

was in the clink, and Abu Sulieman was endeavouring to appease the wrath of sundry staff officers.

After a deal of explanation Ahmet was turned over to Abu Sulieman and taken away, on condition that he was not allowed to sell papers in the camp again; and his pass that had given him such a feeling of importance was taken away.

That night Abu Sulieman sent him back to Zeinab, considering him an unprofitable investment.

Next Chapter—

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SPORTING.

RACING.

Almoner ran two bad races this week.
Tin Soldier's win on Thursday was long
overdue, and now that he has returned to
form he may go on in the winning way for
Digger Percy Price and his brother.

Samiel looked very well, and it is re-
ported that Digger Cecil Hazlett had a
good win on Wednesday evening.

There is no doubt Warlike with only
7.12 in the Southland Cup looked to have
a good chance after winning the Mid-
summer Handicap and Akaroa Cup, and I
can't help thinking the local handicapper
had a lot of luck in his being beaten.
First of all the going may have upset his
chance, and then T. L. Reed rode him
very badly. I still think Warlike should
have won.

Mr Pearson, the owner of Warlike, prob-
ably anticipating an easily picked up
£500 out of the Southland Cup, bought
Kokowai for £40 from Mr Baird. Koko-
wai at one time promised to be a smart
filly.

Martifors evidently liked the slush and
mud on Wednesday, for she gave nothing
else a chance.

Mr Trail informs me that he had no
intention of nominating Jock in the
Southland Cup, but the secretary per-
sisted that he had only to run up t Lakes'
form and the race was his. No one be-
grudged the Messrs Trail Bros.' change
of luck, for they have persevered with
Jock for a long time.

Bore ran badly at the local meeting
and will be sent home for a spell.

San Sebastian is not likely to go to
Riverton.

Warlike was well beaten each day at the
local meeting, and again the 'tommies'
reaped a harvest from the get-rich-quick
punters who thought they could pick the
double.

The Riverton meeting will claim punt-
ers' attention next.

The Bowmont and Lawrence meetings
at Easter time will attract a lot of visitors
from Southland who follow trotting.

Killowen, if the same Killowen that won
at South Canterbury last spring, will make
the opposition at Lawrence and Beaumont
look silly at Easter time.

The committee is inviting applications
for the position of secretary to the South-
land Racing Club, vice Mr Saunders, re-
signed. The new appointee is probably
already selected by the heads of this auto-
cratic sporting body, and he will find it
an easy job now that everything is prosper-
ous in the racing world. How differ-
ent to twenty years ago when poor old
"Dick" Clark had to run a bankrupt
show.

The press room at the S.R.C. meeting
was uncomfortably filled with all sorts
during the two days, and the portion of
the balcony allotted the "fourth estate"
was crowded out by a number who had no
right even in the enclosure.

Magdala won the Winter Cup too many
years ago to give him much chance to win
Steeplechases now. The old chap jumped
carefully, but very slowly.

Hogan's pair gave the public a good
exhibition of jumping in Thursday's
steeplechase, and also provided an inter-
esting finish.

Burrangong is going to be "added to the
list" directly after the Riverton meeting,
and may then be given a chance to distin-
guish himself over hurdles.

Freddy Ellis informs me that in the
course of a few weeks he hopes to be able
to commence riding again. Old Peter was
a very proud father with "A. E.,"
"E.J.," and Freddy at the meeting.

When Frenchman is properly handled
in a race, and his connections are anxious
he will be hard to beat in the selected
hack race.

Billy Robinson rode two good races on
Zarkoma. His efforts across country
were the best exhibitions of horsemanship
he has given for some time.

Where was the motor ambulance on
Wednesday? The St. John Ambulance
Brigade, in charge of accidents at the East
road course, were seriously hampered in
their good work by its absence. Fortu-
nately committeeman Dave Morton had a
big car handy and came to their assist-
ance.

Caretaker Marshall had a fine track pre-
pared for this week's racing, and was com-
plimented by many for the excellent man-

ner it stood up to the galloping and
trotting on Thursday.

The race-card on Wednesday was not a
faultless effort, and one or two mistakes
were "risky." Perhaps as "honorary"
secretary Mr Saunders was not as careful
as usual.

Buller and Kilbrogan were the two out-
laws at the barrier at the Southland meet-
ing, and now that the President's horse
and rider have suffered, perhaps he will
agree that some horses' nominations
should be refused.

Mr Stone's horses left Hogan's estab-
lishment just before the S.R.C. meeting
this week.

Eleus is to be spelled—he has been up
a long time.

Mazama is certainly not a Cup horse.

G. Young's performance on Thursday,
when he won the whole of the flat events,
was a good one, and has never been done
before on the local track.

Jolly Major won his race in good style
on Thursday, and Digger Dwyer has
made a great improvement in this horse.

The Gunner let down his soldier friends
on Wednesday—another fraction of a sec-
ond would have brought three times as
much money to their pockets.

Sedd-el-Bahr ran badly, and particularly
disappointed his backers in the last race
of the meeting.

Rowland's leg was badly bruised when
Buller kicked him at the post prior to the
start of the Winter Oats.

Claverhouse ran two good races at the
meeting, but was just piped off in each.

Apprentices were in short supply at the
meeting, and several horses had to be
scratched in the Disposal Stakes on this
account.

Jock and Kentucky Wood each carried
No 8 saddlecloth, and each paid the best
dividend of the day.

Tom Tilson, the oldest man at the
game in Southland, had a great reception
when he returned to scale after winning
the mile trot on Kentucky Wood. He paid
a dividend of better than £30, and a few
years ago headed £50 in the same race
with Ivan C.

A lot of hot favourites went down on
Wednesday, but punters got even the
next day when The Boss, Silver Peak,
Tin Soldier, and Primum were first fa-
vourites and won.

See anything in this sequence of fig-
ures?

12 2 2 1 8 12 7 5
12 2 2 3 2 4 8 12

I don't, but they are the numbers of the
sixteen winners hoisted by Mr Macartney.
"Billy" North, who was injured at the
Clifden meeting, is about again, but still
stiff and sore.

Private watches made Peterville's time
in the open harness trot on the opening
day 4min 4sec.

Robert Bell is a light of another day.
Mr Norman's starting on Wednesday
and Thursday was good, but still too
"snappy."

Sunlit is suffering from too much rac-
ing.

They do things properly out west. One
of the Western District papers published
the dividends in connection with the re-
cent Clifden meeting.

The Clifden meeting will show a small
profit, thanks to a careful Secretary and
a good subscription list.

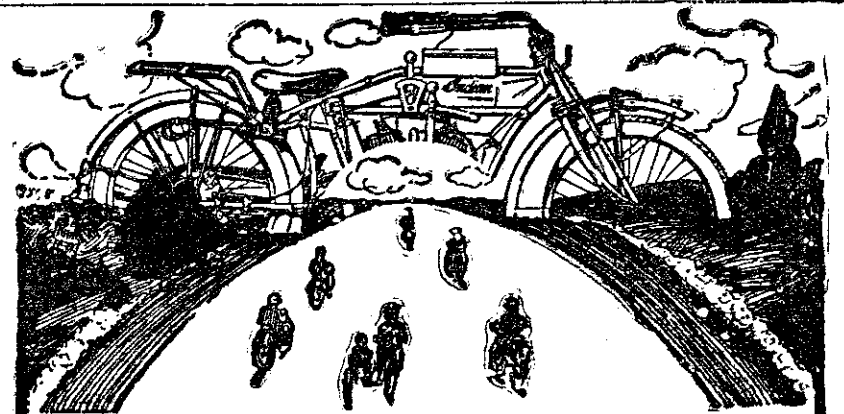
ROD AND GUN.

Several local anglers had rather good
luck last week cricket fishing on the Ota-
piri. One angler for four hours' fishing
bagged twenty-six fish. Another keen
sport fishing a day and a half grassed fifty.

Although climatic conditions were far
from favourable on Tuesday last, the
storm was local there being practically
no rain at Winton. Three "sports" set
out on a fishing stunt and although dubi-
ous as to the weather conditions at the
selected spot were somewhat surprised to
find the day beautifully fine although a
little cold, the fish were not on the go
too well but there exertions were reward-
ed by the bagging of some twenty odd
fish, whilst another "fly expert" bagged
thirty for two hours fishing.

Shooting news is very meagre at pre-
sent practically only "bunny" shooting
being indulged in.

Deer stalkers are away on their excurs-
ions and it will be some weeks probably
before any results are to hand.



'All Roads are like this to the'

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THE PARSON'S PRAYER.

"[Shooting parties in Bathurst spend
their Sundays in hunting foxes for the
value of their skins.]"

Dear Brethren,—Do you ever think
What Sunday means to us
In clothes, hats, boots, and food and
drink,
And fares, in train and bus?
Ah, no! Or you would never play
And sport upon the Sabbath Day!

Friends, you forget, as you proceed
To take your game-bags down,
That there are clergymen in need
Wherever there's a town.
You load their homes with clamant guns.
Each time you load your sporting guns.

It is, no doubt, a gracious thing
To chase the flying fox,
And plug him deftly on the wing
(Forgive the paradox!);
But, friends—does this occur to you?
It means we clerics perish too.

You skin your prey and sell his hide:
We, by the profiteer,
Are skinned from morn till eventide.
This fact is therefore clear:
If you persist in hunting, we
Insolvents one and all must be.

So leave the foxes in their holes
Chase Beelzebub instead
With words of scorn, like blazing coals.
No skulking quadruped
Were half so pleasing to pursue
As Satan and his noisome crew.

—Ebenezer Hunk ("Bulletin").

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