

Shotlets.

Tim-
Boon's
Roll of
Honor un-
Veiled Friday.
76 names on it.
Mechanics' dance
Tues. week—2/ & 1/.
Methodist harvest fest.
Sunday and Wed. next.
Fine rains again this week.
Who is the Timboon poet?
"Splash" is far too ambiguous.
Mr. Deany, M.L.A., scored in the Forest last week.

Photos of Kennedy's Creek humming kangaroos to hand.

The kodak fiend is a lot quieter since the kangaroo bit him.

A Question of Propriety—Dancing after an unveiling ceremony.

The Campbells were coming in battalions to the Timboon unveiling.

The hook-handled umbrella's a fraud ; don't you doubt it

On the counter you hang it and walk off without it

The potato grower has a new job now carting round the lady lodger and taking her fishing.

The squinty-eyed clique are going to work on the road, and it is to be hoped it makes men of them.

To dance or not to dance was the burning question at Timboon last week—and some of them danced.

It is an old saying that women always have the last word ; but that was before politicians were invented.

Is the Timboon Boniface going for council? He took the flure on Friday night and made a capital speech.

Because there are 60 names on the roll at Timboon school, and accommodation for only 40, the teacher has to make a Virtue of necessity.

Wife—Do you mean to insinuate that your judgment is superior to mine? Husband—Certainly not, my dear. Our choice of life partners proves it isn't.

Who is the great unwashed stiff known as the Root of all Evil, who asked the lady to sign the petition and got his character. Did penance by splitting wood for her on Sunday.

A petition, signed by Grubbiegotz, who is right for a straight-jacket, has been sent to the Consul at Kew to have Scottie removed from Kennedy's Creek.

Our Gott in Himmel's aid we sought
To help us here, der Clique,
Und get der great and hefty Scot
Out of der Kenurdy's Creek.

So oudt him now, der Scotsman boldt,
Und smite him hardt and hot,
For Kenurdy's Creek can only holdt
We stiffs und you, dear Gott.

Hicks—I suppose that it is a bargain between Dick and Miss Sparker. They seem made for each other?
Wicks—Yes; as soon as they met he made for her and she made for him.

The lawn gatekeeper at the recent races was unacquainted with the shire president, and when the latter entered the enclosure

Timboon's Honor Roll.

THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.

Some months ago a committee was formed at Timboon—with Mr. Murphy as chairman and Mr. Jas. Lambert as secretary—to raise subscriptions for the erection of an Honor Board to the "heroes of the district who had volunteered and gone to the front to fight for Empire and Country." Notwithstanding the many calls made on them, and the fairly large sums subscribed to Red Cross and other funds, the committee hardly met a refusal, and the result was that a sum of nearly £20 was raised for the deserving object. The committee called for designs and selected a handsome board of lightwood, on which 76 names are written in letters of gold, the top portion being embellished with the Union Jack, in colors; and at the foot the words, "Duty Nobly Done." The cost of the board was £18.

The unveiling took place on Friday evening last, being performed by Mr. J. D. Deany, M.L.A. Prior to the principal ceremony a concert took place, for which an excellent programme was provided. The Public Hall was crowded to the doors and Mr. Murphy acted as chairman. The stage was most tastefully decorated with greenery and flags, a large Union Jack covering the Honor Board.

THE CONCERT.

The following programme was gone through, Mrs. George, Miss Wark and Mr. Payne acting as accompanists:—Overture, Moonlight on the Lake, Miss Wark. Songs: He Sleeps To-night on Lonesome-Pine, and I Wonder will They Welcome Me?, Mr. George; The King's Own and Knitting (encore), Mrs. W. R. Allan; I'm off to Fight for Australia, Mr. Miller; Some Hearts will be Joyful, Mrs. Mansfield; The Deathless Army, Mr. Nettlingham; Sing Me a Song of Australia, Mrs. F. Waterfall; Anchored, Mr. Payne; The Girls They Left Behind Them, Alma Lambert. Overture, National Airs, Mrs. George, sen. Club swinging by Miss Lyons. Recitation, The Call to Arms, Mr. Virtue. Reading, Mr. Virtue. The National Anthem brought the programme to a close.

THE UNVEILING.

Cr. R. L. Howlett, president of the Shire of Heytesbury, said it was a credit to the district that so many men had responded to the call of their country, and the residents were to be congratulated on their loyalty in providing such a handsome and lasting tribute to the brave fellows who were fighting our battles.

Cr. Ellis also spoke of the sacrifices of those whose names appeared on the board, some of whom would never

The following appropriate piece (printed for circulation) was read by Mr. Virtue:—

THE CALL TO ARMS

AND HOW TIMBOON ANSWERED IT.
By Rifleman.

From a far-off land, which our forefathers loved,

There came a swift cable along,
Which told of a nation with fists mailed and gloved [wrong.]

That committed on weak ones great
It told how the strong had o'er ridden the weak,

Without cause or reason to give, [seek—
Determined that place and power 'twould
All others might die, or might live.

Our own Merry England stepped into the breach,

Saying, "Vile Hun, no farther you go;
From Belgium withdraw, or we'll very soon teach

You to count all true British your foe."

It reached to Australia, the land that we love, [stain

Which Hun blood, we trust, will not
"Australians, to Arms!" came the word from above—

"Go fight for your honor, not gain."

The Prime Minister said, "We'll send every man

To help England right Belgium's wrong;
Of hard-earned shillings we'll give all we can,

So they won't suffer outrages long."

When the call reached Timboon determined were we

The promise we'd help to fulfil; [see,
So all men of the age in the district, you
Volunteered with brave heart and good will.

Timboon backed the promise, and has ever since striven

Reinforcements to send to the fore,
And be true to our country, to us so God given—

We love it each day more and more.

Our part of Australia a record has made—
We held back none of right age—

They came from the lime kilns, the hops and the spade,

Record it on Timboon's bright page.

Twelve thousand miles o'er the ocean they sailed,

Instruments in the Almighty's hands,
To take vengeance for all the Hun has blackmailed

And fouled with his presence their lands,
Our share we have done, and done very well,

In bringing to justice the Hun; [spell,
Quite determined are all to give them no
And soon they will be on the run.

Some of our heroes we will never see more
In this land of sunshine and shade;

But we'll meet them again on that happier shore [made.

Where we're sure a good record they've
And now we're assembled to publicly show

To the vile Hun, and bid him take heed,
That we gave of our best, and wish him to know

They were all of the true British breed.

To-day we unveil loving tribute of praise
For all our brave heroes have done;

Remembered 'twill be to the end of all days

How they crushed the invader, the Hun,
An honor distinct from all others! Why not?

'Cause we loved them, but still freely
The pick of the district, without blemish or spot,

France, Belgium and Serbia to save.
They have fought a good fight. "Duty nobly done"

Is the motto stamped on each breast;
'Tis a lesson for all mankind under the sun,

"Excelsior!" To God leave the rest.

The function was not over until

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