

OUR CHILDREN'S COLUMNS INTERESTING BATCH OF LETTERS.

BY "NIECES" AND "NEPHEWS" OF THE SUNSHINE LEAGUE. CONDUCTED BY "UNCLE TOM."

The following letters have been received by "Uncle Tom," who composes "Our Children's Page" in Saturday's issue of "The Daily News." Further letters will appear from day to day, as space permits.

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS.

TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY), SEPT. 9.

CHILDREN'S AND ADULTS' BALL. At ST. PAUL'S HALL, BEACONSFIELD. (Arranged by Miss Gertrude E. Miller, 18 Hampton-road, Fremantle.)

ADMISSION—Children (under 16), 2s.; adults, single tickets, 1s. 6d.; adults, double tickets, 2s. 6d.

THIRD CLASS

(Over 12 to 16 Years.)

Dear Uncle Tom, I was glad to see some of your nieces at our "Cinderella" play in aid of local charities. I sold fifteen shillings' worth of tickets, and my brother helped me. I have not started the Jacks yet, but I will start them this week. My mother is going to cut them out, and help me with them; so I will soon have them made. I gave half of the material to Elida Bridge as you wished. I think I must close now as it is getting late. I remain, your loving niece, AMY WHITEHEAD.

Dear Amy, There is plenty of time to do the sewing for the hospital. I am pleased to know that my nieces have undertaken the work, in addition to helping with the furnishing of the two wards. I am making preparations for our big concert at Fremantle on September 23, "A Night in Fairyland." Your ballroom will be specially illuminated.—Uncle Tom.

555 Havelock-street, West Perth. My dear Uncle Tom, Just a few lines to thank you for letting me have the book I asked you for a prize. It was very, very good of you. Please excuse scribble, because I hurt my right hand thumb one night, and it is still very painful.—Your affectionate niece, SHEELAH SARGENT, aged 14.

Dear Sheelah, You deserved the prize, and I was pleased to be able to give you the book you wanted to read. I hope your thumb is better by now.—Uncle Tom.

RUTH DIXON, aged 13. Dear Ruth, I should be pleased to see you next Tuesday evening at St. Joseph's Orphanage, Leederville, at a gramophone-concert. The 140 little orphan girls will give you a warm welcome.—Uncle Tom.

Dear Uncle Tom, Just a few lines to let you know that I went round to Cissie Troy's last week, and asked her if she thought I could get up a concert for East Perth. She said you were going to her place one Sunday, and she would ask you. I hope that you were in favour of it. I have not seen her this week, to hear what you said. I was very glad to see the thermometer rising so quickly. I am enclosing three stamps. This is all I have in hand.—Remain, your loving niece, EDITH SMITH.

Dear Edith, You will notice that Cissie Troy is to hold a concert soon. Will you give her some help? I have not held a concert in East Perth, and I want it to be a success.—Uncle Tom.

89 Edward-street, East Perth. Dear Uncle Tom, I went to the orphanage on Sunday, and the girls were so pleased to see me. I took some flowers to them, and before I came away they gave me a lovely moss rose and some violets; they have such a nice rose bush in the paddock. I was going down again one Sunday. My Sunshine Patch is looking very nice. I took some flowers out of it on Sunday, and there is still some more out. Dear Uncle Tom, I am sending my sewing in. I am ashamed for not sending it in before. I must now close.—I remain, your loving niece, VIVIAN C. WILSON, aged 16.

Dear Vivian, There was no great hurry about the sewing, so you have nothing to feel ashamed of; in fact, you have reason to feel proud that you took part in a scheme which will benefit many poor children at a time when they most want help.—Uncle Tom.

"For years I suffered with ANAEMIA and although I tried many preparations I could only get relief for a short time, and then was again as bad as ever. After the first bottle of SCOTT'S Emulsion I found my condition improving, so continued with it, and now can positively say I am cured. I look and feel a very different woman."

22 Ferndale Street, (Mrs) E. SPICER Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W. 7797.

Above is the Proof in the Facts. Here is Proof in the Reason Why: The Emulsion which brought back health and spirits to Mrs. Spicer was SCOTT'S Emulsion, and if you desire exactly the same results you will be wise to procure exactly the same Emulsion—SCOTT'S Emulsion with the Fishman's logo on the package. SCOTT'S Emulsion is different from every other emulsion in being made of the finest quality Lotoden cod liver oil by the original perfected SCOTT'S process—two points which place SCOTT'S far ahead of all competitors. Therefore, when purchasing don't ask for "Emulsion"; ask for and get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

See that the Fishman with the Fish is on the package. Of all Chemists and Dealers in Medicines

SCOTT'S Emulsion

Can you find time to spend a little time in W. Zimpel's store-room? If you will find he not only carries the ordinary stock of furniture, but in addition he has a large stock of carpets, lace curtains, tapestries, art vases, sheetings, towels, crockery and kitchen utensils of every description. This visit will show you one of the great developments of W.A.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

(By "MAGPIE.")

In almost ideal shooting weather, the Fremantle District Rifle Club held a shoot last Saturday over the 200, 300, and 600 yards ranges, the occasion being the third round of the Hornmann Kangaroo-hunting trophy, and also the monthly shoot for the Naylor Cup, and yearly aggregate of the club. The handicaps were pulled off all the honors, as the two "cracks" did not shoot up to their usual or expected form, and as a matter of fact one of them, yeelpit "Jona," fills the position of booby with the lowest score. Following were the scores made:

Table with columns: Name, 200, 300, 600, H.P. T. J. R. Benton, M.L. Miller, M. Clure, T. Campbell, E. S. P. Troode, G. H. McKenzie, F. Simper, E. S. Fordham, R. A. Gordon, R. J. Halliday, C. T. Fletcher, A. A. Dean, T. O. M. Harvey, F. Clutterbuck, F. S. Jones.

Next Saturday the club are losing the services of Messrs. R. J. Halliday, H. J. Simper, F. S. Jones, and D. M. Clure, who are all journeying to Adelaide to take part in the S.A. private meeting, Messrs. R. J. Halliday and F. S. Jones having been selected to shoot in the State team. The club will shoot over the 300yds. and 600yds. ranges for a silver spoon, and as the long ranges are so seldom available it is hoped that a record attendance will be the result.

Next Saturday "B" Company (Fremantle Highlanders) Rifle Club will hold the first shoot for the "Davey Short" trophy over the 300yds. range. Members of the club are requested to be on the range as early as convenient. Following are the scores of the last practice shoot (300yds.):—Private Bennett, 20; Sergeant Parnment, 23; Sergeant Fordham, 28; Private Sparrow, 27; Private Urquhart, 23; Private Bathgate, 23; Private Gorrie, 23; Private Tunbridge, 23; Private Drummond, 22; Private C. Dodson, 22; Private Short, 20; Sergeant Owens, 20; Private Smith, 18; Private Cameron, 14.

INDIA'S DISCONTENT.

A NATIVE EDITOR ON ITS CAUSES AND REMEDIES.

Mr. Mitra's wise and moderate statement of Indian grievances is to be welcomed at the present juncture when Indian affairs are so much in the minds of all. It is the more valuable because the author, though an Indian gentleman and editor of a native paper at Hyderabad, has no sympathy with "the peripatetic demagogue who, on the strength of a few days' acquaintance with India... uses violent language against the Government of India." He writes as a loyalist, not as a seditious monger, and for that reason his words will carry all the more weight.

He is opposed to Fiscal Reform, believing that it would injure India, though perhaps here he has not weighed the facts so carefully as might have been desired. But he is strongly opposed to the present cotton excise.

No two matters, he writes have done more injury to the reputation of England in India as a just nation than the cotton duties and the treatment of British Indians in the Transvaal. There are some pertinent remarks on the reason why British rule is unpopular. He endorses Sir Lepel Griffin's view that this unpopularity is largely due to "the courts administering an unintelligible and intricate law and procedure," but at the same time he points out that there is "very little chance of an illegal or oppressive act escaping notice." He makes short work of the claims of the Indian Congress to represent the people of India. It is mainly composed, he says of native Indian lawyers, who are only amateur politicians.

It is impossible not to sympathize with Mr. Mitra's views on the treatment of the Indian Princes. They "will not be satisfied," he writes, "unless they are treated with consideration and are nominated to positions of the highest dignity which they are not required to share with commoners." He suggests that some among their number might be honorary members of the House of Lords.

Sir G. Birdwood contributes an introduction to the book, which is dedicated to Lord Cromer, and which should be in the hands of every British publicist, and every reader interested in the future of India.

THE 3 REASONS

Why you should visit the SHAMROCK HOTEL.—Hot Today, Excellent Lunches, Good Liquor, Murias Cigars, Easy Chairs. REG. HARRISON, Proprietor.

How it was that aunt Emily distinguished herself on this occasion, when she was such a bad shot, was explained afterwards, but the fact is that she fired from the drawing-room window, and hit, not the man that was running to seize Meg, but the other, who was binding Hannah's arms lest she revivified and attempted to do anything. The man fell with a groan; the other turned to flee, thinking that there was a man in the house, and that single-handed he could do nothing against him. But before he had run many yards Raoul's strong arms had seized him, and after a long and severe struggle, for the man was muscular, he was mastered.

THE NOVELIST.

The Professor's Will.

(By the Author of "From Post to Earnest," etc.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"What has it got away again? What a pity Rowland isn't here, he'd soon find it. 'I'll get some cream, Hannah, and you'll tell me how to make the cream crackers.' 'Is any one coming to tea, miss?' 'Yes, both gentlemen are coming.' 'It strikes me, Miss Dolly, that Mr. Trent and Miss Margaret are fond of each other.' 'I think so too,' said Dolly, nodding her pretty head. 'Do you approve Hannah?' 'Oh, yes, miss! A handsome, kinder, nicer young gentleman never breathed. But they're both nice for that matter, only Mr. Trent's by far the better-looking.' Dolly went into the dairy and got the cream to make the cake. When she came out with the jug in her hand she heard Prince, the big retriever, give a low growl.

"What is it, old fellow?" she said, as she stooped to pat the faithful hound. He sniffed the ground and growled again, and Dolly turned to look. She knew not by what instinct her blood ran cold, for the man who, to her surprise, was standing there was fairly well dressed, and perhaps only had wandered out of the beaten track and wished to be directed into it again. She stood there with her jug in her hand, patting Prince, who was growling and snarling.

"I wish to see your father." "You cannot see him," said Dolly. "No, he is not here." "Then why do you ask to see him if you know that he is not here?" said Dolly laughingly. "There is not a man on the premises, as I know well. Now," he said whipping out a pistol and holding it at her head, "tell me without any fuss where the gold is, or I'll shoot you dead." "What gold?" said Dorothy boldly, for she was no coward, but her heart was thumping wildly.

"It's no use playing that game with me, my dear. Good news travels fast." Dolly was rapidly revolving in her mind how she could communicate the danger to the others. Prince was chained, and an attempt to unchain him would be stopped by the ruffian who stood covering her with his pistol. "There is no gold in our house," said Dorothy slowly. "I would advise you to go away. My father is away, but we have a man, and we have two gentlemen staying close at hand." "A likely story! I did not see any hotel coming along. Well, I'll have to look myself for the gold." "I tell you there's no gold." Dolly made a movement in the direction of the house, but the man was too quick. He stood in front of her and seized her. If he would shoot her at least she must warn the others first. She gave a piercing scream.

"You little imp!" said the man, and taking a piece of cord out of his pocket, he bound her tightly to the tree, but Dolly knew nothing of this. For the first time in her life she had fainted. Hannah came running out to see what was the matter, and at the same time another man rushed forward and seized her. The newcomer gave her a blow on the back of the head, and she fell insensible to the ground. Meg had heard her sister scream. Looking quickly through the window she saw what was happening, but had the presence of mind to remember Raoul's whistle still in her apron pocket. She ran to the front-door for there is no second story in a bush-house—and whistled long and shrilly.

Aunt Emily had rushed to Meg, in an excited manner, to ask what was the matter. "Bushangers, aunt Emily!" she said, giving her a pistol and taking one herself. "Stand at the drawing-room window and fire only in extremity. If I say so, fire!" Meg murmured a prayer, as she took a revolver in her hand and concealed it under the folds of her apron, that Raoul might have heard, and that she might not be obliged to shed human blood. She went quickly and with a firm step to the back of the house. The two men had thought there was no one else at home, and the sight of Meg startled them both. The taller and stronger of the two had his arm upraised to strike Prince, who was frantically tugging at his chain and growling terribly.

The man had a heavy piece of iron in his hand, but when he heard footsteps he dropped it and made a rush for Meg. How it was that aunt Emily distinguished herself on this occasion, when she was such a bad shot, was explained afterwards, but the fact is that she fired from the drawing-room window, and hit, not the man that was running to seize Meg, but the other, who was binding Hannah's arms lest she revivified and attempted to do anything. The man fell with a groan; the other turned to flee, thinking that there was a man in the house, and that single-handed he could do nothing against him. But before he had run many yards Raoul's strong arms had seized him, and after a long and severe struggle, for the man was muscular, he was mastered.

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"A cord, Meg, quick! The strongest possible!" said Raoul to Meg, who was standing pallid and shaking from head to foot now that immediate danger was over. His voice revived her. She ran quickly into the kitchen and, taking a long roll of strong rope used for clothes-lines out of the dresser-drawer, she brought it to him. Then she began to cut the cords that bound Dolly, and aunt Emily helped. The sound of firearms had brought Hugh and Rowland quickly to the farm. Raoul admitted afterwards that he was not far away when he heard the whistle. He had met McKay seeking for the cow near their camp, and, not deeming it safe that there should be no man at the farm, he was approaching the house through the scrub when he heard Meg's whistle.

Hugh reached them as they were cutting the last knot that bound Dolly. She was still unconscious, and Hugh in an agony of fear, threw convulsions to the wind, seized her in his arms, and took her into the house. "Water, Rowland, quick!" he called to the little fellow, who was sobbing bitterly, for he thought that Dolly was dead. Rowland brought water and bathed her hands and face. "Dolly, my darling, speak to me, speak!" Presently her eyes opened, and Rowland's sob's grew less violent. "She's not dead! Dolly's not dead!" Hugh kissed the little hand which lay limp by her side, and that seemed to revive her more than anything. He then gave her a small quantity of brandy.

"Stay here, Rowlie, don't move from Dolly's side. I must help the others." Hannah was still unconscious, and one of the men lay groaning on the ground. The other was bound securely and there was no danger from either for the moment. "We'll carry Hannah into the house and put her on her bed," said Raoul, and this was soon done. "Miss Meg," said Hugh, "would you be afraid for Rowland to ride into Five Trees for the doctor and to get assistance?" "Oh, no, he has been many times alone!" "Then will you send him, and remain by Dolly instead of him?" She obeyed, and the little boy had soon saddled his pony and was galloping away for the doctor and some men.

Poor aunt Emily! After hitting her man she was seized with a fit of remorse, and was bending over him tenderly with Raoul, trying to staunch the blood and to find out the extent of the damage. She prayed that he would not die, and wrung her hands at the results of her own sharp shooting. "He will not die," said Raoul, who, not feeling quite sure of the extent of the injury, bound his feet together in such a way that it would be impossible for him to walk. They put a pillow under his head, and did all they could before the doctor arrived to diagnose the case, but Raoul unchained Prince and bade him watch the man.

Fortunately, McKay returned, so they left him in charge of both, revolver in hand, for they knew not how many more might be lurking near. Then they turned their attention to Hannah, who had never moved since they had laid her on the bed. "She has had a terrible blow," said Raoul, rapidly cutting away the hair at the back of her head. Aunt Emily bathed the wound and bound it up. They could do nothing more until the doctor came. "Miss Aymer," said Raoul, "do not feel any regret at shooting that villain. Look what he has done to Hannah! In another minute Meg—Oh, I dare not think of it!" he said, burying his face in his hands.

Hugh had had Dolly on the couch in the drawing-room, and, as he neither wished to leave her side nor to desert his post in watching the ruffians, he wheeled the sofa close to the window which looked on to the

back of the house where the two ruffians lay. He first sought a loaded pistol and placed it ready for emergency on a small table close at hand. Dolly was deadly pale, and she had not recovered the use of her voice, but she was quite conscious and smiled faintly as Hugh chafed her hand and—yes, he really did—stooped down and kissed her cheek just once very lightly. Dolly knew what he was doing, but she did not really mind. It seemed a long time, but was not really so, before Rowland, accompanied by three farmers and the doctor, came galloping back in hot haste. Doctor Burton first examined the wounded man. "Tell me he will not die!" said Miss Aymer, in tearful accents, and clasping her hands. "No, my dear madam, worse luck! We can do without such vermin! He will not die." "How long will he take to recover?" "A week or two at most. He cannot be moved in this state. I regret to say, for I should very much like to relieve Big Pat's Farm of his presence." "We'll put him in my room," said McKay, and so they did. "In a week he can be taken by easy stages to Melbourne," pronounced the doctor. "He will have to be put under Rontgen rays there to find out precisely where the bullet is." "Ladies," said Farmer Biggs to Meg and aunt Emily, "we'll rid you immediately of this other villain. The sooner he is locked up in Lilytown jail the better." "You are very kind," said Meg. "We will have the buggy got ready at once." (To be continued.)

ILLEGAL REMOVAL

INTERESTING POLICE COURT CASE.

In No. 3 Police Court to-day, before Messrs. Fairfax Congrave and Collet J.P.s, a case was heard in which John Kelly was charged with having on September 4 at Perth, being the tenant of Thomas Worsick Firth, of 108 Brisbane-street, in respect of premises at 497 William-street, did fraudulently and clandestinely remove convey, and carry away from the last-named premises his (accused's) chattels, of the value of £25, to prevent the complainant Firth from distraining the same for arrears of rent due; and J. Vine with having willfully assisted.

Thomas Worsick Firth, builder and contractor, deposed that he owned a number of houses in Perth, amongst them being 497 William-street. Kelly had been the tenant, and Mr. Elliot was his (witness's) agent. The rent owing was £10 2s. 6d., without the week's notice. He signed a warrant for distraint, but the goods were removed, and he was unable to distrain. Henry Skelton, a bailiff, gave evidence of going to the house and finding the goods removed. J. M. Elliot, land agent, said his father was agent for the house in question. He remembered going to the premises in respect to the furniture, when he saw five men loading furniture into a van marked J. Vine. The goods were Kelly's, and he saw Kelly there. All the goods were on the van. He followed the goods till they were taken to 73 Francis-street.

John Elliot, land agent, also gave evidence. After hearing evidence for the defence by Mrs. Kelly and Vine, the bench made an order against Kelly for £11 15s. and costs, in default one month's imprisonment, and fined Vine £1.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

Mr. Bram Stoker has a very interesting article on Mr. De Morgan—the man who began to write after he was 64 years old—in the "World's Work." "I was brought to novel writing first by the desire to do a thing which I had thought I could not do," he told Mr. Stoker. "For sixty-four years of my life—so long as was possible—I waited. Then I tried. In 1904 I made the experiment with what is now the first chapter of "Joseph Bance." That chapter, as it now stands, is exactly as it was first written. I was diffident about it, and put it aside. Later in the year, when we were going to Florence, it came with us amongst a great mass of business papers. My wife read it in Italy, and was sufficiently pleased with it to advise me to go on. When I attempted to develop further the incipient story I found the task a very pleasant one; and when Lottie came into it I began to get deeply interested. In this spirit I went on with the book, and finished it. I did not then think of publishing it.

"By the way, the story that got into the press here is substantially correct; that of the head of the type-writing office who complained that her girls were always reading the manuscript and weeping over it, instead of going on with their work. "I went to school and college at University College, Gower-street. Then I drew at Cary's old school in Bloomsbury. This Cary was the son of Cary the translator of Dante. My schooling there was before 1859. From that I went to the Royal Academy Schools. I was then twenty years of age, having been born in November, 1839. I worked at the Academy schools up to 1863 or 1864, when I began to devote myself to stained glass and afterwards to ceramics. This last was in 1872. I did not commence to write books till 1864. I could never, I should say, call myself a painter.

"The artistic work which I carried on for so many years was what is now known as the De Morgan Lustre and Porcelain ware. In its own way it was, I may say, quite original. But I have no right to claim invention or reinvention of lustre. The method of doing this had been rediscovered in Italy in 1856; and many pieces of this ware were exhibited in the Exhibition in Kensington in 1862. This exhibition of 1862 was a sort of echo of the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was at that time intended to have a repetition every tenth year; but in 1861 things

Odol advertisement featuring an illustration of a hand holding a toothbrush and text: "Do you realise the immense importance of the unique superiority of Odol? While all other preparations for cleansing the mouth and teeth are effective only during the few moments of application, the antiseptic and refreshing power of Odol continues gently but persistently for hours afterwards. Odol penetrates into the interstices of the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, to a certain extent impregnating them, and thus securing a safeguard and preservative for the teeth such as no other dentifrice can provide, not even approximately. Of all Chemists and Stores."

ANGLING. W.A. ANGLING CLUB. Members are reminded that the prizes were during the season are now on view in the windows of Messrs. Bethel and Thomson, of William-street. The display is one of the finest yet given by any sporting body in the State. On Monday evening next, September 14, the annual smoke social will be held, when the trophies will be distributed. UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES. At the Mechanics' Institute to-night, Henry G. Chapman, M.D., Demonstrator of Ethnology in the Sydney University, will deliver his third lecture, under the auspices of the University Extension Committee of W.A. The subject of the lecture is "Living and Dead Organisms."

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA LTD. ESTABLISHED AT MELBOURNE 1851. AMOUNT ASSURED UNDER POLICIES CURRENT OVER £19,000,000. FUNDS IN HAND OVER £2,000,000. LARGE BONUSES, MODERATE PREMIUMS. THE PIONEER OF LIBERAL CONTRACTS. THE FIRST OFFICE IN THE WORLD TO KEEP POLICIES IN FORCE BY APPLICATION OF THEIR SURRENDER VALUE. Local Directors: HON. S. BURT, Chairman. RT. HON. SIR JOHN FORESTER, B.C., G.C.M.G. CHARLES HARRER, Esq., J.P. ELY WINGFIELD, Manager for W.A. (TELEPHONE 428).

WHITTAKER BROS. TIMBER AND HARDWARE MERCHANTS. SAWING, MILLING, and PLANING MILLS, 523 to 529 HAY-STREET WEST, SYDNEY. Special attention given to Country Orders. Freight charged as from Perth. Estimates given for Framed Houses ready for erection, for Joinery work and Milling Timbers. Seasoned Timbers and Dry Jarrah Floorings and Linings are a Specialty of ours. Importers of all classes of Timber, Builders' Ironmongery, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Mantelpieces, Grates, Paints, Oils, Colors, Glass, and Interior House Fittings. For detailed and stock Joinery, Architects and Builders can have no higher guarantee for sound workmanship and material than the "WHITTAKER BROS.' BRAND" on every article.

BUT THE LATEST AND BEST ONE-FIRE STOVE IN THE MARKET. THE WESTRAL (Folding or Drop Door). SAVES FUEL AND TROUBLE. COOKS TO PERFECTION. The WESTRAL CO., Opposite East Perth Railway Station, Perth 1032. Ranges and Stoves Promptly Repaired.

UNION FLOUR. KNOCKS OUT ANY OTHER FLOUR. Illustration of a man carrying a sack of Union Flour and another man carrying a sack of another brand. Text: "KNOCKS OUT ANY OTHER FLOUR. Strength."

REMOVAL NOTICE.

Roselea Nursery. On account of the Astonishing Expansion of Business, it was found absolutely necessary to secure Larger Premises. HAY-STREET, 677. WILL BE THE ADDRESS FOR THE FUTURE.