and bitter fights it seemed to be recognised that he had been returned to the council for the best interests of the city.

Cr. Jennings said he also was pleased to be back. He had enjoyed the campaign. It was a fight, and although it "was first called upon. He said he was pleased to see that the ratepayers had had strenuous and bitter fights it seemed to be recognised that he had been returned to the council for the best interests of the city.

Cr. Jennings said he also was pleased to be back. He had enjoyed the campaign. It was a fight, and although it was not a contest it was a hard one. He thanked the ratepayers for their support, and heartily congratulated.

Cr. Bemand said it must be gratifying to Cr Mason to know that he had been unanimously chosen as the mayor for having worked with Cr Mason as a colleague he was in a position to know that all matters affecting the interests of the ward had received fair consideration at his hands. He felt certain that the council had made a wise choice, and he hoped that both the mayor and mayoress would have a pleasant term. The desire of the council, he believed—in these times of stress—was to put together as little expenditure as possible. He sincerely trusted that the mayor would see the termination of the war and be able to take part in the celebrations to mark the return of peace. He was quite satisfied the mayoress would prove in every way equal to her position, and their congratulations were to her also.

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Cr. Schwaebsch, the "father of the council,"

IN MEMORIAM

"THE DEATHLESS HERO OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

A MEMORABLE SERVICE.

The following is the text of an address delivered by the Most Rev. Right Rev. Primate—Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, at St. Paul's Church, Lahore, on the occasion of a memorial service for the late Captain Scott, R.N., C.V.O., the discovery and Mrs. Oates:—

A most solemn occasion we have met together to-day. We are gathering in memory of the memorable Antarctic Expedition of Captain Scott, and of the loss of his life. The circumstances under the Expedition returned to the Winter Quarters at Cape Evans, and the tragedy that followed on the return journey, are known to us all. We have read the last letters and diaries of the leader of the Expedition, and of his companions who died with him. Within a few months after the return of the Expedition, the whole story was known to the world. And the world was moved as it has been moved by few stories in all its history. It was moved to admiration for the heroic courage and endurance displayed by the explorers. It was moved to admiration for the unparalleled in other ways as well. It was moved to admiration for the fortitude with which they faced the end, and for the high Christian faith which inspired that fortitude. It was moved to admiration for the devotion of Scott to his men, and of his men to their leader. It was moved to admiration for the unselfishness of Captain Oates, who, crippled with frost-bite, and knowing that he was a hindrance to the progress of his companions, left the tent and went out into the snow to die, that they might have a better chance of life. It was moved to admiration for the chivalry of Captain Bowers, who, when he found that Oates had left the tent, and had not been found wanting, followed him into the snow, that he might be with him in the hour of his death. And it was moved to admiration for the heroism of Dr. Wilson

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The Flying Girl.

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Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., M.P. — Rev. A. C. KELAWAY, M.A.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
3 p.m., Children's Service.
7 p.m., Evening Prayer and Sermon. "The Spirit of the Age."
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.).

45th ANNIVERSARY.
11 a.m., Rev. McKELLAR STEWART.
3 p.m., Rev. A. CAIRNS, M.A.
7 p.m., Right Rev. the Moderator of the State Assembly, Rev. W. H. COOPER, M.A., N.D.
Services special.

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. W. S. ROLAND (Redemptorist Superior).
7 p.m., Rev. A. W. ROBERTS, subject, "Objections to Christianity." All Welcome. Seats Free.

THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Railway Parade.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. F. B. BOYCE.
7 p.m., Rev. JOHN FLINN, Supt. Australian Inland Mission.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
HIGH STREET.
11 a.m., Rev. J. ADAMS.
7 p.m., Rev. S. KELLY.

ST. GEORGE'S ROAD.
11 a.m., Mr. W. CARROLL.
7 p.m., Rev. S. CHERRIS.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK.
11 a.m., Rev. J. ADAMS.
7 p.m., Rev. J. ADAMS.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. J. A. JEFFREYS; 7 p.m., Rev. WESLEY HOWES.
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. WESLEY HOWES; 7 p.m., Rev. J. A. GREENHALGH.
RESERVOIR GROVE.—11 a.m., Mr. W. J. GRAY; 7 p.m., Rev. J. A. JEFFREYS.
All welcome.

WEST PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH (Gate School Hall, Murray Road).

Sunday Services:
2 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. J. ORTON.
Hearty Welcome. Come Along and Help this Movement.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Martin St., Richmond.

Minister: Rev. A. R. BINTON.
Sunday Services:
11 a.m., "Why Does God Permit the War?"
7 p.m., "Why Does God Permit the War?"
Visitors cordially welcomed.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Organist, Choirmaster and Principal: Mr. LEONARD BAKER. PIANO, THEORY, &c.

Mr. and Mrs. REGINALD TUTTON. Singing. Voice Production, Interpretation, Elocution, and Deportment.
Mrs. A. T. EARL, Violin.

Programmes arranged and Engagements undertaken for Weddings, At Homes, &c.

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Preston.
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Telephone, Central 190.

C. B. GOOD, Solicitor, Address: 224 Rathmines St., Fairfield. Telephone, Preston 61.
Local Office: At Office of F. S. R. HOLST, State Agents, High Street, Northcote South, where Mr. R. CANDY will attend on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

HOME AND WILKINSON, SOLICITORS, &c., CONVEYANCERS, &c. Commercial Union Chambers, 413 Collins Street, Melbourne.

A. S. WILKINSON, Private address—Fyfield Park, King William Street, Preston. Tel., Northcote 626x.

Local Correct Shorthand Agency, High Street, where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

Professional.

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By Appointment Only at "Toronto," 62 Martin Street, Northcote.

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Leslie C. Webster, MD.S.105
(Late Campbell Grove & High St. Mcote

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WESTLEIGH COLLEGE, (1880). Registered Secondary, Primary, Sub-Primary. BAYVIEW HOUSE, NORTHCOTE. Principals: Misses Westleigh, assisted by Miss Sonnenberg, M.A., Miss Slade, M.A., and University Coaches. Senior Public, Specimen Class Rooms combined and Splayed according to Size. Spacious Board of Public Health Playground. Preparatory School Library. Special 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 Misses Westleigh. Pupils enter-ing during term charged accordingly. Dancing, Monsieur Bibron, by lessons for 25/-.

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20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium Fee: 1s to 2s Quarterly. Evening Classes at the college.

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MISS CHARLOTTE PALMGREN (Associated Teacher) receives pupils for Elocution and Dramatic class. Special Children's Class 7/6 per term. Engagements accepted. 200 Clarke Street, Northcote.

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"Montrose," Trust Money, 20 Helen St., To Lend Northcote.

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FRANK HOLT & SON, Old-Established Tailors, of Flinders Street, beg to announce to numerous requests our Mr. Holt is prepared to meet clients at Fare, in Albert Park, at Kerrigan Bros. arrangement, thereby saving the time and expense of visiting the City. Phone 3271, Northcote.

TO THE RESIDENTS OF NORTHCOTE AND PRESTON. If you have any Furniture requiring Re-Upholstering or Re-Gilding, or Mattresses Teased, &c., &c., just notify Lewis Bros. Bruce Street, Preston, and will make them as good as new. Terms moderate. Send for order and Coach Trimming done.

QUITER RE-UPHOLSTERED must be new at prices that get and keep customers. Combination Dining-room and Billiard Tables kept in stock and made to order from £17 10s up. All accessories of the billiard line. Call and get receipt of your card.—F. ROBERTS, Billiard Table Maker, 1 Bruce Street, Northcote Sth. Phone, Northcote 816.

In Memoriam

A TRIBUTE to the memory of our late fellow-workmate, Private W. (Percy) Allman, B Company, 14th Battalion, 2nd Australian Expeditionary Force, who was killed in action at Lone-some Pine 17th August.

Gone from the ranks of our number,
Gone from the fond embrace,
Gone from the hearts that loved him,
Gone from his dear old place.
Gone from the sight of his comrades,
Gone from the sight of his chum,
Gone from the sight of his mother,
Gone from the sight of his home.
That's how he played the game.

A gallant hero, true and brave,
Peacefully sleep in a soldier's grave.

Erected by his former employees and fellow-workmates Northcote Tramway.

The Leader

NOTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915.

THE WAR.

The neutral nations are reaping a golden harvest from the war necessities of the European combatants. Thus Holland and Spain are not merely forging ahead under the unwonted stimulus given to all branches of manufacture. Herein lies the strength of President Wilson's attitude in relation to the established American policy of keeping out of European embroglios. We have not realised the immense help American neutrality has been to us. It is enough to know that public opinion there is overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies, and that, in our unpreparedness, we have been saved hard badly if we had not the American resources of the day and night for us. Russia has been, and is, in the same position dependent upon Japan—more so since, as we now learn, her great munition factories were blown up by German spies within Russia's own boundaries, and the output for many months after war was declared. Germany, with the same cunning foresight, contrived to get in all her own debts from foreign nations before the war, and left her one debtor unpaid. Great Britain was struck for eighty millions by the Germans in London. In 1911, Lord Esher predicted that Germany would be ready for war in 1914, when the deepening and widening of Kiel Canal was finished, and her Dreadnought programme would be complete. But for years ahead deliberately plans war on the assumption that we are asleep, while at the same time posing as the peaceful friend of the nations it de-signs to overthrow. No doubt the blockade by the British Fleet was also in the calculations. Germany's plan of Gladstone avenue, was drawn at the Automatic theatre in the presence of the mayor, and Mr. J. O'Brien, of St. Kilda, Perfect Pyrazol B. Mr. Mitchell, L. B. Marsh, and Gunner D. Schmidt are responsible for the following: Private C. F. Hudson, A. T. Seymour, and G. D. Wilson are awarded certificates.

Brigadier A. R. Mellor, C.M.G., of South Australia, is reported invalided home from Suvla Bay. Lieut.-Col. Pitt, Private H. Kirkland, 8th Preston, 31.

An unusually large number of casualties have been reported during the past week. Among the killed are Lieutenant-Colonel Leith Henry Cameron, Lance-Corporal Arthur A. Mason, and Sergeant Alfred and William H. Mason were killed on the same day. Private Thomas Gow, Private Alexander Gow, and Sergeant Jas. Gow, all of Preston. — Hoite, and C. J. Wilson, Preston.

Private T. Murphy of Arthur's Creek, Preston, is wounded.

Private F. J. Aldous, who was killed in action at Lemnos Pine, the Dardanelles, on August 15, was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Aldous, of Martin street, Northcote. He was for many years employed as a gripman on the Northcote tramway, leaving his position to go with the Second Expeditionary Force. He was a popular member of the Tram-men's Rifle Club, and before he left for the front was presented with a silver cigarette case by his fellow-members as a token of their esteem. He was also a member of the Northcote Church choir, and a keen worker in connection with the Sunday-school. He was 24 years of age.

Private Frederick Hamilton Mason, of Preston, was killed in action on August 15. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Martin street, Northcote. He was for many years employed as a gripman on the Northcote tramway, leaving his position to go with the Second Expeditionary Force. He was a popular member of the Tram-men's Rifle Club, and before he left for the front was presented with a silver cigarette case by his fellow-members as a token of their esteem. He was also a member of the Northcote Church choir, and a keen worker in connection with the Sunday-school. He was 24 years of age.

Private Alfred Gow, of Preston, was killed in action on August 15. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gow, of Preston. He was for many years employed as a gripman on the Northcote tramway, leaving his position to go with the Second Expeditionary Force. He was a popular member of the Tram-men's Rifle Club, and before he left for the front was presented with a silver cigarette case by his fellow-members as a token of their esteem. He was also a member of the Northcote Church choir, and a keen worker in connection with the Sunday-school. He was 24 years of age.

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LOCALISMS

Hooks.—Northcote Free Library borrowers of books must return same not later than Saturday 25th.

The new State school at Thornbury will be officially opened by the Minister of Education, Hon. T. Livingston, on Tuesday, 28th inst., at 2.30 p.m.

Cr. Robertson has been re-appointed the Preston council's representative on the Australian Natives' Association.

At the annual conference of which leaves Preston to-day, Councillor Gilbert Chas. Clare," says a writer in "The Australasian," "is the only lady delegate. Mrs. Clare is a very keen worker in the Liberal cause, and is a good speaker."

The Lady Sanitary fund is still closed, and wounded Australians will benefit by all monies raised in Northcote by local effort. The Leader will be for the benefit of the fund when the committee request that readers be collectors.

In the report of the annual conference of Methodist Young People's Societies in Church, which appeared in last week's issue, the name of Miss Shields was inadvertently omitted. Miss Shields is one of the most enthusiastic workers.

"What has gone wrong with the world?" is the subject of an address to be given by Mrs. Helen Ferguson at the Y.W.C.A. meeting in the Druid Hall next Preston, next Thursday night.

The attention of gas and water readers is directed to the goods enumerated in Hatton's business announcement in this issue. Everything you require in neckwear, hosiery, gloves, hosiery, blankets, shirts and dress materials.

Preston council have now on their books 240 consumers of electric light. Of this number 200 are using 1,000 candle only £21 a month for current; now it is proposed to put in 1,000 candle and get a return showing profit or loss on the undertaking.

A meeting of the Trawnway Conference is to be held in the Druid Hall on Thursday evening at 8.

The Rev. Dr. Gordon Scottish Society are giving a concert on Monday evening, 27th inst., in the Town Hall for the sick and wounded soldiers. All Northcote Tramway employees are welcome.

Northcote Theatre.—Double attraction every week. Matinee daily and each programme. Our policy—"The best obtainable." Change of programme every Monday, commencing 6.45, and Thursday, 8.30. Adult, 6d; Children, 3d.

The Northcote branch W.C.T.U. meet in Preston Town Hall on Tuesday, 21st inst., when Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. Corlett Fisher predicted that Germany would be ready for war in 1914, when the deepening and widening of Kiel Canal was finished, and her Dreadnought programme would be complete. But for years ahead deliberately plans war on the assumption that we are asleep, while at the same time posing as the peaceful friend of the nations it designs to overthrow. No doubt the blockade by the British Fleet was also in the calculations. Germany, with the same cunning foresight, contrived to get in all her own debts from foreign nations before the war, and left her one debtor unpaid. Great Britain was struck for eighty millions by the Germans in London. In 1911, Lord Es

Fitzroy, Northcote and Preston Tramway.

The Melbourne, Brunswick, and Coburg Tramways Trust on Monday evening forwarded to the Preston Council a letter showing relative positions of the two tramway routes, showing how very suitable a central management for the two systems would be.

The letter was referred to the Trust on the motion of Cr. Ahlfeld and Ward.

Cr Allchin, at a later stage, moved that a conference of the three councils' tramline representatives from each) be held, for the purpose of electing a chairman of the Trust.

Preston Red Cross.

Donations received since last report:—Preston Presbyterian Girls' Guild, £13 2s.; sock, 1 pair; socks, scarves, and mittens, 3 and old linen; employees Thos. Smeaton's, £1 2s.; Miss J. Breach, for framaphone fund for Mont Park Rest Home; 2s 6d Doris Curtis.

MARRYING AN EDITOR.

By His Wife.

Yes, I'm Mrs. Peter Snow, an editor's wife. I well remember the day when Mr. Snow asked me to become his wife. He confess I liked Mr. Snow, and, thinking it would be a fine thing to be the wife of an editor, I said "Yes" as prettily as I knew how, and became Mrs. Snow. I had been married years of married life, and though good-humoured and kind-hearted, Snow has not changed a bit. He spends the evening quiet at home, and is in that respect a model man; but he always brings home a pile of manuscripts and papers which is only cleared by the length of his arms, and reads and reads and reads, while I patch the knees and elbows of his trousers and coat.

I heard the stillness by nothing:

"Mr. Snow, did you order that coal spoke to you about?"

"What did you say, my dear?" he said, after a minute's silence.

"Did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"Indeed, dear, I'm sorry; but I forgot all about it. It shall come tomorrow."

Another hour's silence, which is relieved by the baby's crying, and rather liking a note of that sort, I made an effort to quiet him.

"My dear," says Mr. Snow, after he has rested a minute or so, "baby had better give the baby something to quiet him; he troubles me."

The baby is still. Another hour or two passes away in a state of noise. Becoming tired, I take a lamp and retire for the night, leaving Mr. Snow so engaged with his papers that he does not see me leave the room.

Towards midnight he comes to bed, and just as he has fallen asleep the baby begins a cry. I, thinking I will rise as quietly as possible and try to quiet him, for once, another baby begins to scream at the top of his lungs. There is no other course but to rouse Mr. Snow, so I say:

"Peter, dear, Snow!"

"Yes," he says. She starts up and cries, "Who's that? More copy, Tom?"

As though I was Tom, the office boy running about the office. I reply tartly:

"No; I don't want any more copy. I have had enough of that to last me my lifetime! I want you to see what baby wants to quiet him."

"Indeed, dear, I am sorry; but I forgot all about it. It shall come tomorrow."

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The Flying Girl

By HERBERT MARSH.

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The letter was referred ...on the motion of Crs Alch...Cr Allichin, at a later ...that a conference of the ...cities' representatives be ...alled for the purpose ...chairman of the Trust.

Preston Red C

Donations received sinc...Preston Brewyliton Gi...s, and a parcel of socks, ...washers, and old linen: ...Broadhurst, 43 2s; Miss ...ramaghons fund for M...Hoime; 2s 6d Doris Curtin

MARRYING AN I

By His Wi

Yes, I'm Mrs. Peter ...ugh with it now. I ...ter. Snow asked ...his wife. I confess I ...and, thinking it would ...to be the wife of a ...Yes" as prettily as I became Mrs. Snow. ...years of married life, ...tand to be an amiab...oman. He always spen...at home, and to the ...model man; but he ...home a pile of money ...which is only limited...his arrogance and ...reads, while I perch ...feet of his trousers ...I break the stiffness ...Mr. Snow, did you ...I spoke to you about ...What did you say, ...ake, after a silent ...Did you order the ...you about?"

"Indeed, my dear, ...forgot all about it. ...morrow."

Another hour's sil...lowed the lady ...thing a note ...under no effort to de...

"My dear," says I, ...nuess without a hi...morning tired, I take ...for the night, and ...ranged with his paper ...me my leave for t...

Towards midnight ...my way. When I ...only taken a couple ...rise as quietly as ...still him. Then ...to scream at the ...There is only one ...Mr. Snow, as I say ...Mr. Snow! Mr. ...

The third time ...cries. "Who's that!"

As though I was ...waiting about in ...tarily!

"No; I don't ...have had enough ...my lifetime! I ...Tommy is crying ...

Mr. Snow ma...tempt to answer. ...stops to take a h...again, leaving ...in as much vexati...ably contain.

The next ...hour, and I ...the last night's ...

"Indeed, my d...the children from ...

This is always plain, I...tinue.

He knows the ...published in Sh...States, but he c...him call the mat...knows precisely ...ners, but he do...of his own baby ...I'll carry it ...

"I'll carry it!" ...clothe our boys ...our capitalize o...world is right in ...I am satisfied it ...to resign his ...spend a few m...quainted with ...The little ones ...making the acq...such as their f...

DEATH OF

In the year ...Percy Brown ...and responsi...Mr. Sidney ...heard that Mr. ...at Pine, Shell...see him, and ...way was to mo...to Leederville.

On July 1 I...farewell, and, ...Williams, of ...formerly serv...sailor-boy, no ...about fifty ...and a half.

After just...Legion had ...to see us...return from ...Roberts wait...to telegraph ...horn Lighthorse...Reggie when ...ness, enclosin...in darkness ...towards, all ...kept the lig...Afterwards I ...water. She ...ashore at V...by the e...everything ...I went to ...I heard I ...make wash...ashes; but ...covered it ...fatigable e...and, after ...Reggie, we ...cemetery at ...loved child...

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A motori...to an old ...began to e...ments to be ...llow fo...the capital ...Fifty m...Off the ...Either ...The old ...His eyes ...in that ...Yes."

"Then ...Don't ...Oh, a...then."

Again ...Quite ...eye want ...vacation, ...to Devonshire. ...She looked at him ...asked:

"Mr. Sayers?"

"That's my name. What might you be wanting?" He came down the...three steps which descended from ...his cottage door towards the gate.

"I have something which I want ...to say to you in private. Will you ...or be all right here?"

"I should think so; there's very little traffic comes this way. What name is it?"

"My name is Hessman—Miss Hessman. Can I come in?"

"Miss Hessman!" he repeated the ...name in a puzzled manner. "I never ...heard of you before. What's your ...business?"

"I want to see Mr. Farrant on some very particular and private business which I can only explain to him personally. Will you please stand away from the door and let me come in?"

Mr. Sayers, who had received at Mr. Farrant's office very much as at Mr. Sayers' cottage, in early days there seemed to be a singular reluctance to let Miss Hessman pass the door when she had once presented the little man to admission, but she now, with another flutter, then what was evidently a curtsey, said:

"Thank you. I am sure you will not mind telling me—and Campbell runs free?"

The odd eagerness she showed to get an answer to her question seemed to tell all to his amusement.

"I'm rather a singular kind of Campbell, I am the Campbell who was dead and is alive again. I have come back from the grave to my wife and child. My child, by the way, is a daughter. Her name is Marjorie. I don't, of course, know how old you are, but I should say that you must be where I came from when she was about of an age."

"Well now, Mr. Hessman, I will tell you. Mr. Farrant will be very much interested, believe, in the details or which I certainly am not going to repeat to you."

"I don't know if Mr. Farrant will be interested, but he very much engaged. Put I'll tell him what you say."

Whereupon the little man passed through an inner door, which he carefully closed behind him. He heard a few words spoken in a perfectly audible conversation between two unknown voices, and then the door was opened, and Miss Hessman was invited to enter.

She found herself in a perfectly comfortable sitting-room, which was evidently used by Mr. Sayers as a study. Behind a writing-table with the door behind him sat Mr. Farrant, who, as Miss Hessman knew, was a man of about forty years of age. He was a well-built, handsome man, with a pleasant face, and a pair of eyes which, as she afterwards said, "looked right through you."

He rose as she entered, and, with a slight bow, motioned her to a chair. She sat down, and, with a little nervous laugh, began:

"I don't know if Mr. Farrant will be interested in what I have to say, but

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The Flying Girl

BY RICHARD MARSH.

Published by arrangement with Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row.

In Eight Re-vols.

VOL. I.

The Sequel to The Coil.

[illegible] Mr. Parrant [illegible] Mrs. Parrant [illegible] Mr. Parrant [illegible] Mr. Parrant [illegible] Mr

Church Notices.

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Sunday Services:
11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. A. C. Kellaway, M.A.

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Sunday Services:
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11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
3 p.m., Children and Parents' Service.
7 p.m., Evening Prayer.
Special Singing by Scholars.
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7 p.m., "The Two Sons."
Morning—"The Man Born to Be King."
Anthem—"The Paschal Victim" (West).

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HARRY A. NORRIS,
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PRESTON
(Telephone, Northcote 329).
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Sales of Work and Fancy Goods Conducted.
Accounts Audited and Collected.
SWIRN VALUATIONS.
Commissioner for Taking Declarations and Affidavits.

"Northcote," Telephone, Northcote. Trust Office, 20 Hotham St., Preston. Town Hall.

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FRANK HOLT & SON, Old-Established Tailors, 47 Gertrude Street, Fitzroy, Invite inspection of their Stock of Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., which are now to hand for Spring and Summer wear. Their reputation for Style, Fit, and Workmanship is well known to the public, and they solicit a continuance of the favours of their many customers, assuring them that no effort will be spared to maintain the high standard of excellence which has characterised their productions for over 50 years. Note the address—47 Gertrude Street, Fitzroy. Phone, Fitzroy 1144.

MISS BIRCH,
DRESSMAKER
Late of Top Street, Port Melbourne, begs to announce to the Ladies of Northcote and Preston that she has commenced business at
STOTT STREET,
opposite the Croxton Railway Station. Latest Styles and Workmanship Assured.

MISS IDA HELEY, Costumier, 10, Gertrude Street, Fitzroy, has Removed to Premises Next Door to High Street.

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Announcements.

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Tailored to us to emphasise the finer points of style, cut, and personal fit which every careful dresser looks for and appreciates. Made from the latest and most elegant fashion fabrics specially designed for **Spring** and **Summer** wear, and guaranteed to retain their original appearance. Quality Cloths, every one. Pass your next Suit Order on to

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Mr. Molyneux is well-known in Preston, having been in our employ for the past eight years as traveller and auctioneer, so all customers can rely on being well served with best value at lowest prices, and with courtesy.
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Plans and all particulars,

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Death

FOSTER.—On the 20th September, at his residence, Eden Park, Preston, the dearly-beloved husband of Mary Ann Foster, aged 72 years. Late of Peel and Peel Streets, Northcote. Aged 72 years. Late of Peel and Peel Streets, Northcote. Aged 72 years.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915.

THE WAR GOD.

EVIDENCE is accumulating that the war may be a prolonged one. The Allies are finding the work more difficult than anticipated. Instead of financial assistance, per the bankers' rose-tinted view, we are being asked to lend a helping hand in the matter of supplying the needs of our friends. Shells are in demand, and many young lives are likely to be lost in the desire, although, still the old Adam prevails, and politics and party strife are to be ruled out, for there is much thing as calling a halt for breathing time. The Allies have to contend with a distinct civilization, and the cure is to be of utter ruin; but Germany is relieved to negotiate as far as Serbia is concerned. Europe's "mild treat" must be treated, or be allowed to rage, mob-fool and unbuckle, the whole world over. The approach of another winter is much dreaded by all parties, but there are those who welcome the conflict slackening. The foes are fighting as fiercely as in the early stages of the war, and, whether we be winter, the fires of human passion will continue to blaze. The principal interest at present centres in the result of Bulgaria, which nation is practically in the market for the best bidder. From its geographical position, the part it can hold sway by the destiny of the Turk in Europe—a matter in which the Allies are deeply interested. The task of forcing the Dardanelles has proved to be a longer and more costly adventure than was in the first. Not having succeeded in the attempt to bulgarise would at this moment prove a powerful factor in favor of the Allies. The Kaiser and Kitchener are the parents of the present artillery which one the period to Bulgaria, and is even now popularly largely by subjects of King Ferdinand, but this territory has acquired between Bulgaria and Servia the same importance as Alsace Lorraine to the two great powers. It has been fought for and lost and won time after time, till its possession has come to be considered the open sesame of sovereignty between these petty states. Whether Servia can be induced to cede territory sufficient to the price is hold is yet to be determined, but it is humiliating to the great allied nations to have to sue for favors of a country the approving smile of Bulgaria as the revelries way of cutting the Gordian knot. If Bulgaria is to be bought, £5-pound millions or not, the struggle will be eventually forced, and signs are not wanting that the event may come quicker than many people imagine. Strategic give-and-take fighting is taking place in Poland, while a partition of "stalemate" seems to have been reached on the western front.

COMPULSORY SERVICE

LLOYD GEORGE caused something like a sensation throughout Britain by declaring himself favorable to compulsory service. His object is, it is said, not to enforce conscription on the front, as to get powers for forcing on the output of munitions, independently of labor organisations, and thereby thwarted his efforts to increase the output to adequate dimensions. He claims that many men are fit to vastly superior to the Allies in the store of war material and guns, and that until this state of affairs is rectified victory cannot be looked for. He points out that the Allies have an overwhelming superiority in men, and that unless all those have to be mobilised and utilised. Had the Allies realised in time the full strength of their formidable and resourceful foe, had they realised their own strength and resources, and taken prompt steps to organise them, the slaughter of the past would not have been witnessed, the triumphant spectacle of their guns sporting out a stream of shot and shell which would have scorched the German legions back across their own borders. The Allies have learned, and no winter, the fires of human passion will continue to blaze. The principal interest at present centres in the result of Bulgaria, which nation is practically in the market for the best bidder. From its geographical position, the part it can hold sway by the destiny of the Turk in Europe—a matter in which the Allies are deeply interested. The task of forcing the Dardanelles has proved to be a longer and more costly adventure than was in the first. Not having succeeded in the attempt to bulgarise would at this moment prove a powerful factor in favor of the Allies. The Kaiser and Kitchener are the parents of the present artillery which one the period to Bulgaria, and is even now popularly largely by subjects of King Ferdinand, but this territory has acquired between Bulgaria and Servia the same importance as Alsace Lorraine to the two great powers. It has been fought for and lost and won time after time, till its possession has come to be considered the open sesame of sovereignty between these petty states. Whether Servia can be induced to cede territory sufficient to the price is hold is yet to be determined, but it is humiliating to the great allied nations to have to sue for favors of a country the approving smile of Bulgaria as the revelries way of cutting the Gordian knot. If Bulgaria is to be bought, £5-pound millions or not, the struggle will be eventually forced, and signs are not wanting that the event may come quicker than many people imagine. Strategic give-and-take fighting is taking place in Poland, while a partition of "stalemate" seems to have been reached on the western front.

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LOCALISMS

Northcote Library readers.—Between-season return books this evening.

The official opening of the Thornbury State School has been postponed till the 5th October.

The new Fed compiled for Federal and State elections shows 19,602 voters in the Northcote division.

A conference of Fitzroy, Northcote, and Preston councillors was held last night at Northcote on Monday afternoon to discuss proposals for a conference with St. George's Road Council.

The ordinary meeting, held at the residence of the Wounded Soldiers' Fund, resulted in a profit of £6 5s. 6d. Four new cases are carried out by five little workers.

Colonel Pilsten, assisted by Brigadier Gen. Smith, will confer with the officers in connection with the Salvation Army ball, to be held next Preston.

Further protests predominate in the Preston Council, the latest being last week at Northcote theatre. There was a full house, and considerable feeling on the Saturday night issue. The extension of the Northcote electric light [Advt].

It is likely that in the near future the full strength of the Australian Navy will be required, and the Navy will give a concert in the Northcote town hall in aid of the Australian Wounded Soldiers' Fund. Band selections will be given by the Navy Band, and the assisting at a concert to be held in the Northcote Town Hall, Croxton street, on the 2nd of October, in aid of the Australian Wounded Soldiers' Fund.

At the ordinary meeting on Monday night of the Preston Council, presided over by the mayor (C. Mason) on being asked by Cr. Hayes if he had seen the report in the Saturday mail news, Cr. Hayes said he thought they could not do anything in the way of providing further accommodation. The Allen Law Institute was overcrowding, but there was nothing else available. Cr. Hayes said he thought they could do something

AFTER A YEAR'S WAR.

OPINIONS OF LEADING DIVINES AND EMINENT STATESMEN.

"IS IT WORTH WHILE?"

In that notable service held in St. Paul's, London, in the presence of the King and Queen and a vast and cosmopolitan soldiers, the Archbishop of Canterbury took as his text 1st Corinthians xv. 58, "Wherefore, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." "To the men and women of our Empire to-day," said His Grace, "the cause is the unwilling of the world's life as unparalleled trust—not, told in its degree upon any of our lives—the trust of bearing part in a conflict of absolutely gigantic scale and fascinating the keeping of principles of conduct—the simplest issues of right and wrong. There never may be children in a cloud of words, or invited out of shape by diplomatic sports, or half forgotten in the clash of arms. But there they are. The Archbishop went on to say that the nation had made up its mind. Many people had offered that was said and judged aright when, on this exact day a year ago, after exhausting every effort which could honourably be made to avert the conflict, we definitely faced the tremendous issue and unsheathed the sword in a cause which we should, with clear conscience counted to God—the cause of fealty to plighted word and of resistance to the ruthless influence of force over force alone.

His Grace went on to remark that it was not easy to bring home to ourselves the full sense of the issues, experiences, of this upheaval and uprooting of what we deemed the very basis of human life. Yet, as Christian men. We saw it in degree. We marvelled, and then we turned back with a sense of awe to this month's, this week's vast, happenings, and there clinched over the unshaken resolve that we, in our place and calling, will indeed, God helping us, see it to a great an hour.

In conclusion, His Grace, with deep feeling, said:—A year has gone by since we set our hands to this fateful task. We have learned much; we have given our very best and heaviest, and we believe it is worth while; and now, as the second year of our high service begins, we realize far better than we did last August our country's claim upon us all. Please God, to the end of the call of duty, we may be the Empire I Arnies from ten to thirty times greater than ever before of war now being organised. That we set an institution of a decade's growth and he was glad to know that the overseas Dominions were doing their part. (Cheers). The soldiers sent across the seas by Australia, New Zealand, and Canada had shown that all the traditions of our race had not been forgotten overseas, and that they were prepared, in any danger and by any sacrifice, to stand side by side with their comrades of these islands. (Cheers). The same was true of the splendid force which had been sent to South Africa, while he joined in the tribute of the troops from India. Again we could never forget the patience and gentleness of Tommy. The call of Russia was still preoccupied and unanswerable. The devotion and heroism of the Belgians and Serbs was acknowledged all over the world, as I was also the fine valour of Italy. (Cheers). He had every confidence in the outcome of this struggle, because we had in this Empire almost boundless resources, infinitely greater than those of Germany, Austria, and Hungary combined, and it simply depended upon our self-denial, upon organising capacity and patriotism whether we should organise those resources to the end that our cause should triumph. He did not believe we should fail. Our race had never yet failed in times of crisis—why should it fail now? To fail would be accounted to us in years to come as disloyal. We would not fail. (Loud cheers). In conclusion, Sir Robert Borden read, amid hearty cheers, the following message from the people of Canada:—

"For those who have fallen in this struggle we shall not cease to mourn.

For the cause to which they have consecrated their lives we shall not cease to strive. We are supremely confident that cause will triumphantly triumph, and for that triumph we shall be inspired with an indomitable determination to do it our part.

GERMANY'S MISCALCULATIONS

Mr. Balfour, in his war anniversary speech, said he did not need to tell them that the resolve of this nation to prosecute this great controversy to the end was not only unshaken, but was stronger now than ever it was. (Cheers). He did not require to tell them that our confidence in the righteousness of our cause was even greater than it was in the earlier days of this terrible controversy. (Cheers). He would rather dwell upon some of the reasons which made him take that view. He would say with one of the ablest statesmen that, and with all their patience and loyalty, and with all their self-sacrifice, the nation was not adequately aroused. Possessing splendid unofficial properties. Zam-Buk accomplishes what ordinary ointments and salves never can do, and its over nearly character, combined with purity, and absolute purity is another distinct from all other preparations. If you dress your cuts and sores with Zam-Buk you will never be troubled with "the wound that wound not heal"

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NURSERYMAN, SEEDSMAN, AND FLORIST,
236 High Street, Northcote
Has a large assortment of Flowers, Seeds, and Seedlings always in stock. Flowers Exhibits daily. Floral Bouquets and Funeral Designs a specialty.

PRESTON CRICKET CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Preston Cricket Club was held in the Rechabite hall, Preston, on Saturday, 11th September Mr H. P. Zoar presided. The attendance was very good. Apologies were received from the president (Col. Braithwaite) and Hon. J. G. Membrey.

The secretary (Mr W. H. Fyfe) read the report and balance-sheet, which showed a credit of £13. The report read was a lengthy one, giving a detailed detail of the club's doings, and showed that the club had the best season on record, as the 1st eleven got into the final, playing off with South Melbourne Foothills, and were defeated by 5 wickets after putting up a splendid performance. The matches played totalled 71. Won, 5 lost, 1 drawn, 1 tied, scored, 3315 for the loss of 151 wickets, average, 21; runs scored against, 2372, and wickets taken, 183, average 13. Against North Perth-Westmoreland and Ballaugh put together 248 runs for the 1st wicket partnership. Westmoreland was the last inning average with 73, and Blundell with 70 the highest average with 13, taking 70 wickets. The 2nd eleven played 10; lost 5, won 5; made 1614 runs for the loss of 126 wickets, average 13, and had made against them 1936 runs for 150 wickets, average 12, which shows a good performance for the first year in the 2nd grade competition. George Peers won the batting with an average of 28, second in the club. The season he was promoted to the 1st eleven. Bowling was won by C Hayter with an average of 11, he was also promoted during the latter part of the season. The total of the season £153 was taken at the gates, testing the popularity of the Junior association. Our share of this was £16 0s 3d. References was made to Mr. Dicens and Mr. Hayter, the first for his wicket, etc., and generally looking after the ground, and the latter who decided to give them such a present, for their untiring efforts. Vote of £2 2s each were also passed for presents to our captain, Corey Robinson, and to our vice-captain, Arthur Hayter. Votes of thanks

The Flying Girl.

By RICHARD MARSH.

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CHAPTER XVII (Continued).

His hope was justified. Several more minutes passed before anything was seen or heard of "My Lady of the Night." Marjorie, having presumably used up, was scanning the heavens in all directions. She would not have admitted it to anyone, but Mr. Heasman's words were ringing in her ears. She was beginning to have faith in the old man's judgment. To her there always seemed to be sound reason in everything he said, though he had his own way of saying it. Suppose he was right; that Jim Turner was destined for a tragic end, that an accident had already befallen him!

She was still asking herself the question when a sound saluted her ears which she instantly recognised—the peculiar whirring, buzzing, humming sound made by a distant aeroplane. To her mind there could have been no sweeter music. She looked round to see whence it came, then perceived on her right a dim something shadowed against the far-off sky.

"He's coming!" someone cried. "That's Turner. He's bringing her back against the wind—and isn't she moving?"

So much was plain. The speck it had at first been but a speck—became larger with a rapidity which was startling. The sound increased. To the imaginative Marjorie it was as if a growing strain of harmony conveyed to her a special message out of space. There was "My Lady of the Night" plainly visible to all. As it neared them its pilot altered its course. He was at a great altitude to begin with, he volplaned down. When he was within perhaps three or four hundred feet of the ground he swung round at a right angle and went circling over the works, then bisected them from north to south and from east to west; then, suddenly descending, alighted in the very centre of the huge, white cross which was marked on the plot of grass in front of the hangar and was intended to serve as a landmark. The engines stopped, the airship was at rest. People came crawdling round, among them Mr. Heasman.

"So you've come back safe and sound again—that's good!"

Jim Turner, jumping to the ground, was removing his helmet and his goggles.

"Yes, sir, nothing could be better. She's behaved perfectly. We've been away rather more than forty minutes, and we've done fifty miles, and I haven't pressed her either. Once we came to a hole, which Elphick didn't quite like—did you, Elphick?"

The passenger was getting out of his seat with a slow, stiff awkwardness which was in marked contrast to Turner's agility. His manner, and presently his words, matched his movements; he did not seem happy.

"Very nearly killed, we were. Felt pretty near a thousand feet. I thought we were done that time, and we very nearly were."

"It was rather a shave," admitted the pilot, "and that's a fact. The wind had died away. We were somewhere over Ashdown Forest; it died away so suddenly that I thought something was going to happen. It's not the first time that something has happened there. There must be some local atmospheric peculiarity. I had got everything well in hand and was keeping a sharp lookout, when, down we went. I knew what had happened. We had struck a pocket. I don't know how far we fell. Elphick says it was a thousand feet, but I doubt if it were anything like as much."

"It was every bit of a thousand feet." The passenger looked at the pilot with sullen eyes. "You always make things out to be better than they are."

"Cheer up, Bob. I was wondering how far we were going to fall when we reached the bottom of the pocket and were flying through the air again. It's a very queer feeling when you're dropping. You've no control of anything. You know you're helpless, the ground seems to be coming right up at you, your heart goes into your mouth. I was sorry for Bob when I got control again."

Elphick gave sudden ventilation to a grievance.

"I asked him to put me down. I shouted to him to put me down. If anything had happened to me it would have been murder. I don't care who hears me say it. No man has a right to risk another man's life, if he chooses to risk his own."

There were murmurs from the little lot of onlookers, as if the unwilling passenger's sentiments were their's.

"You hear?" Jim Turner addressed the girl. "How would you like to repeat that exhibition of pluck after this exhibition of pusillanimity?"

"I'd love to."

"What! and risk falling through a pocket?"

"I shouldn't care."

"It's all very well for you to talk, miss," grumbled Elphick; "but you wait till you know what it feels like and then you'll talk a little different."

The girl's face gleamed as she replied to him.

"I should like to know what it feels like first, anyhow. I'd love to go for the flight you've been this afternoon better than anything in the world, and I don't think that I should look quite as you do after it was over even if we did meet a pocket whenever that may be on the way."

Turner turned laughingly to Mr. Heasman.

"You hear that, sir? You'll be losing your typist before very long. She'll be taking to flying instead."

"Wouldn't I like to have the chance!" said Marjorie.

Mr. Heasman observed her with the twinkle in his eyes which sometimes made it difficult to know whether he was speaking in jest or earnest.

"Women are curious creatures, and some of them have curious tastes. I'm inclined to think with Elphick that she'd talk differently if she knew what it felt like to fall anything like a thousand feet in space. What's more, Jim Turner, one day you'll only reach the bottom of what you call a pocket when you come smash against the ground."

Turner laughed. "I'll take my chances, sir."

"You may, and I don't say you're not right; you know what you're aiming at. You've ambitions. It's your trade. But when a young woman talks of taking the same chances, just for fun, I ask myself if she's quite right in the head."

"I'm quite right in the head," Marjorie returned, "and I'd love to."

"Then the next time she'd better take my seat in the car," grumbled Elphick, "and we'll see how she loves that."

The onlookers laughed, as if Elphick had perpetrated an excellent joke. But Jim Turner and the girl looked each other in the eyes, and each seemed to understand what the other saw—and to rejoice in the understanding.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Freedom of the Air.

"Did you mean what you said the other afternoon?"

"I generally do mean what I say, as by now you ought to know. To what particular remark of mine are you referring?"

"You said the other afternoon that you'd love to go for a fly, if you only had the chance. Did you mean it?"

Marjorie Campbell was in Mrs. Rogers' kitchen. Jim Turner had the only real sitting-room; then there was a small chamber which Mrs. Rogers called the parlor, and which was kept for high-days and holidays, and was scarcely ever used for merely sitting in, so the apartment principally used by everyone was the kitchen, which was the most comfortable and commodious room the house contained. Marjorie was sewing—to be candid, she was darning stockings. Mrs. Rogers was out—she had stepped over the way to see a neighbor whose small son had hurt his leg. Bob Rogers was also out. Miss Campbell was alone, when Mr. Turner came in by the back door and asked his question. The girl, looking up from the hole in the heel, observed him with what might almost have been called a supercilious smile.

"You don't seem to know me very well—even yet."

"Seriously—never mind if I know you or if I don't—were you in earnest when you said you'd like to go for a fly?"

"I was, strange though it may seem. I was so much in earnest that I should have thought the fact was obvious even to you."

"Then, if you want to go for a fly you shall!"

"Jim!" She dropped the hand which held the stocking on to the table, with the darning-needle sticking in the heel. "Are you in earnest?"

"I am just as much in earnest as you are. One moment. Before you say another word let me explain to you what the position exactly is. Then, perhaps, you won't be quite so keen."

"Shan't I? Oh, I've pricked myself!" It was not surprising considering the position the needle was in, and that her hand must have been directly beneath its point.

He went on, without showing any sign of sympathetic interest.

"I wonder you women don't prick yourselves oftener than you do."

There was a look in her eyes which ought to have stung him.

"That's just the sort of thing a man would say." She was examining the hand which she had withdrawn from the stocking. "The needle has gone right through the skin and drawn blood."

"That's all right, don't you worry. What's a prick? I want to tell you just what the position is, if you'll kindly listen. You know we pay Elphick every time he goes up as passenger. That's all very well when I'm going for any length of time, but when it comes to handing over a sovereign every time I leave the ground, that's more than I care to shell out, or Mr. Heasman, either. You understand?"

"I'm beginning to. You think I shouldn't charge a sovereign?"

"Well—would you?"

"How silly you are. You really are truly absurd! Do you think I want to be paid for going for a fly? I'd be much more likely to pay you."

"Of course, people do pay for flights, lots of them, and biggish sums, too. I know a man who told me that he sometimes made thirty or forty pounds a week giving people trial flights."

"You wouldn't make thirty or forty pounds a week out of me. I should say it would be cheaper to buy an aeroplane and go flying for yourself."

"How you do talk! The idea of your going flying by yourself. However, that's not the point. I want to make all sorts of experiments with 'My Lady of the Night.' I want to practise starts and banking, short turns, and—all sorts of things. That means that I want to take a lot of little flights—a quarter of a mile, half a mile, perhaps, only a couple of hundred yards. Elphick's view is that a flight is a flight. I have to pay him a sovereign every time he leaves the ground. That means that I may have to pay him five or six sovereigns in one lot of experiments. I've got to have a passenger—and, as I explained, one of the chief conditions in the race is that each competitor is to carry a passenger. A monoplane does not behave with one person on board as it does with two. It's no good practising, seriously practising, without a passenger. What do you say to trying what it feels like to go up—just trying—once?"

"When?"

"Now, at once."

"Jim!"

"Don't come if you feel the least bit nervous. I'm not taking any responsibility. You must see for yourself that I couldn't. So if you feel in the slightest degree that there's any danger in the thing—and, mind you, when you go flying, even for a quarter of a mile, there must be an element of danger—if you feel anything like that, you have only got to say nothing and go on with your darning, and I'll forget everything you've ever said, and we'll talk about the weather. I've no wish to take advantage of any remark you may have made in an excited moment. I don't want you to consider yourself bound by it. Above all, I don't want to press you in the faintest degree. That seems to be a biggish hole you've got there—it will take some darning."

"Will it? How soon do you want to start?"

"Within ten minutes."

"Oh, Jim! What a preposterous person you are! Why didn't you tell me before so that I might have had the joy of looking forward? But—can I go up like this?"

"You can; though other garments can be provided if you like. A young lady who then resided at Lewes thought that she'd like to be taught how to fly, so she started by fitting herself out with all those garments which she thought it was proper that a flying woman should wear. Then, when I had taken her for about two hundred yards I heard a funny sound behind me, and looking round there she was crying and blubbering like a pig in a fit, and she informed me, as well as she could for her emotion, that she'd fall out if I didn't take her down at once. So I took her down. We had rather a bumpy landing, and didn't she shriek! And that was the end of her learning to fly. We've never heard from her since, and she never went for those various garments, so if you think you'd like to wear them I see no reason why you shouldn't."

"Thank you. I don't want to wear any what you call garments belonging to a person like that. Shall I be all right as I am?"

"Perfectly all right. You can have a leather coat, and a leather cap, and goggles, and gloves. We're not going to fly across Europe, you know. I'm just going to take you off the ground to see how you like it."

"Very well. Take me. Don't talk, and tell silly tales about silly young women, which I don't know whether to believe—but just take me."

They went to the hangar. On the way they deserted Bob Rogers. Turner lied him. "How is Mary Wood?" Bob indulged in the grin which was so frequently seen on his freckled face that it almost seemed to be his natural expression.

"Mary Wood's all right. You leave Mary Wood alone. She asked me if you had broken your neck yet, and I told her you hadn't."

"That's very kind of Mary. I'm going to make another effort to break it now—and Miss Campbell's into the bargain. Lend a hand. I'm going to take Miss Campbell for a trial flight. I thought of routing out Thompson, but you'll be better than he. You stay here. I'm going to get Miss Campbell a coat."

Left alone for a few seconds with Bob, the girl was conscious that he was regarding her oddly. She called him to account.

"Don't look at me like that, as if I were a prize show. Wouldn't you like to go for a flight?"

"Can't say that I particularly should."

"Why? Are you afraid a great man like you?"

"I can't say that I'm exactly afraid, and I don't see what size has got to do with it. For one thing, Mary Wood made me promise that I wouldn't. 'Don't you ever go up in any of those flying things,' she said. 'No,' I told her, 'I won't.' 'You promise me you won't—promise just where you're standing.' So I promised her."

"Did you? It strikes me you didn't need much pressing. And why does Mary Wood object to your going up in what she calls 'those flying things?'"

Bob's grin grew more pronounced. "I suppose, for one reason, she don't want to lose me, not just yet."

"Doesn't she? She's very careful of you, is Mary Wood."

"Maybe that's because she don't want to lose a good thing when she's got it."

"You have a conceit!" Jim Turner came towards them round the side of the hangar with various leather goods over his arm.

"Here's your coat," he observed. "See if it will fit you."

Presently the girl was enveloped in one of those leather garments dear to motorists as well as airmen. A leather sort of bonnet was fitted on her head, and she was handed leather gauntlets and a pair of goggles. She looked at Jim and laughed.

"I hope I don't look quite such a sight as you do. That thing on your head may be useful, but it isn't ornamental. But I have the gravest suspicions."

"Never mind looks. You're here for business, not pleasure."

"Am I? If you knew how I feel like dancing you wouldn't talk such stuff."

They were in the hangar, standing by the aeroplane.

"You see, the seats are side by side. In my first two-seater the passenger sat behind. One reason why I've got them side by side is because I thought that if anything happened to the pilot, the passenger might take his place, though I wasn't bargaining for a passenger like Elphick. He'd be as much use in an emergency as——"

"As I should."

"If you couldn't be more use than Bob Elphick you have my sympathy. Would you mind taking your seat?"

She got into the car. "This is really very comfortable."

"Of course it's comfortable. What did you suppose it was going to be?"

"I thought that a seat on an aeroplane was much more primitive than this is. Here you've got a proper padded seat and a floor for your feet. I thought you put them on a sort of bar, and there was the wind all round you, but there are the sides and front of the car coming right up to your neck so that you are well protected, and I should think the wind could hardly touch you."

"You wait till we are up four thousand feet, flying at top speed for three or four hours without a break you'll find if the wind can't touch you. That's one of the worst things about flying. In spite of all the cover and all the clothes you get frozen to the bone, so that you can't feel the driving wheel. But we're not going to try anything of that sort this time. Let me explain what we are going to do, so that if you get a sudden attack of the nerves you won't be able to say that you didn't know. We're going to rise to an altitude of about two hundred feet——"

"I want to go much higher than that."

"Do you? Then, on this occasion you'll have to want. You wait before you talk. I'm going to fly due west as far as Potter's Farm, and then I'm going to bring you back again, and by that time you'll have formed some idea of how you like it."

"I want to go farther than Potter's Farm."

Ignoring her remark, Jim Turner settled himself in the driver's seat.

"Are you all right? Then, look out, we're going to start. Don't lose your head directly we begin to rise, and if you feel at all dizzy don't look over the side of the car. Look out, Bob, we're off."

They were. They went out of the hangar, skimmed across the grass, began to rise.

"Mind what I told you about losing your head—we're going up."

In spite of the noise which the engine was making he contrived to make himself audible. She did the same.

"I'm not losing my head. And as if I didn't know we were going up. It's glorious!"

She drew a long breath. He glanced at her, just enough to see that there was what might have been a look of ecstacy upon her face. He smiled grimly. "You seem to have more sense than Elphick." Presently he said, "We are up about two hundred feet."

"Go higher."

"I won't!"

"Do go up higher—please." This with an emphasis which beat him.

"I'll go up another hundred feet to oblige you." After what seemed to be a scarcely perceptible interval he told her, "Now, we're up about three hundred. How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling ——" She stopped. "I don't know how I'm feeling—I'm feeling—rapturous." Then she added, with a recollection, perhaps, of certain words she had uttered on the road to Brooklands, "If I were to tell you how I'm feeling you'd laugh at me."

"Should I? There's old Heasman come out to have a look at us." I caught a glimpse of him with the tail of my eye. He doesn't know I've taken you up. I told him I thought of doing so. He said he thought I'd better not. I thought different."

"I'm glad you did. It's like a dream."

"What sort of dream?"

"A dream of bliss. You can laugh if you like."

He did not laugh. It was a perfect evening; there was scarcely any breeze. The sky was flecked with the small clouds which are apt to come after a long day's sunshine. The sun was setting on their right, on a cough of glory. Everything was ablaze with color; it was as if they were sailing through fairyland.

"Here's Potter's Farm. I ought to turn."

"No, don't. Go on; fly into the setting sun."

He laughed. "Why? It will get into my eyes. I shan't be able to see. You don't want to be dazzled when you're piloting a monoplane. I'll go up higher."

"Do, right high up!" He inclined the monoplane upwards. They climbed up, and up, and up, up the inclined sides of a mountain of air, towards a point where the sense of distance seemed to be lost in space.

"How are you feeling now? Dizzy or anything of that sort?"

"Not in the least. I don't seem to be conscious of any sort of feeling. It's just glorious, I can't believe it's true. I have to keep telling myself that it's really true. It's so incredible—to be up here in the trackless wastes of space."

"You are poetical." He added, after a pause, "Mind you, there is poetry in flight."

"How good of you to say so."

"Do you think I don't know there's poetry in the game I want to play? I couldn't give you a good definition of what poetry is, but it's what I call poetry. And I call it romance. An airman is the most romantic figure the world has ever seen, although often, he's nothing but a mechanic."

"You're a figure of romance."

"I am, although you mayn't think so, Miss Campbell. After a fashion, I'm romantic from the tips of my toes to the crown of my head. Now, it's your turn to laugh."

"I don't want to laugh, I agree. How high are we now?"

"Over two thousand feet. You want glasses or uncommonly good eyes to recognise what's below you. Look out, I'm going to turn."

They went round in an abrupt curve until they had formed a right about face. They were flying back. The sound of the engine seemed to vibrate through the vastnesses of space. They were going back against what wind there was, which was perhaps why the noise it made seemed greater. The passenger leaned towards the pilot as if to make sure that her words were heard.

"How glad I am you found me at the bottom of that bank. If you hadn't, perhaps I should never have known this."

"You were in a pretty mess when I did find you; I didn't think you would ever know anything again. Sit well back in your seat. I'm going to see how you like volplaning."

The car dipped and rose, dipped and rose, dipped and rose, switchbacking across the sky.

"What do you think of that?" he asked. "Find that upsetting?"

"It was like a swing of the gods."

"Then you didn't mind it?"

"How can you ask me such a question? If I never fly again this memory will be with me—for ever."

"For ever is a long time. I think it very probable, Miss Campbell, that you will fly again—I'm going to plane down."

With incredible smoothness they ran down an invisible slope.

"There's old Heasman's house, there's the hangar, and there's the great white cross. I'm going to come down on that." They came to a miraculous standstill in the middle of the great white cross.

(To be Continued.)

ROMANCE OF GREECE'S KING.

Will He Come In On Britain's Side?

For personal as well as constitutional reasons King Constantine of Greece is endeavoring to maintain the strictest neutrality in this great war. In spite of the clamor of the populace in favor of intervention on behalf of the Allies. His Majesty has ties of relationship with the Allies as well as with Germany for his wife, who was Princess Sophie of Prussia, is at the same time a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and a sister of the Kaiser.

King Constantine, on the other hand, is a first cousin both of King George and of the Czar, being a nephew of their respective mothers, Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, who were sisters of King George of Greece, King Constantine's father, who was assassinated two years ago.

King Constantine met his wife and fell in love with the pretty Princess Sophie when he was being educated and trained at a German military school. His affection was reciprocated, and although the father of the young lady, the hapless Emperor Frederick III., died before the engagement of the lovers could be announced, the course of their affection ran smoothly and they were married about a year after the death of the Emperor at Athens.

The Kaiser, however, never forgave his sister for seceding from the Lutheran faith and joining the Greek Church, to which the Royal Family of Greece belongs. For many years brother and sister did not meet, and it was only on the death of her mother, the Empress Frederick, to whom the quarrel was a source of the deepest grief, that a reconciliation between them took place; but even then it lacked sincerity.

A clever and gifted woman Princess Sophie has been of the greatest help to her husband. That she has the courage of her convictions is strikingly illustrated by the fact that during the war which Greece fought with Turkey in the latter years of the last century she was the only member of the Royal Family who had the courage to say that it was bound to end in disaster, and she was the only person who urged King George, her father-in-law, to conclude peace before his army had been entirely annihilated.

King Constantine is as popular with his subjects as was his father. Not a little of the affection which exists between His Majesty and the people of Greece is due to his bonhomie and the manner in which he at all times mixes with his people. Travel is a passion with King Constantine, and he has tramped incognito through many of the countries of Europe.

£1000 CANARY-BULLFINCH.

The recent International Bird Show has provided some astonishing facts and figures regarding the value of song-birds. There are nearly one hundred classes of canaries. That they can be Norwich or Lancashire, Border or Yorkshire variegated, lizard, undighted, clean cross-bred, crested, self or foul, conveys very little to the average mind but leaves one marvelling at the variety of chirping little creatures whose feathers are every conceivable shade of yellow.

One marvels also at the variety of birds that could be kept as pets. Finches, linnets, redpoles, tomtits, robins, wrens, stonechats, babblers, redstarts, and long-tailed short-tailed, wag-tailed, and crested varieties of all of them in every size, from the minute humming bird to the plump scarlet cockatoo, all vie for that popularity which up to the present has been the monopoly of the canary.

And those little birds are all quite cheap. A few shillings will buy most of them, but, on the other hand, £500 would be asked for a gorgeous crimson bird of paradise, or £1000 for the canary-bullfinch "White Rose," the most expensive song-bird in the world.

BIRTHMARKS REMOVED BY RADIUM.

Radium has been used successfully during the past year at the Radium Institution in London for the eradication of birthmarks. In a report recently issued, it is asserted that blemishes of this kind have been removed readily and without leaving any noticeable trace of the disfigurement following the treatment. Superficial growths of other characters, such as warts, which had resisted treatment by acids, have also been removed. In all, 749 cases of different kinds have been treated at the institution.

The Press Bureau's English: "All the airmen escaped unhurt with two exceptions." We have heard of garments called "unmentionables," but what on earth are "exceptions"?

GERMAN HATE.

THE OPINIONS OF "CHEERFUL JOE."

"If what we sees in the papers is true, Cheerful Joe, these miserable hounds of Germans seem to be pretty good haters," said Mr. Bail, down at the Hog in the Pound, one evening.

"They got more hate in their systems than sense," replied Cheerful Joe, as he carefully conveyed his tankard across to his favorite seat. "In fact, I shouldn't reckon there was enough hate in their country to go around, now that Italy's come in. Though to my way of thinkin' this here hate is a pretty good sign. It looks to me as though we must be winnin' this war a lot more thoroughly than what we be told about yet. And I tell 'ee for why. I've always sort of found that when a man haves words, and, mebbe, a few blows, along with some dissatisfied chap, it's the feller what gets the wust of it what does the hatin'. The winner of the scrap don't care one way or t'other. When you've clouted a man across the ear-hole until he's bound to shut his mouth, it stands to reason that you don't hate him any longer. In fact, you be more inclined to feel sort of half-sorry for him, considerin' the way his ear-hole must be ringin'. But he'd prob'ly drop you down a well-hole if he had the chance. He ain't sorry for you—for a time, at all events—and so he goes home a-grindin' his teeth at you, but takin' mighty good care to grind 'em quiet.

"Well, that's how 'tis with these 'ere Germans. They can see plainer every day that they ain't got no more chance of winnin' than a mouse what's fell in a tank of home-brewed's got of keepin' sober, and that's why they hates us summat horrible, so they tells me. They made up a sort of song arrangement about it and used to go bawlin' and bellerin' it all over the place. That was a pretty rum start, accordin' to my mind. I can't say I ever heard anybody sing this song of hate, but I makes no manner of doubt it must have sounded remarkable comical to them what did. I mind t'other day I was readin' a letter what a young nevvy o' mine what's fightin' out there wrote home. As near as I can call to mind, the young reskil he said, 'T'other night a lot of us crept up to a German trench on the quiet, and jest when we was going to drop in on 'em with our bayonets, up pops one of 'em, a girt, fat, foolish-lookin' German, with his mouth wide open, jest as if he was goin' to sing this here Song of Hate. So I chucked a six-inch bomb into it, and that stopped his chat!'

"The young reskil! He never hated nobody and he never expected no sensible person to hate him.

"I can't make out what the Germans reckons they be goin' to get out of their hatin' habits. It don't seem to get 'em forrader at all. Hate or no hate, General Joffer he keeps on a-nibblin' at 'em, and General French he keeps on a-gnawin' at 'em, and bimeby here's Lord Kitchener he'll be wantin' his bite out o' 'em—and then I reckon they'll have summat to hate us for. If they got any time to spare for hatin' then—which I misdoubts.

"They puts me in mind of Henry Harrow's pup. I was watchin' him t'other morning wanderin' down the road sort of idle, when all of a sudden he give a tremenjus snap at his flank. Then he give another and another. The pup had made the discovery that there was such things as fleas in the world, I s'pose, and that some of 'em was tenants of his. And he began to snap at hisself very fierce and unforgivin'—in fact, he led down and rolled hisself, perfectly furious, snappin' and worryin' in all directions. He got into sich a temper he never noticed where he was goin', and all of a sudden I'm blowed if he didn't roll hisself clean into the ditch and about a foot o' dirty water. He scrambled out somehow—and a more dumbfounded creecheh or a more miserable-lookin' pup I never seen afore. He give another mild snap or two at his flank, but it warn't no manner of use, and so he glues his tail down between his laigs and slinks off down the road, lookin' perfectly useless.

"Well, that's how the Germans be with the Allys—they hates us like pizen, but they can't get rid of us, and they never will! Good health!"

WIRELESS TORPEDO.

A new type of torpedo, which is bound to add largely to the existing difficulties of dealing with the subtle nature of submarine warfare, has lately been perfected by Mr. John H. Hammond, junr., whose wireless experiments have attracted much attention of late years. Mr. Hammond claims to have invented what is called a radio-controlled torpedo, which makes it possible to control the movements of a submarine torpedo by wireless to the utmost range of vision, assisted by telescopes.

The details of the invention have naturally been kept very secret, and are now the exclusive property of the American Government. The controlling of the movements of boats by wireless is no secret, for several people have accomplished this, but in the case of the torpedo there was nothing to prevent a battleship bringing its own wireless into play and thus neutralising the effects of the torpedo. This difficulty, however, Mr. Hammond is said to have overcome, and if a battleship seeks to interfere with the torpedo's movements by bringing its own wireless installation into play, it only succeeds in making the weapon more certain to hit its mark. The battleship draws the torpedo towards itself, and at an increased speed.

Some wonderful results have been achieved by Mr. Hammond in regard to controlling boats by wireless. He has succeeded in sending a 50ft. launch a distance of eight miles from the shore and bringing it back safely again without the interference of anyone on board, and without any other control upon the motive power of the boat than that exercised by himself at the wireless keyboard. From these experiments Mr. Hammond applied his principles to the torpedo with a result that will undoubtedly revolutionise submarine warfare.

WHAT MAKES A GIRL POPULAR.

Every girl has the perfectly natural desire to be popular with the other sex, and every girl is interested in knowing the secret of such popularity. Some girls have the idea that the way to have a good time is to break away from the recognised rules of social life.

The free-and-easy, reckless type of girl may receive a good deal of attention of a certain kind, but it is safe to say that men do not really care for such a girl. Certainly they do not have any respect for her. They may enjoy a flirtation with her, but such a girl never enters seriously into their thoughts. The girl who is kind and thoughtful to her parents is the girl whom they admire.

The girl who is disrespectful to her parents will not long retain the respect of others. Men know very well that a girl who deceives her mother cannot be trusted. A good daughter has in her the making of a good wife, and a man remembers this when he begins to think seriously of matrimony.

If we desire the flowers of paradise we must sow the seeds.

RUSSIA'S ROYAL HERO.

Married for Love, Fighting for Glory.

Exiled because he insisted on marrying the woman he loved, deprived of military and Imperial honors, while the bulk of his property was confiscated, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Czar's only brother, came to England about four years ago, where he lived in quiet retirement with his wife, Countess de Brassow, slowly being forgotten by peasant and aristocrat. To-day the people of the cities and villages of Russia worship him. When war broke out the Grand Duke Michael, forgetting the cruelties of his banishment, returned to Russia and placed his services at the disposal of the Czar.

He was made a general and has proved himself to be one of the most capable and skilful soldiers Russia ever produced. He risked his life in nearly every battle that was fought near and in the Carpathians, and has exposed himself as freely as the most reckless of his men.

The Grand Duke Michael was only thirty-three when, in 1911, he married Countess Natalie, as his wife then was. A wife had been chosen for him from one of the Royal houses, but the Grand Duke Michael preferred a marriage for love to one of convenience, and fled to Vienna, where he was married to the Countess Natalie. The result was that by the Russian Imperial Decree of 1886, which explicitly excludes from all right to the throne and from any Imperial considerations and prerogatives the wife and children of any scion of the House of Romanoff who marries a woman not belonging to one of the sovereign dynasties of Europe, the Grand Duke was stripped of all his honors, wealth, and titles and forced into exile.

Not that he was the only Grand Duke who insisted on marrying the woman he loved. His uncle, the Grand Duke Paul, made a morganatic marriage, and other instances could be quoted. That the Czar, however, was not altogether embittered against his brother and his wife is evident from the fact that His Majesty created the latter Countess de Brassow. A very beautiful and wealthy woman, her fidelity to her husband has won her not only the respect of his family but all Russia, and since the war she has been living in the Russian capital, honored and feted, and will undoubtedly play an important part in the events that follow the war.

The Grand Duke Michael is so idolised by the people of Russia that not only is it said that he will never go into exile again, but that he will succeed the Czar on the throne—for he was heir-presumptive to the Russian throne—failing the eleven-year-old son of Czar Nicholas, who is suffering from an incurable disease. Whether the Grand Duke will ever become Czar of Russia, of course, only time will show, but there is no doubt that he is fully re-established in the eyes of his countrymen.

BOY FREEMASONS.

Mystic Signs and What They Mean.

Although the majority of grown-ups may not be aware of the fact, there is a freemasonry of boyhood that extends from one end of the world to the other—a freemasonry which has been fostered and developed to a certain extent by the Boy Scouts of recent years. This freemasonry is founded on various beliefs and superstitions, for the subject or luck makes all boys akin.

One of the most common beliefs among them concerns the horseshoe, which, if found in the road, the finder has to pick it up, make a wish and hurl it backward over his head and walk away whistling a certain tune. According to the common juvenile belief, if the boy keeps on walking without looking back the wish will be realised.

Many readers have probably already heard of the luck which is supposed to follow from the sight of a grey or piebald horse, and if boys are watched closely they will be seen, after catching sight of such an animal, to wet the tip of the forefinger of the right hand, touch the palm of the left hand with it, and then hit the left palm vigorously with the clenched hand, actions which are supposed to make quite sure of luck. And if a boy, carefully keeping count of the grey horses he sees, reaches the hundred, exceptional luck will be his.

In some parts of the country the mystic signs differ somewhat. After wetting the tip of the finger a cross may be made on the toe of the boot, and the charm is regarded as infallible if, after looking at the piebald or grey horse, one turns away immediately in order not to see the animal again. Otherwise the spell is broken.

Boys love frogs, and that, perhaps, is the reason why a dead frog is almost as scarce as a dead donkey. To kill a frog, indeed, is regarded by the average boy as a distinct omen of ill-luck. All sorts of troubles are prophesied for the youngster who is unfortunate enough to cause the decease of a "land-fish," as they have so often been described.

Many of us will probably remember that in our schooldays it was a widespread belief that if one had a tooth pulled out, and refrained from putting one's tongue in the cavity, a new tooth fully crowned in resplendent gold would grow there; while all boys will tell you that it is dangerous to go swimming in the dog days, although for their own convenience they are inclined to limit the period, particularly when they get near an inviting stream. Another bit of swimming lore is the remedy of boyhood for water in the ears. A flat, sun-warmed stone, it is said, will draw all the water out of the ear of the boy who seeks relief.

SONG OF THE TRENCHES.

In dug-out cool at ease I sat
And think I'm free from worries;
My sergeant though, thinks otherwise,
For over here he hurries,
He wants a gang of twenty men
(New breastworks they are rigging),
So all the night with all our might
We are digging, digging, digging.

A sergeant kind will always find
For his platoon good billet,
And if he come to issue rum
Your mess-tin he will fill it,
But it matters not what luck you've got,
Whatever place you "pig-in"—
It's out you go at dead of night
For digging, digging, digging.

To carry on till all is done—
The work is there, so do it.
With morning sun you'll see the Hun;
Then make the beggars rue it.
For they're the cause of all unrest,
The peace of all uprooting
So with "the Day" you'll see your way
To be shooting, shooting, shooting.

Mother: Where have you been, Lizzie?

Daughter: Only out for a walk in the park.

Mother: With whom?

Daughter: No one.

Mother: Then explain how you come home with a walking-stick instead of an umbrella.

A woman's idea of a mean husband is one who refuses to talk back.

LESSONS OF THE WAR.

Lessons of the present war from a technical point of view are discussed by Mr. Hudson Maxim in the "Scientific American." In the opinion of the writer, the main lesson is

The importance of insurance against war by scientific preparedness, especially preparedness with the machinery of war, and preparedness with men trained to the use of that machinery. This is an age of machinery, where hand labor is largely replaced by labor-saving mechanism. Labor-saving machinery applies to the work of war in just as large measure as it does to peaceful industries.

The lesson second in importance is that, after war comes upon a nation, there is no time to equip for the fray, and even if there were time it is not the right time, for the tremendous extravagance of preparing for war under the pressure of war is amazing. . . .

The lesson of the war next in importance is the fragility of treaties. Of course all history has taught this lesson. . . . But it has been given such impress upon the minds of men of this generation that it is not likely to be forgotten for the next century. . . .

The next important lesson of the war is the unreliability of all prophecies of the pacifists who have told us for the past quarter of a century that human nature had so much improved in recent years, and international brotherhood had become so dominant, and civilisation of such a high order had arrived, that the nations were not going to war much more.

THE WOES OF WARSAW.

Warsaw, one of the great war centres of the present conflict, has played an important part in the history of Poland. Early in the seventeenth century it supplanted Cracow as the capital of Poland, Cracow remaining, however, the Coronation city. In July, 1656, the Poles were vanquished here in a three days' battle by the forces of Charles X. of Sweden and Frederick William, the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg. In 1702 Charles XII. of Sweden entered the city. The Russians, in November, 1794, stormed Prage, a suburb of the city, and forced Warsaw to capitulate. In 1795, in the third partition of Poland, the city was given to Prussia. In 1806 the town was occupied by the troops of Napoleon, but after the peace of Tilsit—1807—it was made the capital of the independent duchy of Warsaw. It became the capital of the new kingdom of Poland, after its occupation by the Russians in 1813. In November, 1830, it rose against the Russians, but the latter re-entered the city in September of the following year. Much rioting and bloodshed took place in the city in 1905-1906.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

For accurately telling the quality of milk there has been invented a pump to take a sample from the centre of a can.

An oil-can for filling lamps has been patented that carries a funnel so that the oil may be poured into the right place without waste.

On the Continent the development of both foliage and flowers is stimulated by an excess of carbonic acid in the air, while the yield of tomatoes is doubled and that of cucumbers increased 12.5 per cent. by carbonic acid treatment.

The Imperial Institute has recently examined the wood of Buxus Macowani from South Africa. Several firms using boxwood have also tested it, and, the general opinion being favorable, the Imperial Institute has suggested to the Government of the Union of South Africa that it would be well to place a trial shipment of this South African boxwood on the London market.

At the meeting of the British Association in Australia Professors Edgeworth, David, and Wilson described a completely mineralised human skull found near Warwick in the Darling Downs of Queensland. It probably dates from a period when the great fossil marsupials were still living and is earlier than any other human remains hitherto found in Australia.

A novel type of automobile bumper has just been brought out by a New York company. It consists of a hollow rubber tube, supported on a steel fender, beyond which it projects about two inches. Should any person or object be in danger of collision with a motor-car so equipped, a large part of the shock is absorbed by the rubber tube, while the rest loses itself in the springs which support the steel fender.

HISTORIC LANDS.

No other people possess lands of such remarkable historic interest as the Turks. An interesting contribution on the subject appears in the "National Geographic Magazine," and in the course of the article the writer says—

"The Bible, with little exception, is an account of the doings of people who never got beyond what have hitherto been the confines of Turkey. From a single corner of the Ottoman Empire arose the Babylon that in its day all but ruled the world. From that same region envy and famine conspired to send the children of Abraham into Egypt, which until recently was embraced in the empire of the Ottomans. Thence, as they marched back from Africa to Asia, through the Wilderness of Sin to the Promised Land, they never once set foot off what came to be Turkish soil. And when the Star of Bethlehem arose it stood over a manger on land that is now Turkish soil.

"In Asia Minor once dwelt Croesus, whose name to this day expresses the last degree of wealth. Here was Pergamus, whose library in its period was the finest in the world, making such demands for papyrus that Ptolemy was led to prohibit the exportation of that commodity from Egypt. Under the reign of the Caesars, Asia Minor alone contained five hundred populous cities, enriched with all the gifts of Nature and adorned with all the refinements of Art.

"The civilisation of the Hittites, whose lands finally were occupied by the hosts of Israel; the civilisation of Tyre and Sidon, the greatest colonizers of ancient times; the civilisation of Egypt, rival of Persia and Chaldea in the value of the heritage it bequeathed to the future; the civilisation of Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire, in its day more gorgeous than any that had gone before—all found their home within the boundaries of what afterwards came to be the land of the Turk. Mohammed and the religion which bears his name and now claims several hundred million adherents were also born in the Ottoman Empire."

"It is amazing the interest a crowd will take in trifles!" exclaimed the First Cynic.

"Isn't it?" exclaimed Cynic the Second. "I quite agree with you!"

"Why," proceeded Cynic Number One, "as I was coming along just now I saw a fight between a bulldog and a mastiff; and, upon my word, during fifteen minutes I was watching, more than fifty men were standing round! How can people take an interest in such things?"

"I can't imagine. And which dog won?"

DAIRYING.

SUREST WAY TO DAIRY SUCCESS

Specialising is the predominant feature of the present-day commercial world, and the results show that it is at all times the surest way to success. It is essentially so in dairy farming. Unless the farmer has a direct aim in view, and subordinates all minor considerations to that one object, he will find much of his time and energy produce no adequate return. The fact that cows are equally valuable for beef as they are for milk production does not imply that both ends can be successfully reached by the one process. It is becoming well understood that the development in one direction is detrimental to the other. Heredity is a powerful force, and a cow that lays on flesh rapidly, and so becomes a good-sized beef animal, cannot be expected to develop those characteristics which denote the good milker.

The good milk cow uses most of her food to make milk, and so becomes thin herself. Mr. J. M. Trueman has concisely and clearly outlined the characteristics of the good milch cow in the following words: "The cows that should be selected for a dairy herd are characterised by spareness of form, good heart and lung development, and large digestive apparatus. A spare form, accompanied by good appetite and vigorous health, indicates that the food is used for the production of