

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1995

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BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916.

PRICE THREEPENCE

Next to the Doctor
COMES THE
Nurses' Opinion.
A TESTIMONY TO
CLEMENTS TONIC

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"I know Clements Tonic is used extensively by the profession and nurses know its value and are seldom without it. Once a patient gets very weak and low spirited, and I gave her Clements Tonic. A few doses made a change for the better, she rapidly became bright and cheerful, it gave her health and strength and soon put her on her feet again, which made her a firm believer in Clements Tonic. Since, I have given it to many patients with the same good results. I am at a loss to know how we, who look after the sick, could get on without that splendid medicine."
(Signed)
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The medicine is the best to be taken in Constipation, Uric Acid in the Blood, Fat Kidneys, Indigestion, Low Spinal Nerves, Biliousness, Headache, Sick Headache, Loss of Sleep, Neuritis, Neuritis, Neuritis, Neuritis. ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS SELL IT.

BALLARAT STOCK MARKET.

The following district sales are reported at the Ballarat Stock market on 25th ult.:- 4 cows, Mr. E. Woodard, Carneghan, averaging £10 8 9; 217 merino wethers, Mr. D. Stewart, Wongan, Skipton, £11; 2 cows, Mrs. G. Kirkpatrick, Stockyard Hill, £26 5; and 1 bull, Mr. J. G. Kirkpatrick, Stockyard Hill, £10 12 6; cow £12 6; Mrs. J. G. Kirkpatrick, Nerring, Beaufort, at £12 6; 5 calves, Mr. J. G. Kirkpatrick, Nerring, Beaufort, at £12 6; 2 steers, Mr. T. E. White, Middle Creek, £10 5; 5 calves £10 to £9 10; heifer, Mr. J. Hillman, Middle Creek, £8 15; bull, Mr. M. O'Brien, Middle Creek, £10; 100 combback ewes, Mr. L. Gray, Middle Creek, to £1 6; cow, Mrs. Gray, Snake Valley, £13 7 6; 209 merino wethers, Mr. F. S. Austin, Skipton, averaging 25/-, top price and highest average of the market for wethers.

OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.

For Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children while Teething. It soothes the Gums, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea. Directions: Use Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For a child under one month old, give a teaspoonful three or four times a day. For diarrhoea, repeat the above directions six or eight times a day. For a child over one month old, give a teaspoonful three or four times a day. For diarrhoea, repeat the above directions six or eight times a day. For a child over one month old, give a teaspoonful three or four times a day. For diarrhoea, repeat the above directions six or eight times a day.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY
CURES COLDS AND INFLUENZA

Prepared and published by the Proprietor, **WALTER PARKER**, at the office of the Riponshire Advocate newspaper, Lawton Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

RECRUITS WANTED.
EVERY MAN PHYSICALLY FIT IS WANTED.
CONDITIONS OF ENLISTMENT.
Age ... 18 to 45 years
Minimum height ... 5 feet 2 inches
Chest measurement, 33 inches
Persons desiring to enlist should apply at the nearest Town Hall, Shire Hall, Drill Hall, or Recruiting Depot, where arrangements will be made for medical examination.

RATES OF PAY PER DAY.

Rank	On and from date of embarkation (including deferred pay)
Lieutenant 15/	21/
Sergeant 10/	10/6
Corporal 9/	10/
Private 5/	6/

SEPARATION ALLOWANCE.

Separation allowance will be paid to married men who are receiving less than 8/ per day, but such allowance will not exceed the amount necessary to make up the difference between their daily rate of pay and 8/ per day. Subject to this limitation the amounts payable are as follows:- (a) For wife living at home, 1/5 per day; (b) for each child under 16 years of age, 4d per day. A similar allowance as in (a) is payable under the same conditions to the mother of a member, if she is solely dependent on him for support.

PENSIONS.

Rank	Payable to widow on death of member of the forces or to a member on total incapacity:-
Lieutenant	£91 per annum
Sergeant	£70 per annum
Corporal	£68 per annum
Private	£52 per annum

CLARKE'S B. 41 PILLS.

A warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs in either sex. These famous Pills also cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all Kidney Disorders. Free from mercury. Forty years success. Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers throughout the world.

USEFUL READY RECKONER.

Every farmer should paste this table of weights in his pocket book.
One quarter equals 28lb
Two quarters equal 56lb
Three quarters equal 84lb
One cwt. equals 1 bus. 24lb
Two cwt. equal 3 bus. 44lb
Three cwt. equal 5 bus. 36lb
Four cwt. equal 7 bus. 28lb
Five cwt. equal 9 bus. 20lb
Six cwt. equal 11 bus. 12lb
Seven cwt. equal 13 bus. 4lb
Eight cwt. equal 15 bus. 56lb
Nine cwt. equal 16 bus. 48lb
Ten cwt. equal 18 bus. 40lb
Eleven cwt. equal 20 bus. 32lb
Twelve cwt. equal 22 bus. 24lb
Thirteen cwt. equal 24 bus. 16lb
Fourteen cwt. equal 26 bus. 8lb
Fifteen cwt. equal 28 bus. 0lb
Sixteen cwt. equal 30 bus. 52lb
Seventeen cwt. equal 31 bus. 44lb
Eighteen cwt. equal 33 bus. 36lb
Nineteen cwt. equal 35 bus. 28lb
One ton equals 37 bus. 20lb
Two tons equal 74 bus. 40lb
Three tons equal 112 bus.
Four tons equal 149 bus. 20lb
Five tons equal 187 bus. 40lb
Six tons equal 224 bus.
Seven tons equal 261 bus. 20lb
Eight tons equal 298 bus. 40lb
Nine tons equal 336 bus.
Ten tons equal 373 bus. 20lb
Eleven tons equal 410 bus. 40lb
Twelve tons equal 448 bus.
Thirteen tons equal 485 bus. 20lb
Fourteen tons equal 522 bus. 40lb
Fifteen tons equal 560 bus.
Sixteen tons equal 597 bus. 20lb
Seventeen tons equal 634 bus. 40lb
Eighteen tons equal 672 bus.
Nineteen tons equal 709 bus. 20lb
Twenty tons equal 746 bus. 40lb
Twenty-one tons equal 784 bus.
Twenty-two tons equal 821 bus. 20 lb., and so on.



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NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
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TUNBRIDGE
SPECIAL DROP-HEAD AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE,
WITH 20 YEARS' GUARANTEE
NO. 1, WITH PATENT LIFT AND DROP HEAD, £6 15/-
NO. 2, WITH AUTOMATIC LIFT HEAD, £7 10/-

R. TUNBRIDGE & SONS,
COMPLETE FURNISHING ARCADE, STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

"For the Blood is the Life."
YOUR BLOOD WANTS PURIFYING.

IF YOU are troubled with Eczema, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Sores or Eruptions of any kind continually bursting through the Skin.
IF YOU have that constant itching and inflammation of Piles.
IF YOU are suffering the aches and Pains of Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores, Glandular Swellings or Blood Poison.
IF YOU are in the grip of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, etc.

All these are sure signs of clogging blood impurity, calling for immediate treatment through the blood, so don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments, which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have is a medicine that will get right to the root of your trouble, a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter, which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly attack, overcome, and expel from the blood all impurities (from whatever cause arising), and by rendering it clean and pure, can be relied on to effect a lasting cure.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE
The True Value of CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is certified by a most remarkable collection of unselected testimonials from grateful patients of all classes—patients who have been cured after doctors and hospitals have given them up as incurable—patients who have been cured after trying many other treatments without success—patients who not only have been cured of the particular Skin or Blood Complaint from which they were suffering, but also have found great improvement in their general health. (See pamphlet round bottle.)
Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take and recommended for anything superior to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Frootoids
For Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Headache, Indigestion.
Delightful Family Medicine

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Before you decide on the Furniture for your Home inspect our extensive assortment, and see Furniture Styles that assure life-time wear. Inspection puts you under no obligation to buy.
TUNBRIDGE'S Sturt & Armstrong Sts. BALLARAT.

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(over 2000 Illustrations).
POSTED FREE.

ORB STOVE. Built of strong Cast Iron, Ovens of best Sheet Steel. Every one guaranteed to give satisfaction. 2 feet wide. £3/10/-
ORB COPPER FRAME. The best Portable Copper Frame made. 12 gallons. 42/-

TUNBRIDGE'S
The Big Furnishing Arcade, BALLARAT.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE
The Grandest Remedy for **COUGHS and COLDS**
A dose or two is generally sufficient
KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE
SOLD by all CHEMISTS and STORES

"Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

COUGLE'S

The Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916.
There was a clean change-sheet at

The monthly meeting of the Riponshire Council takes place on Monday.
Entries for all events at the Ripon public sports have been extended till Friday next.
The annual meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute is announced for Tuesday evening.

RECRUITING RALLY.
A great recruiting rally was held at Beaufort on Wednesday night. Prior to the meeting at the Societies' Hall, which was notable both for its enthusiasm

the ages of 19 and 46 fit to bear arms. Two hundred thousand, or 25 per cent of their men, had enlisted. Every sixth man in Australia was a fighting man. Working on the same basis in the United Kingdom where there

ers not to withhold their consent to boys under age who wished to enlist. By withholding their consent, they were putting a curb on their boys in the years to come, when they would be

WOOL SALE
Messrs George Hague Ltd. report having held the sale of the season, and the New Year series, on 27th and 28th inst. and sold

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

At the Front.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

By CAPT. W. D. L'ESTRANGE. (Late 12th Lancers). Author of "Cloughton Abbey," etc.

PART TEN.—CHAPTER XXI.

A RIPT IN THE CLOUD. Sinclair, in response to this message, went out a little while after Captain James, and at the close of the afternoon, when he had picked his horse for the night, walked over to the Poort-road, where, near to General White's quarters, he was told that he would find Captain Carruthers.

Just as Corporal Sinclair arrived, there was some commotion amongst the few officers assembled, as a Kaffir runner had just come into camp, it was reported, and it was believed that the native had managed to get through with despatches for Sir George White.

And the excitement was increased when a young, little-looking Kaffir, accompanied by an orderly-sergeant, appeared upon the scene and walked straight to the spot where Hugh Carruthers was standing talking to Sinclair.

"Something for you, sir," said the sergeant, saluting, and at the same time the Kaffir runner produced from his body-cloth a folded paper. One glance at this and Hugh Carruthers gave an exclamation of surprise, for it was addressed to him in pencil, and there was no mistaking the handwriting for that of any other than Violet Davenport.

Hugh Carruthers fairly devoured Violet Davenport's communication with his eye, and as he read his heart beat fast, and his hand trembled. It was written on a leaf torn from a note-book, and was as follows:

"Dear Mr. Carruthers—I am a prisoner, and in the hope that this may reach you, write to ask you to endeavor to get me released. I understand I am to be sent to Pretoria, but that would be a relief from persecutions which I am compelled at present to endure. I appeal to you, as the oldest friend I have in Ladysmith, and under a strong suspicion that I may have judged you wrongly, and treated you unjustly in the past. Will you tell my kind companion, Mrs. Joslyn, that I am well in health?—Yours truly,

"Violet Davenport."

Written, like the address, in pencil, and somewhat crumpled from being carried in the Kaffir's "mouch," or body-cloth, it might have been difficult to decipher here and there to most people, but to Hugh each letter was plain. He noticed as he read the second time that the word "acquaintance" had been partly written on and upon, and "friends" substituted. To others this would have meant nothing, but to Carruthers it meant a great deal.

"Where did you get this?" Hugh demanded of the Kaffir, and indicating the precious communication with his finger. "From the English lady at Charlesown," replied the Kaffir. "Just on the Transvaal border, sir," remarked Paul Sinclair. "Yes, I know," said Carruthers. Then he asked the Kaffir, "And when did you get it?"

"Since three suns, baas," was the reply; "and she gave Sonana this." And after fumbling for a moment he felt the Kaffir produce a magnificent solitary diamond ring.

Carruthers started. He recognised the ring as one occasionally worn by Miss Davenport, and no doubt being without money, she had bribed the Kaffir with this costly gem to convey her message. It said much for the honour of this youthful native that, having given his word, he had kept his trust. The English officer felt this, and it was kindly glanced that he turned upon Sonana as he had called himself. Then a thought occurred to Hugh, and he said to Paul Sinclair:

"What value would this Kaffir place upon this ring, do you think? It belongs to a lady who has been taken prisoner by the Boers, and I should not like it to pass into other hands if it can be avoided." Paul Sinclair addressed the Kaffir in Cape Dutch or the Transvaal tongue. Carruthers could not tell which—and although the native spoke English fairly well he seemed to understand the other language better by the way he talked. After a brief colloquy Paul said to the captain:

"He will consider himself richly paid, sir, if you give him five sovereigns. The ring I can see is very valuable, but this Kaffir lad would only be swindled over it, and perhaps told that he had stolen it, and for his reward get the sjambok." "It will readily do that, of course," said Hugh. "And further, I will give him another five pounds if he can manage to get through again with a note from me to Miss Davenport—the lady who is a prisoner. I see I can trust to his honesty, and you may tell him from me that should he at any time return with another message there will be a third five sovereigns for him." The Kaffir's eyes sparkled, and he showed his white teeth. Evidently he understood much of what was being said, but Paul Sinclair held another conversation with him, and the time more prolonged.

"He is delighted at the prospect of earning so much English gold, Captain Carruthers," said Paul Sinclair presently, "and tells me he can get back to the Transvaal quite easily, and, if necessary, on to Pretoria."

"And when could he start?" asked Hugh. "Of course he will require a rest before he leaves the camp?" Paul smiled as he answered: "I question, sir, if a Kaffir runner knows what fatigue means. He will be quite fit to start to-night as soon as it is dark enough."

"Then I will have my letter ready for him," said Hugh; "and perhaps in the interval you will be kind enough, Sinclair, to see to it that he has a good feed?"

Paul promised this, and then Hugh gave the Kaffir five sovereigns, receiving in return Violet Davenport's ring. Fortunately Carruthers had an ample supply of gold, having provided against emergencies before entering on his sporting expedition in Rhodesia and the Transvaal, and that fund not being nearly exhausted. Shortly after this Sinclair took charge of the Kaffir, arranging to bring him back to headquarters a little while before dark. Carruthers' first proceedings when Paul and the native had departed was to seek an interview with Sir George White.

After a little delay the general saw him, and informed him that the Boer commander, Joubert, in reply to his (White's) appeal on behalf of Miss Davenport, had simply answered that he understood from one of his commandants that a young English lady and a British officer of rank had been taken prisoners outside of Ladysmith, and sent on to Pretoria.

This ambiguous answer of Joubert's was very unsatisfactory—especially to Hugh Carruthers—for it seemed to ignore Sir George White's request that Miss Davenport—being simply one of the ladies who had been shut up in Ladysmith—should be unconditionally released.

Of course Violet Davenport was well known to Sir George White, owing to what she had done personally and by her lavish expenditure towards alleviating the sufferings of the wounded in South Africa, and more particularly at Ladysmith during the siege. But after all his interest in her was merely that of a commanding officer for a countrywoman amongst the men who had devoted herself to good deeds.

With Hugh Carruthers it was widely different, and especially since the receipt of Violet's appeal to him. So strong were his feelings and so great his anxiety that he made a confidant of the general so far as regarded the relationship which had existed between Miss Davenport and himself, and told him of the brief note which had been brought in by a Kaffir runner that afternoon. The only thing he kept back were his suspicions against the staff-officer by whom the lady had been accompanied when taken prisoner. So far Hugh had nothing but his own strong opinion upon which to base a charge, and against an absent man, too.

The general promised to make further and prompt representations to Joubert on Miss Davenport's behalf, and with this gracious intimation Carruthers was well satisfied, for he knew Sir George would do all that was possible to effect the release of the captured girl.

From headquarters Hugh went to see Mrs. Joslyn, and as he considered that there was nothing in Miss Davenport's note which her companion might not read, he handed it to the latter lady.

Naturally Mrs. Joslyn was greatly relieved, for though a fairly strong-minded woman, in her affection and anxiety for her young and beautiful charge she had much magnified the danger which would be incurred if the girl were released.

After she had read and re-read the note, Captain Carruthers did not fail to notice that there was a peculiar expression on her face as she turned and glanced at him—an expression which he could not exactly have defined nor explained in words beyond a feeling that there was a more friendly light in her eyes, which must at one time of life have been very beautiful. Her voice, also, was more genial, as she said:

"I do not understand, Mr. Carruthers," she had not heard of Hugh's promotion—"to what Miss Davenport refers when she speaks of persecutions. Surely those wretched Boers are not cruel to her?" Hugh's lips closed tightly under his moustache for a moment or two before he answered. Then he said:

"I do not believe Miss Davenport intended her allusion to either Transvaal Boers or Free State burghers, whichever may have been her captors. Of what she intends to convey I personally have no doubt, but I would prefer, madam, to leave it to whence your discrimination as to the nature of this infamous persecution of an unprotected lady."

"Surely you do not mean," exclaimed Mrs. Joslyn, and then suddenly stopped. A moment or two later, however, she added: "I think I understand."

"Carruthers bowed, and said: 'I am sending a Kaffir runner out to-night with a letter in reply to Miss Davenport's, and I have strong hopes that the native will succeed in placing it in her hands. Any few words which you may wish me to add to mine I will gladly write.'

"If you will kindly say that I am safe and well, and that I send my love, I will be thankful," replied Mrs. Joslyn.

There had written a letter to Miss Davenport which, if not exactly all that he would have wished, was the one carried out of Ladysmith, and which would reach her very quickly, if not sooner. He could only trust to the good luck of the well-known cunning of the native runners. It ran:

"My dear Violet,—Will you forgive me if I offend in addressing you as in the old days, but a few brief words in your note have raised the hope that it was by some unhappy mistake you judged and sentenced me to that moment, life-long misery, and that the time is coming when you will realise how you erred against a man who never wronged you in thought or deed?"

"The Kaffir boy, Sonana, brought your letter into camp this afternoon, and I am sending it with this, and with my earnest hope that he will succeed in conveying it to you. Be of brave heart, for I have seen Sir George White since the arrival of the native runner, and, for the second time, the general has promised me to use every exertion for your release. I only heard of your capture for days ago, on my return from Eastport, where I had been with despatches to General Buller, and immediately I learned you were a prisoner. I used what little interest I had with Sir George White. Stern duty chained me down, or I should have sought you in person even before receiving your letter."

For three days past, until today, such fierce fighting has been the rule here that nothing could be effected by General White beyond what he had already done, which was to make a formal demand upon Joubert for your release. So far the result of that application has been merely an acknowledgment that you were a prisoner, and about to be sent on to Pretoria. Your ring, given to the Kaffir boy, is in safe keeping for you here until your return. The native has been made quite content with what is of more use to him than a valuable diamond.

"It needs nothing further to tell me whence comes the persecution to which you allude, and should you now be in Pretoria, it has not ceased. The first British officer to whom it became known would recall to you from such insufferable annoyances as have been your lot, and she desires me to say that she is well, and to convey her love. Again I ask you to forgive me if the opening of my letter is distasteful, and believe me, yours as always,

"Hugh Carruthers."

Hugh gave a sigh of relief as he finished this epistle to Miss Davenport. It was a difficult letter to write under the circumstances, and he had the impression that he had acquitted himself none too well. However, go into a small space, so as to be easily concealed in the folds of the native's body-cloth.

Just before dark Paul Sinclair again arrived, and accompanied by the young Kaffir runner. The latter was made supremely happy by receiving a second five sovereigns from Hugh, which Sonana hid away in some mysterious pocket, or receptacle within his "mouch," as he did also Hugh's letter.

Naked but for this scanty body-cloth, the youthful Kaffir was a fine specimen of his race—long limbed, thin flanked, and agile-looking as a deer. Of courage, also, he must have been richly endowed, for to be captured by the Boers, or for the matter of that, by any of the Transvaal or Free State burghers, and to long journey he was undertaking, meant death if it were discovered he was conveying a message, or cruel punishment with the whip if there were no further proof against him than "suspicion."

But regardless of this Sonana disappeared in the darkness, and, as a preliminary to his glib venture, passed through the British lines and by the outposts undetected.

CHAPTER XXII. A NIGHT ATTACK. Day by day came and passed until November had run its course, but no great change came in the position of affairs at Ladysmith. The enemy, with intervals now and again, kept up their persistent fire from big guns upon camp and town, and though the casualties were happily few from shot and shell, sickness had set in, and that dreaded scourge, typhoid fever, had made its appearance.

But the medical officers struggled bravely against fell disease, and, seconded by the devoted nurses, pulled out many a gallant soldier through who thought his last hour had come. It was, therefore, almost in the light of a relief when some skirmish or daring reconnaissance turned up to stir the blood of the soldiers weary with waiting, for, whether by night or by day, men must be ready to stand to their guns.

As yet it was wonderful with what equanimity these British soldiers regarded the enemy, and his efforts. It was not unusual when shot and shell were making things lively to see a party of our men enjoying a bout at football, until one of the latter missiles would drop so close as to put an end to their game. And then it was not the Boer who was the aggressor, but the British, who were the aggressors, and the Boer who was the aggressor.

And so, with this jagged attack by the enemy and obstinate defence by the British, the second Friday in December arrived, when Major-General Hunter offered to make a night attack upon an eminence some four hundred feet high, known as Gun Hill and from thence the big Boer gun nicknamed "Long Tom" had so long been throwing shells into Ladysmith.

The night was breaking bright when General Hunter's force left the camp, and yet dark enough when soldiers on foot were passing over the ground to conceal their movements. Besides, the attacking party did not consist in number six hundred and fifty men. Of these five hundred were Na-

tal Volunteers, under Colonel Royston; one hundred Imperial Light Horse, under Major Edwards, and a small detachment of Burghers and Artillerymen, under Captain Powke and Lieutenant Turner.

Also there were some half-dozen Volunteers, amongst whom were Major Henderson of the Sutherland Highlanders, and Hugh Carruthers, the former of whom had to pass in the marsh was not only very rough and broken, but frequently intersected with dry ditches, and these covered with bush. All this, too, looking black, the men had some difficulty in finding the way.

But at length they reached the foot of the hill as we have said, four hundred feet high, and from this apex completely commanded the outstretched plain below. A brief halt had to be made to collect the scattered storming party, and when this had been done, the men, without waiting for the word of command, spread themselves out in line and began to swarm up the face of the hill like bees.

By one of those lucky chances of war the British got well up towards the top without being observed, when a Boer picket posted amongst some bushes challenged. Had there been any one to answer in Dutch, there might have occurred a complete surprise, but as there was no reply coming from the top of the hill, the Boer picket posted amongst some bushes challenged. Had there been any one to answer in Dutch, there might have occurred a complete surprise, but as there was no reply coming from the top of the hill, the Boer picket posted amongst some bushes challenged.

"Shoot! Shoot! The redcoats are upon you!" A sleep on the top of the hill, and almost surprised in their slumbers, the Boers sprang to their feet and seized their rifles. A shot rang out, and then another, and presently a series of brilliant flashes, as the first man wounded was Major Henderson, of the Highlanders, and the second was one of the guides; whilst Hugh Carruthers, who was close to both, escaped the fire.

The Boers, however, had been surprised, and were utterly demoralised. The alarm from their picket had come too late, and of actual defence they had little. The British dashed upwards over all obstacles, and at last gained a footing on the level top. Possibly then there might have been a hand to hand struggle, but some more than one sanguine officer put it, the first step had been taken towards the offensive by the British forces, and that when General Buller gave the signal that he had crossed the Tugela, the troops at Ladysmith were to be ready and eager to fall upon the Boers in their rear.

But no such signal came, and day by day went on and with little cessation of shot and shell from the enemy—until that fatal Friday, the 15th of December, when at daylight the sound of heavy guns in the vicinity of Colenso broke the silence of the early morn. Although five leagues away, the boom of heavy ordnance was distinctly heard, and all hearts within the besieged town and camp rejoiced, for it required no words to tell that at length Sir Redvers Buller and the big guns, and at last, to the delight of all, that bete noire of the British in Ladysmith, the veritable "Long Tom," were in the hands of a rampart of sandbags upwards of twelve yards thick.

Behind a parapet scarcely less secure, our men next came upon a six-inch howitzer, and between these two big cannons, a Maxim gun had been posted, the latter, doubtless, intended for repelling a sudden assault—such a one, in fact, as had been carried off by the Boers on December night. Lieutenant Turner, with two of his sappers and half a dozen artillerymen, got immediately to work on "Long Tom," and with crowbars and big hammers smashed the breech and elevating gear of that well-known gun. Then two charges of gun-cotton were placed in the breech and muzzle, and connected with fuses.

At a preliminary, meanwhile, was equally busy with the huge howitzer, his sappers and gunners serving it much the same as "Long Tom" had been, and when all was ready, General Hunter ordered his men to make their way back down the face of the hill. Then the fuses were ignited with the burning ends of some of the officers' cigars, and all promptly fell back with the exception of Captain Powke.

That gallant Engineer stood his ground, remaining midway between the two big cannons, and after a few minutes of suspense the fuses discharged the gun-cotton, which went off with a tremendous report. The object accomplished, Powke hastened to inspect the guns, and, to his delight, discovered that "Long Tom," being two miles long, was in the best state, had its breech and rifling destroyed beyond all repair. It was badly bulged, too, in places. As to the howitzer, it was even worse, for both piece and carriage were totally shattered.

As to the Maxim, that was carried off as a trophy of the night attack, was successfully terminated, and the return march across the valley was commenced. About half-way back the storming party was met by four hundred of the Natal Volunteers, who had come out of camp to protect, if necessary, the flanks; but, as it happened, no attempt was made by the Boers that night to avenge their defeat.

Next day was breaking bright when General Hunter's force left the camp, and yet dark enough when soldiers on foot were passing over the ground to conceal their movements. Besides, the attacking party did not consist in number six hundred and fifty men. Of these five hundred were Na-

get a "wiggling" for going where he had no right to be. But a little later in the morning, though still early, Carruthers discovered that his participation in the night attack had become known to the general. He was being despatched from headquarters with some final orders for the commandant of the Cavalry Brigade, who was about to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Popworth Hill. After Hugh had received his instructions, Sir George added, and there was a covert smile on his face:

"You can see the reconnaissance carried out, if you choose—that is, if your want of last night's sleep has not robbed you of the wish for more fighting."

"Thank you, Sir George," replied Hugh, as saluting, he galloped off. And thorough reconnaissance was that which the Cavalry Brigade made to the north of Ladysmith. The distance from camp was about five miles and after passing through the British outposts, the greatest alertness had to be observed against an ambush, for it was seldom that a party left the lines without the Boers somehow received intimation of it. Yet on this occasion the Boers were well up to the mark, and then the Boer rifles began to bark.

But at the word of command—that long-drawn, resonant "Cha—r—r—r—r—" of the cavalry leader which so stirs the blood of the British trooper—the 13th Hussars swept down at a gallop upon three kraals held by the enemy, and utterly routed those Boers who were not killed or disabled. Many were trampled to death under the horses' hoofs, and many of those who escaped bore ghastly evidence of the fierce onslaught.

Although comparatively a small affair, it was a complete victory, and in addition to the brilliant charge of the Hussars, other troopers of the brigade did good service in cutting and destroying the field telegraph laid down by the Boers between Popworth Hill and Umbulwana Mountain.

These two successes in one day seemed to put fresh heart into every man, and it was felt that the long spell of what might be called force inaction was drawing to an end. As more than one sanguine officer put it, the first step had been taken towards the offensive by the British forces, and that when General Buller gave the signal that he had crossed the Tugela, the troops at Ladysmith were to be ready and eager to fall upon the Boers in their rear.

But no such signal came, and day by day went on and with little cessation of shot and shell from the enemy—until that fatal Friday, the 15th of December, when at daylight the sound of heavy guns in the vicinity of Colenso broke the silence of the early morn. Although five leagues away, the boom of heavy ordnance was distinctly heard, and all hearts within the besieged town and camp rejoiced, for it required no words to tell that at length Sir Redvers Buller and the big guns, and at last, to the delight of all, that bete noire of the British in Ladysmith, the veritable "Long Tom," were in the hands of a rampart of sandbags upwards of twelve yards thick.

Behind a parapet scarcely less secure, our men next came upon a six-inch howitzer, and between these two big cannons, a Maxim gun had been posted, the latter, doubtless, intended for repelling a sudden assault—such a one, in fact, as had been carried off by the Boers on December night. Lieutenant Turner, with two of his sappers and half a dozen artillerymen, got immediately to work on "Long Tom," and with crowbars and big hammers smashed the breech and elevating gear of that well-known gun. Then two charges of gun-cotton were placed in the breech and muzzle, and connected with fuses.

At a preliminary, meanwhile, was equally busy with the huge howitzer, his sappers and gunners serving it much the same as "Long Tom" had been, and when all was ready, General Hunter ordered his men to make their way back down the face of the hill. Then the fuses were ignited with the burning ends of some of the officers' cigars, and all promptly fell back with the exception of Captain Powke.

That gallant Engineer stood his ground, remaining midway between the two big cannons, and after a few minutes of suspense the fuses discharged the gun-cotton, which went off with a tremendous report. The object accomplished, Powke hastened to inspect the guns, and, to his delight, discovered that "Long Tom," being two miles long, was in the best state, had its breech and rifling destroyed beyond all repair. It was badly bulged, too, in places. As to the howitzer, it was even worse, for both piece and carriage were totally shattered.

As to the Maxim, that was carried off as a trophy of the night attack, was successfully terminated, and the return march across the valley was commenced. About half-way back the storming party was met by four hundred of the Natal Volunteers, who had come out of camp to protect, if necessary, the flanks; but, as it happened, no attempt was made by the Boers that night to avenge their defeat.

Next day was breaking bright when General Hunter's force left the camp, and yet dark enough when soldiers on foot were passing over the ground to conceal their movements. Besides, the attacking party did not consist in number six hundred and fifty men. Of these five hundred were Na-

then several shots in quick succession. Hugh raised his field-glasses to his eyes, and scanned the plain, but for a few seconds could make out nothing unusual. Then he saw a dark figure rise from the valley, run a few yards, and as more shots were fired, as suddenly drop. Again the figure rose, bounded along, seemingly at great speed, towards the British lines for perhaps half a minute, and mysteriously disappeared.

Carruthers could now make out that the solitary man was a native, and that he was trying to dodge the Boer sharpshooters and gain the British lines. Hugh drew a long breath, for he thought he recognised in the runner, through his powerful field-glasses, Sonana, the Kaffir.

Presently, as the native approached nearer—for he was now running at great speed, and as though taking his chances of being hit—Carruthers no longer doubted but that it was Sonana. The young Kaffir, too, looked like escaping scathless, when another shot was fired, and with a bound the native sprang forward, and then dropped as if dead.

Captain Carruthers, who had remained up close to a vedette, was about to urge his horse forward, when the Kaffir, who was not more than half a mile away, rose to his feet, and as though half dazed, came staggering on. Seemingly, however, he gained strength as he advanced, and still ran at a speed which was amazing.

And while our men and officers tried to enjoy themselves in that broiling hot day, the Kaffir, in fact did enjoy himself in the pouring shells into town and camp, but, fortunately, without any serious casualty that day.

(To be Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIII. CHRISTMAS UNDER DIFFICULTIES. As Captain Carruthers caught hold of the youthful Kaffir runner and prevented him from falling, he feared for a few moments that Sonana was dead, for his head dropped back and his body had the early limpness of death. Presently, however, the native drew a slight inspiration, and his limbs trembled, which sign of life made Hugh hope that he had not merely fainted from loss of blood.

Very tenderly did the cavalry captain place the Kaffir on the ground, and then kneel down to examine more closely his wound. Blood, he found, was oozing from the back as well as the front of Sonana's shoulder, by which Carruthers came to the conclusion that the rifle-butt had passed clean through the flesh, but had probably severed an artery in its passage.

Having nothing better available, Captain Carruthers tied his handkerchief round the Kaffir's shoulders, in the hope that a bandage might stop the bleeding. Unfortunately he had no water at hand; also he had left his flask behind in his tent. A little spirit he knew would be invaluable just then, or at least that was his belief.

Luckily he found the rifle firing had been noticed in camp, and this brought out a strong mounted patrol, besides some half-dozen men on foot, who had followed, moved by curiosity to see what was going on. Three out of the six of these latter fellows were at once taken into requisition by Captain Carruthers to carry in the wounded Kaffir, and though, as a rule, the native African is not looked upon with much favour by the British soldier, poor Sonana was borne along very gently.

When the camp was reached, and this very quickly, a regimental surgeon gave almost immediate attention to the wounded Kaffir, and was to administer a course of stimulants. Sonana's teeth having to be forced asunder. It was a drastic remedy, and proved so efficacious that the seemingly lifeless native drew one or two deep breaths, and for a moment opened his eyes, but as quickly they closed again.

"Poor fellow!" said the surgeon, with a glance at Carruthers; "he was almost gone. Simply, he has nearly bled to death."

"I suppose from the violent exertion which he made after being hit?" remarked Hugh.

The doctor was now examining the wound, and with skillful fingers deftly using one of those bright surgical instruments so dreaded by Tommy Atkins. He was not too much engaged, however, to prevent him adding to Captain Carruthers:

"Yes, poor beggar; every step he ran after being hit he was just pumping the life blood out of him."

Then two or three minutes later the surgeon said:

"Ah! he will do now. Some of you boys" to soldiers standing nearby, "carry him very gently. We must find a spare tent, a mattress, and a man to look after him."

"Will he live, doctor?" inquired Carruthers, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, he'll pull through," was the satisfactory answer; "but he must be kept very quiet for the next twenty-four hours at least."

As the two walked side by side Hugh expressed his thanks to the surgeon, and, before parting, received the assurance that in all probability the Kaffir would be in all probability in the course of two or three days.

"These native fellows have wonderful vitality," said the doctor, "and pull through when a white man would go under."

Captain Carruthers did not leave Sonana until he had seen that he was as comfortable as possible, and after him, who would summon the medical man, should it be necessary. Naturally, now that Sonana had returned, Carruthers was very anxious to know whether he was the bearer of a message from Miss Davenport.

Christmas Eve, if not exactly a night of rejoicing, was one of merriment and good-fellowship. Earlier in the day drum and fife bands made merry music, and occasionally the squirl of the bagpipes stirred the blood of the gallant Scots—especially the "Gay" Gordons, who tried to get as much fun as possible under such difficulties.

All sorts of games were indulged in, and for the most part enjoyed, and in the afternoon children were entertained at a Christmas party, where who were not on guard duty were invited to drink each other out on opposite sides of the table. The boys and girls, for they were all young, had a very high, for they sang songs that made the tents ring again, although not always with harmony.

And yet, although this day was a quiet one, so far as the bombardment was concerned, alas! there were many missing comrades, for besides the heavy casualties in repelling assaults or in making sorties, scarcely a day had gone by since the capture of Surprise Hill by the Rifle Brigade, that a fortnight back, that the Boers had not killed or wounded several of our men.

And while our men and officers tried to enjoy themselves in that broiling hot day, the Kaffir, in fact did enjoy himself in the pouring shells into town and camp, but, fortunately, without any serious casualty that day.

(To be Continued.)

THE DAIRY. THE VALUE OF CREAM.

Although the value of cream as a luxury than a sovereign remedy, Medical practice is taking to itself more and more that formerly, because doctors are becoming to realise more and more that cream, a delicate food of children, is a most valuable bulidder than cod-liver oil.

Those who are already weary of their foster mother when they are helpless babes, and who are coming to their aid in their later years, and giving them the cream with which to keep the race with wasting disease.

The writer has seen patients with disease until they were unable to be brought back to health, even when they returned to the farm, while and drank plenty of cream of course, other things will take into account the fact that the children are sick, delicate children they will get results cheaper than by using milk and cod-liver oil.

WEIGHING THE MILK. (W. C. Palmer, Agricultural Expert, North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station.) It is just as important for a farmer to weigh his milk as it is for the grocer to weigh what he sells, and sell instead of going by guess.

A. Sweeten kept a record of the time required to weigh the milk from a herd. He found that it took five minutes to weigh the milk from a herd of one milking, or one milking a day—about six hours a year.

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enport. In all probability he was, but Hugh would not have cared to trouble the poor fellow with questions just then, even though he had been sensible, and, as it was, there was nothing to be done but wait patiently.

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BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1910.

PRICE THREEPENCE

BEAUFORT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Ten members attended a general meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society at the Shire Hall on Saturday night. Mr. J. George (president) occupied the chair. The president said the minute on the books fixing Thursday afternoon as the date of meeting had been given, and it was impossible to get a meeting on Thursday, as the farmers were harvesting. The consent of the mover and seconder of the motion fixing Thursday was obtained.

CORRESPONDENCE.
The Hon. J. Drysdale Brown, M.L.C., wrote asking the views of the Society on the wheat pool. The secretary stated that he had replied, informing Mr Brown that the Society had expressed its approval of the wheat scheme.

Several letters were also read relative to the recently settled waterside workers' industrial dispute.

GENERAL BUSINESS.
Mr. E. W. Hughes said Miss Ware, of the Pora would do what she could to assist the next show, and would send in entries in the horse section.

Mr. Sinclair said even if the original motion to hold a show was carried at the special meeting, members would be given a chance of coming here and expressing their views.

The secretary was instructed to give notice of the special meeting.

Mr. Sinclair said he was expected to give their money back, you might as well give ribbons or certificates at once.

Mr. Dunnet—Just as well.

Mr. Lynch—A good many would vote who do not understand the situation.

Whilst at work at the Beaufort railway station on Friday, 4th inst., Shunter Bourke had three fingers of the right hand severely injured through getting them caught between the buffers of an engine and truck. Luckily the bones were not broken.

The remains of the late Mr Luke Carr were interred in the Waterloo cemetery on Friday afternoon, 4th inst., the funeral being largely attended. The coffin was borne to the grave by Messrs J. Carland, H. Stewart, N. Newey, and C. Flynn.

During the past two months several old residents of Waterloo have "crossed the bar." Mr P. Carland, a highly respected resident of that township for a great many years, passed away on Dec. 9th at the age of 72 years.

Mr. H. Hughes asked if it was proposed to call a summoned meeting to give the profits to a patriotic fund.

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TRIOAT APPOINTMENT BOARDERS.

Superintendent Bennett has placed a favorable mark against the name of Constable Rowley, of Skipton, for energy, zeal, and determination shown in his duties.

Mr. J. Miller said that before the motion was put, he desired to point out that the Thistle Club were holding a patriotic meeting on Easter Monday, and it was advisable that the show should be kept well away from it.

Mr. Sinclair then withdrew his notice of motion, and moved an amendment that a special meeting be held next Saturday night for the purpose of considering whether the motion on the books regarding a show in March should be rescinded, and also the advisability of holding a show this year.

The secretary was instructed to give notice of the special meeting.

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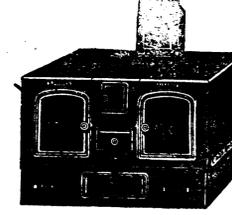
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Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.



Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain or Soreness in the chest, experience delightful and rapid relief, and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

all probably he was, could not have cared so poor fellow with whom, even though he had and, as it was, there to be done but wait

Eve, if not exactly a being, was one of merrid-fellowship. Earlier in m and sife bands made and occasionally the bagpipes stirred the gallant Scots—especially ordons, who tried to get as possible under dim-

vided for a saving of £34 11/6 on last year's prize-list.

Mr. H. Hughes said in view of these reductions and the fact that the show was to be held for a patriotic fund, there would probably be a considerable profit to hand on Saturday, 23rd March.

In seconding the motion, Mr. W. Lynch said after hearing the arguments, he thought they should go on with the show, as the proceeds were for patriotic purposes. They would be following the lead of the Melbourne society in having a show, and he did not see why they should allow it to fall away this year. They had new blood in the society, and as their president was in touch with most of the farmers and other people, the membership might be increased by ten or twelve by a special effort on the part of the president and secretary, considering that the show was for a patriotic movement. All the proceeds were for patriotic purposes. They would be following the lead of the Melbourne society in having a show, and he did not see why they should allow it to fall away this year. They had new blood in the society, and as their president was in touch with most of the farmers and other people, the membership might be increased by ten or twelve by a special effort on the part of the president and secretary, considering that the show was for a patriotic movement. All the proceeds were for patriotic purposes.

Mr. J. Miller said that before the motion was put, he desired to point out that the Thistle Club were holding a patriotic meeting on Easter Monday, and it was advisable that the show should be kept well away from it. He did not think it would be possible to have the show at the end of March, as both were for patriotic purposes.

Mr. Sinclair then withdrew his notice of motion, and moved an amendment that a special meeting be held next Saturday night for the purpose of considering whether the motion on the books regarding a show in March should be rescinded, and also the advisability of holding a show this year. Seconded by Mr. Seager.

The amendment was carried by four votes to three, the president and secretary not voting.

Mr. Sinclair said even if the original motion to hold a show was carried at the special meeting, members would be given a chance of coming here and expressing their views.

The secretary was instructed to give notice of the special meeting.

Mr. E. W. Hughes said Miss Ware, of the Pora would do what she could to assist the next show, and would send in entries in the horse section.

Mr. Sinclair said this was not a large meeting it would be advisable to fix the date of the show as early as possible.

THE DAIRY.

Value of cream as a body has long been re- as looked upon more of a sovereign remedy, as it is taking it into account formerly, because coming to realize more of a delicacy, it is a greater tissue-od-liver oil.

When people waste until they were mere their former selves, only back to health again need to the farm for a milk plenty of cream. Of things will do it, but cream. If people in could use more cream for children they would get than by using milk oil.

ING THE MILK.

ING BREEDING FIGS EXERCISE.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1997

Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne for transmission by post as a newspaper.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1916.

PRICE THREEPENCE

ARM AND DAIRY.

POINTS ON SELECTING ANIMALS.

D. W. Ferrin has taught most men in regard to type, and of animals is supposed in order to produce the must indeed be made

could not find true so often to points. That is, we find in saying that a animal is in good for the which it was bred, just does not conform to all mentioned in a breed stan-

of perfection are goals we work. We do not any of our standards in are absolutely correct. fastest trotting horse and while he is a mar- made to order according of the highest autho- type, that he would sely his present appear- assess his present remark

of the record-breaking out so-called objection- when considered strictly what we suppose is a perfect type.

s with the selection of mals. Certain points of which occur often among stable animal for a Par- come to be regarded re- occurring points of simi- grouped together to be card. The score card in order to reduce the ng to a system.

object to the score of judging animals un- competition, all must ad- system is a splendid furnishes a basis on

leading to the inex- stance of great value. cious around which to judgment.

judgment is what acquire and on what one and in the selection of ard is a means to an

ance in acquiring sys- arbitrarily followed by judges in the prize

practical farmers re- card in the purchase to produce market

to purchase a few m which to raise pic- he simply needs good ment.

in buying a cow to in the dairy barn. He on no hard and fast

the fact that near- ing cows have been all. He can not afford a cow that is large and

ing unmistakable ev- a heavy milker, just a little while that blades, or a little thick

AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.

Winstow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething, should always be used for Children while Teething. It soothes the child, softens the Gums, relieves Pain, Cures Wind Colic and all other Disorders. It is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and all other Disorders. For a child under one month of age, give 10 drops; three months old, half a teaspoonful; six months old, one tea- spoonful; a year old, one or two tea- spoonfuls. Repeat the above dose every two hours, until the character of the discharges is changed for the better. Sold Everywhere.

BEAUFORT ODDFELLOWS.

There was a large attendance of members of the Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F., at a social gathering held at the conclusion of their usual meeting on Thursday evening, 10th inst. The Ballarat district officers—Bro. S. Jory, D.G.M., A. Coburn, D.G.M., and S.W.H. Pearson, district secretary—were present. A hand- some honor roll containing 13 names, which was erected by means of volun- tary subscriptions, was presented by the M.U.I.O.O.F. The board bears the follow- ing inscription in gold letters:—"Roll of Honor, M.U.I.O.O.F., on active service with A.E.—Jaensch, R.H.; Gibson, A.; Down, A.A.; Cuthbert- son, J.; Smith, R.; Chapman, A.; Jessup, T.C.; Chinnell, Wm.; Jessup, T.; Lotts, C.; Goode, F.; Davies, T.B.; Kirkpatrick, B." A handsome enlarged photograph of Bro. Jaensch, P.D.G.M., which he had taken by Messrs Richards & Co., and presented to the lodge, was un- der the auspices of the following inscrip- tion:—"Bro. Jaensch, P.D.G.M.: initial- ing member Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F., No. 5180, Feby. 1st, 1882. G.M. Ballarat district, 1882." Refreshments were provided by Bro. J. T. Glover.

The toast of "The King" was warmly honored on the proposal of Bro. J. T. Glover, who presided. In proposing "The boys at the front who have enlisted," Bro. W. B. Glover, P.G., said the Loyal Beaufort Lodge had done remarkably well in the district, in providing re- cruits. He believed that Beaufort had its quota for the new army and enough reinforcements for nine months. He did not think any other lodge in the State could do so well. It spoke well for the district of Beaufort and dis- trict. Some of their recruits were doing big sacrifices by leaving busi- ness and large families. Seven or eight of their members would go with the new army, one of them being Bro. J. T. Glover. From their experience, he was satisfied that he was the right man to make a soldier. One of the members (Private R. H. Jaensch) returned, and members had ex- pressed to welcome him to-night.

Private A. Chapman, was on the coming home. Removing the Union Jack which had been presented to the lodge, Bro. J. Jory, D.G.M., said the lodge had a credit only to the lodge but the whole district. He hoped these brethren would return safely. The men leave their shores were the cream of the district, and though they felt their absence, they would feel it more in years to come. He hoped they would never be a burden on their order.

In responding to the toast, Bro. P. J. Jory, V.G., said he felt a little sorry because he would be unable to go through the chairs and get all the experience he could from the lodge. He came back he hoped to be a better man.

Bro. A. Driver, P.G., proposed the toast of the Lodge (coupled with the toast of Bro. J. Jory, D.G.M.), and remarked that they were very glad to see Bro. Jaensch, P.D.G.M., and that he was not here to- night. In referring to the progress of the lodge, he said he was pleased to see that the district secretary said that the best in the Ballarat district. Bro. Pearson, district secretary, then presented the photograph of Bro. Jaensch, P.D.G.M., and remarked that he was not here to- night. He wished he was one of the foundation members of the Beau- fort Lodge and passed through the chairs for the first time in 1870, be- fore the speaker was born. From that time forward he had taken an active interest in not only the Beau- fort Lodge but the Ballarat district. He was elected G.M. of the district in 1882. During the years which he had been in the district he had not only to the district but to the lodge in general. During late years he had resided at Lexton, some 10 miles from Ballarat, and had not been able to take the same interest in the lodge. Notwithstanding that he had always had a warm place in his heart for the lodge. He had only to see the lodge to see how much he had to esteem him. The photo- graph would keep his memory green in the lodge, but to those who had known him in the order for any length of time there was no need of a photograph to keep his memory in the lodge. They hoped in the near future to be able to renew their acquaintance with him, and that his

trouble would pass from him. The fact of his getting the photograph taken and presenting it to the lodge, showed the keen interest Bro. Jaensch had taken in not only the Manchester Unity, but friendly societies generally. Dealing with the progress of the Beaufort lodge, he trusted that it would soon have to shift to larger quarters.

In responding to the toast, Bro. W. B. Humphreys, P.G., said he was sorry there were not more of the old mem- bers here. In accepting the photograph on be- half of the lodge, Bro. C. Crick, N.G., said the members thanked Bro. Jaensch sincerely. They would always look on it with pride, as Bro. Jaensch was the only member of their lodge who had been through the district chairs. They hoped before long to have another member through those chairs. They wished Bro. Jaensch every happiness, and hoped he would be long spared to be amongst them, and that he would enjoy better health than at present.

In proposing the toast of "The Order" (coupled with the names of the district officers), Bro. J. George, P.G., expressed the pride he felt at seeing the honor board erected, and his pleas- ure at the presence of the district officers. In responding, Bro. Jory, D.G.M., maintained that there was not a better institution in the world than the M.U.I.O.O.F., and that every young man should belong to a friendly society.

Bro. Pearson, district secretary, also responded, stating that in Victoria they had about 30,000 members, with- out reckoning honorary members. They had funds totalling £705,069, and about 1800 of their members from Victoria were serving with the forces. It was not only a national but an imperial society. There were 195,000 of their members from Eng- land and Scotland serving in Flanders and 7000 in the navy, which showed the part the lodge was playing in the great world war. There were 13 men on the Beaufort lodge's honor roll, and Ballarat district had something like 200. Beaufort had done splendidly in connection with the recruiting cam- paign. This lodge had accumulated capital to the amount of £2300, and he ventured to say that no other friendly society in Beaufort could boast of that amount in its sick and funeral fund. The Manchester Unity had over 10,000,000 members through- out the world. Regarding the pioneers, he would have liked to have seen Bro. W. Johnston and H. M. Stuart present. No other friendly society in Victoria offered the same benefits as they did, viz., £1 per week sick-pay for the first six months, 13/4 for the next, and a life pension of 10/-. If they could not get young men to join the Manchester Unity, they should get them to join some other society.

Bro. Coburn, V.G.M., also made a brief response. The district secretary then presented Bro. A. Crick, P.G., with a pres- tant's certificate; the recipient suit- ably returning thanks.

Bro. W. B. Glover, P.G., then pro- posed "The Lodge Officers," highly eulogising the good work of the present secretary (Bro. W. Staph) and his predecessor (Bro. A. J. Saph). Bro. C. Crick, P. Brown, and W. Stevens briefly responded, the latter pointing out that during the past 44 years the lodge had gained 100 mem- bers. Their present membership was 136, and five years ago it was 65. They had lost a lot of members through death and clearance, and he urged each member to try and procure a new one.

The gathering wound up with cheers for the men at the front, and the sing- ing of "Auld Lang Syne."

RAGLAN PUBLIC SPORTS.

The following are the handicaps for the Raglan Public Sports, to be held on Saturday, 19th February, 1916:—

	130	220	440
	yds.	yds.	yds.
W. Bennett	4	16	12
N. Adams	8	21	28
S. Irwin	9	26	32
Harry Bambrick	9	26	32
R. McMillan	10	23	32
J. McGoldrick	11	28	32
R. Maddren	11	25	—
A. H. Coughle	11	25	—
C. Thomson	12	28	—
R. Davis	13	28	—
P. A. Panther	14	28	—
E. Broadbent	14	28	—
J. Baker	14	28	—

J. BATES, Handicappers.
M. GRANT, 14/2/16.

	Underhand, Standing,	15-inch legs,	12-inch legs.
A. E. Crick	scr.	scr.	scr.
C. T. Crick	10	10	8
J. J. Dunn	10	10	8
H. Anderson	15	15	10
Arthur Crick	20	20	10
John T. Crick	20	20	15
J. E. Nixon	25	25	15
A. H. Johnston	25	25	15
Jim Johnston	25	25	20
James Crick	25	25	20
B. Martin	20	20	20

GEO. BOYD, Handicappers.
W. CONNOR, 14/2/16.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of The Riponshire Advocate newspaper, 177, Cross Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

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A MINER SAYS

For Years He Worked in Wet Ground, Kidney Pains and Terrible Backache. Clements Tonic Cured

This letter was written from Tubbal station, via Young, N.S.W., Aug. 13/11. Mr. Wiseman, the writer, strongly recommends all miners to use this medicine because it is a powerful nerve and blood purifier, and it cures the effects of underground confinement and bad air upon the system. After reading it he sent me two boxes of Clements Tonic and says:—

"As a miner for years I worked in wet ground, and now it is my habit for I suffer with my kidneys and backache and loss of appetite. Doctors in Young told me I had hydrophobia, and said an operation might be necessary. Their medicine did me no good. I resolved against it. I was so used to it that I could not walk for a space. I tried all medicines and still my life has been a misery to me, until I tried Clements Tonic. The first and second bottles had poor effect, but the third did. I was surprised at the great change that came. I felt as well as when I was 21. I can eat and sleep well, work in no trouble to me, and I think that CLEMENTS TONIC OUGHT TO BE WRITTEN IN GOLD. I always keep 23 BOTTLES, and I never intend being without. To me it is the best under- standing, and I think it is ONE OF THE GREATEST NERVE CURES IN THE WORLD. I recommend it to anyone broken down in health. Do as you will with this letter, as I can have to prove what it has done for me." (Signed) J. WISEMAN."

Business men should especially read this testimony, and remember that Clements Tonic may renew their lease of life. It will certainly give them new mental and physical strength. For Insomnia and Brain Fag, Debility, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Weak Nerves, Bad Blood, Low Spirits, It is ever reliable. Mr. Wiseman speaks only as he finds concerning this great nerve and blood medicine. ALL CHEMISTS AND ALL STORES SELL IT.

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Beecham's Pills

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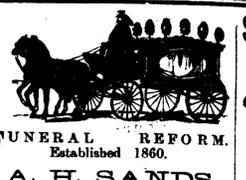
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IF YOU are suffering the aches and Pains of Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores, Glandular Swellings or Blood Poison. IF YOU are in the grip of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, etc.

All these are sure signs of clogging blood impurity, calling for immediate treatment through the blood, so don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments, which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have is a medicine that will get right to the root of your trouble, a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter, which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly attack, overcome, and expel from the blood all impurities (from whatever cause arising), and by rendering it clean and pure, can be relied on to effect a lasting cure.

The True Value of CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is certified by a most remarkable collection of unsolicited testi- monials from grateful patients of all classes—patients who have been cured after doctors and hospitals have given them up as incurable—patients who have been cured after trying many other treatments without success—patients who not only have been cured of the particular Skin or Blood Complaint from which they were suffering, but also have found great improvement in their general health. (See pamphlet round bottle.)

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take and warranted free from anything injurious to the most deli- cate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

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KELLY & McDONALD, AUCTIONEERS, STOCK & STATION & GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS.

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At the meeting of the Riponshire Sheep and Cattle Club on Monday it was decided to send Mr. G. G. O'Connell on a special trip to the States to see the sheep and cattle situation.

JARRISON-In loving memory of our dear daughter and sister Rose, who passed away on 18th February, 1912. R.I.P. -Inserted by her loving parents, sisters, and brothers.

The Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

On Monday the 12-year-old son of Mr. Jas. Vowles, of Langi-Kal-Kal, was swimming in a dam when he struck a sharp object on the bottom, and sustained a gash about 2 in. in length on the sole of the foot, which penetrated to the bone. Dr. G. A. Eadie attended to the injury.

When the matter of continuing the subscription of 1 per member to the 'Farm and Home Journal' cropped up at the meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society on Saturday night, Mr. J. Miller asked if it was really worth a shilling. Mr. D. Stewart-Itis. Mr. D. R. Hannah-You would pay 6/6 for it from the office. Mr. Miller said he did not think it was worth it. Mr. Hannah replied that it contained some good articles. It was certainly a good shilling's worth. He did not know how they printed it for the money.

Mr. W. Driver, who has resided in Beaufort since boyhood, is leaving here for Melbourne, and Mrs. Driver and family have already left for their new home. For many years Mr. Driver was actively associated with the old Volunteer Fire Brigade, and was in the employ of Mr. J. A. Harris and the late Mr. J. W. Harris, senior, as a carrier. Of late years he started in business on his own behalf as a carrier. Mr. and Mrs. Driver and family leave many friends, who will heartily join with us in wishing them every future happiness and prosperity.

The Beaufort United Friendly Societies' Council met on Monday night, 7th inst., at Mr. G. Pringle presiding. Senator Russell wrote, accepting invitation to speak at Charity Sunday demonstration, provided he may substitute another speaker in the event of his being called away to one of the other States. A number of ladies signified their willingness to act as collectors. The Area Officer, T.A. wrote, granting permission for local cadets to take part in the procession. An account for 10 was passed for payment. It was resolved to pay the local handmaster's expenses for attending on Charity Sunday, and the secretary (Mr. N. McLeod) was instructed to get the necessary printing done.

Seven members were present at the fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort branch, A.N.A., on Tuesday night; Mr. M. Dames (vice-president) occupying the chair. A letter was read from N. McLeod, secretary of Beaufort United Friendly Societies' Council, asking that members take part in procession on Charity Sunday. Co-operation granted. Several circulars relative to the annual conference at Warragul were received. The clearance of Member J. Binns to Colac branch was granted. As the president (Mr. G. Wilson) had been accepted for active service, the matter of appointing a substitute in the event of his being unable to attend the annual conference was discussed. It was decided to allow the matter to remain in abeyance till next meeting. Two members were declared on the sick-list, and two progress reports regarding sick members were received. Accounts and sick-pay amounting to £745/11 were passed for payment. Mr. J. B. Prentice asked if new members enquiring immediately after joining were entitled to have their contributions paid by the board of directors. Mr. Fullerton (secretary) replied that he understood the board paid a member's dues immediately he set foot on a trooping, no matter how long he had been in the association, but he would obtain further information on the matter.

Several speakers at the meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society on Saturday night, referred to townspeople contributing weekly or monthly to patriotic funds. Mr. W. H. Halpin remarked that he did not think many in Beaufort were paying regular weekly or monthly subscriptions. He was told by the secretary of the Red Cross Society that he was the only employer in the town who, together with his employees, was now contributing money regularly. He thought every employer, without dictating to his employees as to what they should do with their money, should impress upon them the necessity of contributing in this way. Mr. J. George said there was plenty of work to do at the Men's Red Cross workshop, and too few hands to do it. There were different ways of looking at it. Some contributed money and others work. Mr. Halpin said it was not convenient for everyone to go there at night. If he went he might spoil their work. Mr. George: We will soon break you in, and make you a handy man in a very brief space of time.

The Premier (Mr. A. J. Peacock) has notified the Beaufort recruiting committee that he will be unable to address a recruiting meeting at Skipton tonight (Saturday). The secretaries of the Beaufort Ladies' Red Cross Society acknowledge the following gifts: Mrs. E. W. Hughes, 2/6; Mrs. A. Driver, books; Mrs. J. V. Wether- spoon, cushion; Miss J. Wether- spoon, 6 pillow slips, pair socks; Mrs. R. A. D. Sinclair, pair socks; middle grade S.S. girls, 7 handkerchiefs; Mrs. Hodgson, flannel-ette; Mrs. DeBaere, books; Mrs. Hughes, books.

During a discussion as to whether it was better to circularize or canvass farmers for gifts of produce for patriotic funds, at the Agricultural Society's meeting at Beaufort on Saturday night, Mr. D. R. Hannah dryly remarked that it would be better to send out a circular, as the Government had done in regard to recruiting, and then, if the farmers did not answer satisfactorily, appoint recruiting-sergeants, in the form of canvassers, to go round and interview them.

Mrs. Sarah Rankine, a very old and highly respected resident of Waterloo, passed away on Monday, at the ripe age of 86 years. Her husband, who predeceased her eight years ago, was for 24 years superintendent of the Waterloo Sunday school, and had always taken a keen interest in Sunday school work. The remains were laid to rest in the Waterloo Cemetery on Tuesday; the funeral being largely attended. The Sunday school children preceded the hearse to the burial ground. The coffin, which was covered with floral tributes (including a special wreath from the Sunday school, was borne to the grave by Messrs G. Vowles, W. Lamont, J. Meaney, and A. Martin. The pall-bearers were Messrs J. Frusher, L. T. G. Smith, P. Miller, C. Flynn, J. Williams, and H. Kewley. The Church of England burial service was read by the Rev. W. B. Jessop. Mr. A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort, carried out the mortuary arrangements.

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FOR THE EMPIRE.

DESTROY CAMP.

The Beaufort centre for the first month's preliminary training of Riponshire recruits for the new army, was established on Monday. Forty-three district recruits were sworn in by Lieutenant Hughes (who is in charge of the local camp) at the Shire Hall in the morning. Forty of these men were prepared to start training immediately, and the remainder obtained leave of absence for short periods. From the time the papers came to hand two hours were occupied in swearing the volunteers in, which, it is claimed, constitutes a record. It was anticipated on Monday that 50 men would be in training here by the end of the week. Forty men were marched to the local park, where they at once started work under the instruction of Lieutenant Hughes and Sergeants J. Thompson and W. J. Paterson. As the recruits marched off in fours many favorable comments were passed, but Recruiting-sergeant Gilbert Smith aptly expressed the sentiments of everyone when he enthusiastically remarked: 'They are a fine body of men. I am proud of them.' That both the recruiting committee and Sergeant Smith have just cause to be proud of the result of their efforts, no one will deny. It is understood that those local and district volunteers who were rejected at Ararat because their chests were slightly under the required measurement are to be called up for service. As far as is known the Beaufort training centre will be continued for a month, after which the recruits will go into camp at Ballarat, a little township of Beaufort, says the 'Age,' has set a splendid example to the rest of the State. According to a message received by the State Commandant on Tuesday, every eligible man in the place is now in training or has enlisted. Lieutenant Hughes, who has charge of the men at the local training centre, has reported that he has 40 men under his command. Every possible facility had been provided by the local authorities, and the people had been most enthusiastic. General Williams said he regarded the report as most satisfactory. It would be gratifying, he said, to hear of other centres which could show such splendid results.

As Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair, president of Riponshire, was absent from Beaufort and therefore unable to entertain the local volunteers when they were sworn in on Monday morning, he visited the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. Constable A. G. Evans proceeded against Wm. H. Williams for neglecting to have his child vaccinated, the case having been previously adjourned four times. Defendant did not appear. Senior-constable J. Stephen conducted the prosecution. Constable Evans gave evidence to the effect that some months ago he served a summons on defendant. Defendant told him subsequently that to his mind the child was not in a fit state to be vaccinated, and that he could get a doctor's certificate, and asked the police to apply for an adjournment. The case had been adjourned on three or four occasions since. He saw the child's mother the other day in the street, and she said they were in doubt as to whether they would have the child vaccinated or pay the penalty. He explained that the case came on on the next Tuesday, and that if they wished to have an adjournment they could do so by obtaining a certificate. This had not been done, and the child had not been vaccinated. The child was born in May, 1914. Witness called on both doctors that day. He ascertained from Dr. Eadie, who had previously supplied the certificate, that if the parents wanted the child done, the little one's condition would permit of vaccination. To Mr. Sinclair-Some time ago he told me the child was not fit to be vaccinated. Arthur Parker, registrar of births and deaths at Beaufort, produced the receipt for the vaccination notice given to the father on the registration of the child, and also the information form. The child had not been returned as vaccinated. Senior-constable Stephen explained that they had to bring the receipt here to prove service of the notice. It had been sprung on them, and they expected that defendant would have been here to-day. In inflicting the maximum penalty of £2, with 6 costs for bringing the registrar there, Mr. Sinclair said some time ago the bench had decided that in the interests of the health of the community vaccination should be carried out, and resolved to make a uniform fine.

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CAN BILIOUS ATTACKS BE AVOIDED?

Many people believe that bilious attacks always come on suddenly. Such is not usually the case. If you watch closely you will observe that your appetite fails long before the attack comes on. When an attack is about to occur, take a few drops of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and the attack will be avoided. Sold by J. R. Westmoreland & Co.

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At the Front

A THRILLING STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

By CAPT. W. D. LEBRANGE. (Late 12th Lancers). Author of "Cloughton Abbey," etc.

PART TWELVE.—CHAPTER XXVI. A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Before riding again to the encampment of the Imperial Light Horse, Captain Carruthers thought it would be better to endeavour to find Sonana; but he had no time to seek for when he got outside Sir George's quarters, where the groom was still waiting with his charger, that identical native runner was standing placidly gazing at the big bay horse.

"I shall require you again in an hour or so," said Hugh to his groom, "but after to-night you will have an easy time for a day or two, so far as I am concerned. It will be about a week from headquarters for a little while." The trooper stood at the salute until Captain Carruthers had mounted. The once unruly charger was quite docile now. A masterful hand, combined with kind treatment, had effected this wonderful change in an animal supposed to be irrevocably vicious. There is no more intelligent creature than the horse, and none so easily ruined in his temper by a cruel or careless owner.

Carruthers made a sign to Sonana to follow him as he rode slowly along the Poort-road. The young native, with that peculiar pace, half walk, half trot, was striding ahead like some faithful dog; but Hugh's look on his face was vacant, those splendid eyes were absent as alert as those of a lynx.

Presently one of General White's orderlies rode past Carruthers at speed, and Hugh surmised—correctly—that he was on his way to the commandant of the Imperial Light Horse with an order from Sir George for the requisition of Sergeant Paul Sinclair for immediate and special duty.

Half an hour later, when Hugh had his second interview with Paul, he learned that he had already received orders to hold himself in readiness for service under one of General White's aide-de-camp, and Sinclair was delighted when he found that this particular staff officer whom he was to accompany was none other than Captain Carruthers.

"I have to congratulate you on your promotion, which I omitted this morning," Sinclair said to Carruthers, with his genial smile.

"And I have to thank you for it, Captain Carruthers," replied Paul, "for I know it was by your recommendation."

"Oh, nonsense, man!" said Hugh; "you have won your chevrons on your own merits, and deserved something more—something which is bound to follow before long."

Paul smiled, but shook his head dubiously.

"And now as to this evening," added Hugh. "I am only at liberty, just at present, to tell you that the service is much the same as we have already experienced together—perhaps a bit more risky—and that we may be absent for some days. Perhaps I had no right to ask that you might share the danger, but there was no other man that I could reckon upon."

"I am very glad that it is so, captain," replied Sinclair, "and I don't suppose we shall have to run much greater risk than from the bursting of stray shells here, or having to repel another night attack."

"Well, I hope not," was Hugh's comment. "And now as to the ways and means. Three or four days on the mountains or in the veldt signifies eating and drinking, and possibly some food for our horses, so if you can arrange to ride over to headquarters this afternoon I will see to it that there is no lack in the commissariat."

To this Paul readily acquiesced, and then Carruthers explained his intentions regarding Sonana, and asked Sinclair to sound the Kaffir as to whether he was willing to accompany them, and to serve as a scout—with the understanding, of course, that he was to earn more money.

Sonana wanted no persuading—he jumped at the offer, so to speak; but when it occurred to Captain Carruthers what a risk the young Kaffir was running of losing his hard-earned gold by carrying it about in his body-cloth, and suggested that he should leave it in safe custody at Ladysmith until his return, Sonana looked very glum. However, he must have had great faith in Hugh, for after further words of advice he agreed to this sensible arrangement.

It was about six o'clock on the night of that second Wednesday in January, when Captain Carruthers reached the western boundary of the Ladysmith camp. Paul Sinclair was already waiting, for it was here that they had appointed to meet, and with the young colonial was Sonana. The latter was carrying his knob-kerry, or short club, one of the weapons of his nation, which seemed to indicate that Sonana considered he was on the war-path, whilst Carruthers and Sinclair were armed with rifles and each with a brace of revolvers in his holsters.

It was still quite light when Captain Carruthers gave the countersign of the night to the last and most advanced outpost of the British lines. The vedette glanced curiously after the two horsemen and their Kaffir companion as they moved slowly into the veldt, and in a direction where the enemy was supposed to be

not only in considerable force, but not far away. Not more than a quarter of a mile, however, did they advance before the captain reined up his charger and took a long and very careful look through his field-glasses across the veldt. It was still light enough for all practical observation, and his binoculars were very powerful, but not a sign could he see of the enemy, although he searched each mound or sandy bush which came within his vision.

It was nothing more than he expected, and he remarked as much to Sinclair, "as he handed him the field-glasses, with the assurance that he might have the better of the two. Hugh, in his own mind, could not believe that either the Transvaal Boers or the Free State Burgers, especially the latter, would venture in their renowned leader, Commandant de Villiers—would venture in the open within range of Ladysmith so soon following on their disastrous defeat of Saturday, when they were reported to have lost one thousand of their best fighting men.

"I can make out nothing, sir," said Paul, after a minute or two of close scrutiny, "and I think we may advance for two or three miles with little or no danger of encountering the enemy. Of course, we must be on the alert and prepared, but all the chances are in our favour, unless a party of Boers happen to have picked their horses on the veldt."

"Good!" said Carruthers; "then let us get on, after the fashion of that little light you remain."

"Pardon me, Captain Carruthers," said Sinclair, after they had ridden a mile or so in silence. "I have not served very long, yet long enough to have learned that a soldier's duty is to obey orders without questioning, but—"

"But you would like to know why we are riding straight out into the veldt, and in the direction which, if we keep on, must sooner or later bring us amongst the Boers?" and Carruthers laughed softly at the thought of Sinclair's difficulty as to whether he should give utterance to his thoughts.

"Well, sir, I had some such thought," said Paul. "And I was just about to enlighten you," added Hugh, "but first let us send forward our native friend so that he is out of earshot."

A few words from Paul Sinclair in Dutch, and Sonana shot ahead, and could only just be observed as he moved along rapidly in front. He had been ordered to lead fifty paces in advance, and to keep a sharp lookout that none of the enemy were in ambush.

"Now I may confide in you," said Carruthers, "that my orders are to discover, where possible, the strength of the enemy in his different strongholds along the line to the Tugela, and to convey this intelligence, if practicable, to Sir Redvers Buller or one of his generals or staff. Failing this we are to return to Ladysmith if we can get there."

Paul Sinclair drew a deep breath, which sounded very much like a suppressed whistle; for he realised now what had been at a loss to understand before, and knew the difficulties, if not dangers, which must be encountered if General White's orders were to be carried out.

"And that means, captain," he said, "that we may probably get to Dewdrop or a little beyond, safely; but after that each mile will become more perilous. Before daylight, too, we must find some shelter, for unless we are hidden, we shall be shot down on the veldt."

"A cheering prospect," remarked Hugh. "Ah! what was that, Sinclair?" as there was a rush of some large body passing through the air.

"Only a big night-bird, sir," said Paul, "but it was startling."

"When they left Ladysmith the weather had looked rather threatening, but now the heavens were brilliant with stars, which made it quite light enough to see where they were going and to avoid those unpleasant obstacles to travelling, the huge ant-hills."

Although their pace had been very slow, Dewdrop was some distance behind them on the left, and they were well into the veldt to the west, towards Tintwa Pass. But open as was the country hereabouts, it occurred to Carruthers as very singular the strange silence that reigned around, for much of this part of Natal had been grazing land, occupied by Dutch settlers. Hugh remarked on this to his companion.

"Does it not strike you as odd, Sinclair—perhaps ominous—that not a sound is to be heard but the beat of our horses' hoofs? Amongst the thousands of Boers surrounding Ladysmith, I certainly expected to have seen or heard some of them before this."

"No, sir," replied the sergeant; "having not clear of Dewdrop, he should have been surprised if he had seen or heard any at night on the veldt. Towards Acton Homes, of course, it will be different, and all along the direct route to the Tugela; but here—"

is on the march with guns. If you listen you will hear the crack of the wheel. No doubt it is a Transvaal or Free State commando about to occupy some position further towards Ladysmith."

Hugh lost no time in following the advice of Sinclair; but it occurred to him at the same time that it would have been wiser if they had both kept on horseback and rode quietly away—towards, of course, to avoid advancing Boers. In fact, he expressed himself to this effect to both Paul and Sinclair.

"No, sir," answered the latter; "if we keep quiet where we are they will pass us well to the right. Riding forward they might see us, but as it is a hundred to one in our favour that we escape unnoticed."

Presently Captain Carruthers heard plainly enough, the rumbling sound caused by a heavy gun passing over the ground, and, two minutes or so later, human voices, but seemingly at a safe distance. Gradually this break in the silence of the night grew less and less, and after a while faded away.

By this passing of the Boer column whatever it might be, had delayed Carruthers a considerable time, and when he and Sinclair—with Sonana leading—again moved forward, they had not covered very many miles since leaving Ladysmith, although in an hour or a little more daylight would be upon them.

Before this came, both Carruthers and Sinclair knew that the night would come, for though men on foot might be hidden from sight behind ant-hills or scrub, it was necessary for the concealment of the animals that they should find a clump of trees or high bushes.

Fortunately, as they thought at the time, they came upon just such a shelter, as they were wishing for, while it was yet dark enough to screen them from observation, unless to any person near at hand. This was a cluster of bushes—they could scarcely be called trees—some ten or twelve feet high, and from whence an extended view of the veldt could be had, without the danger of being seen in return.

Into this convenient cover the two horsemen were led, and when daylight came, which happened about the middle of the night, Paul Sinclair discovered that there was not only a sufficiency of short grass, but an excellent spring of pure water. Here Paul felt they could rest and lie hidden as long as was desirable, and without much fear of interruption.

But another discovery was made by young Sinclair that he had not calculated upon, and that was a farmhouse about a mile away, and he fancied there was smoke rising from one of the chimneys. After off-saddling, watering and picketing the horses, Sinclair borrowed the captain's field-glasses and had another good look at this dwelling in the veldt.

Now he made out plainly a thin column of white smoke, but with the exception of this he could see no sign of the place being occupied. Some cattle were grazing about a mile or so away from the farm buildings, but more to the west; yet these, as Paul knew, might have been left behind, if the holding was deserted, and as to the smoke, it was quite probable that the Boer column they had heard on the march might have halted at the farm and some of the men might have been cooking.

Carruthers and Sinclair had not tasted food since leaving Ladysmith, but they now thoroughly enjoyed their breakfast, although it was washed down with nothing more palatable than water from the spring. Sonana, too, if accustomed to long fasts, never refused food when offered to him, and he ate quite as much as the two white men combined.

Now that the meal was made, Sinclair suggested that Sonana and he should try to get near the farm and reconnoitre. There was no lack of scrub and ant-hills between the spot where they were and the homestead, which would afford cover for them to approach the house unseen, and should the dwelling prove to be deserted probably something might be done which would be useful before they had finished their scouting.

"All right," said Carruthers; "and I suppose I may risk a smoke or two while you are away?" "Not much risk, sir, I take it," replied Paul, with a smile. "I do not think there is a Boer within two or three miles of us, unless it be at the farm, and the scent of tobacco smoke is not likely to reach that."

Carruthers standing just on the skirt of the wood, watched admiringly for a short while the wariness with which Paul and the Kaffir advanced towards the farm. A few yards separating them, they crouched so low when cover was not available that they seemed a part of the veldt, but where scrub or ant-hill offered them they were quick to avail themselves of such shelter.

Then Hugh went further amongst the bushes, seated himself on the grass, with his legs stretched out and his back against a sapling, and lighting his pipe commenced to smoke it. As he drew whiff after whiff his thoughts went back to that which had happened to him during the past twelve months, and he finally reverted to Violet Davenport.

"When a man begins to muse and he has had no sleep during the previous night, drowsiness; generally overpowers him, and in a moment or two Hugh Carruthers, whose last waking thoughts had been of Violet Davenport, was sound asleep. He awoke with a start, and under the impression that he had only just closed his eyes, though, as a matter of fact, a full hour had gone by. His awakening was not an agreeable one, for standing within four yards of him was a big farmer-looking Dutchman, with a rifle in his hand, and the weapon pointed towards him. In his surprise, however, Carruthers did not lose his presence of mind, and he remarked, coolly:

"Put that rifle down; it might go off."

"No, roomak," replied the Dutchman, with an ugly grin. "I will go off, and the shells through your head."

And he stepped back a pace or so, though to get a better range, and handling his rifle ominously.

But at the moment almost, something whistled through the air, and Sonana's knob-kerry, hurled with terrific force, struck the Dutchman full on the head, who fell back dead. But even as he staggered in his fall, the little figure of the young Kaffir bounded in front of Carruthers, uttering the shrill cry of his tribe.

It was all the work of a few moments—moments and a matter of great peril to Carruthers—but in that brief space the young colonial had been made his death. Unluckily his rifle had been discharged as he was struck down, and the fear now was that the report might have been heard and bring some more enemies down upon the cluster of bushes.

CHAPTER XXVII. WATCHING AND WAITING. As the Dutchman went down under the terrible blow from the Kaffir's knob-kerry, Carruthers sprang to his feet, and angry with himself for going to sleep so carelessly whilst the others were absent. But for the opportune arrival of Sonana at the critical moment, he might probably have paid the penalty of his negligence with his life, and Hugh realised this to the full.

Scarcely half a minute could have elapsed before Paul Sinclair also appeared upon the scene, drawing his breath short from the speed at which he had run. One glance at the prostrate figure of the Boer told its own tale, for Sonana and the young colonial had been on the track of this man, and racing to overtake him ere he could reach the wood.

"I foolishly allowed myself to drop off to sleep," remarked Carruthers, "and without even taking the precaution to have a revolver at my side. But for the arrival of Sonana, I fancy it would have been all up with me, for I believe the fellow was just about to fire."

"That's what he had fired, sir," said Paul, "but he had the report of a rifle."

"Yes," added Hugh, "but that was as Sonana's club hit him. I suppose his finger was on the trigger, and the rifle either went off by accident, or he must have fired it in his death-spasm—for dead I believe he is."

Paul Sinclair bent over the apparently lifeless Boer and placed his hand on the man's breast, but there was no pulsation, and the features were already rigid in death. The terrible knob-kerry had struck him at a vital point of the temple, and his end must have been instantaneous. Sinclair, as he rose upright, shook his head. It did not require words to tell Captain Carruthers that the man was dead. Sonana stood quietly looking on unmoved. The death of a man—especially since the war—meant little more to him than that of an animal of the chase, and that of a poor beggar!" said Carruthers.

"No doubt he would have shot me if Sonana hadn't arrived at the nick of time; but, all the same, I wish his end had not been quite so sudden. And tell me, Sinclair, how it was that you and Sonana turned up so opportunely."

"There is not much to tell, captain," replied Paul. "We made our way to the farm cautiously, of course, and without any special reason for doing so, for we saw not a living soul, nor in the house either, when we reached it. There were indications, however, of the dwelling having been recently occupied, for a fire was burning in the cooking-room, and in a pan on the stove was some 'bobotee,' or minced curry. That seemed as if somebody had been preparing a meal and had left in a hurry."

"Well, sir, we 'commandered' a few articles that I thought might prove useful to us before we get back to Ladysmith, and made them up ready for Sonana to carry, when it occurred to me that before finally leaving it would be well to look over the farm buildings. In the stables I found a couple of horses, and ready saddled, and this latter fact made me suspicious. It seemed as though the owner could not be far away, and I got out of the stable quicker than I had gone into it, and with my revolver ready for a 'pot shot.'"

"It was then, captain, that Sonana's sharp eyes made a discovery. Looking across the veldt he caught sight of a man gliding from bush to bush, and as he drew near, he saw that he was an ant-hill, and making towards the trees here, where we had left you. When Sonana's sudden exclamation and gesticulations called my attention to this suspicious individual, he could not have been a quarter of a mile from you, sir, but thrice that distance from the farm, and I could not plainly make him out. However, I knew he was up to no good, and off we started as hard as we could run, in the hope that we should come upon him unseen before he could reach the wood. I don't think I ever put on more speed in my life than in that mile; but Sonana outpaced me. You know the rest, sir."

Captain Carruthers did not interrupt Paul while he was telling his story; but when the sergeant had finished, he remarked: "Friend Sinclair, you are invaluable. You are indeed a man to count upon, for indirectly you have doubtless saved me from being shot by that dead Boer. Sonana was the instrument, it is true, but he would not have been in time but for you." Sonana, however, was oblivious to praise, and had been stretched himself at full length on the grass but a yard or two from the man he had killed, and was fast asleep.

"Do you suppose this Dutchman who stole a march upon me was the owner of the farm?" asked Captain Carruthers. "Yes, I think so, sir," replied Sin-

clair. "No doubt he was one of the rebel settlers, and must have either remained aloof from his farm, or else been paying a visit to me if my cattle were all right. As to how we missed seeing him, however, I can only say that it is a mystery I cannot understand."

Speaking about the house, Sinclair of the food and a bottle of spirits which he had intended to bring away and had left behind, and without any ceremony he roused Sonana from his comfortable slumbers in order to send him back for these 'spoils of war.' The youthful Kaffir, however, preferred to have his sleep out, and gave a grunt of disapproval.

"Loopt gi! Dona satenza; dona mall!" ("Go you! No work; no money!"), said Paul, sternly. "They are waiting for you with their white teeth very much in evidence, and he wide awake and smiling."

"Kleine stookje, baas?" ("Little bit, master?"), he said, holding out his hand.

"All right," replied Paul, laughing, and giving Sonana a shilling; "but before finally sending him on his errand, Sinclair instructed Sonana to take the saddle off the horse at the farm and to turn the animal loose, so that it might provide for itself, and not be left, probably, if tethered up, to die of hunger and thirst. It was a kindly thought of the young colonial, but only in accordance with his training and character."

All this was 'Dutch' in every sense to Hugh Carruthers, but Sinclair explained it to him after Sonana had again departed for the farm, the Kaffir had travelled at considerable speed, yet availing himself always of cover where it offered. This precaution must have been more from habit than from fear of danger, for not a Boer had been made out that morning, excepting the solitary individual who lay dead amongst the trees.

The distant thunder of heavy guns, however, told that both enemy and the British were at work elsewhere, and this fierce firing no doubt accounted for the absence of Boers in the near neighbourhood of the veldt.

"I have been going to speak to you about Sonana, sir," remarked Sinclair, "but the young native has departed away, but he has not had an opportunity. I have little faith in the Kaffir as a body, for I believe they are more favourably inclined to the Boers than the British, and are not to be trusted; but I have watched this young fellow closely, and I think he is honest and faithful."

"I take it that he proved that by taking me to fulfil his mission as a runner between the Transvaal and Ladysmith," said Carruthers. "Yes, captain," added Paul, with a smile; "but the gold he was to be paid was a great temptation to be honest. What inclines me more than anything to believe in him, sir, was his consenting to leave his money behind him at Ladysmith. If he had any thought of proving a traitor, he would have kept the gold about him."

"I never thought of that," said Hugh. "Upon my word, Sinclair, I did not give you credit for being so far-seeing. And now about this dead Dutchman. What are we to do with him?"

"The Kaffir will see to that, sir, when he returns," was Paul's reply, "and he told him to bring a spade, if he could find one, to bury the body."

"Good!" added Carruthers. "And now, if I can find a tree strong enough to bear my weight, I want to have a good look at our surroundings."

After a short search a stout yellow-wood tree was discovered which was taller than those around it, and into its branches Hugh Carruthers managed to climb. When he had secured the saddle, Carruthers filled his own canteen with water, and took a drink of brandy, and what little was left, for fear the bottle might be broken, was mixed and drunk with their last tin of coffee. Sonana was offered a little of the spirit, but to Sinclair's surprise he shook his head and declined, an unusual proceeding on the part of a Kaffir or Hottentot.

As they rode out of the wood, darkness, as though it had suddenly dropped from above, settled on the veldt, and to the white man, for a while it seemed almost impenetrable. To the eyes of the Kaffir, however, night must have been much the same as day, for he strode on confidently a couple of paces or so in front of the horses. Sonana had armed himself with the Mauser rifle of the dead Dutchman, and also had brought away with him the bandolier of cartridges; very elated he seemed at his acquisition, but whether the rifle would be a useful weapon in his hands was another question.

Captain Carruthers, after talking the matter over with Sinclair, had decided to run the risk of making for Acton Homes, but giving a wide berth to the mountains on their left known as Dewdrop Post Office. This latter was a commanding position which doubtless would be held by the Boers or Free Staters in force, and who, likely enough, would have scouting parties out round the foot of the hill.

Sonana had had his instructions drilled into him by Paul, and in an hour or less after leaving the wood, he led them over a bridge spanning the Sand River. It was still so dark that Carruthers and Sinclair had both the unpleasant feeling that but for having the Kaffir as a guide they would most probably have ridden into the stream. It was a startling experience crossing this bridge, for it was of wood, and the sound of the horses' hoofs made such a noise that had any of the enemy been about detection must have been inevitable.

But no such calamity came, and after crossing the stream they kept in slowly onwards in a south-westerly direction, and not far from the main road which leads direct to Acton Homes, Sinclair knew that part of

clair took advantage, but from the elevated position which Hugh had taken he could make out nothing further than had the captain. He confirmed, however, the opinion that the Boers were massed in force at Acton Homes.

Shortly after this Sonana returned, with a spade over his shoulder, and hanging from it a small sack containing corn, and carrying also a coarse, red basket. It was the basket to which Paul Sinclair gave his immediate attention, handing out first, very gingerly, a bottle of spirits, which Carruthers saw at a glance was not 'dop'—as that vile stuff, Cape brandy, is called—but honest French cognac, of priceless value just then in Natal.

Next he produced a goodly supply of 'biltong,' or cured venison, and a package of biscuits, and coffee, three tin pannikins and a saucepan, and lastly, carefully wrapped up in paper, thin slices of very red-looking meat, such as Captain Carruthers did not remember to have seen before.

"What is that queer-looking stuff, Sinclair?" asked Hugh, eyeing it suspiciously.

"'Is sarrate,' or curried meat, which, when stuck on a stick and broiled, is delicious."

"Oh, is it?" said Hugh. "But tell me, what's the use of it and the coffee when we have no fire?"

"We'll soon have a fire, captain," added Paul, "for we can light one safely enough, I am sure. Then, sir, you will see that a meal I will provide. But first Paul Sinclair turned the Kaffir to move the dead Boer out of sight, and then, having seen to the watering of the horses, he returned to Carruthers with a big armful of sticks. With this dry wood he soon had a fire burning, but he careful as to putting the sticks on, so as to make as little smoke as possible. Not that he had much dread of attracting the notice of an enemy, but it was well to be cautious, for in a very short time he had a portion of the curried steaks delicately cooked over the clear wood fire, and also made some excellent coffee. To Hugh Carruthers this unexpected hot meal in the wood was a most enjoyable one. The appetising smell speedily brought Sonana for his share of food, biltong, biscuits, and coffee.

"I have another prize, sir," said Paul, smiling, and at the same time producing a store of what looked excellent tobacco. "And after a smoke, Captain Carruthers, we had better get up one of us keeping watch by turn."

All day long, until shortly before dark, went on that boom of great guns in the distance. Occasionally a louder and more distinct report would be heard as the besiegers or defenders of Ladysmith fired a big missile, which interfered a trifle with the slumbers of those who slept in the wood. Captain Carruthers, Sergeant Sinclair, and Sonana, kept watch by turn, and the afternoon passed and the evening came without the slightest cause for alarm.

Perhaps the concussion caused by the firing of so many big guns brought down the clouds, for as daylight was fading it commenced to rain, and there was apparently to be a wet night. It was not a cheering prospect to look forward to, and to help to sustain himself and his companions against coming discomforts, Sinclair placed more wood upon the fire, and made another brew of hot coffee.

Contrary to their expectations, yet greatly to the satisfaction of Carruthers and Sinclair, the rain had ceased falling ere they had finished their coffee. But the atmosphere was charged with moisture and misty, and seemingly it was going to be a very dark night. Before getting into the saddle Carruthers filled his own canteen with water, and took a drink of brandy, and what little was left, for fear the bottle might be broken, was mixed and drunk with their last tin of coffee. Sonana was offered a little of the spirit, but to Sinclair's surprise he shook his head and declined, an unusual proceeding on the part of a Kaffir or Hottentot.

As they rode out of the wood, darkness, as though it had suddenly dropped from above, settled on the veldt, and to the white man, for a while it seemed almost impenetrable. To the eyes of the Kaffir, however, night must have been much the same as day, for he strode on confidently a couple of paces or so in front of the horses. Sonana had armed himself with the Mauser rifle of the dead Dutchman, and also had brought away with him the bandolier of cartridges; very elated he seemed at his acquisition, but whether the rifle would be a useful weapon in his hands was another question.

Captain Carruthers, after talking the matter over with Sinclair, had decided to run the risk of making for Acton Homes, but giving a wide berth to the mountains on their left known as Dewdrop Post Office. This latter was a commanding position which doubtless would be held by the Boers or Free Staters in force, and who, likely enough, would have scouting parties out round the foot of the hill.

Sonana had had his instructions drilled into him by Paul, and in an hour or less after leaving the wood, he led them over a bridge spanning the Sand River. It was still so dark that Carruthers and Sinclair had both the unpleasant feeling that but for having the Kaffir as a guide they would most probably have ridden into the stream. It was a startling experience crossing this bridge, for it was of wood, and the sound of the horses' hoofs made such a noise that had any of the enemy been about detection must have been inevitable.

But no such calamity came, and after crossing the stream they kept in slowly onwards in a south-westerly direction, and not far from the main road which leads direct to Acton Homes, Sinclair knew that part of

the colony well, as seemingly also the Sonana for the latter neither gave up his habit, and without a sign of hesitation led the way.

THE FARM. AGRICULTURAL LIFE. WHY LIME IMPROVES PASTURE.

If leguminous plants are not in a pasture, they ought to be. The cheapest and best way of restoring and enriching grass lands is to sow leguminous plants (clovers, etc.) as soon as possible after liberally liming the land. The leguminous plants have plenty of lime to grow and thrive in pasture. Frequently the application of lime has brought to life in a pasture leguminous plants that have disappeared owing to unsuitable conditions of soil and other causes giving the finer and purer grasses—like the clovers—a chance to come in. The growth of these finer grasses may be somewhat slow at first, and then even bare patches may be noticeable in the pastures. But this is merely a temporary condition, and the cause no alarm. It is where a patch of bare ground has been killed out. Nutritious grasses will soon cover the vacant spots, and never be forgotten that the natural limestone plains the world over, grows the most nutritious grass. The same desirable results may be obtained with certainty by the application of lime.

WHY LIME KILLS SORE SHOOTS. One of another of the best means of mineral elements of plant food is to poison to the different kinds of plants. In the case of sore shoots, lime is easily understood when one remembers that this weed is of a character, and appears above the ground from one cause or another, has been lowered to a condition of stony soil through loss of its lime contents.

When the soil is restored to a good condition with plenty of lime, and the conditions become unfavourable for sorrel, which disappears accordingly, but it will surely reap the improvement of the soil by being neglected. The natural and healthy reaction in soils is towards lime being an alkaline character, and acid reaction is unnatural and may be prevented by the free use of lime. The introduction of grasses into the pastures of the last ten years, and the heavy and healthy crops that have been secured.

LIME RESTORES SORE SHOOTS. Soils that have been exhausted by successive crops of potatoes and onions, and have become infertile, are sickened and become the prey of disease and pests, should be limed (at least one ton per acre), and sown to a leguminous crop, such as clover, which will restore the soil to its natural condition. This crop should be cut and used as a green manure, and the soil should be restored to its natural condition by the use of lime.

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