

# The Riponshire Advocate.

No 2060

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

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY MAY 5, 1917. 7-MAY-17

PRICE THREEPENCE

## AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.

"Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Should always be used for Children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea. Directions for Using. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup. - For a child under one month old, to be drops three months old, half a teaspoonful; six months old and upwards, a teaspoonful three or four times a day. For Diarrhoea, repeat the dose every two hours until the character of the discharges is changed for the better. Sold everywhere.

## SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

Writing to a Beaufort friend from France, on 22nd Jan'y. Motor-driver (R. O) Welsh, of this township, states: "The weather here is some cold, there being plenty of snow and ice and the other 'nice' things which usually accompany same. You have to make use of your eyesight numerous times during a day's trip to make certain that you still have hands and feet, not to mention the nose. I am standing up to it well, though, and far better than I am in the fact that I will weather the winter alright. Billy Halpin and myself received seven Beaufort papers between us during the past fortnight, so I am fairly up to date in my news of the old village. The account of the applications for exemption in the paper were very interesting and much appreciated. Some were very funny. We handed them on to three other old Beaufort soldiers, viz., Bert Kirkpatrick, Tom Carver, and Jim Robertson, who, in turn, likewise devoured the contents. I have seen a lot of Bert Kirkpatrick lately. He happens to be stationed in the town that we work from as a base. He is as full of fun as ever, and as well as it is possible to be in a trench. Bravo leaving 'em can't imagine it. The street won't seem the same now without old Brav to call into. I was looking forward to having him here, but he had there on my return. I have had enough of doing it myself since joining up. There is some noise going on to-night—heavy guns. If you were here, you would feel like 'getting'. They all do at first, but get quite accustomed to it after a time and treat it almost with contempt. Charlie Whitefield was wounded last week—shot through the foot. You will have had the news long before you get this. I am getting on with my French very well, and can easily find myself understood now. You will find me much more fluent in that language when you hear me again.

Gunner J. E. Roberts, of Beaufort, writes as follows from France to a local friend: "Just a short epistle to convey to you the fact that Roberts, J.E., No. 1874 Gunner, is still hot and going good. The weather here is improving. It has been thawing, and the canals are practically free of ice. There is very little snow about now, but the ground is very slippy, and the weather getting foggy. But in spite of all we are hanging it out. The chap who said all French girls are pretty did not tell the truth. Up here it is not the general rule, by any means, to see a decent looking girl. Australian girls will do me. They say a County Clare girl is about on a par with an Australian girl. I see by a recent letter that my dear brother Thomas Henry is on his way back to the old country. He will find a place different to the Gallipoli affair. All of the Anzacs who were on the peninsula say that, leaving out the scarcity of water and food, this place is worse. We receive and return such heavy bombardments here that it jolly well makes you think you are in hell at the start. Charlie Whitefield, in my opinion, has been by this time in 'Blighty.' More than that I cannot say. I think my many figure will not be conspicuous at any dances this season. I reckon we will be lucky to be in 'Blighty.' More of course one has to keep on believing. One of our lads has been recommended for a D.C.M., so you see we do a little bit with medals. I heard that Duncan McDonald was buried here, and I had a look round one of the cemeteries, but could not see his grave.

To-morrow or to-night, maybe, you will lose something that you prize highly. Nearly everybody loses something at one time or other, but in Beaufort few things are lost that can't be recovered through a small ad. in the "Riponshire Advocate." It's easy to mail an ad. to the "Advocate," and just call at the office and tell us your trouble.

**A. E. SANDS,**  
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer  
and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood  
Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils,  
and Window Glass kept on hand.

**W. R. GLOVER**  
(Late F. G. Prince), BUTCHER.  
HAVELOCK ST., BEAUFORT.

ONLY PRIME MEAT KEPT.  
SMALL GOODS A SPECIALTY.

My Motto—  
"Cleanliness, Quality, Civility."  
Customers Waited upon Daily  
for Orders.

Printed and published by the Proprietor,  
ARTHUR PARKER, at the Office of The  
Riponshire Advocate newspaper, Law  
son Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

## BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

We are indebted to Mr Jas. McKelch for the following interesting information as to the rainfall at Beaufort since 1869.

Table with 4 columns: Year, Total Rainfall (inches), Average per year (inches), and No. of days over 1 inch (per year).

## Make Your District Known.

Concerning some parts of the district news comes but seldom. This is not entirely our fault; we have no miraculous power of knowing what is happening at all the places within our area of circulation. It is the fault of residents in the remote places.

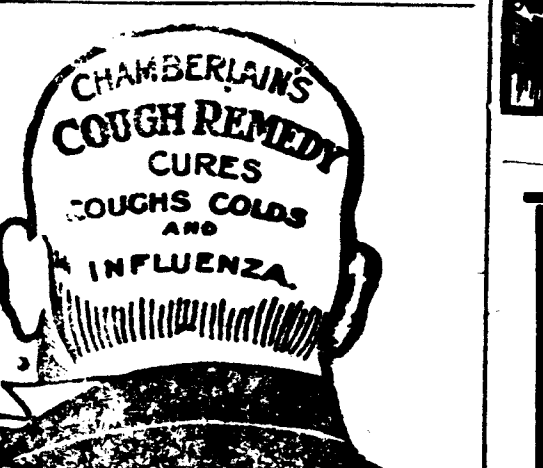
If no one else is doing it for your district, will you try on these lines? Send accounts of public and social events in your township and neighbourhood, such as weddings, deaths, accidents, court cases, matters touching district industries, etc. Write the names of persons very distinctly. Don't bother about grammar or spelling; it's the editor's work to look after those trifles. The barest skeleton is enough. Write only on one side of the paper. Give information; but let criticism alone. Write your name and address on some corner—not for publication, but to prove good faith.

## RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

Notice to Advertisers.  
Owing to the inconvenience caused by advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue. In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees. Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday. All CASUAL Advertisements (unless the advertiser has account in our books) must be PAID IN ADVANCE. No exception to this rule will be made. Advertisements by Post must be accompanied by Cash. A PARKER PROPRIETORS.

**FUNERAL REFORM.**  
Established 1860.  
**A. E. SANDS**  
(Late Wm. Baker)  
UNDERTAKER.  
Opposite the State School,  
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.  
Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.  
Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.  
Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

**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 Gonorhoea, Pains in the Back and all Kidney Disorders. Free from mercury. Forty years' success. Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers throughout the world.



## URGENT CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

In this terrible war the community may be roughly divided into two classes; those who are capable and ought to volunteer for active service, and the larger class who should assist enlistment by every means in their power.

Almost every day the cables show the dire necessity for more men for the firing line. But are they coming forward?

The answer is a decided negative. There is not a month in which the enlistments come up to the number that is required in a single week.

This is not the fault of those conducting the recruiting campaign, whose activities never slacken in spite of daily disappointments.

But some of the blame must surely lie on the shoulders of people generally who ignore the recruiting campaign, and act as if it success did not concern them. Yet it is their own war because their national safety depends on Great Britain winning it outright, and this she cannot do unless supplied with all the men she needs.

The grave fact is that for months past Australia has failed to send forward her proper quota.

The call, therefore, is for people in every district to use all the influence in their power to induce the fit and capable men to enlist without further delay.

## RECRUITING READY RECKONER For Married Men Prepared to Join the A.I.F. FOR HOME AND EMPIRE.

Rate for a Soldier with	Total Fortnightly Pay.	Fortnightly Pension if Husband Totally incapacitated.	Fortnightly Pension if Husband Killed.
A Wife and No Children	£4 9 10	£4 10 0	£2 0 0
A Wife and 1 Child	£4 15 1	£5 10 0	£3 0 0
A Wife and 2 Children	£5 0 4	£6 5 0	£3 15 0
A Wife and 3 Children	£5 5 7	£7 0 0	£4 5 0
A Wife and 4 Children	£5 10 10	£7 5 0	£4 15 0

In addition to the above, there is 1/2 per day deferred pay, amounting to 2/6 a year, which the Soldier draws in a lump sum on his return. Then again a man has to remember that he is fed and clothed while in the A.I.F., which is a big item to consider. Don't forget, too, that the rates quoted above are for the Private. Any promotion you get in rank means a considerable increase all round.

MELBOURNE, 31st March, 1917. State Recruiting Committee of Victoria.

## School Children

are very liable to catch cold. They have to go in all weathers—often having to sit in school with wet feet. Apart from this, they are always face to face with the risk from infection—especially when epidemics of Whooping Cough, Measles, Diphtheria, Influenza, etc., are about. Mothers of School Boys and Girls however can be always FREE of ANXIETY if they have a bottle of

## Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

in the house, as one dose of this Medicine at the first indication of a "cold" will at once "nip in the bud" what might otherwise prove to be a serious illness. Cork the bottle up—the rest will keep.

**For Coughs, Croup, Colds on the Chest**

The REMEDY with the REPUTATION.

From all CHEMISTS and STORES.

**W. G. HEARNE & CO. Ltd.**  
GUELPH, ONTARIO.  
Sydney, N.S.W., Wellington, N.Z.

## Clarke's Blood Mixture

"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** are suffering from aches and Pains of Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores, Glandular Swellings or Blood Poison.

**IF YOU** have that constant itching and inflammation of Piles.

**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 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 completely free from anything injurious to the most delicate system of either sex, being entirely natural.

### CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD'S BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. CURES ALL SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

## Useful Skeleton Wardrobes

Give all the conveniences of the ordinary Wardrobe at a tenth of the price.

No. 1.—Corner Wardrobe with one shelf only, 6 ft. high, with 8 hooks - 7/11

No. 2.—With 2 shelves (11 1/2 design), 6 ft. high, complete with brass rod, hat and coat hooks - 9/11

No. 3.—6-ft. Corner Folders. Hinged, and folding up when not in use - 10/6

No. 4.—Square Frames. 6 ft. high x 2 ft. 6 in. wide, with one shelf only. Complete, 10 hat and coat hooks and brass curtain rod - 10/6

No. 5.—With 2 shelves, as shown, 3 ft. 6 in. wide, with one shelf only. Complete, 10 hat and coat hooks and brass curtain rod - 14/6

Complete Furnishing Catalog posted free.

**R. TUNBRIDGE & SONS**  
The Big Furnishing Arcade, STURT ST., BALLARAT

## Frootoids

For Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Headache, Indigestion.

Delightful Family Medicine

## JOB PRINTING.

Do not send your best work to the city, and give us the remnants! We can execute job printing with neatness and despatch, and our prices are quite equal to those of the city firms. Before placing your next orders call in and see our samples—we guarantee satisfaction. In every-day lines we can give you an immediate quote for any number. Printing of every description, such as

Ball & Concert Tickets,  
Members' Tickets, Programmes,  
Business, Invitation & Visiting Cards,  
Wedding and Mourning Cards,  
Soiree & Dinner Tickets,  
Mining Scrip, Reports, &c.,  
Pamphlets, Circulars,  
Billheads, Memos, Letterheads,  
Envelopes, Posters, Dodgers,  
Delivery and Receipt Books,  
Drapers' Handbills, Catalogues,  
Books of Rules, By-laws, &c.,  
Printed in the most Modern Style.

Your local Printer spends his money with you, so also does his staff; so indirectly money spent with him, or portion of it, must assuredly, through different channels of circulation, find its way back to your own coffers. Bear this in mind, and when you require anything with printers' ink on it, don't forget to support local industry. Bear in mind that money sent to Melbourne printers is absolutely lost to the town and district, and has no possible chance of ever returning, even by the most roundabout channels of circulation. The local man has undoubtedly the best claim on your orders, and by encouraging him you are helping to build up your own town.

## "Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

For War Purposes only. A DEPOSIT OF... will purchase a Certificate for... Payable 3 years from date of purchase.

HUTUJN SEASON

NEW SEASON'S GOODS. CORRECT STYLES. DEPENDABLE GOODS. ECONOMICAL PRICES.

NEW MILLINERY!

NEW DRESS MATERIALS!

NEW COSTUMES!

G. H. COUGLE

The Store for Good Values, BEAUFORT. PHONE, 22.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA Pure Wool Sox, Stockings and Underwear

The 'EAGLEY' Brand. Trade Mark is on all 'Eagley' Goods. Look for it when making your purchase.

Commonwealth Bank of Australia. General Banking Business. Savings Bank Department.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS OF RARE BEAUTY. Enlarged Portraits of Soldiers. World-famed Photographers, STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

The Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1917. New J.P. Appointed. Mr D. R. Hannah, of Stockyard Hill, has been appointed Justice of the Peace for the Southern District.

Entertainment of Soldiers.

Following additional donations towards the farewelling and welcoming home of soldiers are acknowledged by the secretary (Mr G. Rogers):—Mrs. J. George, 10, Sandries, 7/8; Mrs. J. R. Wetherpoon, 10; Miss K. W. Patterson, 5; Mr C. Lewis, 10.

Local Men on "Ballarat."

Saturday's daily paper announced that a cable message had been received from the High Commissioner (Mr Fisher), stating that the steamer "Ballarat" had been ordered to stop at the entrance of the English channel.

Federal Elections.

The Federal elections take place to-day (Saturday). Mr J. C. Manifold (Win-the-War Party), is being opposed by Mr J. Bennett (Labor Party).

Recruiting Meeting.

The Recruiting Meeting, which was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening, was a most successful one.

Locomotive Derailed.

A slight mishap occurred to the engine of the goods train from Melbourne to Stawell at Beaufort early on Saturday morning, resulting in the train being delayed for about four hours.

Enlarged Portraits of Soldiers.

We have made quite a number of beautifully enlarged Portraits of Soldiers, both for the purpose of the home and for the front.

Riponshire Council.

The monthly meeting of the Riponshire Council takes place on Monday.

The Month's Rainfall.

The rainfall at Beaufort for April, as registered by Mr J. McKaich, was 156 points, against 220 points for the corresponding month last year.

Beaufort Races.

Exceptionally good entries have been received by the Beaufort Jockey Club for the Beaufort Jockey Club's patriotic picnic meeting on Saturday, 12th inst.

A Reminder.

Mr H. M. Stuart asked a few questions at Mr J. C. Manifold's meeting on Wednesday night. Mr Manifold reminded Mr Stuart that he had said he would support Mr Manifold if he beat Mr Scullin.

Beaufort Mechanics Institute.

The monthly meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute committee was held on Tuesday evening.

At a Conference.

At a conference between the Minister of Agriculture, Mr Hazelthorn, and representatives of the pastoral, agricultural, meat exporting, and poultry producing interests in the district, held on April 29th.

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FEDERAL ELECTIONS.

MR J. C. MANIFOLD AT BEAUFORT.

Mr J. C. Manifold, the Win-the-War candidate for Corangamite, placed his views before the local electors at the meeting held at Beaufort on Wednesday night.

Mr Manifold, who was received with a long and continued applause, addressed the meeting on the subject of the responsibility of the Government in the matter of the war.

Mr Manifold said that the Government were going to carry on voluntary recruiting as far as they possibly could. If men were not wanted, why did they have Sir William Irvine, who had never said he would attempt to bring in conscription by Act of Parliament?

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CRUISING, AND HOW, THEN, COULD THEY POSE AS A WIN-THE-WAR PARTY?

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IT WILL TURN INTO GOVERNMENT.

Seventeen and sixpence pose as a win-the-war party? (Applause)—(A voice)—It is not fair to condemn a party on the word of one man.

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SAVE YOUR VITALITY.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It will turn into government.

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SAVE YOUR SILVER.

IT WILL TURN INTO GOLD.

Seventeen and sixteen saved now, whether in one or by means of the simple sixpence, will be worth the sound to you in three years, if invested in war savings stamps and certificates.

WIDELY USED.

TWO-UP AND RELIGION.

Y.M.C.A. WORK WITH AUSTRALIAN TROOPS.

THE WAR.

JUST MENTION "MOTHER."

Y.M.C.A.'S TACTFUL HELP.

A REMEDY FOR CROUP THAT IS SAFE.

FOR THE EMPIRE.

Beaufort Ladies' Red Cross.

BEAUFORT JOCKEY CLUB.

PATRIOTIC PICNIC MEETING.

BEAUFORT JOCKEY CLUB'S ANNUAL RACES.

PROCEDURES IN AID OF PATRIOTIC FUNDS.

MEMBER'S TICKET, 10/.

ADMISSION TO COURSE, 1/1.

President: Mr. W. R. Glover.

Committee: Messrs. A. Parker, E. H. Welsh, P. Grant, W. J. Lidgerwood, F. Kelly, G. Vowles, J. and T. Rodgers, H. W. Jaensch, J. D. Glover, D. McCallum, J. Liddle, and J. Mean.

Stewards: Messrs. W. O'Sullivan, H. Smith, Parker, J. McKeich, and E. H. Welsh.

Judge: Mr. J. McKeich.

Clerk of Scales: Mr. W. O'Sullivan.

Handicapper: Mr. J. Lyons.

Starter: Mr. J. Smith.

Clerk of Course: Mr. P. Grant.

Pony Measurers: Messrs. G. Vowles and W. J. Lidgerwood.

Treasurer: Mr. J. R. Wotherspoon.

Timekeeper: Mr. W. R. Glover.

Five furlongs. For horses that have not won an advertised race of value of £10. 1st, Trophy, value £2/10/0; 2nd, Trophy, value 10/.

HANDICAP PONY RACE (14.2 hands and under).

Four furlongs. 1st, Trophy, value £3; 2nd, Trophy, value £1. Nomination, 4/.

RED CROSS RACELET. Six furlongs. 1st, Trophy, value £3; 2nd, Trophy, value £1. Nomination, 4/.

AVOID SEDATIVE COUGH MEDICINES.

Ballarat Stock Market.

Tuesday.

Cattle - Owing to severe frosts, draughts failing to come to hand, the yarding to-day was an exceptionally light one.

Wool - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Sheep - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Grain - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Butter - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Eggs - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Stocks - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Exchange - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Commodities - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Metals - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Textiles - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Leather - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Iron - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Steel - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Coal - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Timber - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Grain - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Stocks - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Exchange - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

Commodities - The market was quiet, with a few small sales.

AUTUMN AND WINTER, 1917.

Once again we approach the change of season, which is heralded by the falling leaves, and the anticipation of Winter turns thoughts to suitable attire. Our timely announcement, we believe, will be appreciated by the Ladies of the district, whom we cordially invite to attend our

OPENING DISPLAY OF LATEST FASHIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

We have spared no effort to make the occasion fully worthy of its importance. Our buyers have been specially successful, and our Show Rooms are heavily stocked with every accepted novelty in Winter Attire. We have every confidence in inviting inspection.

NEW & EXCLUSIVE DRESS GOODS. EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY. NEW GOODS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. Our Dressmaking Department caters for the very best tastes. Style and fit are guaranteed by us. We make good at all costs. Winter winds are already whispering, and now is the time to prepare for them.

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

LOIE POW, CHINESE HERBALIST, CORNER OF BARKLY AND KINGS STREETS, ARAKAT.

STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

H. REHFISCH & CO., WOOL AND HIDE MERCHANTS, MAIR ST., BALLARAT. Phone 531.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER, HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR.

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA FRANK MINISTERS.

Follow Citizens - The issue in this campaign stands out bold and clear, like a great mountain peak. The civilized world is engaged in the greatest war of all the ages, fighting for Liberty and Democracy against Military Despotism.

Remember that the interests of Australia and the Empire are one. Vote for the Nationalist, who stands for Australia and Empire; who in the face of supreme national peril have joined hands and remembered only that they are free Australians, and that Australia and Liberty are in deadly danger.

Vote for the Nationalist Candidate for the Senate, Bolton Fairbairn, Ph.D., as well as for the Nationalist Candidate for the House of Representatives in your Division. For a majority in the Senate is essential if Australia is to be true to herself, to do her duty to the Empire, and to the best of the world.

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CONVICT DAYS. VIVID AND REALISTIC PICTURES OF THE PAST. DESPERATE ADVENTURE.

here where we could get out of the rain. Cash wanted to hear no more. Jones had awakened at the sound of the first rifle shot, and had been standing there three minutes, looking away and beginning to creep round the canvas, outcrop under which they were lying. The rain and the pitch darkness favoured them, and almost side by side, they advanced for about twenty feet. Then a deeper shadow, outlined just above the prostrate form of Cash, and at the same instant one of his outstretched hands 'touched' a boot. With lightning swiftness he rose to his feet, and, swinging, his musket by the barrel, he brought the stock down upon the head of a man. The blow would have felled a bullock, and the stricken man made no outcry. His fall, however, caused another shadow man a few feet distant to halt. 'What's the matter, Joe? stumbled over a log?' 'Yes,' Cash growled with prompt presence of mind, 'as he was crawling across the body of his victim.' Jones and Cavanagh, instinctively realising what was happening, had halted, but in an instant they followed their leader, and disappeared down the slope. Reaching the bottom of the ravine, a sudden and unexpected stream began to rush along the narrow creek, and Cash halted on the brink. 'A narrow shanty,' he whispered to his mates, 'and I don't think any of the others even noticed us.' 'Well for them, they didn't,' replied the usually silent Cavanagh. 'Some of them would have dropped.' 'Better as it is,' chimed in Jones. 'But it proved I was right about that traitor McAree. We should have put a bullet into him before we left.' 'Curse him,' ejaculated Cash fiercely. 'I'll do for him sooner or later. Anyhow, they'll not take his word against Mrs. Gibb and the others.' For several minutes the three men stood ungodsend as to their course. The rain beat against them driven by a strong wind, and at length they turned their backs to it and followed the rough bank of the creek. A mile to the north it swept sharply to the west, and gave them a chance to keep on their right track, which was north-west. For over two hours they struggled on against difficulties which would have deterred less desperate men, and then they came unexpectedly on a cleared road. 'We have kept too far to the left, and struck the Hobart Town road,' spoke Cash. 'Let us keep on to the left for a few miles. It will help us to get off to the mainland quicker than tearing through the scrub,' replied Jones. 'On such a night, the advice was good, and the fugitives acted on it. They had come upon the track just northward of a semaphore station, and they crossed it to the north on the Hobart Town side, which stood on a bare peak. The district between was rugged and densely timbered. The storm had increased in violence, but by keeping on the left side of the track some shelter was obtained by the runaways. They had tramped on to the summit of the mountain, and then, wind-driven, spreading along the slope. The camp lay about fifty yards away from the road, and, after gazing at it for a minute or two, Cash concluded it would be safe to keep on, as the darkness made invisible anything a few feet away. It was possible a sentry might be stationed on the road, but that would have to be risked. 'Cautiously the three convicts proceeded until they reached a point just abreast of the camp fire, and they halted to observe it. A sudden burst of flame from the fire illumined for a few seconds the reality, and revealed to the watchers the light drey standing back some twenty yards from the burning logs. 'That's the paymaster's drey, I'll swear,' spoke Cash; 'and look, there's old Paget himself by the fire.' 'They're weatherbound on the way to Port Arthur with the quarterly pay. How many can you count, Martin?' asked Jones. 'I can only see six, and Paget makes seven,' slowly answered the leader, and as he finished Cavanagh stepped to him and said: 'We want money-want it badly-and there's our chance. Let us down, those chaps and take what we can.' The suggestion voiced the thoughts of the others. They were penniless, but with money they could do much. With luck, it would enable them to escape from the prison island itself. There were whaling craft which came to Hobart Town and the Tamar Settlement who were skippers would readily take off coppers if they could pay. Sometimes, indeed, whalers dropped anchor in Oyster Bay, a haven they could easily get away from, and in the vicinity of which they were. Paymaster Paget, in leaving Hobart Town for the Peninsula with a guard of six men, would not anticipate danger on the way. The escape of Cash, Jones, and Cavanagh from Port Arthur would, of course, be known to them, but he did not know they had got away from Tasman Peninsula. When he reached Eagle Hawk Neck, paying as he went, a strong military guard would see him safe to the prison. Evidently the severe storm had forced him into camp, for in the weather he would have pushed on to a signal station. As the convicts watched, they saw Paget go to the drey and creep into it under the canvas cover. The men, apparently quite oblivious of danger, crowded about the fire, shifting from time to time the burning driftwood, and, quickly grasping the position, Martin Cash and his mates began to approach the camp. Thick vegetation surrounded it, except at a point where a track had been cut for the drey, and the saplings gathered to

make a breakway for it. Behind the attackers took shelter, and, covered with each other, Cavanagh looked across the narrow shanty. 'I might be able to enter the drey, per se,' said Jones. 'But, if we were without the guard being alarm ed, other plan. He did not want blood shed unless it was unavoidable. He had realised the result of doing as Cash desired. In his opinion, it would be certain to alarm the soldiers, who bring two to one, might get the better of the fight. He had been making a keen survey of the situation. Between the drey and the stream, he noticed that the six muskets of the guard were piled beside a log and covered with a sheet of canvas, the end of the stocks only showing. If these could be secured, they would be complete masters of the camp. He whispered his plan to Cash and Cavanagh. He and the last named started to rush along the narrow creek, and Cash halted on the brink. 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next day he led his comrades to the point, which was not more than a hundred feet from the summit. It was a deep fissure in the side of a hill, rocky enough to shelter them. A dense grove of dogwood hid the entrance, and ran down to the shore, from which the fugitives escaped. The country south, east, and west lay. A few miles to the westward the road from Hobart Town to the Tamar Settlement stretched like a brown ribbon, and in places the fugitives could see the travellers along it. For a week the three men rested, and then the food supply ran out. This, of course, they had anticipated, and laid their plans to remedy. Not more than six miles to the south-west, at a bend in the main road, a country inn or bush shanty was located. The smoke from its chimney could be seen from the look-out, and the convicts knew that the shanty embraced a store, as was usual at the time. The men had already decided to seek further supplies at the place, not by attacking it and robbing, but to use some of the paymaster's money, and purchase what they required. Jones, in some mysterious fashion, knew that the proprietor was an ex-convict named Davis, who, if well paid, would keep silent and not betray the runaways. The money they held was thus likely to be useful, none of them valued it except as an aid to their safety. About an hour before dusk on the evening of the seventh day, on Mount Lomond, the three left the refuge and started down the slope in the direction of the shanty. None of them carried muskets, but each had two pistols hidden under their jackets. Military parties, as well as civil officials were frequently travelling between the two main settlements, and, as they usually made short stages, it was not unlikely there might be guests as Davis' shanty, who would be glad enough to capture the desperate fugitives from Port Arthur. It was about ten o'clock when the three men reached the vicinity of the building, which they approached from the back. As they neared the shanty it became apparent that something out of the usual was going on. A couple of smoking oil lamps were flaring in the wide verandah which faced the road, and, as they cautiously crept up to the outbuildings the sound of a violin, not too well played, brought them to a sudden halt. It was Martin Cash's favourite instrument, and he was no mean player on it, but it was four years since he held a bow in his hands. 'Old Davis is having some fun yonder,' whispered Jones. 'Suppose you two stay by that shed. Davis knows you, Jones, but I'm a stranger to him. I'll see what's on and let you know,' Cash said, stepping ahead as he concluded. Passing on to the verandah he made a window at which the wooden shutter was raised, and he saw it was the shanty portion of the building. There was no one to be seen in it, and, reaching the doorway, the convict entered. The three or four kept stood behind the counter, and beyond that was another door, evidently opening into the apartment from which the strains of the fiddle came. After taking a keen survey of the place, Cash rapped heavily on the boards and a few moments later an undersized man came into the bar from the inner room. He was in his sixties, and from the description Jones had given the convict recognised him as Davis. (To be Continued.)

One of Mr. Chauncey Mitchell Depew's best stories is the story of the spotted dog, which was a boy he brought down from a local dog-fighter. The next morning it was raining," he says, "and I took the dog out into the woods, but the rain was too much for him. It washed the spots off him. I trotted the dog back to the dealer. "Look at this animal," I said. "The spots have all been washed off." "Great guns, boy!" he replied. "There was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get the umbrella?" "Yes," I replied. "The dealer said it was washed off." The laziest man in the village was actually running, and running hard. On, on he ran, until—crash, he landed plump into the portly vicar. "What—what is the matter?" gasped the reverend gentleman, in astonishment. "Perhaps not. We did intend to stay here two or three days to rest. It would be safe enough for us, but it might get you into trouble, so we will leave in a few hours," the leader said. His comrades were of the same opinion for they were tired to the bone. Cavanagh and Jones each counted out twenty guineas at a word: from Cash, and handed the money to Mrs. Gibb, who set about making them comfortable for the night. She alone attended on them, placing the best meal she could prepare before them. The state as men who had taken to trouble them, and to whom the slaying of their fellow-men was as nothing. Shortly after three in the morning the convicts left the man unobserved, and this time they meant to leave the Peninsula for ever. Mrs. Gibb had packed them plenty of food, and in every way they were well equipped for a sojourn in the bush. It was also fine weather, and everything favoured them. Knowing pursuing parties would now be after them in consequence of the attack on Paymaster Paget, and the knowledge that they had got away from Gibb's farm, Cash and his mates were as anxious to get along the fringe of the eastern coast. They had a route, covered with dense forest, lay before them, but that was what they wanted. All that day they travelled without meeting anyone or even lighting human habitation. At night they camped in an almost impenetrable thicket, and, every day they travelled, until on the third day they reached the foothills around Mount Lomond. Cash had an idea of seeking a retreat at a spot he knew on the southern side of the Mount, which he thought would secure their safety.

Next day he led his comrades to the point, which was not more than a hundred feet from the summit. It was a deep fissure in the side of a hill, rocky enough to shelter them. A dense grove of dogwood hid the entrance, and ran down to the shore, from which the fugitives escaped. The country south, east, and west lay. A few miles to the westward the road from Hobart Town to the Tamar Settlement stretched like a brown ribbon, and in places the fugitives could see the travellers along it. For a week the three men rested, and then the food supply ran out. This, of course, they had anticipated, and laid their plans to remedy. Not more than six miles to the south-west, at a bend in the main road, a country inn or bush shanty was located. The smoke from its chimney could be seen from the look-out, and the convicts knew that the shanty embraced a store, as was usual at the time. The men had already decided to seek further supplies at the place, not by attacking it and robbing, but to use some of the paymaster's money, and purchase what they required. Jones, in some mysterious fashion, knew that the proprietor was an ex-convict named Davis, who, if well paid, would keep silent and not betray the runaways. The money they held was thus likely to be useful, none of them valued it except as an aid to their safety. About an hour before dusk on the evening of the seventh day, on Mount Lomond, the three left the refuge and started down the slope in the direction of the shanty. None of them carried muskets, but each had two pistols hidden under their jackets. Military parties, as well as civil officials were frequently travelling between the two main settlements, and, as they usually made short stages, it was not unlikely there might be guests as Davis' shanty, who would be glad enough to capture the desperate fugitives from Port Arthur. It was about ten o'clock when the three men reached the vicinity of the building, which they approached from the back. As they neared the shanty it became apparent that something out of the usual was going on. A couple of smoking oil lamps were flaring in the wide verandah which faced the road, and, as they cautiously crept up to the outbuildings the sound of a violin, not too well played, brought them to a sudden halt. It was Martin Cash's favourite instrument, and he was no mean player on it, but it was four years since he held a bow in his hands. 'Old Davis is having some fun yonder,' whispered Jones. 'Suppose you two stay by that shed. Davis knows you, Jones, but I'm a stranger to him. I'll see what's on and let you know,' Cash said, stepping ahead as he concluded. Passing on to the verandah he made a window at which the wooden shutter was raised, and he saw it was the shanty portion of the building. There was no one to be seen in it, and, reaching the doorway, the convict entered. The three or four kept stood behind the counter, and beyond that was another door, evidently opening into the apartment from which the strains of the fiddle came. After taking a keen survey of the place, Cash rapped heavily on the boards and a few moments later an undersized man came into the bar from the inner room. He was in his sixties, and from the description Jones had given the convict recognised him as Davis. (To be Continued.)

wise AND OTHERWISE. BAGGS' TURN. In a Leeds clothing factory three workmen named Bill, who is somewhat shabby consequently he follows workers often play tricks on him. Recently he turned the tables very neatly on one of his tormentors, named Baggs. Baggs habitually hung his hat up just over his bench, and Baggs, who worked opposite, was very fond of throwing missiles at it. One afternoon, in Baggs' temporary absence, Bill secured his tormentor's hat and hung it up on his own nail, and placed his on Baggs'. Baggs returned, and the workman next to him bet him a cigar that he could not hit Bill's hat in three attempts. 'What?' responded Baggs. 'I'll bet 'at I hit it every time.' To his huge delight, and amidst the uproarious laughter of his own fellow-workmen, he succeeded at the third attempt in knocking a hole through the crown. Crossing over to Bill, he said: 'Why doesn't 'a laugh, Bill?' 'Laugh!' gravely answered Bill. 'It's 'ere 'at ought to laugh; it's 'is 'at 'it!' AFTER EFFECTS. The old lady who was 'doing' the hospital approached a worried-looking 'Tommy' who seemed to be deep in thought. 'Good day, my dear man,' she said, kindly. 'And were you wounded in the big push?' 'Oh, no, mum,' replied the hero, with a fed-up-answering-tilly question grin. 'It's like this, mum, I was at the school range, and someone accidentally loosed off a bullet, which went through my leg and killed Mr. Haggis, who happened to be at my back.' 'Never mind,' said the dame, 'you will soon be better.' 'That's what's worrying me,' groaned 'Tommy.' 'I'll be court-martialled then, 'cos they say that it was through me Mr. Haggis was shot.' ANOTHER GAS ROBBERY. A man who was seized by violent toothache did not succumb any too readily to the gas administered by the dentist, but in the course of time he was sleeping peacefully, and the offending molar was removed. 'How much?' asked the patient, after the ordeal was over. 'Ten shillings,' said the dentist. 'Ten shillings!' the man exclaimed. 'Yes, sir,' said the dentist; 'it was an unusually hard job getting that tooth out, and you required twice the ordinary amount of gas.' 'Well, here's the money; but the next time I take gas in your place I'll want to look at the meter.' THE CONJUGAL DISPUTE waxed loud and furious. Mrs. Blank said, 'Yes, yes; it was so!' and Mr. Blank said, 'Fooh, pooh! it was not so!' In the end Mrs. Blank said, 'I was reading one of your old letters, James, only to-day,' she sobbed, 'and you said in it that you would rather live in endless torment with me than in bliss by yourself.' 'Well,' grunted Blank, 'I got my wish.' Mrs. De Troop (who was shortsighted) 'Good morning, Mrs. Simpkins. Your husband must be very fond of gardening. I saw him the first thing this morning at the bottom of the garden. And how well he looks, to be sure.' Mrs. Simpkins turned her back and slammed the door in her neighbour's face. The latter, agast, went to tell her daughter. 'And you told her, mother, that the thing in the onion bed was her husband?' 'Of course I did.' 'Wasn't that her husband?' 'That's a scarecrow.' ONE FOR JOHNNY. Johnny was standing beside his mother, as she was doing her Saturday afternoon shopping. They were at the greengrocer's, and the kind-hearted shopman, seeing Johnny's eyes riveted on a sack of nuts, told him to take a handful. But the child shook his head. 'What's the matter?' 'Don't you like 'em?' asked the greengrocer. 'Yes,' replied Johnny. 'Then go ahead and take some.' Johnny hesitated, whereupon the shopman put a generous handful in the boy's cap. After Johnny and his mother had left the shop, she asked 'Why didn't you take the nuts when he told you?' 'Cause his hand was bigger than mine,' answered Johnny, with a nut between his teeth.

No 2061 DRINKING WITH MEALS C INDIGESTION. You should never drink if you are troubled with indigestion... EVERY HOUSEHOLD MUST HELP WINT... Lord Kitchener said, 'Either civilian population must go... AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN... THROAT AFFECTIONS AND BRONCHITIS... GOOD REASONS... FOR TAKING... Beecham's Pills.







CONVICT DAYS. VIVID AND REALISTIC PICTURES OF THE PAST.

DESPERATE ADVENTURE.

(Copyright.) About a quarter of a mile from the shanty a steep rise rose, and Cash...

and then the servant, Grimes, was brought in. He was a villainous-looking fellow, about fifty years of age...

close to him. With the stealth of a panther the outlaw got closer, and then he paused, for the faint sound of human voices reached him...

Climbing a high range close to the road, which descended steeply on the opposite side, a point was reached...

casual comes, depend on me to help you and your friend yonder. Perhaps I may be able to repay the debt I owe you.

At one of our holiday resorts during the season a coach used to run daily between the town and some ruins of a castle a few miles out...

At the annual congregation meeting of the local P. Church, it was decided new Sunday school building the legacy of £1000...

HOW TO NEURALISE A ROUS STOMACH. Few people besides physicians importance of keeping the food...

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE. Arrangements are now in for the sale of war savings certificates to all members of the public...



# The Riponshire Advocate.

No 2062

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

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY MAY 19, 1917.

PRICE THREEPENCE

### AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It is used for the Child, Sore Gums, Always All Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea. Directions for Using Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.—For a child under one month old, 6 to 10 drops; three months old, half a teaspoonful; six months old and upwards, a teaspoonful three or four times a day. For Diarrhoea, repeat the above dose every two hours, until the character of the discharges is changed for the better. Sold Everywhere.

### SKIPTON.

At the annual congregational meeting of the local Presbyterian Church, it was decided to erect a new Sunday school building, with the legacy of £1000 recently left to the church by the late Mr. Geo. Russell, of Langi Willi.

Mr. W. Pyke, of this township, who has already been on active service, and was invalided home and discharged some time ago, last week again volunteered, and was accepted. Mr. Pyke is a widower with a family of young children.

The combined congregations of the Streatham, Carranballac, and Western Presbyterian churches have extended a call to the Rev. H. L. Balcke, of East Brunswick, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. F. Hanlin having resigned.

### HOW TO NEUTRALISE OTHER-GASTRIC STOMACH ACIDS.

Many people besides physicians realize the importance of keeping the food contents of the stomach free from acid fermentation. Healthy normal digestion cannot take place while the delicate lining of the stomach is being inflamed and distended by acid and wind—the results of fermentation in the stomach. To secure perfect digestion, fermentation must be prevented, and the acid neutralized. For this purpose physicians usually recommend getting a little bicarbonate of magnesium, the chemist and taking half a teaspoonful in a little hot or cold water immediately after eating. They recommend this because it is pleasant to take, has no disagreeable after-effects, and quickly stops fermentation, neutralizes the acid and makes the sour acid food soft, sweet and easily digested.

### WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.

Arrangements are now in full swing for the sale of war savings certificates to all members of the public who have money to invest, or who can, by the exercise of thrift and saving, make money available for that purpose; and it cannot be too strongly impressed on all classes of the community that it is their duty to assist to the fullest extent possible in providing the funds necessary for the prosecution of the war. The principle of war savings certificates, which has been adopted gives an unusual opportunity to the small investor. In fact, it is the poor man's chance to order a patriotic service to his country while at the same time bettering himself. No better gift-ed investment has been offered to the man of small means, and he should not neglect to take advantage of it. An amount of 17s. 6d. will purchase a certificate for £1, payable 3 years after the date of purchase; the difference between 17s. 6d. and £1 representing compound interest for the period at the rate of 4½%. Similarly, a payment of £87/10 will purchase a certificate for £100, repayable in 3 years, and as the maximum amount has been fixed at £1000, those who have accumulated savings on hand have also an opportunity to invest. Some would-be investors may imagine that they are unable to wait the full period of three years before receiving any interest, but to these it may be pointed out that, in effect, they receive the interest when the investment is made. For instance, a person desirous of purchasing a certificate for £500 would only have to provide an amount of £487/10, the difference of £12/10 can be treated as interest for the three years, at the end of which time the full £500 will be received for the war savings certificate. It will thus be seen that both the person with accumulated savings, as well as the thrifty person who can gradually accumulate small sums, have a unique opportunity of simultaneously assisting their country and at the same time utilizing their savings to the best advantage, and as both principal and interest are exempt from both Commonwealth and State taxation, the opportunity of investing in this way should not be lost.

### THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.

All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness who are severely surprised to learn of the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of Brown's Bronchial Trochocid. These few words of "Trochocid" are now sold by all respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "tight chest," or bronchial affections, must not let their time pass away until they are allowed to progress to such serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic conditions, as that of the "signature of Dr. Brown's Trochocid" is on every wrapper. Prepared by JOHN L. BROWN & SON, Pharmacists, 11, A. E. Road, Dept. 35, Farringdon Street, London, England.

To-morrow or tonight, maybe, you will lose something that you prize highly. Nearly everybody loses something at one time or other, but in Beaufort few things are lost that can not be recovered through a small ad. in the "Riponshire Advocate." It's easy to mail an ad. to the "Advocate," or just call at the office and tell us your trouble.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of "The Riponshire Advocate" newspaper, 155, St. George Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

### BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

We are indebted to Mr. Jas. McKelch for the following interesting information as to the rainfall at Beaufort since 1895.

Year	Total	Excess	Deficit
1895	90.00	01.02	93.98
1896	111.25	20.28	90.97
1897	100.30	38.80	61.50
1898	107.14	13.18	93.96
1899	89.46	11.14	78.32
1900	103.46	13.46	90.00
1901	115.41	24.41	91.00
1902	103.90	13.90	90.00
1903	107.14	17.14	90.00
1904	103.46	13.46	90.00
1905	115.41	24.41	91.00
1906	103.90	13.90	90.00
1907	107.14	17.14	90.00
1908	103.46	13.46	90.00
1909	115.41	24.41	91.00
1910	103.90	13.90	90.00
1911	107.14	17.14	90.00
1912	103.46	13.46	90.00
1913	115.41	24.41	91.00
1914	103.90	13.90	90.00
1915	107.14	17.14	90.00
1916	103.46	13.46	90.00
1917	115.41	24.41	91.00

Average per year—1900, 36.92; 1901, 36.89; 1902, 35.82; 1903, 35.57; 1904, 37.76; 1905, 37.51; 1906, 37.80; 1907, 37.39; 1908, 36.91.

1909—January, 14 points; February, 25; March, 51; April, 73; May, 28; June, 74; July, 216; August, 22; September, 43; October, 119; November, 122; December, 120.

1910—January, 26; February, 40; March, 259; April, 226; May, 154; June, 208; July, 155; August, 178; September, 413; October, 119; November, 27; December, 278.

1911—January, 15; February, 193; March, 362; April, 182; May, 204; June, 188; July, 162; August, 346; September, 317; October, 112; November, 269; December, 113.

1912—January, 86 points; February, 11; March, 31; April, 203; May, 185; June, 74; July, 216; August, 48; September, 83; October, 55; November, 142; December, 24.

1913—January, 90 points; February, 111; March, 6; April, 188; May, 215; June, 278; July, 166; August, 167; September, 494; October, 265; November, 122; December, 120.

1914—January, 340; February, 111; March, 6; April, 203; May, 185; June, 314; July, 327; August, 328; September, 416; October, 437; November, 374; December, 440 points.

1915—January, 97; February, 169; March, 208; April, 203; May, 185; June, 314; July, 327; August, 328; September, 416; October, 437; November, 374; December, 440 points.

1916—January, 97; February, 169; March, 208; April, 203; May, 185; June, 314; July, 327; August, 328; September, 416; October, 437; November, 374; December, 440 points.

1917—January, 97; February, 169; March, 208; April, 203; May, 185; June, 314; July, 327; August, 328; September, 416; October, 437; November, 374; December, 440 points.

### Make your district known.

Concerning some parts of the district news comes but seldom. This is not entirely our fault; we have no miraculous power of knowing what is happening at all the places within our area of circulation. It is the fault of residents in the silent places.

Will some man or woman take the matter in hand and cause the silence to cease.

If no one else is doing it for your district, will you try on these lines?

Send accounts of public and social events in your township and neighbourhood, such as weddings, deaths, accidents, concerts, matters touching district industries, etc.

Write the names of persons very distinctly.

Don't loiter about grammar or spelling; it's the editor's work to look after those trifles. The barest skeleton is enough.

Write only on one side of the paper.

Give information; but let criticism alone.

Write your name and address on some corner—not for publication, but to prove good faith.

### RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

#### Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

ALL CASUAL Advertisements (unless the Advertiser has an account in our books) must be PAID IN ADVANCE. No exception to this Rule will be made.

Advertisements by Post must be accompanied by Cash. A PARKER PROPRIETOR.

### FUNERAL REFORM

Established 1860.

### A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),  
UNDERTAKER,  
Opposite the State School,  
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

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

### CLARKE'S BLOOD PURIFYING PILLS.

"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.

The True Value of CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is certified by a most remarkable collection of unsolicited 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 warranted free from anything deleterious to the system. Beware of cheap imitations of other mixtures from Italy to old age.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

### CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD'S BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. CURES ALL SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES.

### RECRUITING READY RECKONER

For Married Men Prepared to Join the A.I.F. FOR HOME AND EMPIRE.

Rates for a Soldier with	Total Fortnightly Pay.	Fortnightly Pension if Husband Totally Incapacitated.	Fortnightly Pension if Husband Killed.
A Wife and No Children ...	£4 9 10	£2 10 0	£2 0 0
A Wife and 1 Child ...	£4 15 1	£2 10 0	£2 0 0
A Wife and 2 Children ...	£5 0 4	£2 5 0	£2 15 0
A Wife and 3 Children ...	£5 5 7	£2 15 0	£4 5 0
A Wife and 4 Children ...	£5 10 10	£2 5 0	£4 15 0

In addition to the above, there is 1/- per day deferred pay, amounting to £18 5s. a year, which the Soldier draws in a lump sum on his return. When again a man has to remember that he is fed and clothed while in the A.I.F., which is a big item to consider.

Don't forget, too, that the rates quoted above are for the Private. Any promotion you get in rank means a considerable increase all round.

MELBOURNE, 31st March, 1917. State Recruiting Committee of Victoria.

### School Children

are very liable to catch cold. They have to go in all weathers—often having to sit in face with the risk from infection—especially when epidemics of Whooping Cough, Measles, Diphtheria, Influenza, etc., are about. Mothers of School Boys and Girls however can be always FREE of ANXIETY if they have a bottle of

### Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

in the house, as one dose of this Medicine at the first indication of a "cold" will at once "nip in the bud" what might otherwise prove to be a serious illness. Cork the bottle up—the rest will keep.

### For Coughs, Croup, Colds on the Chest

The REMEDY with the REPUTATION.

From all CHEMISTS and STORES.

W. G. HEARNE & CO. Ltd.,  
GERLING VICTORIA,  
Sydney, N.S.W., Wellington, N.Z.



### Useful Skeleton Wardrobes

Give all the conveniences of the ordinary Wardrobe at a tenth of the price.

No. 1—Corner Wardrobe with one shelf only; 6 ft. high, with 2 hooks and brass rod for curtain - /11

No. 2—With 2 shelves (like design) 6 ft. 6 in. high, complete with brass rod, hat and coat hooks - /11

No. 3—6-ft. Corner Folders. Hinged, and folding up when not in use - /10 6

No. 4—Square Frames. 6 ft. high x 2 ft. 5 in. wide, with one shelf only. Complete, 10 hat and coat hooks and brass curtain rod - /10 6

No. 5—With 2 shelves, as shown, 3 ft. wide x 6 ft. 6 in. high. Complete, with 12 hat and coat hooks and brass curtain rod - /14 6

Complete Furnishing Catalog posted free.

### R. TUNBRIDGE & SONS

THE Big Furnishing Arcade, STURTT ST., BALLARAT

### Frootoids

For Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Headache, Indigestion.

### Delightful Family Medicine



### JOB PRINTING.

Do not send your best work to the city, and give us the remnants! We can execute job printing with neatness and despatch, and our prices are quite equal to those of the city firms. Before placing your next order call in and see our samples—we guarantee satisfaction. In every-day lines we can give you an immediate quote for any number. Printing of every description, such as

Ball & Concert Tickets,  
Members' Tickets, Programmes,  
Business, Invitation & Visiting Cards,  
Wedding and Mourning Cards,  
Soiree & Dinner Tickets,  
Mining Scrip, Reports, &c.,  
Pamphlets, Circulars,  
Billheads, Memos, Letterheads,  
Envelopes, Posters, Dodgers,  
Delivery and Receipt Books,  
Drapers' Handbills, Catalogues,  
Books of Rules, By-laws, &c.,  
Printed in the most Modern Style.

Your local Printer spends his money with you, as also does his staff; so indirectly money spent with him, or portion of it, must assuredly, through different channels of circulation, find its way back to your own coffers. Bear this in mind, and when you require anything with printers' ink on it, don't forget to support local industry. Bear in mind that money sent to Melbourne printers is absolutely lost to the town and district, and has no possible chance of ever returning, even by the most roundabout channels of circulation. The local man has undoubtedly the best claim on your orders, and by encouraging him you are helping to build up your own town.

### "Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

For War Purposes only. A DEPOSIT OF 17 8 will purchase a Certificate for £1...

FALL SEASON NEW SEASON'S GOODS.

NEW MILLINERY! NEW DRESS MATERIALS! NEW COSTUMES!

CORRECT STYLES. DEPENDABLE GOODS. ECONOMICAL PRICES. Come inside and ask to be shown the different lines.

G. H. COUGLE

The Store for Good Values, BEAUFORT. PHONE, 22.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA Pure Wool Sox, Stockings and Underwear

The "EAGLEY" Brand. Trade Mark is on all "Eagley" Goods. Look for it when making your purchase.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS OF RARE BEAUTY

Enlarged Portraits of Soldiers. We have made quite a number of beautifully enlarged portraits of soldiers...

Commonwealth Bank of Australia

General Banking Business. Open for all Countries. Savings Bank Department.

KILLED IN ACTION.

CARMICHAEL—Killed in action in France on 24th Private Archibald Norman Leitch...

The Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1917.

Junior Teachers.

Misses Selma Hughes and Elvira Martinez, of Beaufort, two former students from the Ballarat High School...

Prize Money Returned.

Mr W. H. Halpin, secretary of Beaufort Agricultural Society, desires to acknowledge with thanks prize money returned from the following...

For the Wounded.

When a special train of returned wounded soldiers passed through Beaufort railway station at 5.45 p.m. on Monday...

Police Court.

Messrs E. W. Hughes and L. T. G. Smith, J.S.P., were in attendance at the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday...

Entertainment of Soldiers.

A meeting of a committee of the Beaufort soldiers' farewell and welcome committee was held on Friday...

Empire Day Celebrations.

The Beaufort school committee held a meeting at the Shire Hall on Tuesday evening...

DUNLOP MOTOR TYRES AND FORD MOTOR CARS.

Dispose of that out-of-date horse and buggy and buy a Ford—J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Local Agents.

BALLARAT STOCK MARKET.

Tuesday—Cattle: 180 head was the number penned for to-day's sales...

Billiards.

A billiard tournament (200 up) is being played at the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute...

BEAUFORT DISTRICT.

THE WEEKLY TIMES, May 12, 1917. BOTANICAL EXAMINES FLORA. TREES AND SHRUBS.

Mr. J. W. Angus, F.L.S., F.R.M.S., of the National Herbarium, Melbourne, recently visited the Beaufort district...

AROUND BACCHUS MARSH. Near Bacchus Marsh I observed with the cavities of the African Box Thorn...

HALLARAT AND TRAWALLA. About thirteen miles beyond Ballarat is Lake Burreumbet...

FEATURES AT BEAUFORT. In the country surrounding Beaufort there is a variety in the undulating layers of soil...

WATTLE FLOURISH. "Only parts of the interesting Beaufort district are the wattle flourish...

AN ATTRACTIVE TREE. Along the rich alluvial flats were great quantities of Banksia marginata...

SHRUB GROWTHS. "Shrubs at Beaufort are similar to those met on any Victorian range..."

BEAUFORT RACES.

Officials—President: Mr. W. R. Glover. Vice-Presidents: Messrs. R. Smith and P. Grant...

On Saturday afternoon the Beaufort Jockey Club held a fairly successful patriotic picnic meeting...

STREET TREES. "Notes concerning the flora of the district would not be complete without special reference to the excellent plantations of blue gums in the street of Beaufort..."

EFFECT ON CLIMATE. "Other parts of the world its value is beginning to be appreciated, and in the malarious districts of Africa, America, and India, it is being extensively planted..."

MUDDY COMPLEXION. When you see a woman with a muddy or sallow complexion and dull eyes, you may know that her liver is out of order...

AUCTION SALES. The following sales are advertised: By Messrs T. W. Schlicht and W. H. Halpin...

TEMPTATIONS OF LONDON. That fine work for Australian troops in London is being done by the Y.M.C.A. Australian Club...

SAVES ONE THIRD TIME. Cuts and bruises may be healed without treatment by applying "Lion Brand" Balm...

ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO tender Mr. Manifold, M.H.R., a complimentary banquet in felicitation of his re-election to Parliament...

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ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO tender Mr. Manifold, M.H.R., a complimentary banquet in felicitation of his re-election to Parliament...

WIDELY USED.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is one of the most widely used medicines in the world. It is a preparation of the best medicinal ingredients...

Payment of Shire Rates. Ratepayers of the Shire of Ripon are notified by advertisement in another column that unless their rates are paid by June 1st...

Chamberlain's Lady Cumulus. Cashmer's Lady Cumulus (1st 5th 5th) (C. Robertson) 2; J. McVicar 3; 3rd Mrs. J. McVicar 4; 4th Mrs. J. McVicar 5...



### CONVICT DAYS.

(Copyright.)

#### VIVID AND REALISTIC PICTURES OF THE PAST.

#### A DESPERATE ADVENTURE.

PART 4.

Meanwhile the three outlaws were making a detour through the bush with the object of circling round to their retreat on Mount Lomond. Cash had no apprehension of pursuit. He well knew that Lady Franklin would take steps to prevent it. He had not recognised the members of the adventuring party, and, of course, was unaware that the Governor himself was in it. As the three pressed on the leader more than once was about to reproach Jones for not standing shoulder to shoulder with himself and Cavanagh in the fight, he was pressed the idea, feeling it could lead to no good, and might rather give rise to bitterness. At the same time, Cash keenly felt his comrades' action, or rather, want of action, at so critical a juncture. Thus the march was a silent one for Cavanagh rarely spoke, and Jones, suspicious that it was in his leader's mind, was usually taciturn. Passing along the bank of the creek, the fugitives recrossed it on the fallen tree, and then headed towards the south. A couple of miles of travel in that direction brought them to a point where the main road curved round, and which had to be crossed to get back to the cave. In a brown study, Cash stepped into the open track, and had almost crossed it, when a curse broke from Cavanagh, who was last.

The party of military headed by Price had just topped a rise in the road, and a shout warned the outlaws that they had been seen. Fortunately for the fugitives, the road was fringed with dense vegetation, into which Cash and his companions plunged. It was almost impassable for horsemen, but Price recklessly pushed his horse at it. He rode a powerful animal and it burst through the scrub in advance of the mounted soldiers. Two of the latter had been unfortunates trying to imitate their leader, and half stunned they remained behind. As Cash, Jones and Cavanagh dodged among the trees and undergrowth, Jones urged his comrades to turn and kill Price. Cavanagh said nothing, but Cash did not like the advice. If possible, he would have preferred to escape without bloodshed, but rather than be captured he would have slain a dozen men.

In a few minutes after the hue and cry began Price was practically alone in the chase. Two of his followers had gone along to an opening in the trees, while another had ridden against an overhanging limb of a tree and received what proved to be his death blow. The others, glad of the opportunity, remained behind to assist him. Captain Price, in his ferocious eagerness to capture the man who had saved his wife, took no heed of the soldiers, fully expecting that they were pushing on after him. Splendidly mounted, and a good horseman as he was, the fugitives soon realised that, having an assistant, the much-dreaded police magistrate would over-head them, and perhaps shoot one or more of them. This decided Cash, who, after a few hasty words to his mates, dropped into cover, while Jones and Cavanagh continued to run. In ten seconds Price was abreast of the concealed men, who, with tiger-like spring, flung himself out of the scrub and gripped the reins of the horse. It was a desperate act, wonderfully executed, for the horse was at a gallop. For several yards Cash was dragged along, partly off his feet, and the latter raised the pistol he used to strike the convict, but at the moment the horse reared, nearly unseating its rider. At the same moment the outlaw grasped Price by the arm and tore him from the saddle, while the horse galloped away some twenty yards, and then, coming to a stand, turned and surveyed the struggling fugitives.

Price, in falling, had turned half-round, and fell partly on his feet, grappling with his antagonist. Both were powerful men, and the captain boasted of his wrestling abilities, but he was no match for the outlaw, who determined to stop short of killing the officer. Cash used his pistol as a club, and after several ineffectual blows managed to get one on Price's head which dazed him. After this the convict's task was easy, and within a minute his enemy lay senseless. As Cash jumped to his feet to continue his flight, the well-trained horse, standing quietly a few yards away, attracted his attention, and a sudden resolve took possession of him. Hastily stripping Price of the uniform he wore, the outlaw caught the horse and mounted it. Then he trotted away in the direction his comrades had taken. Less than a quarter of a mile he came upon them crouching in the scrub, eager to know how he had fared. There was little time to waste in talk, but the sight of Cash, who mounted, caused Jones and Cavanagh to wish they were similarly circumstanced, for they were footsore and weary with tramping.

"I think there are horses saddled and bridled without riders, not far away." With luck, we might all get mounts," remarked Cash mentally, reading his comrades' thoughts. Even as he spoke a horse neighed a few hundred yards away, and the animal he bestowed answered. In a couple of minutes one of the trooper's horses came up, and Jones secured it. This decided them to get the third, and, making a detour, they circled back so as to strike the line of pursuit. On the way they came upon the horse of the unlucky soldier who had been dashed against the tree

limb, and when Cavanagh got to the three quietly started away to the south, so as to throw possible pursuers off the trail. Some three miles away they came out on the main road, the crossing of which had so nearly been disastrous to them. Travelling on for less than a mile, they got to a point where the ground was hard, and a cautious headed, for their retreat on Mount Lomond.

It was not possible to bring the horses to the cave, nor would it have been wise to do so, so that when they reached the foot of the mountain they had to seek a safe place to keep and conceal the animals. It was almost dark before they succeeded in placing their steeds in a narrow gully, from which there was only one narrow outlet. This was easily barred, and, as the place contained ample water and grass, the outlaws unsaddled and turned the horses loose. The arrangements were carried up to the cave, where Jones examined them, while his comrades prepared a much-needed meal. In Price's holsters, he found a richly-chased pistol, was found a death warrant recently signed by the Governor for the execution of a man named Pearce. This Cash burned after a jest about the respite the condemned man would have pending the receipt of a concession of a fresh warrant. There was also the captain's uniform jacket, which fitted Cash as though made for him.

That night the outlaws reviewed the situation with considerable satisfaction. Their exploit in saving Lady Franklin from Burgess' gang would secure them the goodwill not only of the Governor, but of most of the free community. Outside Price, there was probably no high official who would not care to see them escape from the island. This aspect of the case became an obsession with Cash, and the day after day, as they lay in the retreat, he revolved schemes of escape. After long pondering he came to the conclusion that they would have more chances of getting away from Hobart Town than from the Tamar Settlement. Whaling ships frequently put in at the former port, and the headquarters of the Government would be the last place outlaws might be expected to make for. Cash argued this point frequently with his comrades, who appeared to have a fixed mind one way or the other on the subject. Jones was inclined to look upon the plan as foolhardy, but he gradually came round to the leader's view. He was mostly influenced by a desperate project which Cash lay before them. This was that, disguised, he should get an interview with Lady Franklin, who he asked her aid in their flight from Van Diemen's Land. If secret assistance could be secured from that quarter, the escape would be easy.

For two months they remained at Mount Lomond, making an occasional visit to Davis', and during all that time they were not disturbed by pursuers. They attributed this to the Governor, who must have restrained Price. The outlaws learned from Davis that their implacable foe had recovered from his encounter with Cash, and that the net result of the attack made on them was the death of the trooper who had collided with the trees, and of the other who had been the weariness of setting in and against them, they decided to go south to the Wellington Range, where, within easy distance of Hobart Town, their leader might carry through the project he had formed. The horses were still available and in good condition, and packed ample swags and began their journey. Their destination was a picturesque but rugged point in the range known as Blue Tier, where Jones knew of a safe hiding place.

Under fair conditions travelling would have been easy, and in fact, pleasant, but rain soon set in and rained the trees and undergrowth and made the journey unpleasant and difficult. For two days they pushed on, making poor progress, and then they decided to abandon the horses and proceed on foot, as riding in wet clothes and "inactive" chilled and numbed their limbs. After unpacking, the horses were turned loose. The saddles and trappings were hidden, and next morning they pushed ahead on foot through the still falling rain. That night they camped in a wild spot on the side of a hill where a ridge of jutting rocks afforded a dry site. It was while unpacking that Jones made the discovery that most of the powder was damp, and after they had eaten, he set about drying it in a fryingpan they had brought round the hill to make certain no foes were in the vicinity. It was the instinct of caution of men with a price on their heads which prompted them to act so, for the place was so wild and lonely, and the weather so bad that pursuit seemed out of the question. The long twilight was fading into darkness, when the two scouts after their round met at a point agreed on, and then started up the hill to the camp. Pushing their way through the dripping undergrowth, they were within fifty yards of the rock ridge when a bright flash illumined the surrounding locality, followed by a heavy report. For a few moments the two men were blinded by the flash and the succeeding darkness, then both rushed towards the spot. The fire still burned, and by its light Cash and his mate saw Jones groping about, with arms outstretched and a face black as a negro's.

"I'm blind-blind," he moaned, as Cash ran to him; "the powder exploded while I was stirring it." The full significance of the disaster burst upon both men instantly. Jones was badly injured, it being certain his eyesight was destroyed. With every sense perfect, men outlaws as they were had little chance of safety, but with a helpless blind man to depend on it seemed hopeless to think of escape.

The two men did what little they could to lessen the suffering of their mate, and passed the night anxiously. Jones mere than once insisted they should leave him to die

and look after themselves, but that they could not bear of. The night passed drearily enough, and as dawn showed Cash started to get the brush fast. He was bending over the fire when a bullet spat against the rock close to him, and a report boom ed out. With the blind comrade on their hands, both Cash and Cavanagh reached how their position was. As the bullet spat against the rock Cash sprang to the small recess where Jones was sitting, and where their muskets were. Possibly their attackers might be few in numbers, and if so there was hope of escape, but in a few moments the outlaws discovered that fully twenty soldiers were surrounding them. The rock behind which the blind convict lay was large enough to shelter the three men, and, as the cliff rose sheer behind them to a great height they were safe from a rear or even a flank attack. They could only be rushed from the front, and well armed as they were, and well known to be, it seemed unlikely that such a desperate attack would be taken.

With musket in hand, Cash and Cavanagh crouched at either end of Jones's shelter, with the helpless Jones between. The latter, resigned to inevitable fate, told his comrades to think of themselves, and not to consider him in any way. "You make a dash, Martin," he whispered to his leader, but the latter shook his head. "I'll not leave you, Ned, unless I'm forced. I think we can keep them off until evening, and then we might have a chance."

The watchers, who were under the command of Captain Jones, a non-commissioned officer named Sergeant Collins, contented themselves with an occasional shot from different points, showing that a complete cordon of soldiers had been drawn across the only road of escape. Of course, Collins did not know of the accident which had befallen the outlaws, and he had three men with him to deal with, he did not want to sacrifice his men. In broad daylight to creep up the comparatively clear slope unobserved would be impossible, and to rush the outlaws might mean the loss of half the attack. Collins decided to wait for darkness. Cash expected the soldiers would wait for night, but the thought gave him no relief from his gloomy thoughts. There was one chance in twenty that he and his mate, Cavanagh, might be lucky enough to escape in the turmoil, but they must go, and he did not like to do so. It was to be said, the folly which had prompted them to abandon the horses.

During the whole day the two outlaws crouched in their grim watch-rooms, waiting until about an hour before sunset, when rain again began to fall, and somewhat heavily. This caused the assailants to move about for shelter, and the outlaws were able to take effective shots at the recruits, putting two men out of action. As twilight fell, hastened and deepened by the cumulus clouds, a plan of attempted escape had been agreed on by Cash and Cavanagh. Jones must be left behind, and the injured man, suffering intensely, begged they made their break. The blind refused to do so, arguing that possibly Lady Franklin might use her influence in his favour, but Jones shook his head at the suggestion. In any case, it was quite impossible to unhitch him off, and indeed, the two outlaws had only the most desperate of hopes. The best friend they had was the heavy rain, which still fell, and which might render some of the soldiers' firearms useless. By nine o'clock a pitchy darkness had settled on the locality, and the two outlaws light flashed up no more than a hundred yards down the slope, illumined by the immediate neighbourhood. Cash swore when he saw what it meant. To get through they must pass the circle of light thrown out. During the day, as they lay cornered, the outlaw leader's keen eyes had possibly be scanned the night through unclimbable. This evening the light reached without passing through the point of the light thrown by one of the fires. Cash whispered to his mate the possibility of getting up the wall of rock, and as it would be sheer madness to rush down the slope the outlaws decided to attempt it. They would wait until the light had been burnt down, and then, if the light kept them from running out, it also prevented the attackers from rushing the rock. At the end of an hour the leaping flames from the fire which affected them began to come low, and then a soldier was seen coming to it with a load of fuel. His head and body was protected by a brushwood, but Cash covered his legs and fired, bringing the man down. A spattering volley answered him, but without doing any injury. Picking up a second loaded musket, and with two pistols in his belt, Cash crawled out from behind the rock as he saw another soldier approaching the almost extinguished fire. He had whispered to his mate to say nothing to Jones about their going, and as the injured man lay moaning the two outlaws disappeared in the darkness.

For about thirty yards they crept unobserved towards the point they sought to reach, and then a warning shout, followed by the boom of a musket, sounded from the bottom of the slope. Both men jumped to their feet and ran, while shot after shot rang out. They were within ten yards of the base of the rocks when a wild call from Cavanagh caused the leader to halt and turn round. "They have shot at Martin. My leg is broken. For God's sake, take up a bullet through my head," the stricken man shouted, as Cash ran to where he lay. For a moment the uninjured outlaw was tempted to do as asked, for Cavanagh piteously entreated him not to let the soldiers take him alive. Then, as he heard the rush of many feet,

he dropped the heavy musket and bounded to the cliff. Feeling sure he could not escape, and anxious to take his mate alive, Sergeant Collins shouted to his men to fire. Cash, in a sudden spasm of valour, and strength of his leg, sprang his salvation. The cliff was easier to scale than it had appeared to his survivors, and, with the energy of desperation, Cash succeeded in reaching the top. When too late Collins gave the order to fire, but in the darkness the bullets went wide. It was half an hour later before men got round, to the opposite side of the cliff, for none of the soldiers could imitate the outlaw's exploit. "By that time they might as well have searched for a needle in a bundle of hay for the caudal runaways." Sergeant Collins was too well pleased with his double capture to waste much time in the pursuit of the leader, though it would have crowned his achievement had he taken him also to Hobart Town goal, where the two injured convicts were soon lodged. It was four or five days before the outlaws' flight was utterly destroyed. He would be blind for life, but, as that life could be measured by weeks, or at the most months, it mattered little to the stricken man. Under ordinary circumstances both convicts would have been brought to immediate confinement, but as they were, that was impossible. Meanwhile, strange rumours went through the town regarding the fugitive leader of the late band. It was said he was gathering a strong band of desperadoes, and had sworn to attack Hobart Town goal and liberate his former mates. One morning the inhabitants of the town were scared by a proclamation offering a large reward for the capture of Martin Cash, dead or alive, who was stated to be in Hobart Town itself. How the authorities knew this the people did not know until a whisper spread that the notorious outlaw had entered Government House and interviewed Lady Franklin on behalf of his comrades. It was afterwards found that the outlaw, and that his Ladyship had said nothing about the visit until Cash had sufficient time to get clear of danger. Soon all sorts of wild rumours were flying about, until a real scare was created. The authorities felt that the majority of the citizens would be more likely to assist Cash than to capture him, and extraordinary precautions were taken to guard the prisoners in the goal.

About an hour before midnight, on the 6th of June a tall, heavy-built man in officer's uniform presented himself at the main gate of the Hobart Town prison, and, showing an order with Sir John Franklin's signature, demanded to see the official in charge. Without demur the warden at the gate let the man in after scanning the order, and, then summoning his assistant, told him to take Price, and to the Gaol Commandant's presence, his credentials to his assistant, who had just been given the post, and had only arrived from England a week previously, the visitor announced his business. It was to see and interview the two outlaws, Jones and Cavanagh, on a very important matter. The chief of the prison had well known that the outlaws, who had been arrested at Hobart Town, had made a good deal about him, and, apart from the authority he carried could not be gainsaid. Without hesitation he sent for the chief turnkey, and ordered him to bring the prisoners to the office. The warden, who had been given the post, accompanied by Collins, and soon in the presence of the Commandant and his visitor, Cavanagh started when his face fell on the latter, and the Sergeant also started when the chief addressed him as Captain Price. The warden knew the man was not Captain Price, and then he fell to wondering who it could be. Obsessed with thoughts of Martin Cash, while little wonder that, like a flash, the truth entered Collins' brain. The daring visitor was no other than the famous outlaw himself, attempting by a daring stratagem to rescue his mates.

#### AT THE SIGN OF THE "IVY BUSH."

his life or to fly. Supper over, "Lusty Jean" kindled a lantern and piloted him up a break-neck ladder to a loft, where she pointed to a litter of heat, and then left him in the dark of his own reflections. They were none of the sweetest, but they did not hinder him from stretching his weary limbs on the hearth, where he lay wide awake and listening, with all his ears for the slightest sound that might warn him of the peril he was now to be in store for him.

After a while he rose, groped his way to the door, tried it, and found it barred outside. He could feel the bar with his fingers, so wide the gap between the shrunken door and the doorpost. The door opened into an adjoining attic. In that attic he now heard the tread of heavy footsteps, and then a voice, which he forthwith recognised as that of the soldier of the two ruffians. Jock laid his ear to the door-chink, and distinctly heard the fellow say: "This will be an easier job than the last. Curse me, how the old bird did roar and kick! And bleed, too! Who'd ever have thought he had half so much in him?"

"Ah, that's the worst of this throat-cutting," replied the younger son. "Give me the 'Gag.' He does his work quick and clean, keeps his jaws shut afterwards, and tells no tales." "Ay, swallows 'em at one mouthful, and holds 'em tight as a vice, replied the other. 'But the 'Gag' is ten miles off, my lamb, and 'twoud hardly pay to drag 'Tam Allalone' that far, just to save the old girl an ounce of elbow-grease and you a quail. No, cold steel must serve his turn."

"Is it needful to take his life?" pleaded the younger brother. "Why, you, fool, how can you be so great a mimic as to ask that question? Just think of what he saw and heard an hour or two ago! Of course, he'd blab; and then—" Jock stayed to hear no more, but, wit quickened by the greatness of his peril, stole about the loft, tapping his walls in hope of finding some sort of hole just wide enough for a narrow sir-hole, and through which he crept without a moment's delay, dropped to the ground, and darted off towards the moor, swift as a hunted hare.

That phrase fits here. For soon the deep bay of a bloodhound told him that the murderers were on his track. The sound acted on him like a spur. On he ran, fast as a courier. But the fletcher still, unless his ears deceived him, flew his pursuers. Surely they were gaining on him! That terrible thought goaded him to strain every nerve in the effort to distance them, and in that blind, impetuous spur he stumbled over a heap of jagged stones, and fell headlong, breathless, and bleeding profusely from face, hands, and knees.

But he did not lie there long. Hearing the hoarse shouts of the murderers close behind him, he up sprang, and renewed his race for life with all the marvellous force of the love of life can give. His feet seemed winged, and when after another mile, he halted for a minute to regain his wind, he could hear neither man nor dog. In fact—as he afterwards learned—the bound, on reaching the bloodstained heap of stones, had come to a dead halt, and thereby left his brutish masters wholly at a loss to tell in what direction to follow up the chase.

But Jock was not to know this. He therefore quickly resumed his flight, and after a while daybreak brought him to a village on the north side of the moor, full twenty miles from his starting point. To the early stirring villagers he soon told his tale. It spread like wildfire, and within ten minutes the whole place—where there was hardly a household, but had lost some hundreds of men of "the Gag"—as it was called—was clamouring for just vengeance. Forth, then, marched an army of them, two or three hundred strong, on that most righteous errand. The crone they found in her bed and hung her on a bibbet hastily reared before the door. They then scattered in all directions to hunt down her sons, and partners in the trade of murder.

They found them at last, cowering in a thicket of heather near the middle of the moor. Caught almost reeling, and hopeless of mercy, the hardy ruffians confessed their hunt, and, with an oath we can repeat, who he was, and what he meant by playing the spy on them and their doings. All this, which takes so long to tell, passed in two seconds; and the lightning rapidity of the whole uttered unexpected rumpus fairly dazed the warden, and made him feel and look like a man who unwittingly sings a lighted fuse into the hole of a gunpowder mine. As soon as he recovered his scattered wits, he mildly protested he was no spy, but a harmless pedlar body, who knew the Ivy Bush of old, and wanted nothing but a crust of bread-and-cheese and a shakedown.

Here "Lusty Jean" broke in with the ill-boding question: "Are you alone?" "Lone enough," replied Jock, "Lone than my dear mither in her grave, for my father lies beside her." "That's as well to know," said the warden, "winking at his mother, whose hard, forbidding features answered with a hideous grin." "Well, Tam Allalone," said the man, "we'll give you a bite and a pull, where I'll warrant you'll sleep as sound as the dead. Why, bless me, that's rhyme as well as reason. But come, mother, out with the 'prog,' while I ease our guest of his heavy burden." "What's all that, sir?" inquired the warden, "marching of his prisoners?" "If I had had another, you'd have seen I shouldn't have asked you to surrender."

She met his proposal with laughter, and said: "All right, Mabel, I'll go to the stable, and string myself up to a post." "I've been trying to convince Jones that advertising pays, but he won't listen to me." "You can't blame him, poor fellow." That's the way he got his wife."

### NOTHING SERIOUS.

The chief of the clan McIntosh once had a dispute with a cabman about his fare. "Do you know, who I am?" indignantly exclaimed the Highlander. "I am the McIntosh." "I don't care if you are the umbrellas," replied the cabby. "I'll have my rights."

A certain chemist advertised a patent concoction labelled, "No more colds! No more coughs! Price is 1/6." A man who bought the mixture came back in three days to complain that he had drunk it all, but was no better. "Drink it all!" gasped the chemist. "Why, man, that was an india-rubber solution to put on the soles of your boots."

Everything had gone off splendidly at the christening, and the small infant had been given proud possession of the name of "Reginald Homer." The family party had retired to the vestry, and the clergyman was making out the usual certificate. When writing down the second name he paused in wonder. "Strange," he thought, "to find this name given to the son of a navy." Aloud he said to the father: "Your favourite poet, I suppose?" "Poet!" repeated the man, with a surprised look on his homely features. "Poet, sir? Lor', no, sir; I keeps pigdins."

The rumour had got about that a popular local footballer was about to join another club. Hearing this, one of his own committee tackled him on the subject. "Is it true, Tom, that you're joining the Dribblers' Club!" "So you've heard that tale, have you, sir?" responded Tom. "Well, it isn't true! It's my brother Jock that's joining the Dribblers' Club." "What?" exclaimed the committee man, who knew Jock. "Jock joining the Dribblers? He'll never make a player—he hasn't the brains!" "But, you see, sir," came the cutting retort, "he isn't going as a player. He's just joining the committee!"

With a face that vainly endeavoured to appear mournful, and eyes that strove to produce a respectable flow of tears, Patrick Murphy O'Dolan entered a draper's shop. "I want you to tell me," he began, "what the custom is for the wearing of mourning—the depth of it—blue?" "Well," replied the assistant, "the colour varies. If it's a near relative a band of black on the sleeve or hat, and for a more distant friend a black tie is enough."

For some moments Patrick Murphy O'Dolan considered. "Give me a shoe lace," he said at last. "It's me wife's mother."

A man in khaki, just back from France, went into a restaurant. After the dining over the bill of fare he looked around the room for a waiter. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, sliding over in response to his call, with a glass of water and a napkin. "Tell me, waiter," remarked the soldier, "have you got frogs' legs?" "No, sir," was the rather unexpected answer; "it is rheumatism that makes me walk like this."

The teacher was impressing upon her class the many advantages of resourcefulness. "Where there's a will there's a way," she said. "So what you must remember to do is never to give up hope. Now, children, suppose a tiger carry you off to his jaws and ready to go to sleep, the first Generalissimo burst into the room joyously shouting, 'I'll all right, I'm well! I'm saved!'"

His joy was not at having won some game or beaten an opponent in a fight, but simply because he had solved some abstruse problem which had taxed his powers to the utmost. "Answers."

Never fail to make a loud demonstration if attacked or accosted. Publicity is what people of this type feel most.

### FAMOUS SOLDIERS' NO.

Sir John French's pet hole is one of the greatest living legends on "The Little Corporal." Few people are aware that a clever musician and he had good singing voice that had chosen to be a soldier, he earned a first-class income concert platform. Sir Ian Hamilton has a very one hobby for a soldier. He poetry, and not the ordinary shoddy verse of the average, but work of the highest order of his poems have been printed in various papers under noms de plume. The General is somewhat about his accomplishment, and not put his own signature at the end of his efforts.

Besides writing verses, Sir Douglas Haig's greatest hobby is hunting, and he has a passion of being one of the polo-players in the Army. Sir John Jellicoe has practiced hobbies except the study of things connected with the sea and Navy. King Albert of the Belgians has proved himself to be such a soldier in the most trying circumstances imaginable. His many talents in time of peace, but in the study of mechanics, machines, and engines, and he is the only living monarch has driven a railway engine in dominions. This memorable instance when his Majesty was Prince. He had always been anxious to become an amateur engineer, and one day he determined to powers to the test. He chartered engine and took complete charge of those who saw him driving a car that he did so with the skill and caution of an old hand.

Another of King Albert's hobbies is mountain climbing. He has done a deal of climbing in Switzerland, and on such occasions he usually strictly incognito. General Joffre confesses that favourite relaxation is study. He has not been a soldier, he would doubtfully have become a professional, and he likes best is mathematics, and when he was quite a boy, he astonished all his schoolmates in a manner in which he could not do most difficult mathematical problems.

In his interesting biography of French commander-in-Chief, Mr. A. Under Kahn tells a characteristic story of the famous soldier's hobby. "One evening," says Mr. Kahn, "as his father was getting ready to go to sleep, the first Generalissimo burst into the room joyously shouting, 'I'll all right, I'm well! I'm saved!'"

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Printed and published by the Proprietor, ANSTON PARKER, of the office of the Riponshire Advocate newspaper, 170, Vico Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

# The Kinrosshire Advocate.

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Besides writing verses, Sir Ian sends a good deal of his spare time in sketching.

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King Albert of the Belgians, who has proved himself to be such a fine soldier in the most trying circumstances imaginable, has many recreations in time of peace, but his favorite is the study of mechanics. He understands all about motors, flying machines, and engines, and he is probably the only living monarch who has driven a railway engine in his dominions. This memorable drive occurred when his Majesty was Crown Prince. He had always been anxious to become an amateur engine-driver, and one day he determined to put his hobby to the test. He chartered an engine and took complete charge, and those who saw him driving averred that he did so with the skill and precision of an old hand.

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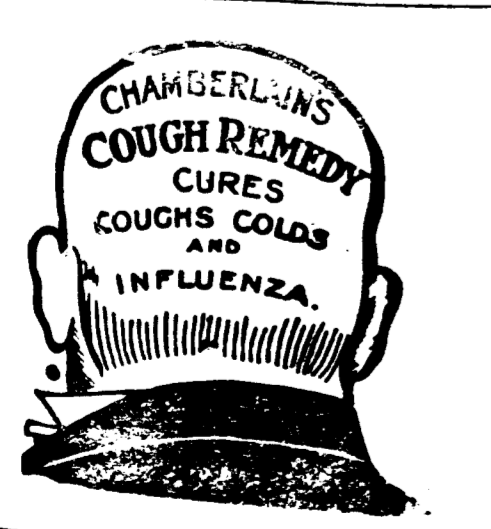
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Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of "The Kinrosshire Advocate" newspaper, 117, Two Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

## A REMEDY FOR CROUP THAT IS SAFE.

Croup is the most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their medicine chest, but the best in use for coughs, colds and croup. Sold by all chemists and stores.

## WELL-KNOWN VICTORIAN NURSES TESTIFY TO CLEMENTS TONIC

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(Signed) Catherine Korting

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(Signed) Nurse Evans

THE LETTERS PUBLISHED ABOVE FROM THESE PROFESSIONAL NURSES PROVE THE HEALTH-CREATING PROPERTIES OF THIS GREAT MEDICINE, WHICH IS UNEQUALLED FOR THE RAPID RELIEF OF INSOMNIA OR LOSS OF SLEEP, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE, POOR APPETITE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVE BREAKDOWN, SLUGGISH LIVER OR LEBILITY, Etc.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALASIA SELL CLEMENTS TONIC. GET IT AND GET WELL.

## BRAVERY ABROAD RELUCTANCE AT HOME

Two points of local interest stand out in this war; the magnificent deeds of the Australians abroad, and the astounding reluctance of Australians at home.

Everywhere at the front Australians ring themselves round with glory; everywhere at home Australians are failing in their duty.

Four months of persistent recruiting work have obtained hardly more volunteers than would make up the number required for a single month's quota.

In Victoria recruiting is particularly bad.

Meanwhile the world rounds with the valor of the Anzacs at Bullecourt. They pierced the great Hindenburg line and hang on like grim death to a mile or more of an extraordinary network of trenches, cemented tunnels, and caverns. They are surrounded by enemies. They fight in a very hell, but will not give in. Haig says their work "ranks high among the great deeds of the war."

This is wonderful praise. It should thrill the heart of every true Australian.

But the sad fact is that alongside this grand record there is the news that recruiting is still declining.

The men who are fighting so heroically and successfully are calling for help. Is the honour and glory of Australia to end with them? Surely we have yet remaining in Australia enough real men ready to rush to the front and carry the banner of their country forward.

The call is particularly to Victorians.

There is no valour in the soul of a young man who can read the news of Bullecourt and still refuse to do his duty to his country.

### TO MAINTAIN ORDER

In the digestive system is an important measure in securing the boon of Permanent Good Health. Only when your digestion is sound can you be physically at your best. It behoves everyone, therefore, who estimates Good Health at its proper value, to take care that those important organs—the stomach, liver and bowels are kept in a high state of efficiency. Probably the best medicine known for maintaining the organs of digestion in satisfactory order is

## BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St Helens, England.  
Sold in boxes, labelled price 10/6d (36 pills), 1/11 (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

### There is Nothing Better than HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure

For COUGHS, COLDS on the CHEST, CROUP and WEAK LUNGS

This Medicine can be given with PERFECT SAFETY and the UTMOST CONFIDENCE to the YOUNGEST CHILD, as it does NOT contain, and has NEVER contained any poison or harmful drugs. It is very pleasant to take, and children take it readily—even CLAMOR for it. HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE is prepared by our MR. W. G. HEARNE who is a REGISTERED CHEMIST with nearly forty years' experience.

The REMEDY with the REPUTATION

W. G. Hearne & Co. Ltd. GEELONG, VICTORIA, Sydney, N.S.W., Wellington, N.Z.

Always ask for "HEARNE'S"

### "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 from 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 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 warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

## CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD'S BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. CURES ALL SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

### Useful Skeleton Wardrobes

Give all the conveniences of the ordinary Wardrobe at a tenth of the price.

No. 1—Corner Wardrobe with one shelf only, 6 ft. high, with 8 hooks and brass rod for curtain - 7/11

No. 2—With 2 shelves like design 6 ft. 6 in. high, complete with brass rod, hat and coat hooks - 9/11

No. 3—6-ft. Corner Folders, Hinged, and folding up when not in use - 10/6

No. 4—Square Frames, 6 ft. high x 2 ft. 8 in. wide, with one shelf only. Complete, with 12 hat and coat hooks and brass curtain rod - 10/6

No. 5—With 2 shelves, as shown, 3 ft. wide x 6 ft. 6 in. high. Complete, with 12 hat and coat hooks and brass curtain rod - 14/6

Complete Furnishing Catalog posted free.

## R. TUNBRIDGE & SONS

The Big Furnishing Arcade, STURT ST., BALLARAT

### Frootoids

For Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Headache, Indigestion.

Delightful Family Medicine

## JOB PRINTING.

Do not send your best work to the city, and give us the remnants! We can execute job printing with neatness and despatch, and our prices are quite equal to those of the city firms. Before placing your next orders call in and see our samples—we guarantee satisfaction. In every-day lines we can give you an immediate quote for any number. Printing of every description, such as

Ball & Concert Tickets, Members' Tickets, Programmes, Business, Invitation & Visiting Cards, Wedding and Mourning Cards, Soiree & Dinner Tickets, Mining Scrip, Reports, &c., Pamphlets, Circulars, Billheads, Memos, Letterheads, Envelopes, Posters, Dodgers, Delivery and Receipt Books, Drapers' Handbills, Catalogues, Books of Rules, By-laws, &c., Printed in the most Modern Style.

Your local Printer spends his money with you, as also does his staff; so indirectly money spent with him, or portion of it, must assuredly, through different channels of circulation, find its way back to your own coffers. Bear this in mind, and when you require anything with printers' ink on it, don't forget to support local industry. Bear in mind that money sent to Melbourne printers is absolutely lost to the town and district, and has no possible chance of ever returning, even by the most roundabout channels of circulation. The local man has undoubtedly the best claim on your orders, and by encouraging him you are helping to build up your own town.

## "Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

Commonwealth Bank of Australia. HEAD OFFICE SYDNEY. Branches in all General Banking Business.

HUTCHINSON'S NEW SEASON'S GOODS. NEW MILLINERY! NEW DRESS MATERIALS! NEW COSTUMES!

MADE IN AUSTRALIA Pure Wool Sox, Stockings and Underwear. The "EAGLEY" Brand.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS OF RARE BEAUTY. We produce the most perfect Bridal Portraits obtainable.

Enlarged Portraits of Soldiers. We have made up a number of beautifully enlarged portraits of soldiers.

RECRUITING READY RECKONER For Married Men Prepared to Join the A.I.F. FOR HOME AND EMPIRE.

Recruiting Ready Reckoner Table. Rates for a soldier with various family members.

KILLED IN ACTION. HILL—Killed in action in France on 5/17. Corporal C. Hill, youngest son of late Edwin and Mary Hill.

The Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1917.

Police Court. Mr E. W. Hughes, J.P., attended the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday.

Raglan Patriotic League. The ladies of the Raglan Patriotic League have forwarded the following monthly parcel to headquarters.

Billiards. The following additional games have been played in the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute billiard tournament.

Legislative Assembly Rolls. The rolls for the Legislative Assembly are compiled every three years.

Obituary. The friends of Mr Cowley, of Ripon and Eyre streets, Ballarat, will regret to learn of the death of his wife.

Empire Day was joyfully observed at Beaufort on Thursday, bunting being displayed on the public buildings.

Y.M.C.A. Committee. The following articles were this week forwarded to headquarters by the committee.

Beaufort Golf Club held their opening day for the present season at the local links on Saturday afternoon.

Enlarged Portraits of Soldiers. We have made up a number of beautifully enlarged portraits of soldiers.

Recruiting Ready Reckoner. Rates for a soldier with various family members.

Recruiting Ready Reckoner Table. Rates for a soldier with various family members.

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Beaufort Girls' Patriotic Club. The treasurer of the above club wishes to thank the following donors.

Waterloo Stock Sale. Messrs W. H. Halpin and Theo. W. Schlicht (auctioneers in conjunction) report having held their opening stock sale at Mr Meany's yards.

Recruiting Meeting. The Societies' Hall, Beaufort, contained a large audience on Wednesday night when the official series of films.

The flag at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, will be flown at half-mast on Sunday as a last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Corporal Charles A. Hill.

Mrs. G. Nothnagel, of Beaufort, has received the news that her brother, Private H. Pimblett, has been wounded whilst fighting in France.

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FOR THE EMPIRE. The 29th and 30th casualty lists, published last Saturday, contained the following district names.

Private A. R. Murphy, of Lexton, is stated in the 30th casualty list to be sick.

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In the 30th casualty list appears the following: Private S. L. Meredith, Beaufort, wounded; Private H. Kelly, Snake Valley, wounded.

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BEAUFORT A.N.A. Twenty-seven members were present at the 24th general meeting of the Beaufort branch, A.N.A., on Tuesday.

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THE BRITISH RED CROSS. ITS EARLY HISTORY.

HALF-A-CENTURY OF WORK. Probably the only humane tie connected with the war is the Red Cross.

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The board hoped that through always hammering at the authorities they would be able to bring some of these things to pass. (Applause.) The president heartily congratulated Mr. Bremer, and felt he had become a member of the board.

THE BRITISH RED CROSS. ITS EARLY HISTORY.

HALF-A-CENTURY OF WORK. Probably the only humane thing connected with the war is the Red Cross. It has brought untold blessings to thousands of wounded men, and made easy the way of dying.

THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

Much valuable information may be gleaned from a somewhat lengthy medical report just published. For instance, it is made clear that more than 90 per cent. of all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, etc., are due to the presence of acid in the stomach.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS. RATES OF PAY.

To remove a misconception which has arisen in some quarters, special attention is directed to the fact that in the Recruiting Ready Reckoner published by the authority of the State Recruiting Committee, the rates of pay and pension specified for married men in the A.I.F. include what the soldier himself draws, as well as the amount paid to the family of the soldier.

AVOID SEDATIVE COUGH MEDICINES.

If you want to contribute directly to the occurrence of capillary bronchitis and pneumonia, use cough medicines that contain codeine, morphine, heroin, and other sedatives, when you have a cough or cold.

Local Land Board.

At a local land board held by Mr. C. J. Joy at Ballarat on Thursday, the application of Alex. Skene for allotment 16A, 10 acres, parish of Raglan, at Waterloo, was recommended subject to approved survey.

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE. Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless they are handed to STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

CONCERT AND CANTATA.

A successful and enjoyable concert and cantata were held at the Societies' Hall on Thursday night in aid of the funds of the local Beaumont Troop Boy Scouts. There was a bumper house.

THE WAR.

Following close upon the important gains on the Italian front and the successful British offensive on the West front early in the week, the French have had further successes and taken 1000 prisoners. Enemy attacks have failed.

PART SALE (No. 9168) of Crown Lands.

Rooms of Messrs Little & Co., Ltd., 100, Street South, Ballarat (Auctioneers, Messrs Little & Co., Ltd.), on TUESDAY, the Twenty-ninth day of May, 1917, at eleven o'clock a.m.

KELLY & McDONALD, AUCTIONEERS, STOCK & STATION & GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS, BEAUFORT AND MIDDLE CREEK.

CLEARING SALES CONDUCTED. Loans Negotiated. Agents for—Mt. Lyell Manures, Massey-Harris Farming Machinery, New Zealand Fire Insurance Co., Jelbart Engines, Italia and Clifton Motor Cars, Perdrion Tyres (stocked), George Hague & Co. Pty. Ltd.

LEXTON STOCK SALE. WEDNESDAY, 30TH MAY, 1917. At 2 p.m.

3000 CROSSED COME-BACKA MERINOS SHEEP 11 CATTLE.

KELLY & McDONALD will sell by Auction as above: Full particulars, KELLY & McDONALD, Auctioneers, Beaufort.

SHIRE OF RIPON. NOTICE TO RATEPAYERS TO PAY RATES.

NOTICE is hereby given that no person will be entitled to be enrolled in respect of any property unless on or before the Tenth day of June, 1917, all sums payable in respect of any rates made three months before such day in respect of such property have been paid.

WANTED, a good LAD, used to horses, for farm work permanent.

WANTED, 5 cords 2ft. FIREWOOD (Stringybark and Messmate); immediate delivery at Keating's.

J. WOOLF, of Avoca, Horse-clipper, will visit Beaufort next week.

TO LET, 5-roomed HOUSE and 14 acres LAND. Apply Mrs. HILL, c/o D. Manson, Beaufort.

EXTRA WORK-NIGHT at 7 p.m., SATURDAY, 26th May. Business Meeting at 9 p.m. Important. Everybody interested, come.

71ST INFANTRY. A PARADE of C Co. will be held at the Societies' Hall, BEAUFORT, on JUNE 2ND, at 2 p.m. to complete efficiency for the year ending 30/6/17.

Religious Services. SUNDAY, MAY 27th, 1917.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Main Road, 2; Waterloo, 3.30; Rev. W. C. Wood. Waterloo, 7—Mr. D. Jackson.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Chats, 3—Rev. E. H. Colman. Raglan, 5—Mr. C. Walker. Raglan, 7—Mr. W. T. Meritt.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Buangor, 3.30—Rev. A. H. Ross.

AUTUMN AND WINTER, 1917. Once again we approach the change of season, which is heralded by the falling leaves, and the anticipation of Winter turns thoughts to suitable attire. Our timely announcement, we believe, will be appreciated by the Ladies of the district, whom we cordially invite to attend our OPENING DISPLAY OF LATEST FASHIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

SILVER STAR STARCH. BECAUSE I KNOW "It goes further than any other" "It is ALWAYS reliable" "It gives the best results" "It makes the linen easy to iron" "It is easy to mix" "It makes the linen last longer" "It is MADE IN AUSTRALIA" "IT IS PURE RICE STARCH"

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER, HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR.

W. R. GLOVER (Late F. G. Prince), BUTCHER, HAVLOCK STREET, BEAUFORT. ONLY PRIME MEAT KEPT.

LOIE POW, CHINESE HERBALIST, CORNER OF BARKLY AND KING STREETS, ARARAT.

J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST, HAVLOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS, HAVLOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

H. REHFISCH & CO., WOOL AND HIDE MERCHANTS, MAIR ST., BALLARAT. Phone 531.

A. H. SANDS, Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer.

M. REEFISCH & CO., WOOL & HIDE MERCHANTS, MAIR STREET, BALLARAT.

Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT. HARDWARE, TIMBER, AND PRODUCE MERCHANTS. FURNITURE & HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS. CROCKERY & GLASSWARE \* SPECIALTIES. \* HARVESTING REQUISITES, BAGS & TWINES. AGENTS FOR "JONES" SEWING MACHINE, ROYAL INSURANCE CO., HUPMOBILE CARS, BARNET GLASS TYRES.

CONVICT DAYS.

VIVID AND REALISTIC PICTURES OF THE PAST.

CAPTAIN LOGAN'S VISITOR.

PART I.

The dusk of evening was fast blotting out objects at the mouth of the Hunter River... wind and wave, but on the second night the storm passed, though for many hours the heaving sea tossed the boat about like a cork.

towards it. This proved to be a river of considerable size, and they rowed up it a couple of miles, until they came to a bend where the park-like country decided them to land.

gan. By morning the weather cleared and the lashed several small, dry logs together into a rough raft, to cross the river on.

under the command of Captain Logan, who in March, 1834, arrived in Moreton Bay with a well-equipped party and a number of convicts.

WHAT KINGS EAT. FOOD SERVED AT ROYAL TABLES. In the early morning the Kaiser's breakfast chocolate, followed later by ham and eggs.

GERMANS EAT HORSES' FOOD SUPPLY SHORT. There has been an enormous shortage of horses during the great war...

TOMMY'S SLANG. Many men who prided themselves on their general knowledge are finding out since their call to the Army that soldiers possess a peculiar and unsuspected slang, original to themselves.

HOW ANIMALS FEED. When one thinks of the many curious ways in which common animals partake of their food, one realises more than ever the vast difference there is between classes in the creature kingdom.

QUAINT TENURE. One of the oldest services rendered to the Crown, dating back, it is said, as far as King John, took place recently at the Law Courts.

AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Children's Feeding...

GERMANS EAT HORSES' FOOD SUPPLY SHORT. There has been an enormous shortage of horses during the great war...

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THE MOTHERS' FAVORITE. A cough medicine for children should be harmless. It should be pleasant to take...

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS. All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness should be treated with...

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of The Riponshire Advocate newspaper, 17, The Arcade, Beaufort, Victoria.