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No. 3.

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STEADFAST FRITZ.

The leopard cannot change his spots,
The eagle live on milk,
The whale inhabit corner lots,
The sow's ear turn to silk;
And now we're not surprised to hear
That pigs cannot grow wings,
That still Fritz holds devout and dear
The boot-toes of his kings.

Good Germans still believe to-day
That monarchs are divine,
And freedom is, to such as they,
As pearls cast down to swine;
Fritz loves to wallow in the mud,
In deep, delicious dread,
While some high scoundrel, gorged with
blood,
Tramps hard upon his head.

His tasks are simple as can be;
Rye bread, both hard and black,
A pot of beer—and yearneth he
To feel upon his back
Perched, as upon those foreign strands
With Simbad lorn did trek,
An incubus, with two fierce hands
Gripped tight about his neck.

"Give us this day our daily Bread!"
The voice of freedom sings,
But Fritz, with sackcloth on his head,
Prays, "Gott, return our kings!"
He fain would hear the whip-stroke sing,
And cower at the approach
Of his wild homicidal king:
You cannot change the Boche.

TEA AND WELTPOLITIK.

The "Daily Express" has published a
detailed statement showing that Presi-
dent Wilson's wife is really master of
the situation. She has conducted all
State affairs lately over the tea table,
and has displayed remarkable ability.

Another little cup of tea!
Yes, pet, two lumps for me:
And the Adriatic menace
From Fiume unto Venice
Will be settled just as easy as can be.

Another little cup of tea!
It's strange how rapidly
You can clear the situation
Of the bankrupt German nation
O'er a cpsy little quiet cup of tea.

Another little cup of tea!
Yes, dear, it's plain to see
That world-politics is not
Very hard, if you have got a
Teapot full of orange-tipped bohea.

Another little cup of tea!
And Lodge will seem to me
The filmsiest old illusion;
Let us drink to his confusion
In another little cup of China tea.

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1 Mosgiel Overcoat	5	15	0
1 Pair All-wool Underpants	8	6	
1 All-wool Singlet	8	6	
1 Pair English Cashmere Half- Hose	4	6	
1 Collar, any style, 1/6; 1 Tie, 3/11	5	5	
1 Pair President Braces	5	6	
1 Nice Striped Shirt	11	6	
3 Handkerchiefs	2	3	
1 Pair Solid Leather Boots	1	16	0
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DERWEAR, SOFT COL-
LARS, TIES, SHIRTS, Etc.****McNEIL & CLARK'S**
SUITS TO MEASURE

THE PROFITEER.

Since the law does not recognise conventional distinctions of class or rank, one does not need to be directly engaged in business to be a "profiteer," and some of those people who have lately sold their homes at the present "boom" prices are wondering whether the Board of Trade is likely to take a critical interest in such transactions. A correspondent of a Wellington newspaper, discussing the profits to be made by speculating in options on dwelling houses, quotes a boasting statement made by one acute gentleman that, having started with a capital of £600, he has been making £80 a week by buying and selling on the rising market. The Prime Minister was asked the other day whether house property comes within the jurisdiction of the Board of Trade, but Mr Massey thinks "that is a question not to be answered off-hand." But the man who has just cleared £500 by the sale of a house on which he had paid, perhaps, £200 six months ago, will argue to his own satisfaction that there is no parallel between his deal and the "outrageous profiteering" at which he protests every time a tradesman's bill is delivered at his doors.

A REAL "SCREAM."

**THE HOUSE
THAT HUGGINS BUILT.**

Nobody really knew why Huggins started in the building line. He is a bank clerk by profession. The fact is, Mrs Huggins wanted to move—she didn't like the villa they were renting. Hug tried all he knew to persuade her out of it.

Mrs Huggins took no notice; you know what women are. So after Hug had swatted round in the evenings Saturday afternoons, and Sundays, without finding even so much as a smell of an empty house, Podsnap came along with a brilliant idea.

Podsnap is a friend of Bert Huggins. "Why not build your own house, Hug?" he said.

Mrs Huggins jumped at the idea and clapped her hands.

"Bert, you must!" she said. "I should love that. We could have it all to our own plan. In all the wretched houses one rents you have to have the drawing-room just where you find it, and the kitchen is never nice. Now, if we planned our own house—"

Huggins was not really averse to the idea.

"Well, perhaps if I found a suitable plot—"

"Plot, old man? There are plots to burn!" said Podsnap. "If it's only a plot that stops you, that's easy. What's the matter with that bit of ground adjoining your own villa here? It's for sale. I don't suppose Mrs Huggins minds so much where she lives—it's having the kind of house that suits her."

"Mr. Podsnap's right, Bert," said Mrs Hug. "I don't dislike this neighbourhood at all; it's the wretched, poky little house we're living in that I hate. Now, a house of our own planning—"

So Hug bought the plot and looked round for a builder.

"Why not build it yourself, old man?"

Podsnap said. "There's no art about building—it's simply putting one brick on top of another. You can buy the stuff first hand, save the middleman's profits, and run it up in your spare time. Living next door gives you an advantage. When you have an hour to spare you can hop into your plot, smack a bit extra on the wash-house wall, and every day you'll see your new house growing and expanding."

Huggins started on his new house with a will. He and Mrs Huggins planned it out together, with the help of Podsnap. There were to be six bedrooms, a dining-room and drawing-room, kitchen, and the usual arrangements. Mrs Huggins was to have a boudoir of her own, and Hug himself was to have a study.

"What about our own ballroom?" said Mrs Huggins.

"And a billiard-room, old man?" said Podsnap.

"Go on!" said Hug. "How many more rooms do you want? I'm not out to be building this house until I've got whiskers down to my feet. My plot is the site for a villa, not an hotel."

"You can smack the extra rooms on top," said Podsnap, "and run a lift up. The air's free; it doesn't matter how high you go."

Hug's private opinion afterwards was that if he had smacked Podsnap on the top things might have gone better.

After about six strenuous weeks of work, Huggins' new villa began to get into shape.

Mrs Huggins used to footle round with a little silver-plated trowel she'd got for a wedding present, and imagine that she was building the house herself. Her husband didn't mind, but he wished she had stopped at that.

"Oh," she said one afternoon, "how silly of us, Bert! We've got the drawing-room facing north. We can't have it there, Bert I'm sorry!"

Bert said he was sorry too. Where would she like it? Should he arrange to put it on the roof, or down in the basement next to the coal-cellar? Would she prefer it if he made it portable, so that she could have it in the back bedroom, or take it into the next field, as her wayward fancy dictated?

"Now you're trying to be funny," said Mrs Huggins.

So Hug switched the drawing-room off the north side and had it rebuilt in the rear. The night after they got the walls up, there was a heavy thunderstorm which unsettled the foundations, and when Hug

came down in the morning, you couldn't tell which was the drawing-room and which was the wash-house.

Podsnap came round to look at the ruin. He was unmoved.

"It's just as well in a way, old man," he said.

"I'm glad you think so!" said Huggins heatedly.

"Why, you see," said Podsnap, "I got an afterthought about this house of yours. It occurred to me that if you laid rails underneath, and put the foundation on wheels, with a crank at the side, you could work it round, and get the sun on any room you liked. And it would have the advantage of being a novelty."

"So it would!" grinned Huggins. "Or I could build it in the shape of a ball, and roll it down the hill into the middle of the market-place when the fancy took me. It would be handy for the shops. Or fix some motors to it, and put a couple of planes at the sides, so that we could fly away and spend our week-ends at the seaside. You haven't any other ideas, have you, Poddy?"

Podsnap said if Huggins was going to get ratty about it he would leave him to build the blessed thing himself. Which was all that Huggins asked. He said if Podsnap would only keep away, and not keep coming round with his one-horse notions, he would have the house up and finished within a month.

I was then that Huggins started in, hammer and tongs. He used to get up in the mornings and do a bit before he went to the bank, and a bit more when he got home in the evenings. He kept his scratch building staff at it quite late sometimes, working by candle-light.

"I should like," Mrs Hug said, "a small room built in next to the hall, for the bicycle and things like that."

"Certainly, my dear," said Hug. "It shall be done."

"And I want the corners of the rooms to be made round so that they won't gather up the dust, Bert."

"Exactly, my love," said Bert. "We'll do that."

"And if you can manage it, I should like the cellars above the ground somewhere. They don't get any light when they're underneath and as a rule they're very damp and smelly. Can you do that?"

"Easy," said Hug. "I can swop the cellar arrangements with the attics, and change 'em about, so to speak. Attics are always a bit draughty up top, and the roof won't get so wet in the winter if it's kept underground."

Now and again Hug would go into the woodshed down the garden and work off his dander by punching that bag of sawdust he keeps there. As he says, when you get riled, you've got to hit somebody or something. And better a bag of sawdust than Mrs Hug.

Of course, a few other people had a say in Hug's new house. There was Mrs Huggins' mother. She suggested having a porch at the front door, so that roses could be trained over it.

"I love a porch with roses climbing over it," she said.

In Hug's idea this was a very good reason for not putting a porch within fifty-nine miles of the new house, but Mrs Huggins' mother was a proposition that couldn't quite be ruled out.

Naturally, it cost a good deal. Bricks are not cheap these days, and handy men don't work for nothing. But, as Hug said, you might as well spend your money one way as another.

Hug didn't get the house up in a month as he'd expected. The handy men took too many risks in their enthusiasm. One smashed his thumb with a hammer and had to take a fortnight off to get it into working order again. Another one fell off a ladder on to Hug, and the pair of them were laid up for a month as a result.

When work was resumed, the third man who had been smoking his pipe at full wages in the interval, discovered that the other two were not in the union, and he went on strike.

Little drawbacks like these might discourage some men, but Hug wasn't of that brand. When he starts out to do a thing, he does it. He got that house finished eventually. It was not what you would call beautiful. Some of the

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windows were a bit out of the straight, and the building itself hung over towards the left. However, Hug had a precedent for that. As he said, there's the Leaning Tower of Pisa, that stood up in a lopsided position for a few hundred years, and anyone can build a house that stands up straight.

"Anyway, if it does fall," he said, "it'll come down slap on the dog-kennel next door, which is an advantage. It'll stop that infernal brute from howling all night!"

Hug was so pleased with the job that he had his new house photographed, and sent the picture to the local paper.

They printed it in the next number, and offered a prize to the reader who could tell them what it was meant to be. The medical editor said that Bert Huggins was evidently afflicted with bad dreams, and advised him to see a specialist about it.

"That's just dirty jealousy," said Bert to Mrs Huggins. "It ain't every man who can build his own house. So long as you like it, Amelia, that's all that matters to us."

Mrs Huggins wasn't any too sure.

"There's a much nicer plot I've seen over by the cemetery, Bert," she said. "I suppose you couldn't shift it over there?"

Mr Huggins choked down his gratitude.

"By all means, my love," he said. "It's only a question of taking it to pieces and putting it up again. We'll have it right in the cemetery if you like. Better look over it first, and see if you'd like the drawing-room put anywhere else."

Mrs Hug found a few slight inconveniences when she came to survey the new house in its entirety. In his hurry Hug had forgotten to include any water pipes. He'd missed putting a fireplace in the kitchen, and there was no window in the dining-room.

"All the better," said Hug; "we shan't have a lot of people gaping at us every time we sit down to a meal."

And then, in that inconsiderate way, the women have, Mrs Huggins said she didn't like it, and would sooner stay where she was.

"Besides, Bert," she said, "if we go out of this house somebody else will come into it. We may have nasty neighbours. I say, what a lot of people there are outside! Is anything the matter?"

The matter was only the house that Bert had built. Some of the local paper readers had come round to view it, with the object of winning the prize that the editor had offered.

"Here he is!" grinned a man, when Bert appeared. "That's the chap! What's it meant to be, gov'nor? A menagerie?"

"It's a Chinese pagoda, ain't it, mister." Give us the tip!"

Bert retired indoors and left them to their vulgar curiosity. Then Podsnap came round, and Hug was afraid the convulsions he had would bring on a fit. He hung on to the fence and laughed until the tears came into his eyes. He walked round the house and acted like a maniac. His amusement was so terrific that he had to sit down every few minutes to get over it.

"Hug, old man," he said at last, drying his eyes, "I'm sorry for you. You meant well, but you've made a fearful howler of it. Push it over and I'll show you how to build it properly."

Huggins was just trying to decide whether he should throw Podsnap into

the street or throttle him on the spot, when his wily friend retired behind the front fence and grinned over it.

"Don't be downhearted, Hug," he said. "I know a chap who's come home from the war and has a cheap bomb to sell. You can put it in the cellar and set light to it. The bricks will come in useful to build a rockery in the garden."

Huggins took no notice of this nasty insinuation. He just drew up an imposing advertisement and put it in the newspaper.

"Attractive residence to be let or sold. Delightful situation. Suit newly-married couple.—Apply Huggins, Ivy Villa, Dugboro."

There was a rush of applicants as soon as the advertisement came out. But, somehow or other, they didn't seem anxious to take Hug's new house. The modest ones said it was too big, or too small, or the aspect didn't suit them. Others just looked at it and left.

Once cantankerous person ignored the building altogether, and kept asking Bert where the residence he'd advertised was. When it was pointed out, he took Mrs Huggins aside and tapped his brow.

"I should advise you, madam," he said, "to have your husband put in a safe place somewhere before he gets any worse."

Hug was beginning to look a bit blue about the gills, when a benevolent old gentleman came on the scene. He was bursting with generosity and kindness, and when Hug showed him the new residence he smacked his hands together with pleasure.

"Ah," he said, "that's something like a house!"

"It is something like one," Hug said, not being quite sure now whether he ought to say more. "Come and see the inside."

The old gentleman viewed the inside. Houses were scarce, and he had come down determined to like this one. He approved of Hug's house, as people do approve when they're not going to live in a place themselves. He thought it quite charming.

"I'll let you into a secret," he said, chuckling as he gave Hug a playful dig in the ribs. "My daughter is getting married, and I want to give her this house as a wedding present. It's to be a surprise for the young couple. I think it will, don't you?"

Hug was confident that it would be a great surprise.

"Now, how much would you sell it for?" asked the old gentleman. "My name is Josiah Snoodle, and I'm willing to pay cash down."

Hug thought it seemed almost a shame to take the money, but the old gentleman wanted to buy. It had cost Bert five hundred to build, but he was willing to make a sacrifice and take four hundred.

"And cheap, too," said Snoodle; "they'd say so if they knew."

Bert was sure they would. He took the old gentleman into the parlour and settled all preliminaries. And when Josiah Snoodle went away, Huggins had a cheque for four hundred pounds in his pocket, which was duly honoured three days later.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Bert Huggins could lean over the front fence in the evenings now and smile. He was smiling there one evening when Podsnap came along. Podsnap was smiling too, even more so than Hug.

"Huggy, old boy," he said, "I must tell you I've had the most magnificent

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CANDIES.

ALSO SPLENDID SELECTION

OF

FANCY BOXES CHOCOLATES

IN STOCK.

MUSINGS OF A MODERN CYNIC.

Nowadays one can't live because of the Income Tax, and daren't die because of the death duties.

Cynicism is merely the art of seeing things as they are, instead of as they ought to be.

It is easier to preach than to practice. That's why so many people go on preaching.

No man envies a dead one until he marries his widow.

Some people are so honest that they won't even take a hint.

Women cannot suffer in silence, it takes all the pleasure out of it.

There are two ways in which a woman loses her lover. One is by marrying him; the other by retaining him as a friend.

Passing Notes

BY JACQUES.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can.—Pope.

What is the matter with our Town Council nowadays? It seems to have donned the dull robe of respectability, thereby robbing us of much fun. What promised to be a fine healthy breeze the other night fell away to a most disappointing little zephyr. Tramway matters were under discussion when a suggestion from Cr Miller drew from Cr Martin the tactless and childish taunt that if he (Cr Miller) knew so much it was a pity he did not have the Tramway Engineer's billet. We held our breaths for a moment, expecting ructions, but Cr Miller contented himself with the retort that "Cr Martin was very rude." It was disappointingly flat, and recalled, by very contrast, the good old days when the council chairs were occupied by —, and —, and —, and — (your memory will supply the names). They were mighty men of war in those days, and such a taunt would have been the signal for "wigs on the green," and a little gleam of brightness would have crossed our chronic gloom. But no matter. Cr Miller will bide his time. He is a vet., and may yet be called in to attend Cr Martin. And then —!

Speaking of the Council! I see that they intend adding to the number of our tramcars, in order, presumably, that the regulations against overcrowding may not feel hurt. Apart from the folly of buying, as is proposed, in the American market, where the rate of exchange is so much against us as to make us feel ill, what is the matter with motor busses. Half-a-dozen of these would supplement our present tram service, relieving congestion at busy times. They could be diverted during slack hours, to parts of the town that just now get no benefit from the trams. They could be used, with considerable profit to the town, in taking passengers to the racecourse, Riverton Beach, and other places of amusement and recreation, which are, for the most part, at present almost inaccessible. And think of the possibilities of a regular and cheap service to the "depots" and Wallacestown. Why, our rates would fall to nothing.

The average missionary is never so happy as when he has something to be miserable about. Even when trouble is sleeping, he prods and pokes it, until, at last, it stirs—and he gets a little of what is owing to him. Then he squeals for help, and our gunboats are sent to extricate him from his mess, and, often, better lives than his own are wasted in the process.

The Boxer rising is still fresh in memory, and now he is "at it again"—this time in Korea, where he is deploring the raggedness of Japanese morals, and painting lucid pictures of vice commercialised under the Jap. regime. The Japs naturally resent this missionary meddling, and angry words are flying about, and worse things are easily possible. When will these missionaries get sense? We all know that the Japanese are not, by any means, a moral people—no more so, in fact, than ourselves—but, like ourselves again, they do not like to be told so. So the action of the missionaries in Korea is about as wise, and as well calculated to promote "peace on earth," as singing "The Boyne Water" to the Hibernian Band on St. Patrick's day would be. Besides, the Japs know something about us now. They have seen London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago, and hundreds of other "Caucasian" cities, and their knowledge will make the missionary's hypocritical assumption of superior morality the more irritating to them, so that they will probably end by kicking the aforesaid missionary, bag and baggage (out of Korea. Then we shall again have the usual diplomatic trouble, possibly worse.

Speaking of the missionary. Some time ago the "Literary Guide" published an article on him from the pen of one who claimed to have exceptional opportunities of observing the working of the missionary system. The writer declared that the moral and spiritual and other activities of the average missionary were frequently most mischievous. His blunt conclusion was that the missionary was superfluous; that he was nowhere wanted, either by his fellow Europeans or by the heathen themselves. For my own part, however, I cannot unreservedly subscribe to that con-

clusion. There are times and occasions when the missionary may prove very useful and, as the papers say, "fill a long felt want." For example:—

GRACE AND MEAT.

Elijah Bung, they tell us, A servant of the Kirk, Was particularly zealous In his missionising work. He crossed the briny sea, then, To a distant tropic place, And to the dusk heathen Spoke pleasant words of grace. The heathen gathered round him, And knocked him on the head; In the oven nicely browned him, And sumptuously fed. With abdomens distended, And smiles serene and sweet, They said, "The grace was splendid, But we much preferred his meat."

Hospitality and loyalty, like all other virtues, may be carried to extremes. It looks as though the good people of Napier were bent on killing our princely visitor with kindness, as it were. The Hawke's Bay club have directed a Dannevirke pork-butcher to kill and cure the best bacon big procurable "for the Princes' consumption in Napier." This is a pretty tall order, considering that his stay in Napier is limited to a few hours, and a good sized baconer is really more than a fair feed for even a nigger navy. Napier friends evidently regard the coming visitor, not so much as the Prince of Wales, as a whale of a prince. It may be that they want to see what he really can do in the way of eating. Perhaps some of our sports hope that he will succeed in breaking the record of Albinus, the Roman, who, we are told, breakfasted lightly on 500 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 20 bunches of grapes, 100 small birds and 400 oysters. On the other hand, it—but surely no one in Hawke's Bay would be so base as to intend a practical joke on our beloved Prince. It has been claimed you know, that our Royal Family is descended from King David.

TWELVE MILES INTO THE EARTH.

SIR CHARLES PARSON'S SCHEME.

Sir Charles Parsons, lecturing at the Royal Institution, referred to his proposal for sinking a bore hole 12 miles deep into the earth. He said that the cost of boring the hole would not be so very great.

The deepest single-stage shaft on the Rand is the Hercules, 4500ft deep vertically and rectangular in section. The deepest shaft in the world is the Morro Velho in Brazil; its bottom is 6400ft vertically below the surface, and it has been sunk, and is worked, in stages, two of which are about 1200ft vertical. The deepest shaft designed on the Rand is one of the City Deep Company's 7000ft vertically, of circular section, 20ft in diameter, and to be worked in two stages of 3500ft each.

In countries where the atmosphere is dry the sides of the shaft are cooled by sprinkling them with water, the evaporation of which cooled the rock. This effect might be augmented by artificially drying and cooling the air before passing it down the mine. With still greater depths of shaft further methods of cooling would probably be necessary. The heat might be carried upwards by means of brine circulated in a closed ring of steel pipes with a rising and descending column, or a simpler method would be to arrange for a rain of liquid air down the shaft. When sinking the deeper portions of the shaft, probably shields would be required to protect the miners from the splintering of the rock, since the intense compressive stress splits off scales from the surface, sometimes with considerable violence.

When Sir Charles Parsons first brought forward his suggestion in 1904, the estimate of the time required to sink a shaft twelve miles deep was eighty years; but with improved machinery and methods the records have been so much lowered that he now thinks an estimate of thirty years reasonable. At the Crown Mines, 310ft of a circular shaft 20ft in diameter, were sunk in a month.

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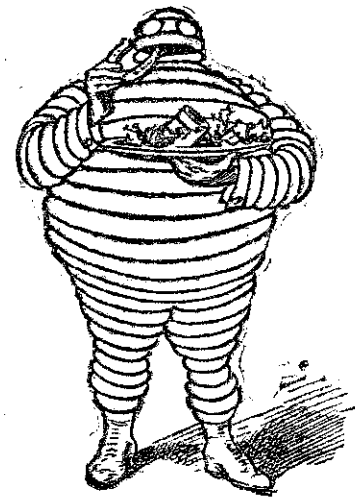
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The Nature Column.

(BY "STUDENT.")

"Student" will be pleased to receive notes on any branch of Natural History. Observations on birds, insects, plants, etc., will be equally welcome. If using a pen-name, will correspondents please enclose real name and address.)

NATURE ROUND LAKE MONOWAI

(Continued.)

At the north-western end, or head of the lake, the Delta Burn flows in. This is the largest feeder the lake is supplied with but the course of the stream is not definitely known. The usual maps of the lake appear to omit a sharp curve or hook at the end of it and it is evident that the country round this point is practically unexplored. The many almost sheer bluffs near the lake edge prohibit traffic at a low altitude but by ascending 4000 or 5000 feet a practicable route seems to be available. The real work would commence when the course turned south-eastward, bending down into the dense bush which clothes the tangled and up-on-end block between the Green Lake and Monowai. This little piece of country between the two lakes is well worth the attention of a geologist. It has the appearance of a gigantic moraine, yet it can hardly be so or the Green Lake would surely find a way through it into the Monowai. The former lake is 1500 or 1600 feet above the latter and the distance between the two is only about two miles, yet the Green Lake empties its water into the Manupouri some twenty miles away!

The Monowai Lake is not a favourite haunt of waterfowl. Ducks are by no means numerous, nor is it to be expected that they would be so, for what suits them best is an expanse of shallow water with low marshy shores just the reverse of the Monowai. In the upper waters of the lake an occasional crested grebe may be seen; a strange solitary bird, not very wild or shy, but wary, and entirely opposed to any close acquaintance. While you are in sight he watches you keenly, not feeding or busying himself with his toilet, as other birds may do, but just floating on the water imperturbably, uttering from time to time a hoarse croak, presumably of disapproval. An odd pair or two of black-backed gulls also frequent the lake. Probably they nest on some bit of shingle somewhere, for the gull breeds in all sorts of places. There is, or was until recently, a nesting place among the scrub or tussock on Seaward Moss. Hundreds of them built in company there at one time. Again, you may find nesting colonies at various points on the coast between Bluecliff and Preservation. But in addition to these colonies single nests may often be found, nests miles away from any other and built, sometimes on a bare mountain peak, and at other times in a gravelly river-bed. These variations in habit are most interesting for it may be from such that new species are in some instances formed. Different ways of life may lead to adaptation to those ways, and the isolation which different habits must entail cannot fail to foster any peculiarity of form or structure which may favour the possessors of such habits.

After getting round the head of the lake there comes the climb on to the Hunter Mountains. This will be best achieved at the saddle between Mounts Cuthbert and Glenghearn. From this saddle a fine view of the Green Lake is obtained. That is, if there is no fog about. And fog there is, at least six times out of ten. But if the rambler's luck holds good and the day is clear he will see one of the prettiest of all our small lakes. The scene will probably remind him of some parts of Stewart Island; there is just the same pleasing effect of bush-clad hill and bay. The Monowai is not a particularly beautiful piece of water—its unbroken line of steep forest-covered shore is somewhat monotonous—but the Green Lake, and its unnamed smaller sister lying to the north, are well worth a visit from a scenic point of view alone.

Almost due west from the saddle lies the fine mountain of Glenghearn. It is a very interesting peak to explore, formed like a huge crescent with lakelet or tarn lying between the horns. The eastern half of the crescent, for about half a mile, is known as the staircase, or, to give it the full title, the Devil's Staircase. The name is significant, it is a narrow ridge topped with great masses of broken rock; pretty steep climbing, but not in any way dangerous, except at one point where care is necessary, the track being narrowed to a matter of inches and everlasting smash waiting on either side some thousand feet below. But there is good footing and handhold and only absolute recklessness could result in disaster.

THE HOUSE THAT HUGGINS BUILT.

(Continued from Page Two.)

bit of luck, I'm going to get married!" "That will be a bit of luck for you, Poddy," Hug said. "I didn't think there was a girl in Dugboro' to take the risk."

"All right, Hug," grinned Podsnap, "I can afford to take a joke. The main trouble old boy, was getting a house to live in. You know the difficulty, don't you?" And he gave Hug a playful dig. "Well, her old father has turned up trumps. He sprung it on us last night. He has bought a house to give us as a wedding present!"

And Podsnap guffawed like the fatuous ass he is.

"Where is the house, Poddy?" asked Hug.

"We don't know yet, old son. That's half the fun."

"All the fun, perhaps," said Hug. "And the lady's name?"

"It's a pretty one, Huggy: Arabella Snoodle!"

And then Hug laughed. His smile spread until it reached round behind his ears. He caught hold of the acacia tree to steady himself and let out melodious gurgles of mirth. He opened his jaws and roared until the echoes ricocheted over the Dugboro' hills.

"Funny, ain't it?" grinned Podsnap. "Sorry I can't stop."

Hug didn't want him to stop. He was quite content to wait until Podsnap moved in. But Pod was a wily bird, and he wasn't going to let Huggins have the laugh of him if he could help it. You can guess that he gnashed his teeth some when he found what villa it was that old Snoodle had bought for him and his blushing bride. But he took the rise out of Hug by moving in during the night, when the family next door were comfortably tucked up in bed.

Hug grinned over the fence at Podsnap next morning.

"Nice little show, ain't it?" he said. "Sorry I forgot to put a window in the dining-room, old man. My mistake. How do you like going to the village pump for water?"

Podsnap grinned in response; he had thought it all out.

"Matter of fact, Huggy, old boy, finest thing that could have happened. Running along to the pump gives me a bit of exercise. Just what I want! Suits me down to the ground. And what's more, the missis is delighted with the place, Fact."

Of course, Podsnap was putting the best face he could on the matter, but judging by the number of times Mrs Pod came into the garden with her hair out of curl, and the language she used to her beloved when she was inside, things weren't so rosy.

Pod was so fed up with it after a couple of months that Huggins began to get nervous about his sanity. It was about that time that a sleek-looking stranger came along and began to linger. He leaned over the front fence and watched Pod sowing seeds for a bit.

"Nice house of yours, mister? Bit out of the common."

"It is," said Pod; "a bit too much out of the common for me."

"I'm looking for one like it, said the stranger. "How much?"

Podsnap thought a reasonable figure to ask would be ninepence, but, assuming that the stranger might be a mug of the Snoodle brand, he said he would sell it for a thousand pounds.

"Too high, pard," said the other; "but it takes my fancy some."

That was good enough for Podsnap to invite him inside. When the stranger actually offered to buy the house for seven hundred pounds, Podsnap nearly had a fit. Of course, he guessed it was all a bluff, with Huggins somewhere behind it.

It wasn't, though! The sleek person called on the next day with the money in bank-notes, and Podsnap signed the transfer in a dream. The Dugboro' bank pronounced the notes good, and the Podsnaps hustled their furniture out in high glee, and went to live in clover at the "Red Dog Hotel" in the High Road.

"Seven hundred, Hug! Don't you wish you'd kept it, old man?"

Podsnap laughed until the ornaments on the shelves rattled.

Huggins said that the sleek stranger's keeper would come along in a day or two, and Pod would have to disgorge his ill-gotten gains.

That didn't happen. What did happen was the arrival of a couple of house-breakers, who started, under the direction of the new owner, to reduce the house to a heap of ruins. Podsnap and Huggins watched from a safe shelter and looked at each other at intervals. Guesser goes on, wasn't it? Fancy a man paying seven hundred pounds for a house and then pulling it to bits!

"We'll have that chap's keeper here in

a day or two," said Hug. "He's mad. Unless, old man, he's going to rebuild it to suit his own fancy. Maybe he wants it with the sun on the other side."

That wasn't the reason either. A contractor came and carted away most of the debris, leaving Hug's old plot fairly clear.

Of course, the mystery made Huggins and Podsnap close friends. It was only a mystery that could have made them close friends now, all things considered. Pod used to come round to Hug's house and sit up late talking it over, and wondering what the game was.

They found out one night. It was about one o'clock in the morning, to be correct. They'd just emptied the flowing bowl and were exchanging affectionate farewells when a motor van drove up. Hug took a peep from the side window and beckoned his friend. It was a bright moonlight night, and there was Hug's neighbour, with a few friends, and they had pickaxes and spades; and they were digging under the foundations of Hug's plot for all they were worth.

"They're starting the Channel Tunnel, old man," said Pod.

"Digging for water, perhaps," said Hug.

They were both wrong. After an hour of it Hug's neighbour hauled out a bag and emptied it. Hug and Pod held on to one another and gasped. The bag was full of silver plate. Up came more bags out of the soil, and they disgorged jewellery and watches. More bags, full of curios and priceless ornaments!

"Hidden treasure!" gasped Hug. "Oh, Pod!"

"And I sold it for seven hundred! I gave it away."

Huggins and his friend had to hold on to one another for fear of collapsing at the sight of so much wealth. By the time they were able to go, Hug's neighbour had toolted off with the whole lot of it in the motor van.

It was a week later that ex-Inspector Grippal looked into say how-do, and heard the news. His hair stood on end.

"Sleek looking chap, with a sharp nose, was he?"

"The same!" said Pod and Hug together.

"It was Flash Fred!" said Grippal.

"Just been released after doing a three years' stretch for burglary. He'd buried the swag there, you can bet, and, as soon as he was out, he came back for it. Well, if that ain't hard luck! Wish I'd known about it a bit sooner."

So did Huggins, on his own account, and Podsnap, too, privately.

As Huggins says, in the intervals between kicking himself, if he'd only have made the foundations of that house of his a bit deeper, he might have been a rich man by now.

(The End.)

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John Millbank, a struggling barrister, fighting hard to make a position for himself.

Just when success comes to him his wife dies, leaving him with an infant son named Jack. The blow shakes him, but does not turn him from his path, and makes him more determined to fight his way to the front.

He decides that his son shall follow his profession and ultimately enter Parliament, but Jack refuses.

In a fit of ungovernable rage at his son's disobedience, John Millbank strikes him across the face with a whip.

That night Jack secretly leaves his father's house.

Several years roll by and John Millbank is now Sir John, the great criminal judge.

In his loneliness, he adopts a friendless child, named Kitty, who is now eighteen years of age.

Sir John tells her that it is his wish that she should marry Lord Haverham, but the girl explains that she is in love with an Australian soldier, Dick Foster.

Sir John is angry, and forbids her to see her lover again.

That night Kitty writes to Dick, asking him to meet her in the Blue Room at Rivercourt, where they are staying as the guests of Lord Haverham.

Just before the appointed hour Lord Haverham goes to the Blue Room to write some letters, and, unbeknown to the guests, Sir John visits him there. An altercation arises between the two men, which results in the accidental death of Lord Haverham.

All unwittingly, Dick Foster arrives in the Blue Room, where the body is still lying, and is caught and accused of murder.

He is tried before Sir Justice Millbank, and the jury return the verdict of "Guilty."

Just as the judge is passing the death sentence, he recognises the prisoner as his own son Jack.

After a few days an official announcement is made that the death sentence has been revoked, and the prisoner will be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

Mr Jacob Jole, a shady and unscrupulous character, conducts the defence of the Australian soldier.

Sir Justice Millbank interviews the prisoner, under escort of the warders, at his private residence, and tells him he will have to serve at least three years imprisonment.

Just as Dick is leaving the house the light suddenly goes out. Both the warders make a grab at him and hustle him outside, when they discover, to their dismay that the man they are holding is not Dick Foster but George Peters, a footman.

FLIGHT—THE BREAKDOWN.

While George Peters, the second footman was being sternly questioned by the bewildered officials at the police-station, things were happening in the judge's house in Kensington Park Gardens.

When Dick Foster left his father's room with a warder striding in front of him, and another behind, he had no notion whatever of making any attempt to escape.

He was thinking of Kitty, and telling himself that, in all probability, he would never see her again.

And then, suddenly, as they were passing through the long, narrow ante-room, the lights went out, and he found himself in perfect darkness.

At the same moment a hand clutched him by the arm and dragged him sideways.

He was about to protest, when he felt a warm arm circle his neck, and a softer

hand than that which had just seized him close over his mouth.

"Don't speak or move!" The words were breathed into his ear, and a woman's hair brushed lightly against his cheek.

Amazed he held his breath and waited.

Quite near him he heard what sounded like a scuffle. Then a door opened and shut.

"Quick! This way!"

He recognised the voice now, and his heart gave a great jump.

"Kitty!" he gasped.

"Hush! Not a sound. But quick! Oh, do be quick!"

He was dragged headlong through the darkness, hearing only the swish of skirts at his side.

Then a door opened and he found himself in a lighted room.

Before he could recover from his surprise, his impetuous guide turned and flung herself, laughing and sobbing, in his arms.

"Oh, Dick! I've—I've got you!" was all she could say.

"But, Kitty, what—what does it mean?" exclaimed the young man, utterly bewildered.

"Where are the men? I'm a prisoner."

"No, you are free!" interrupted the girl, looking up into his face with glowing eyes. "I've rescued you."

"But how, dear?" asked Dick.

In a torrent of words the young lady explained.

"I planned it all, but Peters helped. We hid in the alcove, and when you were going by we put out the lights, and Peters changed places with you. But there's no time to waste. They'll soon find out. You must hide, and then get away."

Dick looked admiringly, and yet sadly, at the eager, pretty face.

"My darling," he said unsteadily, as his arms tightened about her slender, graceful form, "you are wonderful! And it is splendid to have these few minutes together. I thought I should never see you again. But in a little while we shall be separated, dear, and it will be for a long, long time. They are sending me to prison—for years. Oh, my darling! I know what I ought to say, but it is so hard to say it."

She gazed at him wonderingly.

"You want to tell me something?" she asked.

"Yes, dear; it is this," he said desperately. "You must not ruin your life for me. You must not wait for me. When I come out I shall be a broken gas-bird, and you will be a beautiful woman with all the world at your feet. Ah, dear! Don't you understand?"

She shook her head vigorously.

"No, I don't. You are not going to prison. And if you were, I would marry you just the same. Oh, please don't argue, Dick. Not now. There's no time. I've arranged everything. You've just got to do as I tell you."

She released herself from his embrace, darted to the door, opened it a few inches, and stood listening.

"It's all right!" she declared. "They've gone. The cab has driven away and they haven't found out yet. They won't now till they get to Brixham. That gives us splendid time."

Dick Foster, who was still in a state of mental confusion, stared stupidly around the dainty little boudoir, with all its pretty feminine fripperies, and wondered if, by any chance, he was dreaming.

With an effort, he pulled himself together, and stepping to the girl's side, held her firmly by the shoulders, and looked almost sternly into her animated face.

"Look here, Kitty," he said gravely. "What mad notion have you got into your head? You must tell me in plain words, and you must tell me now."

"Yes, Dick," said the girl meekly, "but you must agree to do as I tell you. When we are married I will obey you: but until then—Oh, Dick, we are wasting time! Go into that room and change. You'll find a suit of clothes on a chair. They belong to Monty, but they will fit you pretty well, I think."

"But, my dear girl, escape is utterly out of the question!" exclaimed the man. "Where could I go to? Where could I hide?"

"It's all settled," replied Kitty promptly.

"Ever heard of Clara Clarke?"

"The actress?"

Kitty nodded.

"She's a friend of mine. She's got a cottage at Wincorleigh, a little place on the Essex coast. That's where you're going to-night. Can you drive a car?"

"Yes."

"Good. There's one waiting in the mews at the back of the house."

"But—"

"Oh, please, dear, dear Dick, don't talk any more!" implored Kitty, and as she spoke she fairly pushed him through the doorway into the adjoining room.

On the threshold, however, he stood firm and detained her as she was about to leave him.

A new light was in his eyes. Was there, indeed, a chance of liberty? It seemed too wild a notion to be entertained for a moment, and yet something in Kitty's buoyant confident demeanour inspired him with a crazy hope.

At any rate, there would be a mad, furious drive along the country roads by night. That, at least, was worth while, and his heart leaped at the thought.

"Kitty," he said breathlessly, "I shall see you again."

"Rather! But don't keep me now. I've got to change, too."

"You?"

"Of course! I'm coming with you."

"Kitty!"

"To show you the way. It's all arranged. Be quick!"

She darted away and left him staring blankly after her.

In the room into which he had been so unceremoniously thrust he found a With an unpleasant feeling at the back of his mind that he was taking part in a rather ridiculous game he undressed and attired himself in Mr Frank Montague's best suit of tweeds.

When he returned again to the other room he found awaiting him there a rather scared-face maid.

"This way, sir," she said nervously. "Your hat and coat are in the car."

He followed her obediently along several passages, down stairs, and finally cut into the small garden at the back of the house.

The impression of unreality remained with him until he was out in the open air; but when the soft night breeze blew in his face a feeling of exhilaration seized him.

Suppose, after all, Kitty's mad plot succeeded.

Dick had been all through the war, and he had seen things in France that made him hesitate to say anything was impossible.

More than once he had seen an apparently hopeless situation retrieved by sheer audacity and blind, reckless courage.

The girl led him down the garden and into a dark stable. She pointed to a small open door on the other side, and then ran back into the house.

Dick passed through the door, and found himself in a very dimly-lighted mews.

A few feet away stood a big motor-car, unattended.

Dick examined it and found it to his liking. It was a pre-war model, but a good make, and seemed to be in perfect condition.

"All right?"

Dick, who was bending over the engine, looked up sharply.

A slim, dark-haired youth was standing by his side.

"Eh? Oh, yes, it's all right; but—"

"Then we had better be off. What do you think of my wig?"

"Kitty! Good heavens!"

Kitty laughed.

"I've got a disguise for you, too, in the car, but we won't bother about that now. Put on the goggles, and you'll be all right till we get out of London."

She moved out of the circle of light cast by the head lamp, and Dick stared

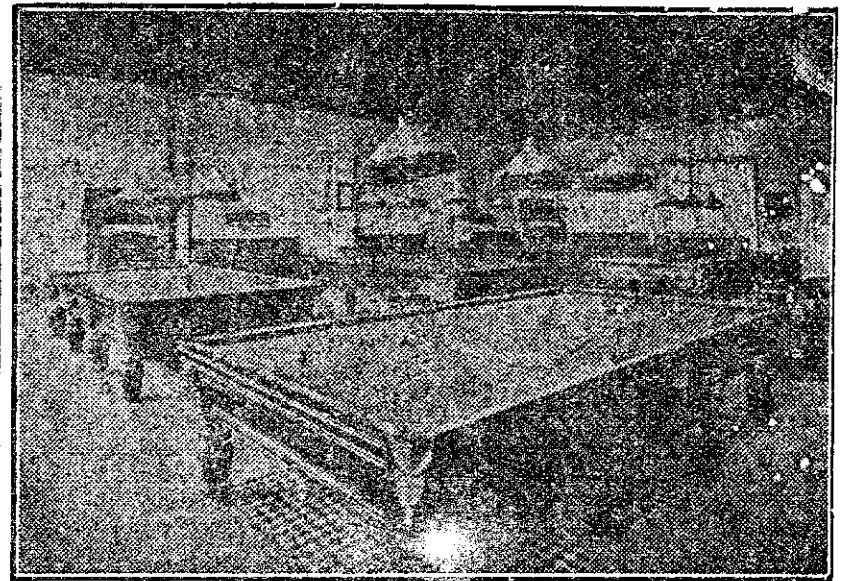
(Continued on Page 6.)

CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES

POTTING THE RED AND CANNONING, OR VICE-VERSA, IN ONE STROKE.

WHEN THE GAME IS NOT THE GAME.

Few mistakes are more common with a large number of players than playing a five shot, when the game is to pot the red only or cannon only. Players of this class appear to be carried away by the glamour of making a five shot which they have played for—in contrast to the many five shots which they get without playing for—and never stop for a moment to reflect that they can often just as easily score five in two strokes, and thereby retain position, which is generally lost by playing a five shot.

It will, of course, sometimes happen that the position is such that it is a much better game to play the five shot than the cannon or pot only. The balls may be so located that by playing the five shot the object white will be sent up the table to the vicinity of the spot, and position is almost sure to be left, generally a cannon; but when this is not easily on, the cue ball will often be found more or less well situated for an in-off from the white or the red into one of the top pockets, or it may be in good position for potting the red.

The white balls may come to rest as the result of a half-ball contact between them (on the left side of the white object-ball), and a possible location of the white balls after a nearly full contact. Of course, there are many other positions that could occur, according to which side of the object white is hit, and the degree of fulness of contact. The strength of the stroke is also a most important factor, as the white ball may simply be sent to the vicinity of the spot, or by a slightly stronger stroke it may be driven on to the top cushion, to again return to the neighbourhood of the spot, and so long as this happens, position is generally assured. In fact, the stroke could be played twenty times with the resultant position nearly always a good one, and yet no two of the positions would be the same.

Another position when it is the game to play a five shot, the white ball in this case being hit first. The red ball is right over the corner pocket, either on or very near the top angle. Were the red not right over the pocket, the game would be to play a slow cannon, just to reach the red and leave the pot for the next stroke, as better position could be got for the ensuing cross in-off by potting the red when close to it than potting it by means of the cannon. In the present instance, however, the red is so near the pocket that the cannon is almost certain to send it in, but if played slowly the cue ball will remain near the jaws of the pocket in good position for an in-off from the red into the opposite pocket. By potting the red only, it would not be quite so easy to remain in good position for the in-off, besides, if a player can get good position by a five-shot, it is naturally better to do so in that way by means of a three stroke. If a player be quite sure of get-

ting a six shot, such a stroke would be a better one to play than the five-shot as an in-off from the white could afterwards played.

Another position with the red over centre pocket. By playing a slow five spot, and the object white, being position for an in-off from the red on the spot, and add the object white, being sent towards the centre of the table, will be in a more favourable position than before.

There are, of course, other positions where a five shot would be the game, but the examples given sufficiently illustrate when it is advisable to play the double stroke.

The positions that constantly occur wherein it is not the game to play a five shot—cannon and pot the red or vice versa—may be divided into two broad classes as follows:

Positions wherein the cannon should be played.

The cases wherein only the cannon should be played are so very simple that it is quite unnecessary to describe them at any length. They commonly occur when there is a simple ball-to-ball cannon on, off the white, and the red is very near a pocket but not right in the jaws. By playing the cannon only, the red can be potted next stroke—unless an in-off should be left—and, owing to the cue ball being then near the red, it will be much easier to obtain good position after than by making a five stroke straight away.

The cases wherein only the red should be potted instead of a five shot being made are likewise of the most common occurrence; yet, perhaps, there are no positions on the table which are so constantly mishandled by ordinary players, far more through want of thought than want of ability. These positions generally occur when the object-balls are both in baulk and the cue ball is also inside the line or at any rate, no great distance from the red.

One of these positions is a thoughtless five shot—by cannoning off the white—would most likely leave the balls safe as the cue ball would remain somewhere near the pocket, and the white ball very close to the baulk cushion. Even a cannon without potting the red would not be advisable in this position, as it might only leave a pot for the next shot, with the white very likely in a more or less safe position. The correct game is to pot the red in such a manner as to get position for an in-off from the white, so that by the next stroke the white may be brought out of baulk. The stroke is one that any player can easily make, and the only thing to be avoided is playing the stroke with too much strength, as in that case the cue ball would travel too far, and position for the in-off would not be gained.

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JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 5).

after her in the darkness. The next few minutes were a period of tense excitement, and neither spoke again until they were seated side by side and the car glided out of the mews into a wide, deserted road.

"Turn to the right, then first to the left. We've got to cross London. Go quietly till we leave the houses behind," said Kitty in a tone of suppressed excitement. Dick obeyed submissively. His reason told him that escape was impossible. The telephones would soon be busy with the news of his flight—and very soon their car would be stopped by the police.

But for the moment he was free, and Kitty was here by his side.

In spite of the dictates of reason, he could not help feeling wildly, deliriously happy.

They passed through the City and the East End of London at a very moderate pace and without adventure.

As the long rows of houses were left behind them and the hedgerows began to appear a distant clock struck the hour of eleven.

It was a fine clear night, and the moon was nearly at the full.

Kitty breathed a deep sigh of relief, and at the sound of it Dick turned his head and glanced at her.

Her sweet face looked very pale in the moonlight, and he realised how great had been the strain of the events through which she had passed.

"You are tired," he said anxiously. "Will you get in behind and try to get some sleep?"

"No, no," she replied, snuggling closer to him; "in a couple of hours we shall be at Winnerleigh, and there you'll be safe. Remember, Dick, your name is Richmond—Tom Richmond, and I am your young brother Kenneth. Clara—Miss Clarke, I mean—knows the truth, but nobody else. She is going to get you out of the country as her agent, and I shall follow. We have arranged everything."

Dick's left arm was about her. He drew her closer to him.

"What a wonderful little woman you are, Kitty!" he said in a voice charged with emotion, "you almost make me hope. It is madness to think that we can set at defiance the whole law of England, but you are so clever and so brave you make me feel there is a chance."

"If we only get to Winnerleigh before daybreak there is more than a chance, there is certainty," replied Kitty eagerly. "All the people who have helped me can be trusted. The police will think you are hiding in London. They will never guess the truth. Oh, Dick, I've saved you! I know I have! All the hard part is over. Nothing can spoil it now. In another hour—"

She stopped abruptly, for at that moment something went wrong with the car.

The engine misfired, the pace slackened, and then the car came to a sudden halt. Dick sprang out and endeavoured to discover the source of the trouble.

The minutes passed, and he was still busy.

Suddenly he stepped back and stood at the side of the road wiping his hands. Kitty rose in her seat.

"Dick!" It is serious?"

There was fear in her voice.

"Afraid so," replied Dick gloomily. "Hard lines! Our luck has failed us just when we wanted it most. It's a complete breakdown. We shall have to wait until something comes along that can tug us into the next town."

For a few moments they faced one another in silence in the moonlight, and then suddenly Kitty burst into tears.

Dick sprang to her side and took her in his arms.

"My dear, my dear," he said tenderly. "Don't cry. There is still a chance. Someone may come along soon. Who knows? We won't give up hope."

Holding her close, he kissed her tear-stained face. With many whispered words he strove to console her, and finally she fell asleep in his arms.

Dick kept very still, so as not to disturb her, and gazed out moodily over the deserted landscape.

It was a very lonely spot.

On one side of the road a dark wood rose gloomily and on the other cornfields rustling mysteriously in the night breeze stretched away into the distance.

There was no building—not even a barn—in sight, and Dick knew by the map that they were several miles from the nearest town and a good twenty miles from their destination.

So this was the end of their mad enterprise! He knew he could do nothing. In the morning the local police would find him. No doubt they had already been warned of his escape.

He would be seized and taken back ignominiously to gaol.

And Kitty? Ah! she would be taken

from him and he would never see her again.

He looked down at the sweet, pathetic face, and in spite of himself the hot tears came into his eyes.

Then with set teeth he stared out again at the desolate, moonlit landscape, and awaited the coming dawn.

THE MASTER OF BEAUMONT HALL.

Beaumont Chase was thirty-five, a bachelor, and if he had given away half his fortune he would still have been a millionaire.

He came into his wealth before he was twenty, and at once set about seeing life.

He saw a good deal in fifteen years, and at the end of that period he was utterly weary of the whole dreary business.

Now at the age of thirty-five he had buried himself in his country mansion in Essex thoroughly disgusted with himself, with the world, and with all it had to offer.

One sultry summer's night he stood on the terrace of Beaumont Hall and gazed out over his lands, which looked ghostly and dreary in the moonlight.

He had just lit a cigar. He took it from his mouth, stared at it for a moment, and then flung it away.

"Cigars are not what they used to be," he growled, and swinging round, stepped back into the handsome, lighted room behind him.

A man having the appearance of a superior servant was moving softly about the apartment.

"Underwood," said Mr Chase abruptly. "What do you get out of life?"

"The satisfaction of serving you, sir," replied the man smoothly.

The millionaire laughed grimly. "I'm thirty-five," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I am fit and well with a good constitution."

"Yes, sir."

"I may live another fifty years."

"Very possibly, sir."

"Good lord! what am I to do with half a century?"

"As a beginning, sir, I would suggest matrimony."

"Don't be a fool, women bore me."

The servant stroked his chin thoughtfully and made another suggestion.

"Fretwork is an excellent hobby, sir. I'm told it's most soothing to the nerves," he remarked.

Beaumont Chase made a gesture of impatience.

"I don't want to be soothed. I want to be excited, or, at least, to be interested. What's more, I want to do something. What's the time?"

"Nearly twelve, sir."

"Well, I can't go to bed, I shouldn't sleep. Get out the car, I'll have a spin round."

"By yourself, sir?"

"Yes, yes. You can go to bed. I don't suppose I shall be back till the morning."

Beaumont Chase went for his moonlight spin, but he returned in less than an hour, and he came dragging behind him another car, in which a man was seated, holding in his arms a sleeping boy.

MR CHASE AMUSES HIMSELF.

Beaumont Chase insisted on his two unexpected visitors remaining his guests for the night.

After they had been conducted to their rooms, the millionaire sat up alone for a considerable time.

He was thinking, and as he thought there was a smile upon his lips and a distant gleam of interest in his weary eyes.

He was a good-looking man, with strong features; the kind of man who would surely have carved a way for himself in life had he not had the ill-luck to be born rich.

"Queer," he muttered, "I wonder what is behind it all? A girl dressed as a boy!—a gallant boy she makes, too. They are not criminals, I'll swear. Romantic lovers I suppose. Young fools! Now, I wonder"—the smile broadened on his cynical face—"I wonder if I can get a bit of amusement out of this business?"

He arose, and going to a writing-table, began to write.

For ten minutes or so he wrote steadily, and then enclosing the double-sheet of notepaper in an envelope, he addressed it to Mr Underwood.

Everyone but himself had gone to bed, but he placed the envelope in a prominent position on the table, where it would be seen the first thing in the morning.

Then with the smile still upon his lips he put out the lights, and at length retired to rest.

Dick Foster was awakened early the next morning.

With the sleep still in his eyes he looked up drowsily at the servant standing by his bedside.

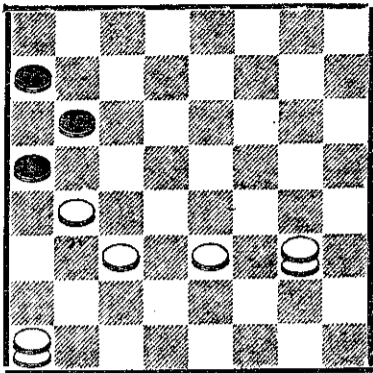
"My master has to leave home early,"

(Continued on Page 10).

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

PROBLEM 3.



Black 5, 9, 13, King on 29.

White 17, 22, 23, King 24.

White to play and win.

A pretty one from an old scrap book. Author unknown.

In my next week's notes I expect to publish some play in the big contest at Timaru for the Australasian championship.

A common fallacy among players is that criticism of published play is a thing to be dreaded, and many accordingly feel very much put out if an improvement be pointed out in any of their contributions. This, I think, is a result of taking a wrong view. None of the great analysts escaped correction to some extent. Even Andersen, Lees, and Heffner fall some little way short of perfection. Why, therefore, should the ordinary contributor take it to heart if his play be corrected? Good criticism is the life of any draughts publication, and is always of equal interest with the contribution from which it is taken. It is always possible to point out an improvement in another man's play without attempting to "take him down" in the process. Criticism should always be combined with courtesy. Be thankful that you can see a little more than the other man in the game or problem without blowing your own horn about it.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 2.

Which, by the way, was one of W. Voal's. The author's name was inadvertently omitted last week.

Black—5, 7, 8, 11, 16, 21, Kings 13 and 22.

White—6, 14, 18, 27, 30, 31, and 32.

White to play.

6—1, 22—18, 30—25, 21—30, 14—9, 5—14, 31—26, 30—23, 27—9, 13—6, 1—10.

White wins.

We are indebted to the Western Mail for the single corner game below, which says: "It is a finely played old game contested between Harry Freedman (formerly champion of Scotland) and James Robinson, a Glasgow player. Freedman's win was forced in fine style. As a rule white is bottom dog in the single corner melle; but few rules lack exceptions and an exception is neatly demonstrated in the game here given. The foregoing remarks were by the "Weekly Times," which diagrammed the position as given at note (d) in the form of a problem.

SINGLE CORNER.

(Black) Robinson.	(White) Freedman.
11.15	9.14 10.6c 32.28e 18.22 9.14
22.18	26.22 3.10 9.14 25.23 13.9
15.22	7.10 27.23 23.24 22.26 1.5
25.18	30.25 19.24 20.27 16.11 7.10
12.16	10.19 28.19 31.24 6.9 14.18
18.15a	23.16 4.8 10.15 11.7 10.14
10.19	5.9 19.16 24.20 26.31 White
24.15	22.17 8.11 16.19 7.2 Wins
16.20b	8.12 16.7 23.16 31.26
29.25	17.10 2.11 14.18 2.7
	12.19 25.22 22.17 17.13
	11.16d

(A) Unusual and considered weak.

(B) 7.11 is a good line.

(C) A wee Scotch sacrifice. Freedman handles his side in good style.

(D) The necessary move.

The "Glasgow Weekly Herald" contains details of the recent annual Scottish tournament for the draughts championship of Scotland. Mr A. B. Scott was the winner. The tourney lasted nine days. Scott won nine games, lost three and drew eighteen. He has competed in every tourney for twenty-seven years and has three wins to his credit. The first against Ferris in 1914.

***** ORIGINAL *****

AHMET.

A True Story of Life with the N.Z. Division in Egypt.

(By 11/1275.)

HE JOINS THE FORCES.

CHAPTER THREE.

Zeinab, the wife of Mahmoud, was not too pleased at Ahmet's return. At first she thought he would be useful to her, as she could send him to the camps to sell things to the troops, but on hearing that his pass had been taken from him, and that he would not be allowed to pass the guard, she bewailed her fate. Said she to her neighbours "It is not enough that my husband should be at Tanta, and that the Omdar hath cast covetous eyes at me, and that Abu Saleiman should have robbed me of the earnings of Ahmet my husband's son, but now I am left with this offspring of a Berberine woman, who hath got in trouble with the Inglese."

But it is safe to say that nothing could keep the small Ahmet away from the camps. His quaint English or rather "Australese," amused the troops and from before "Reveille" till after "Lights Out" he was to be seen hanging about the cook-houses and mess huts, or near the stables. He attended parades of all kinds and rapidly picked up the words of command. In the village it was his delight to gather a mob of smaller boys and drill them, not forgetting to correct their faults with all the acid vituperation of a veteran sergt. major.

Armed with sticks which they sloped like rifles, Ahmet's squad soon became very expert. He taught them everything that he learned from "right turn to the bayonet exercise," and after seeing the funeral of a soldier; he soon had them "reversing arms" and "resting on their arms reversed," in true guardsman style.

One day Ahmet's squad were as usual being put through it, by their small commander, who was airing his most recently acquired epithets, and taking away their characters, and casting reflections on their birth and parentage in pungent Australese, in a manner that had they only understood its meaning would have called their dire wrath to descend on his devoted head, but which at the time called forth only their uttermost admiration.

He had gone through the whole of his repertoire, and was on the point of dismissing the squad, when he saw that a party of Aussies was watching the performance with evident amusement. At once he formed his squad to the right, to face the new arrivals, and calling out "Present. Aps!" He gravely saluted the party. One of the Aussies at once called out "Party Shun," and, as the grinning soldiers "sprang to it" he returned Ahmet's salute.

Ahmet then marching up to the Aussie said, "Sir, have I your permission to dismiss my men?"

"Dismiss at once, and report to me immediately after," was the reply.

Ahmet then returned to his squad, "Now, you—I, am going to dismiss you, though what the 'ell's the good of me standin' ere talkin' to a lot o'—such as this—squad is more than I can tell yer, all I can say is that youse—I think yer—selves—soldiers, then gawd 'elp ther—British army, squad! shun!! 'smies." "Spare me days I'm dry."

Then he marched smartly to where the Aussies were waiting. The following dialogue took place:—

Aussie: "What's yer moniker son?"

Ahmet: "Me not know monika."

Aussie: "What do they call yer, what is your name, Hassan? Mahomet?"

Ahmet: "Nor Sar I Ahmet."

Aussie: "Who's yer ole man?"

Ahmet: "Not know ol' man."

Aussie: "Yer father yer blommin' Abu."

Ahmet: "Mahmoud Abu Ahmet, I Ahmet Ben Mahmoud (Mahmoud is the father of Ahmet, I am Ahmet the son of Mahmoud)."

"I suppose yer right son, but gawd knows what yer talkin' about," said the Aussie, "now supposin you was ter come with us, and we will get youse a dinkum soldiers rig, and a dinkum gun, and all the rest of it, and make you our blinkin' mascot, how'd it suit yer?"

Ahmet did not understand all of this but he did understand that his new friends were going to give him a uniform and a gun and these things had for him the same attractions as they would have for any other small boy, be he white or

black. Thus, it was not long before Ahmet was marching off towards the camp with his Aussie pals.

Behold him next morning, clad in a snit of khaki, made by the regimental tailors, puttees, tan boots, and slouch hat with emu plume complete, a miniature webb equipment, and to cap all, a pea-ride which later made him feel very proud indeed.

Behind the cook-house he practised his drill with his rifle, till he became quite used to it, encouraged by any of the troops who could find time (and quite a lot of them did too) to help him.

One day his new friends after making him polish his equipment and arms, for by this time a miniature bayonet had been made by the armourer, took him before the O.C. company, and introduced him as a new recruit. The "Skipper" was very much amused, at the quaint way in which the boy "drilled himself." He agreed to the men's request that Ahmet might remain as the company's mascot. Thinking that the joke was too good to be kept, he ordered the boy to report to him at the officers mess, the same night.

The officers had just finished their dinner and were leaving their mess, when Ahmet full of importance marched up to his company commander, and saluted saying "Private Ahmet, reporting in accordance with orders, Sir."

A curious group formed, all passing remarks and criticising the little figure who was standing to "Attention" and looking straight to his front. A little way off was a crowd of grinning Aussies, whilst the most astonished man of all was the Colonel.

Private Ahmet will give an exhibition of rifle exercises," said the Skipper. "Carry on Private Ahmet."

Then Ahmet started to drill himself calling out the commands and carrying out the movements, whilst all the time he carried on a running fire of correction and lurid criticism.

"Squad shun! su ware, spring to it what dye think y'are a bloomin' sunday school picnic? shake it up number five, and don't be lookin' at your feet, number three they're big enough gawd knows, shun! s'better, slo— wait fer th' last sound of the word number four. Slow pip! fer gawds sake ump yerself number five, that's the second time I've spoke ter yer, p'raps yer didn't ear before, well, git yer ears washed out before next p'rade; steady now, change—if you don't wait for the last sound of the word number four I'll put yer up in the mornin', change ip! ther's number three gawd! at them feet ov his again, old yer ed up can't yer, yer bloomin feet won't fall off, I only wish they would, try it again, change ip! s'better, slow pip! take yer eyes orf yer feet number three, I shan't speak ter yer again. Smartly now, prefer the luv ov Mike ump yerself number five you ain't one on the farm now, yer a sojer. Present ip, not so dusty, dam good job I was'n't lookin' at yer that time number three, just remember yer bloomin feet can't fall orf worse luck, if they did I'd hang em up level with yer eyes so as yer'd av ter old yer ed up ter lock at em, slow pip, not so dusty, but number five, 'll ave ter ump issell a bit, ordah ip, don't drop yer blinkin rifle like that number three yer might urt them feet ov yourn, s'natease, s'anceasy."

The Colonel, when he had recovered from his laughter complimented Ahmet on his turnout and his smartness, and said that such an eloquent instructor should not remain in the ranks but should be promoted sergeant, and he gave orders to that effect and Ahmet was duly placed on the strength of the umpteenth as Sergt. Ahmet Mackenzie, which was the nearest the orderly room clerk could get to Ahmet Ben Mahmoud.

(Next Chapter, Mahmood comes Home.)

"Father, are generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his parent. "Yes, my son, as a rule, I think they are," was the answer. "Then why do artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill miles away, looking at the battle through an opera-glass?"

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'Phones—170, 371.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT.
My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
By bed is cold upon the world,
My bed is cold upon the world,
My lamp you star.
My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.
I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee.
—Lockhart.

SPORTING.

Riverton Racing Club.
ANNUAL RACES.
Easter Saturday.
Easter Monday.
First Race Each Day 11.30 a.m. Trains leave Invercargill
10 a.m., stopping at Racecourse.

BIG FIELDS, STEEPLECHASES, NORTHERN HORSES.
John Geary, Secretary.

Racing at Riverton and Lawrence on Saturday.
Racing at Riverton, Lawrence and Riccarton on Monday.
Great Autumn Handicap will be run at Riccarton on Tuesday.
Splendid train service has been arranged for the Riverton meeting on Saturday and Monday.
Though he ran very greenly at the local meeting, both the distance and opposition should suit him and I expect to see Bengeroop win the Trial Stakes at Riverton, like he won the Lumsden Cup. They are a bad lot opposed to him.

THE RIVERTON ANTICIPATIONS.
Though a dozen paid up in the Waiau Steeplechase at Riverton on Saturday, there is a good deal of difficulty in finding three horses likely to get round the course and fill the places. What we saw of Magdala, Tokomariri, and Fair Play recently makes them unlikely winners.
Rokelaine, if well, has certainly got better performances than Silver Peak, and so has all the best of the handicap, on paper, in the Aparima Handicap, but is she well? Silver Peak ran two good races at Invercargill and I think will win again at Riverton. On Invercargill form neither Linden nor Glensponse can have any chance with her as she only meets them on 3lbs and 4lbs worse terms.
In the Bluff Handicap at Invercargill Primum 8.6 first, and Mettle Drift 8.5 second, beat a fairly useful lot out of sight. In the First County at Riverton Primum with 8.5 and Mettle Drift with 7.8 should find the much weaker opposition very soft stuff, especially if Jock's owners decide to run their horse in either of the other two engagements he has.

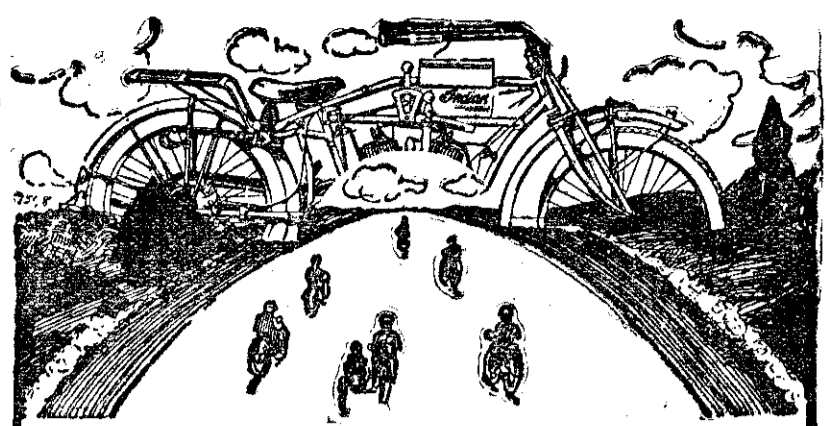
With Tin Soldier and Samiel both engaged in the Cup and Pourakino Handicap Hymers' owners appear to hold a very strong mortgage over both races should one be started in each. Tin Soldier ran two sterling races at Invercargill, a good horseman up in the Cup would have won the race for his owners too, and he only meets Rorke's Drift on 3lbs, Almoner 6lbs, and Jock 4lbs worse terms than when he ran away from them in the Awarua Handicap last Thursday. Should Messrs Price Bros. take on the Cup he looks a moral to beat all but his stable-companion, Samiel. The latter carried 3.4 in the mile race at Invercargill on the first day and won easily by four lengths, and in connection with this horse it should be noted that Thaddus, who ran third to him now meets him in the Cup on no less than 18lbs better terms. The Wingatui horse ran two good races at Gore and under high weights two good races again at Invercargill. He is the most likely to upset Hymers' best, but Samiel who will have George Young in the saddle looks good.
The Great Western Steeplechase looks like being a match between Hogan's pair, Zarkoma and Silverspire again, and as the former is the better stayer he will probably win again. Both horses will be improved by their recent racing, and on Invercargill form none of the others who raced at the meeting can be given chances. Palladio, who is now trained by Tilford at Orari has not had a race since last June, and Kintailshore and Luigi are not class enough.

The Boss 8.0, an improving horse, won so easily over seven furlongs on Thursday last, that in a race with the minimum fixed half a stone higher, and only 8.6 he should feel quite at home in the Visitors' Hack race at Riverton.
Miss Camouflage meets Kilkee on the same terms in the Pourakino Handicap at Riverton as when she beat him most decisively in the Winter Outs at the local meeting last week. Others in the same race she meets well are Golden King 6lbs better, Marianne 1lb better, and Buller 4lbs worse. Surely Mr Jones, in framing his re-handicaps overlooked the fact that Miss Camouflage carried nearly half a stone over-weight. She will be hard!

George Young will be riding at Riverton on Saturday and Riccarton on Monday and Tuesday. I guess he'll ride further and faster on Sunday.
Loyalty to stable lads is a nice spirit for owners to show, but its terrible costliness sometimes when carried out.
Should George Young be on Silver Peak, Primum, Samiel, The Boss, and Miss Camouflage again at Riverton he might easily repeat his record at Invercargill.
The steeplechasers engaged at Riverton are not a classy lot.
Tim O'Connor is about again, a bit stiff and sore, but still game. He can't ride at Riverton.
The brightest spot about Bright Spot would appear to be the price she brought in her late owner.
Ay-Bite is to be sprinted again at Riverton. A good hack, but very very ordinary as a racehorse in open company.
Chrisie's steeplechasers are not a likely lot this autumn.
Alex McIvor looks like having two intimate old friends in Andy McKay and Buller to get out of the barrier at Riverton on Saturday and Monday. For Alex's sake let us hope that Andy and Buller ain't partners!
Buller and Robert Bell, two of the best of the defunct Camobert's stock, are both on the downward grade now.
Wild Pilgrim is a useful cut and come again sort, and may yet win a hurdle race for his popular owner. He has now twice won the local Disposal Stakes.
A rule of racing provides that all jockeys, whether in a jumping or flat race, shall wear an approved skull cap. At the Clifden meeting this rule was very frequently not complied with. "Billy" Robinson, as the local representative of the Jockey's Union, should see that important matters like this are not overlooked by his members.
Warlike cost his followers a lot of money away from the course on both Wednesday and Thursday.
Remember Bob McKay likes Radial's chance in the Great Easter Handicap on Saturday.
Punters should remember that the totalisator accommodation at Riverton is limited and they should get in early.
Everyone was glad to see Bill Stone have a couple of wins at Invercargill. He is a good sport, and always ready to tell a digger whether his horses have a chance. He'll always give a chap a lift on the road too, an act of kindness many who drive motors never think of.
More apprentices are wanted or else the art of race-riding will die out with the old hands now at the game. The riding at the local meeting was frequently bad, and to encourage apprentices a race should be put on by every club for apprentices only.
Racing is evidently becoming more popular in Southland with a class that has hitherto associated themselves with semi-religious matters. At the recent Invercargill meeting I noticed several prominent leaders of the prohibition party in Inver-

enjoying the sport and also frequenting the pay out windows of the totalisator. More power to 'em!
With Rorke's Drift, Tin Soldier, and Samiel all owned or part owned by diggers, the boys from the front (and Trentham, d-- that stew) will have some difficulty in selecting which to put their boys' half-quid on. Mine will be on what George Young rides, and I think he'll just about get there too. It's a winning way young George has with him just now.
Should "York's Drift" win the Riverton Cup he would get a rousing reception from the diggers present. Fred was a great battler for the boys at the front, and the old horse never won a race that Fred didn't give a decent donation out of to some patriotic fund. He, too, was largely instrumental in keeping the "tuck shop" at the Wallacetown yards going for the Red Cross Society. Rorke's Drifts other part owner "V.N." was some digger too.
Mr Stone's horses have won him nearly £2,500 in stakes this season. Good luck to him, and may he make it an even £3000 at Riverton.
Old Rorke's Drift will be well favoured with the long straight at Riverton, and anything not doing his best towards the finish is sure to be given the "go-by" by Fred Price's old champion.
The Lawrence Club received good acceptances for their annual races on Saturday.
Listening Post's nomination for the Wellington meeting were overlooked. Local owners of trotters are complaining that no programme for the May meeting at Forbury Park are available. Palladio who has not raced since the last Winter meeting at Wingatui has paid up in the big steeplechase at Riverton.

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"Arctic" Fur Specialists
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GRAND DISPLAY OF FURS.
Lynx, Ermine,
Timber Wolf,
Cross Fox,
and many others for YOUR inspection.
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An Unequalled Variety to choose from.
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and Musquash.
Remember
TUESDAY NEXT.
BLACKHAM'S BUILDINGS,
Dee Street, Invercargill.



All Roads are like this to the
Indian
Its Spring Frame makes Molehills out of Mountains.
DAVIES & PRENTICE Southland Distributors,
Dee street.

TO THE DIGGER IN SEARCH OF LAND.
We beg to say that we have a large selection of FARMS of all sizes for sale, and our representatives will place themselves at your disposal to give you the best deal possible.
During the next few issues we will give particulars of some of the farms we have for sale.
We have also recently established a "Town Lands" Department.
We shall be pleased to answer to your inquiries, whether made in person or by letter.
CARSWELL & CO., LTD.,
LAND AGENTS, WOOD ST., INVERCARGILL.

Lewis's
ESTD 1862 LIMITED
SOUTH ISLAND'S SHOPPING CENTRE.
INVERCARGILL.
BRANCHES GORE and WYNDHAM.

Finest in the World.
WATSON'S No. 10
WHISKY.

M'KAY BROS.

AUCTIONEERS AND LAND AGENTS.

FARMS.—If you are considering buying a farm, consult us. We have good farms in all parts of the country and at the right price. If you are selling send us particulars.

HOUSES.—We have some very desirable properties for sale, including some which are eminently suitable for retired farmers.

SECTIONS.—We can show you some of the best building sites available in Invercargill.

M'KAY BROS.,

EXCHANGE MART.

Box—17. Phone—15.



OUR STUDY—THE EYE!

WE have made a life-study of the human eye—especially eyes that are affected by weakness and are remediable by Glasses.

How well we are able to advise and help you, you can readily imagine. Why put up with eye troubles when our first-class knowledge and equipment are at your service?

J. D. Gilmore

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OPTICIAN,

DEE ST. (Opp. P.O.), INVERCARGILL.

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THAT £50 TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

BY spending a pound here and a pound there you cannot buy to the best advantage.

Make out a list and buy from the ONE reliable firm,

VERNON SMITH & CO.

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS,
INVERCARGILL.

Our stocks include Household Ironmongery, Glassware, Cutlery, Tools for all trades—in fact everything in the household line.

"DIGGERS."

BUY your land from a practical farmer, who can advise you right. The following is a sample of a farm proposition we can offer that two soldiers in partnership can be financed into with the assistance of the Board.

258 ACRES—Good agricultural and dairy land; large proportion limed, 24 acres oats, 40 acres turnips, 20 acres oats and grass sown for autumn feed. Almost new six-roomed house, with every modern convenience, including h. and c. water, porcelain bath and basin; washhouse with built-in copper and tubs; six-stalled stable, loose box, barn, implement shed, men's hut. Large cowbyre with milking plant installed.

This property is capable of carrying from 60 to 70 cows, and can be bought for the small price of £18 per acre, including crops. There is money in this. Get in early.

Houses, Businesses, etc., to suit all requirements.

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Barristers and Solicitors,

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Money to Lend on approved security at current rates.

F. G. HALL-JONES, B.A., LL.B. (late Rattray, Armistead and Murray, and late James Harvey).

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RATTRAY & HALL-JONES,

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS,

ESK STREET, INVERCARGILL, N.Z.

Solicitors under the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act for the Otago District.

"The Digger."

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1920.

CAMOUFLAGE.

A gentle art; brought into prominence during the "Great War" 1914-1919. It has of course always been with us but under another name.

The war has taught its wider application and this wider sphere has worked its way into our national life to such an extent that it is difficult to distinguish between "skim milk masquerading as cream" and the real thing. As far as our political life is concerned it is now the home of refuge for Cabinet Ministers. We frequently hear from Ministers what is being done for the Returned Man. The operations of the "Discharged Soldier's Settlement Act," and other legislative enactments dealing with him are frequently displayed in ministerial summaries. The most successful entry of the "gentle art" into a Government Department, is in the case of the Defence Department, who seem anxious to dispense with the Returned Soldier as quickly as possible. It would almost seem that a balance sheet stands pre-eminent to the sane and legitimate demands of humanity. The recent action of the Defence Department to discharge all men (whether fit or unfit) from the N.Z.E.F. seems all very well on the face of it, but in reality, it is the "gentle art" applied in a more subtle manner. After March 31st of this year the N.Z.E.F. shall cease to exist and the pay of soldiers undergoing treatment in hospitals etc. will also stop. They are still unable to commence work. In this respect the Defence Department reattest them for treatment and hand them over to the Pension Department where a maximum pension of £2 per week is provided for.

As far as actual pay is concerned the difference is not so great but as set out here to clearly indicate the position. The case taken being that of a private—

— Single Man Discharged. —

Military pay	...	63s weekly.
Full pension	...	40s weekly.
Full supplementary	20s, 60s weekly.	

— Married Man with Child. —

Full pension	...	40s weekly.
Wife	...	20s weekly.
Supplementary	20s, 90s 6d weekly.	
Child	...	10s 6d weekly.

Military pay	...	63s weekly.
Allowance wife	...	21s weekly.
Child	10s 6d, 94s 6d weekly.	

Although the difference in pay is small, it is a loss to the soldiers. But this argument presupposes the man's pension, supplementary, and wife's pension to be stable things. As a matter of fact they are the direct opposite. The man is decidedly lucky if he gets the full pension of £2 per week and born under a lucky star if he gets the supplementary and his wife also gets consideration. The pay was something sure, the pension is an indefinite quantity. Married men in particular will have to supplement it by taking up some kind of employment. This is another difficulty, because upon re-examination the man has to state the amount he has earned. The Department tell us that it does not influence the pension. But why? is it asked. It's one of the most transparent pieces of camouflage ever perpetrated upon men whose destiny they can to some extent influence. Even allowing the full pension. What is it? in these days, for a man with a wife and family. Nothing more than a continued struggle for existence in which a decent standard of comfort is unattainable. The Invercargill Association has fought the matter, but of no avail. The whole business is simply camouflage and a sacrifice of humanitarian principles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

All communications to be written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

Addressed Box 310, Invercargill.

CHATS WITH THE EDITOR

To his Worship the Mayor and Councillors, Invercargill. Gentlemen: We greatly appreciate the good work you have done in furthering the interests of the town. Your Loan proposals although the "Widow's mite" are a step in the right direction. But with all these good things, you like most people, have your sins and omissions. Do you remember, that after the Boer War, Regimental Colours were presented to the Council for the purpose of adorning their Sanctum Sanctorum. They were to be hung in an appropriate place and be an inspiration to the younger generation, and remembrance to those who played their part. Now, Gentlemen, is it fitting that they should lie "where rust and moth doth corrupt," even if there is no temptation for thieves to break through and steal.

"APRES LE GUERRE."

(To the Editor).

Sir.—Permit me once "Apres le Guerre" to absorb a small proportion of your valuable space, to re-occur at the local Defence Office this week. It is generally known that a soldier who was discharged from the N.Z.E.F. is entitled to a four weeks free railway warrant; and in a lot of cases, owing to trouble in the Railway Department, these warrants were not issued to the soldier on his discharge. He had the option of applying at the local Defence Office at any such time that suited himself within a certain period after his discharge. A man who was discharged last Christmas and who had seen four years' active service approached the local Defence Office for his warrant the other day. He was dressed in civilian clothes as no man is permitted to wear his uniform after discharge. (I have never yet seen a man who did want to wear it). He approached a certain Sergt-Major of several years service (chiefly Home) and the conversation that ensued was something like this.

S. M.: "My man, do you not know that you are in the drill hall?"

Civilian: "Well, I guess that this is where I get that warrant."

S.M.: "Don't you know that you should stand to attention when talking to me in the drill hall?"

C (disgustingly): "Run away. I was standing to attention when you were watching pictures of Charlie Chaplin."

He got the warrant. I pass no comment on this incident, but leave it to your readers to draw their own conclusions.—I am, etc.,

"FOUR BLUE CHEVRONS."

RE GRATUITY PAYABLE TO MEMBERS OF THE A.I.F.

The Commonwealth Government has decided to pay a War Gratuity of 1s 6d per deim as from the date of embarkation to the Official Signing of Peace, 21st June, 1919. The payment of this rate will be to all members of the Fighting Forces (Naval and Military) of the A.I.F., and dependants of deceased soldiers who left Australia.

Members of the A.I.F., who did not leave Australia will be paid at the rate of 1s a day, from the date of enlistment to the date of discharge.

The gratuity will be paid in the form of non-negotiable bonds, which will bear interest at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum. The bonds will be received as equivalent to cash for all purposes under Repatriation, Land Settlement, War Service Homes, etc. In cases of hardship, special urgency, marriage of a soldier, or the re-marriage of a soldier's widow, the bonds will be cashed by the Treasury at their full face value.

Australia's share of the indemnity to be paid by Germany in May, 1921, will be specially ear-marked by the Government for the redemption of these bonds. It is estimated that this amount will be anything from seven to fifteen millions, but should Australia's share be less than ten million the Government will make good the deficiency up to ten million.

Forms of application when available will be obtainable from all Branches of the Commonwealth Bank throughout the world, and you may advise any Australian soldier in New Zealand to regularly keep in touch with such institutions.

The scale of pensions granted to the members of the A.I.F., and their dependants is at present being varied a little, but I hope to be in a position to forward you within the course of a week or so a copy of the revised scheme.

R.S.A. EXECUTIVE.

A meeting of the executive of the Invercargill Returned Soldier's Association was held on Friday 27th inst.

The Nightcaps Association wrote asking for representatives from the Invercargill Returned Soldier's Association to be present at a meeting to be held in Nightcaps, but owing to the fact of the Easter holidays being so close and the annual meeting coming very shortly afterwards it was decided to ask the Nightcaps Association not to hold a meeting until late in April.

—The Visit of the Prince of Wales.—
The Officer Commanding Otago Military District forwarded a letter giving the dates of the Prince's visit, and asked that the R.S.A. make the necessary arrangements to enable men living in the country to be present in Invercargill during the Parade. This would necessitate the issue of railway warrants which will be supplied by the Defence Department and also arrangement for the supply of meals, etc. It was decided that the Association could not bear any expense in connection with the organisation of a parade of soldiers and the supply of meals etc. Col. McDonald to be notified to this effect. The Mayor of Invercargill was also to be communicated with, with a view to obtaining particulars as to what the civic authorities would do in the matter.

The number of gratuity anomalies that had been dealt with by the sub-committee set up for that purpose, were to be forwarded to head-quarters.

—Limbless Men.—

It was decided to communicate with the Town Council with a view to obtaining some concession for limbless men who have to use the tram cars. It was pointed out that there are a number of men, fortunately not very large, who have lost a leg or the use of a leg and that on account of their disabilities these men cannot walk any distance and therefore have to use the cars when travelling to and from their everyday work. Not only that, but some of these men are earning a smaller wage than they would have earned had they not been incapacitated and therefore the increase in tram fares is going to be a very serious matter to them.

—Anzac Day.—

Mr Glass who was convenor of the Anzac Day sub-committee reported on the progress made with the arrangements for the Memorial Service to be held on that day. Everything is well in hand and the Memorial Service will undoubtedly be one of the most impressive services that has been held in Invercargill.

LECTURE BY DUNCAN RAE.

Mr Duncan Rae will continue his interesting and instructive lecture on Modern History and the events which led to the great war against German domination at the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Thursday, April 8, at 8 p.m. The public are advised to take advantage of this opportunity to hear Mr Rae, and are promised a most interesting and instructive evening. Returned Soldiers should not miss this opportunity and are requested to attend in large numbers.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

At the farewell social to Mr Philpot, the representative of "The Digger" had the opportunity of meeting Mrs D. McFarlane, and was much surprised by that lady's keen activity and interest in matters pertaining to the town's social welfare.

The Rockery established in Ythan street, just below First Church, about twelve months ago, is flourishing vigorously. For some time the vegetation was limited to dandelion, cocksfoot and thistle, a fine sprig of English broom has now appeared, and provided it is not run over by a motor car or some other vehicle, should greatly enhance the beauties of the rockery.

Mr H. J. Farrar has been a member of the W.E.A. since its inception. He took the opportunity on Thursday evening last of explaining the benefits of membership, and briefly sketched the growth of the movement, which had originated in England some sixteen or seventeen years ago as a result of a Conference between the Labour Councils and the University authorities. The Association had made steady progress, and in Invercargill three classes (Literature, Economics, and Psychology) were well established. This year application had been made to the Otago University for the services of a fourth tutor, it being anticipated that sufficient students would enrol for a class in Modern History.

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YOU get the full worth of your money in good material, smart cutting, perfect workmanship, and a suit that will give you good service and complete satisfaction. Our prices range from 115s to 210s. A wide range of patterns to select from.

Have you seen our Ready-to-Wear Suits? Neat patterns, smart style, reliable finish. From 95s to 135s.

Tweed Overcoats, 85s to 135s. Rain Coats, 90s to 210s.

Men's Odd Tweed Trousers, 17s 6d to 45s. Men's Odd Vests 7s 6d to 13s 6d.

A special showing of Men's Felt Hats, 19s 6d to 35s.

Inspection invited at—

H. AND J. SMITH, LTD.,

Progressive Stores,

INVERCARGILL AND GORE.

R.S.A. BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

J. Dunbar, 20 behind (scr.) beat H. Alsweller, 60 on.

P. Cook, 60 behind (scr.) beat F. Michel 60 on.

R. Friend, 50 on, beat J. Birt (scr.) S. Brandford, 70 on, beat T. Thomson, 60 on.

V. Skinner, 40 on beat J. M. Smart, 40 on.

H. Paton, 30 on, beat H. Edmonds, 70 on.

J. Padget, 40 on, beat S. Pay, 50 on.

W. Weavers (scr.), beat J. Phillipine, 40 on.

G. Rogerson a bye.

Dunbar played a fair open game and scored a good win by about 80.

Cook had his work cut out and won by a bare margin.

Friend never looked like a loser at any time.

Brandford and Thompson both played a good game, clean and open.

Skinner made a good recovery in the second hundred and deserved his win.

Paton had a very hard fight until the second hundred was up and won by a bare margin.

Padget played a great game and won easily.

Weavers had an easy win, with 110 to spare.

ROD AND GUN.

Several stalkers who have paid a visit to the "Wild West" in the vicinity of the Hororata track in quest of Red deer, have returned to town. They report having seen numerous herds and a few stags, but the latter not possessing the quality of head sought after, were left alone.

They propose returning during Easter holidays.

Files just to hand contain particulars of a double barrel shotgun of standard design, that the B.S.A. people are manufacturing 100,000 of, in an attempt upon the market of the British Empire and abroad.

This is the first time, in the history of the sporting gun trade in the Old Country mass production is to be tried.

According to the following details, rifle shooting on full sized range at Otatara will again be in full swing ere long.

Average number of men employed daily is forty-six.

Average monthly rate of progress, three chain of retaining wall and five chain of bridgeway.

Estimated time of completion, September next.

All work is being carried out by the Prison's Department.

To date sixty-seven chain of retaining wall and 111 chain of bridgeway have been completed.

PREPARATIONS for Easter trade are going forward at the

PROGRESSIVE STORES,

with unprecedented enthusiasm. Case after case of novelties—the best and the newest obtainable are arriving daily. There is no end to the ceaseless stream of new bright merchandise flowing into our various departments. Everything in vogue that's wanted will be shown. In our show-rooms there are new numbers every day. Fashion's decrees are being carried out in trimmed hats at popular prices. A charming house display, the latest shapes in smartly cut coats, while the costumes are beautiful to look upon. See windows and all departments at—

H. AND J. SMITH, LTD.,

Progressive stores,

INVERCARGILL AND GORE.

COUNTRY NOTES.

OTAUTAU.

The many friends of Mr and Mrs B. R. Sword assembled in the Town Hall on Tuesday 23rd inst. to bid good-bye. Mr Sword has occupied the position of stationmaster for the past seven years, and has been promoted to an important position in Invercargill. The Rev. C. Webb acted as chairman, and during the evening songs were rendered by Mrs C. Webb, Miss A. Holmes, and Messrs N. G. Saunders and W. Coulter, and step dances were given by Miss D. Wall. The chairman referred to the guests' connection with St. Andrew's Church, of which he had been a valued member. For about seven years he had officiated as lay preacher, while his better half had occupied the position of superintendent of the Ladies' Guild. On behalf of the church members and the public generally, he had much pleasure in presenting Mr and Mrs Sword with a handsome silver tea and coffee service, at the same time wishing them both every success. Mr Saunders supplemented the remarks with regard to the church. Mr M. O'Brien referred to the fact that as stationmaster Mr Sword had been very obliging, and his place would be hard to fill. Mr John Fisher, on behalf of the citizens, stated that as one who had been in contact with Mr Sword, he had found him at all times obliging in his official capacity. It was very hard for one in his position to do his duty to the department and still be popular with the public. He conveyed to both the goodwill and best wishes of the people in their new sphere, as he had received well-deserved promotion. On rising to reply Mr Sword was greeted with applause and the strains of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows." He said he had always tried to do his duty to the department and the public, and, as far as church matters were concerned, he thought that anything he had done for it had been greatly magnified by the church people themselves, and that too much had been made of the little he had done there. He thanked them very heartily.

The monthly meeting of the Wallace A. and P. Association was held recently. Mr W. J. McGregor being chairman, in the absence of the president, Mr F. Malcolm. It was decided to support the Marlborough Woolgrowers' Committee in an effort to have the draft on wool removed, and to recommend them to bring the matter under the notice of the Board of Agriculture. A subsidy of £5 was voted to the Progressive League to assist in filling in the section for sheep holding yards at the railway station. Mr John Macdonald, the delegate appointed, with Mr D. Marshall, to attend the conference in Wellington in connection with the meat commandeering, was given a free hand to act in the producers' interests and it was decided that the Association share in the payment of the delegates' expenses. The ram fair was fixed for Thursday, April 22, on the Otautau Show Grounds.

WAIKAI.

Concert and Dance.—On the 17th inst. (St. Patrick's Day), a concert and dance was held in the Coronation Hall, the proceeds for the convent funds. A good musical programme was given, a dance following the conclusion of the concert.

Stock Sales.—On Tuesday, 23rd inst., a sale of sheep was held at Mr McCrostie's. Mr McCrostie has given up his run, and will reside at the manse for some time. Fair prices were realised.

Farewell Social.—On the 19th inst., a social was tendered Mr Robertson, guard on the Switzers train, who left for the south. During the evening Mr Milne presented Mr Robertson with a suit case and cheque for £20, and Mrs Robertson with a handsome travelling rug. Mr Robertson suitably replied for his wife and self. Supper was provided by the ladies who brought baskets.

QUEENSTOWN.

Hydro-electricity.—Messrs John London and S. B. Macdonald, members of the Hydro-electric Committee of the Otago Expansion League, visited the district during the week, and addressed meetings at Queenstown and Arrowtown in the interests of the proposed hydro-electric scheme for Otago. At each town they were accorded good receptions, and motions in favour of the proposal were carried unanimously. At Tuesday's meeting of the Lake County Council Messrs London and Macdonald waited on the Council to ask for its assistance and financial support in carrying out the preliminary arrangements in connection with the formation of a Hydro-electric Power Board for Otago. After hearing the delegates, the council voted the sum of £50, and

agreed to give its hearty support to the proposal.

LAKE COUNTY.

Smoke Concert.—On Monday evening last the members of the Arrowtown branch of the Returned Soldiers' Association tendered a complimentary smoke concert to Dr Stewart (who is leaving the district) and Messrs G. H. Romans and J. Forbes, chairman and secretary respectively of the Soldiers' Reception Committee. Dr Stewart was presented with a case of Loewe pipes, Mr Romans with a Morris chair, and Mr Forbes with an aneroid barometer, all the presents being suitably inscribed. The gifts were accompanied by expressions of goodwill and appreciation, suitable replies being made in each case.

Personal.—Mr F. H. Garth, who succeeds Mr P. G. Nind as postmaster at Arrowtown, arrived on Tuesday, and has taken up his duties. Mr Nind and family left on Wednesday for their new home at Te Kuiti.—Private Robert M'Kinlay, son of Mrs M'Kinlay, Queenstown, who left with the Fortieth Reinforcements, is returning to New Zealand by the Tainui, due in Auckland on April 2.

Death.—Mr Philip John Green, who conducted a carrying business in Queenstown for a couple of years up till a few months ago when he was compelled owing to ill-health, to relinquish work, died in Dunedin on the 16th inst. Much sympathy is felt in the district for the widow and family in their bereavement. Prior to settling in Queenstown, Mr Green was engaged in horse-breeding in South Westland.

Football.—The Clutha Club opened the season on Saturday with a practice game between picked sides. There was a good attendance of both players and onlookers, and a good practice resulted.

Prospects are good for the South Otago fixtures this season. There are so far five teams entered in the first grade, and three in the second grade competitions.

The Union at its meeting on Saturday night did a wise thing in donating a trophy for competition amongst the schools. Good competition should be witnessed, and it is hoped that the boys will appreciate the action of the Union and give all the support they can.

LAKE COUNTY JOCKEY CLUB.

A meeting of a committee was held at Queenstown on Tuesday, when a statement was submitted showing the receipts and expenditure in connection with the recent race meeting. This showed that the receipts amounted to £938 and the expenditure to £1187. The principal items of receipts were:—Nominations and acceptances, £217; totalisator, £517; privileges, £44; gates, £77. The expenditure included stakes £865, Government taxes £246, printing and advertising £38. It was stated that after collecting outstanding subscriptions and nominations there would be a deficiency of about £70. It was decided to apply for December 15 and 16 as the racing dates for next season.

BLUFF.

When the latest additions to the cool stores at Bluff were erected it was predicted that after the war they would never be used. If they had not been erected, it is hard to say what would have been the plight for the lack of storage for cheese. Those who said they would be no use have little faith in the expansion of trade at the Bluff. Even this season, although cheese has been got away fairly freely, a portion of the recent addition had to be occupied. Of nearly 38,000 crates in the stores recently the Mahia has taken 14,250, so there should be ample storage for the remainder of the season.

Many dairy factories are experiencing some difficulty in obtaining supplies of crate timber just now. The break at holiday time is a cause of short supply, and cheese has to be held in the factories instead of getting to the cool stores. Besides, the sawmills are busier just now than they have been for a very long time.

W. E. A.

The Workers' Educational Association are now forming classes in Literature, Economics, Psychology. A class in History will also be started if sufficient students enroll. All intending students are advised to send in their names to the secretary at once. Classes commence immediately after Easter. Fees for session of 24 lessons is 5s. A. L. Whelham, hon secretary, care Maclean and Thomson, Esk street.

At Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, there was recently rolled a steel spring, six inches wide, one-quarter of an inch thick, and 310 feet long. It is the largest coiled spring ever rolled.



ANZAC DAY MEMORIAL SERVICE. APRIL 25.

RETURNED MEN who are willing to be included in the firing part relative to the above and Buglers who are prepared to give their services on this occasion should forward their names to the Convenor, Anzac Day Committee, Box 10, Invercargill, before March 31.

MEMBERS of the Invercargill Returned Soldiers' Association are hereby reminded that the

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FEE of 10/- is due on April 1st, 1920.

L. S. GRAHAM, Secretary.



WOODLANDS R.S.A.

A DANCE will be held in the WOODLANDS HALL,

On FRIDAY, APRIL 9,

At 8 p.m.

Gents 3/- Ladies Basket.

THE WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION are now forming classes in Literature, Economics, Psychology. A class in History will also be started if sufficient students enrol.

Intending students should enrol at once. Classes commence immediately after Easter.

Fees for 24 lectures in any subject, 5/- Particulars from A. L. Whelham, Hon. Sec., care Maclean and Thomson, Esk street.

MACLEAN AND THOMSON, LAND SALESMEN, ESK STREET.

WE have a number of Houses suitable for those who wish to take advantage of the Government Advances to Discharged Soldiers and secure homes on liberal terms. Five-roomed modern House; all conveniences; high section; 1d car. Going for £700.

FOR SALE, one five-seater Ford Car; in good order. Price £145. Apply WATTS AND GRIEVE, LTD.

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FOR SALE, two latest "R3" Model HUPMOBILE TOURING CARS; just unpacked. Apply WATTS AND GRIEVE, LTD.

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DUG-OUTS

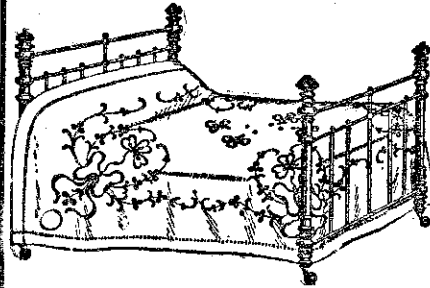
ARE OUT OF DATE. The returned man now wants a good home. Here is one: Five-roomed Brick semi-Bungalow; only four years old. All conveniences. Handy to tram; good section in A1 locality, free from shells and mud. £990. Colin McDonald, R. B. Caws and Co., Invercargill.

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EIDER DOWN QUILTS, for double beds; good designs and well filled. Prices from 49/6 to 97/6.

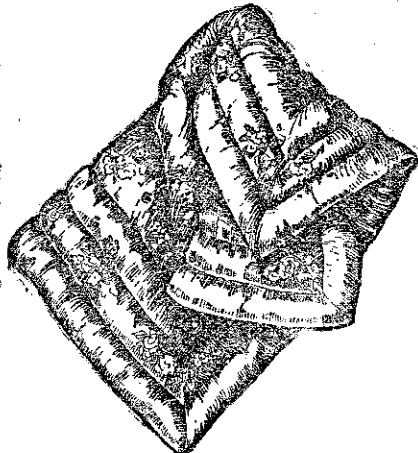
SHEETINGS for single beds, 4/6 to 6/11

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JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 6.)

He wishes to know if you would care to join him, or whether you would prefer to breakfast in bed?"

"No, no; I will join him of course," said Dick, springing out of bed.

It was less than the half-hour he descended the stairs and entered the breakfast-room.

He noticed by the clock in the hall that it was not yet eight, and the thought crossed his mind that his host, for a civilian was an early riser.

Mr Chase received him cordially. "You slept well, I hope?" he said with a smile.

"First rate," replied Dick. He noted that Kitty had not yet appeared.

"You were more fortunate than the rest of us. We had a rather disturbed night, Mr Richmond."

The millionaire spoke lightly, and yet with a certain significance in his tone. Dick gave him a quick look.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I'm afraid the news I have to tell you won't be very palatable. But here's breakfast. I will explain afterwards."

Beaumont Chase moved to the table, but Dick, suddenly alarmed, stepped forward.

"What do you mean? Has anything happened? Please tell me at once."

Mr Chase turned to him gravely. "My dear lad, pull yourself together," he said quietly. "After all, it might have been worse. You must admit that your enterprise was a rather reckless one."

"What has happened?" he demanded hoarsely. "Kit—I mean, my brother—he is all right?"

"Oh, quite. Upset of course, but very plucky. And she left a message for you."

"Left a message!" repeated Dick, in blank dismay. "You mean she's gone? She's—"

The millionaire nodded gravely. "About an hour after you went to bed last night we were knocked up. It was her father."

A look of consternation came into Dick's eyes.

"The judge?" he exclaimed involuntarily.

Beaumont Chase gave a quick look, but did not betray his surprise.

"Yes," he said quietly. "And he insisted upon carrying his daughter off at once. There was a scene, but in the end she was submissive. She seemed satisfied when she had seen me and given me a message for you."

Dick was very pale, and it was some moments before he could speak.

"What was the message?" he said at length.

"She begged you to go as quickly as possible to the place you know of. She gave me the name, but it has slipped my memory."

"Winnerleigh?" suggested Dick.

"Yes, that's it. She said if you would go there at once she would contrive to communicate with you. Of course, I don't want to pry into your affairs, Mr Richmond, but if I can be of any help, pray command me."

He held out his hand, and Dick gripped it firmly.

"Thanks. How can I get to Winnerleigh? My car is hopelessly injured."

"No, it has been put right. My man is a good mechanic, and he has seen to it."

Dick was too delighted and grateful to be surprised.

"How can I thank you?" he said. "I'll be off at once. Kitty will wire me as soon as she gets to London. If she promised, she'll do it. I must lose no time."

"But you'll have a bit of breakfast?"

"No, no; thanks awfully, I won't stay."

A few more words passed between them, but all the time Dick showed an increasing impatience to be off, and at length Beaumont Chase let him go.

They went out to the car together, and the millionaire stood at the lodge gates and watched his guest drive away.

As the car disappeared in a cloud of dust, Beaumont Chase retraced his steps to the house.

Entering the big lounge hall, he encountered a maidservant.

"Call Mr Kenneth Richmond," he said, "and tell him I shall be pleased to breakfast with him at any hour that suits him."

French forests are suffering not only from the ravages of war, but from destruction by parasitic growths. The oak seems to suffer especially from the fungus oidium, which appeared in the Province of Champagne about 1907, and is doing such damage that the extermination of the oak in France is foreseen.

INVERCARGILL Y.W.C.A.

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Mrs W. F. Bisset.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Mrs J. T. F. Mitchell, Miss Birss.

HON. SECRETARY:

Miss V. A. Jamieson.

HON. TREASURER:

Mrs R. R. Macgregor.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

(Term expires 1921.)

Mrs R. R. Macgregor, Mrs Greenwood, Mrs Brodie, Mrs J. T. F. Mitchell, Miss V. A. Jamieson.

(Term expires 1922.)

Mrs W. F. Bisset, Mrs G. Chewings, Mrs R. A. Anderson, Miss B. H. Asher, Mrs P. Cruickshank.

(Term expires 1923.)

Mrs T. W. Walker, Mrs J. D. Gilmore, Mrs J. Collie, Miss H. Birss.

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SPECIAL GIRLS' WORKER:

Miss Bella Thomson.

HOUSE SECRETARY:

Miss Farquhar.

CLUB ATTENDANT:

Miss Rose Mahoney.

ANNUAL REPORT.

1919-1920.

We have come to the end of another year of service for our King.

As we give our reports we need not fear He will spurn the results we bring; For He looks with compassion on all we do In love for His dear sake,

And if through the year to our God we're true, Our gifts He will surely take.

As we stand at the close of another year Let us pause and ask His grace, That with hands that are strong to do and bear

Each may serve Him in her place. May our Dominion be saved for the Prince of Peace,

And may we faithful be, That love may reign and strife may cease In our Land of Liberty.

ADMINISTRATION.

We have welcomed to our Board of Directors during the year, Mrs W. F. Bisset (president), Mrs G. Chewings, Mrs P. Cruickshank and Miss Wilson, though we regret the resignation in December of Miss Wilson who has left the district.

We again feel grateful for practical advice and help given by the members of our Advisory Board in financial problems that have assailed us through the year.

There have been alterations on the staff, Miss Hunt, our Girl's Department secretary, left us in April to return to her home in Melbourne, and Miss B. Jamieson was appointed on May 7th to carry on the work of that department for a term.

In the opening paragraph of our report last year we stressed the need for a kitchenette in connection with the Club Rooms. We are glad to be able to report that through the generosity of two of our business men, that need has been met. The girls of the town are beginning to appreciate it and there is now quite a substantial nucleus of what we believe will be a good cafeteria department.

We have been able during the year to assist with several outside events. In the Peace Celebrations Procession some of the members represented Women War Workers of Britain, and several of the senior members gave assistance to the Y.M.C.A. at their canteen for returned soldiers.

On Violet Day the Y.W.C.A. was responsible for a street stall in aid of the Children's House. On another occasion we were able to assist the Stocking League with their exhibition of garments for the poor in England, by lending our rooms and crockery. Our own Daffodil Day organised by the members of the Board of Directors netted £57 to the general expenses, while a Cake and Pudding Fair in December brought in £26.

RELIGIOUS WORK.

The Sunday afternoon Bible Class preceded by a song service has been held all through the year. On Sunday afternoon, April 20th, the members joined in the Peace Celebrations Service at the Theatre, and in May one Sunday was given up in order that the girls might attend a

FURNITURE.

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POULTRY NOTES.

So long as we encourage the idea that poultry-farming is a non-paying pursuit, so long will our industry be at a disadvantage, because it is not commanding the respect and confidence that it should. Does the poultry farmer find it difficult to secure a loan or an overdraft? If so, it is due not to the unsoundness of our business when properly run, but to the habit of its detractors who have failed to make good.

To make poultry pay at least 1000 birds are needed. If a man is going to make a success of poultry he should be able to look after this number properly, and also raise his pullets, which ought to be 500 to keep his flock half pullets and half yearlings. Don't play with 500 or 600 and expect to do very much. Remember numbers tell. In first setting out you will not of course have this number, but as you gain experience it is what you should aim for. Always try to lay out a farm on a system that will economise labour. Keep the feed house in centre, and arrange your plant around it. Place the buildings and gates in a straight line, as they are far more convenient and look better than if placed anyhow, or anywhere; make gates to open and close easy and effective to save loss of time.

Always remember a hen can only produce an egg after her own bodily wants have been supplied, and we must feed full and plenty if we are to obtain eggs. The old argument that feed is too dear or hens won't lay is blown out. The laying hen cannot be over-fed; she is too busy to put on fat. Mix feed in large shallow trays with spade; the old way of mixing in buckets is out of date and is too slow.

Anyone thinking of poultry farming must not think they will have an easy job. It is a common idea the business is suitable for invalids or disabled people. On the contrary, it is hard work and long hours in and out of season, and we have to keep going to make a success of it.

One of the reasons why poultry has not paid is because, firstly, people go in for it with no knowledge of the business, and, secondly, through want of organisation for years the egg and poultry market was always in the favour of the buyer, as the seller had to take exactly what he was offered, with no say in the price he should receive for his product, which was absolutely inadequate for the time and feed he expended. All this has changed now, largely through efforts of the egg circle movement. We should all join and make poultry farming what it should be. We have no bad debts, and quick returns. We can do much better by union and organised force.

SINGLE-PEN TEST AT MASTERTON.

A single-pen test is to be conducted at Masterton this year. It is to be run on thoroughly up-to-date lines; indeed, one of the regulations decided upon is the most valuable idea yet adopted by any laying competition society. This is that all birds entered must have been bred by the competitor, who must also have been the owner of the parent birds at time of hatching, and who must at the date of entry be the bona-fide owner of at least fifty female birds of the same breed. The promoters are to be heartily congratulated on these stipulations. Attention has been directed to the scandal of a man buying a pen for the purpose, or only having a few birds of the breed in a backyard, and who, having the luck rather than the good judgment to win a test, calmly proceeds to do a good trade in selling sittings of eggs of false origin. This is the sort of test that can be confidently recommended. It will commence

on April 11 and finish on March 1921.

LIGHT AND ITS EFFECT ON PRODUCTION.

According to experiments made by Professor James E. Rice, of the Department of Poultry Husbandry, Cornell University, it has been proved that light in houses during the winter months has a direct effect upon the production of eggs.

Tests were carried out at Cornell for a period of 48 weeks, during which time the houses were kept lighted until 9 o'clock every night, and the total showed that 100 hens in pullets in the lighted house produced 135 dozen more eggs than the fowls in the unlighted sheds that went to bed when the sun went down.

The reason for the increased production of eggs in the lighted houses was given by Professor Rice as being that the hens had more time in which to feed. There was no long wait between supper and breakfast. The fowls, a native of tropical countries, the said Professor Rice, had a tendency to exhaust their vitality.

COLOUR OF YOLK.

Experiments were conducted to show the effect of maize on the colour of the yolk of eggs (says "Hotspur" in the "Leader"). A flock of single comb White Leghorns was divided into three lots of 40 each, and these were housed and cared for alike, except that one pen received whole grain in the form of maize, and another in the form of wheat. All pens were allowed free access to narrow yards, which furnished a very limited amount of green stuff. The eggs laid by these pens were saved, and, after boiling, were cut in half and placed in parallel rows for comparison. In every instance the eggs from the maize fed lot showed a deep yellow colour, while the eggs from the wheat fed lot had a yolk of good yellow colour, while, with but three exceptions, the eggs from those fed with wheat had yolks a very pale yellow colour. The three exceptions can probably be accounted for by some of the hens getting green food from the yards. Another test was made subsequently with maize, and the yolks were a pale yellow. As a result of the test it was concluded that yellow maize when fed to hens in the proportion of nine parts maize to twelve parts wheat gives a very deep yellow colour to the yolk. Yellow maize, when fed to hens in the proportion of four and a half parts maize to sixteen and a half parts of other foods, gives a noticeable yellow tint. Wheat, when fed in the same proportions, does not give a yellow colour to eggs, and maize is no better than wheat, so as flourishing a tint to the yolk concerned.

ASSISTED PASSAGES-FINANCES OF N.Z. SOLDIERS.

FURTHER TO CIRCULAR No. 156 20/3/20.

The following letter has just been received by Headquarters in reply to representations upon the above matter:—"For your information I have to inform you that the period for receiving applications for assisted passages for fiancés and wives of New Zealand soldiers has been extended to the 30th June, 1920. Yours Faithfully, (Signed) H. E. AVERY, Lieut-Colonel, N. Z. Staff "Q" Dept for G. O., i/c Administration.

It is far better to love and lose than that way we retain an ideal which never be debased.

Woman's Meeting in the Y.M.C.A. when Mr. G. W. W. B. Hughes told of women's war work as he had seen it. On two other Sundays the class attended the Booth Mission, some of the girls helping in the choir. We would like to thank our president, Mrs W. F. Bisset, Mr S. Hoare, Y.M.C.A. secretary, and Mr G. B. Galloway for services rendered at our Sunday gatherings.

FOREIGN WORK.

There has again been an advance in this department. The Birthday League has been revived with Miss Rose Mahoney as secretary. We take the opportunity of inviting all who care to help to send in a thank offering on their birthdays towards the support of our work in foreign lands. The Girl's Department secured its quota by a Japanese Fair managed entirely by the girls themselves.

Altogether the sum of £18 10s has been raised in the interests of the Foreign Department. We are glad to report this deepening interest in view of the fact that the coming years are bringing increased responsibilities in connection with our work in foreign fields.

EDUCATIONAL.

Millinery:—The average attendance at the millinery class has been seven. Much thanks is due to the efficient instruction given by Miss Dykes.

Physical Culture:—Fourteen girls enrolled with Mr Page as instructor for physical culture. In consideration for the visitors to the supper rooms which have opened on the floor beneath us we find it necessary to move our physical culture club to one of the halls at the hostel. This movement interfered with the attendance as several of the girls found it too far to go. We are grateful indeed to Mr Page for his sustained interest and careful instruction in spite of these adverse conditions.

Home Nursing:—This has been one of the most successful classes held during the winter. We were fortunate in securing the services of Matron Ewart of the Southland Hospital to give a series of lectures and demonstrations to the girls. Twenty-eight members enrolled and a fairly full attendance was maintained throughout.

Koron Club:—A senior girl's club meets every Thursday night. Half of the evening is spent in glee singing and for the remainder a miscellaneous programme has been drawn up, including artificial respiration, literary subjects and addresses.

MEMBERSHIP.

During the year fifty-five new members have been welcomed, with the inevitable number of names dropping off for reasons varied, our membership remains almost the same as it was last year.

OUT OF DOORS.

A Tramp Club has been formed and the members have enjoyed hikes to Thomson's Bush, Ocean Beach, and Victoria Park. At this latter place, the home of Mr R. A. Anderson, the girls were entertained at afternoon tea by Mrs Anderson and given permission to pick sweetpeas to their hearts content. After a delightful ramble through the very beautiful gardens, Mr Anderson kindly motored us back to the tram terminus. Another much enjoyed outing was a moonlight picnic at Thomson's Bush. These vesper times amid our fun and with such beautiful surroundings do much towards keeping us all strong in mind and body for the day's work.

Camps:—At Easter, although the weather was exceedingly wet, one of the best camps we have had was held at the Rocks, Riverton. There was plenty of fun and sunshine inside to make up for the lack of it outside, and as each evening we gathered round the big open fire, the spirit of the Easter-time was very manifest and precious. A school girl's camp was held at Riverton at Labour Day week-end. This time the weather was more favourable and the campers were able to enjoy the glories of the outdoors.

(The remainder of the report will appear in our next issue.)

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Kennel Notes.

BY "SPANIEL."

In our last issue a few printers errors appeared but no doubt our readers would be able to gather our meaning. The staff has had a very strenuous time of late so are in need of a little sympathy, also a good holiday at Easter time.

A meeting of dog fanciers was held last week and though numbers were lacking the amount of enthusiasm shown augers well for the prospect of holding a successful show.

Affiliation has been applied for and a reply is expected at any moment.

Mr Lea has been appointed secretary and Mr N. Critchfield to the position of treasurer.

Both of these gentlemen are keen fanciers so no doubt will do a great deal towards making kennel matters flourish in the South.

The Christmas number of "Our Dogs" is to hand and fanciers would do well to obtain a copy as it contains a great many photos of the leading dogs in Great Britain. The study of these should prove an education.

The Dunedin Fancier's Club hold its winter show on 17th, 18th and 19th June. The local dates are pencilled for 21st and 22nd May.

Mr L. S. Gibson, the energetic Dunedin kennel club secretary, was on a flying visit to Invercargill but he had a little spare time on hand so he used it in having a look over some of the local cockers. He expressed himself as being pleased with some young blood which he saw.

Mr Gibson possesses the foundation for a good kennel in "Mainsmore Beauty," but so far she has not brought him much luck.

"Beauty" is a well-bred one being by champion "Belwell Bang," the blue-roan dog imported some years ago by Mr Sam Johnston of Palmerston North.

A very popular breed a few years ago in Otago and Southland was the fox terrier, but some reason or other he has been on the wane for some time past. There are signs of his revival in the near future. Fanciers both in the North and South are giving keen attention once again to his production.

Mr N. Critchfield has secured a very nice foxie from the Babymere kennels and should he improve with age he will be a very good one when full grown.

The above named fancier is putting a fine little lot of terriers together and we hope to see him well in the hunt when he toos the carpet a little later on.

At the present time the Irish terrier is having a good run locally. Many purchases have been made within the last six months. "Paddy's Selection" seems to be the main stay in the pedigrees of the most of them.

Mr J. Stevens is expecting something good from his English setter this time. Good luck has not favoured him so far with her but his luck may change.

Sylvan Silk is now rearing a nice litter by Frontier Jack, and Mr Lea is very pleased with them at present and just about sees a champion in the bunch, time will prove.

Mr J. R. Wilson of Dunedin secured a cocker bitch pup from Mr Kidd of Invercargill but he had the bad luck to have her removed from his locality soon after receiving her. The powers that be have failed to locate her so Mr Wilson has had to accept the result and try and make himself believe that he didn't want her anyway. Somebody else has now the rod in pickle.

The allotment of challenges for the various shows for 1920 has been made by the New Zealand Kennel Club.

The Dunedin Kennel Club was awarded Cocker and Irish Terriers.

Local fanciers who were winners at the above club's show are asking questions as to why, the challenges were not given to successful competitors in the breeds already mentioned. We cannot see that these challenges can be carried over to 1921 when they are set down for 1920. Local fanciers are the most concerned and will require to battle hard to receive much consideration in the matter.

No doubt the Dunedin Kennel Club will have something to say before long by way of explanation.

Mr Flatbush: "These jellies you put up all taste alike to me, dear." Mrs Flatbush: "But you can tell the difference by the labels." "Possibly; but I never thought of tasting the labels, dear."

VALEDICTORY.

FAREWELL TO MR A. PHILPOT.

Mr Alfred Philpot, who has been appointed entomologist at the Cawthron Institute, Nelson was farewelled by the Workers' Educational Association and the Southland Naturalists' Society on Thursday last.

The gathering took the form of a musical evening, and was held in the Museum Hall, Technical College Buildings. Mr J. A. Henry, M.A., (president of the W.E.A.), occupied the chair, there being about fifty people present.

Songs and other items were contributed by Mrs T. G. Brickell, Misses Gladys Petrie, M. Jefcoate, A. Hiddlestone, and Messrs F. Bray, T. G. Brickell, Gordon Brown, S. G. August and H. B. Campbell.

During the supper adjournment the chairman called on Mr H. J. Farrant to present the departing guest with a pair of field glasses. Mr Farrant expressed the regret of members of both organisations in losing the genial company and valuable services of Mr Philpot. As secretary of the W.E.A. he had been a most capable and enthusiastic officer, whilst in the literature and other class work he had always given a substantial lead to the discussions. He wished Mr Philpot every success in his new occupation, and trusted that opportunities would arise whereby he would be enabled to pay them a visit in the future.

Mr Fowler (president of the Naturalists' Society) also joined in the tribute of respect to Mr Philpot, whose chief characteristics he described as "thoroughness." Mr Fowler briefly traced the history of the Society which began with four members, their guest being one of that number. The Society was not a large body numerically, but its members were all keen, and valuable work was being constantly carried on. Mr Fowler, in a very happy mood, expressed the hope that Mr Philpot, without the aid of field glasses, would frequently conjure visions of the rugged hills and smiling valleys of Southland over which he had trapped so often in search of specimens peculiar to the district.

On rising to reply, Mr Philpot was vociferously greeted with "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow." He thanked them one and all for their very kind expressions of appreciation. Publicity was an ordeal repugnant to him, but on this occasion he felt he was amongst friends; they had interests in common, and there was no aloofness existing between the members of either Associations. He regretted leaving the Workers' Educational Association, the Southland Naturalists' Society, and the Museum. These three institutions were now about to take a distinctly forward step; they had safely passed the period of infancy, and were being recognized as a valuable portion of the provincial assets. He hoped the Borough Council when approaching the question of erecting a Public Library, would also add the Museum thereto. The library and museum were part and parcel of one great educational institution. The work of the W.E.A., also, was becoming better known and appreciated. He would never forget his happy associations in Southland, and would look forward with pleasure to renewing his friendships at no distant date. The field glasses were a particularly appropriate and useful present, and he highly valued them.

The chairman (Mr Henry) thanked the performers for their contributions, all of which were of a very high order, he also appreciated the services of Mrs Farrant and Mr Calvert, who, as joint hon. sec., had organised the function, and Misses Hiddlestone and Jefcoate who had kindly acted as accompanists. The evening was a remarkably pleasant one, and a general handshaking with Mr Philpot brought the proceedings to a close.

CHANGING WINDS.

I remember, I remember,
When I had reached sixteen,
How rare my judgment was of age:
How piercing and how keen.
A man of twenty-five was old;
And almost senile he
Who doddered past me at the age
Of thirty-two or three.

I remember, I remember,
When I was sixty-two,
How much my views had broadened out,
How ripe they were, and true.
A man of fifty was a child;
And one had just begun
To enter happy middle age
On reaching eighty-one.

—Kenneth L. Roberts.

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Rowing.

It is understood that the Invercargill Rowing boys are very much disgusted with the action of "the heads" in cutting out the proposal to compete at the forthcoming Queenstown regatta, which takes place on Saturday, April 3. The crews that were chosen and names of crews published recently, would have been toughies with a little training (a fortnight at least was at their disposal). The heads should have given the crews a chance, as without trying, no results are recorded.

Railway crews have lacked training of late and appear to be taking Queenstown too cheaply, as it must be remembered that Otago crews and Oamaru, as well as Awarua (Bluff) and Riverton's will be right out for first honours.

The Railway Junior Four that has shown such a grand performance during the season, is starting in the Lake Wakatipu championship fours and ought to be well up when the finishing shot is fired. G. Webb is stroking the above crew, with A. White (three), S. Webb (two) and E. R. Latham (bow).

Coxswain F. McManus and S. Ward will journey to Queenstown with Railway crews and Frankie is looking forward to a rest from school, like Syd.

F. McManus showed his capabilities at all the local regattas, and also at Wanganui, where he steered to victory Railway's Junior Pair crew (G. Webb and E. R. Latham), also the Uawa crew (who unfortunately had no coxswain) and great credit is due to him.

Syd is just a new chum at the sport but is shaping very well.

The secretary (Mr C. R. Baker) of the Railway Rowing Club, wishes all members to watch the daily papers for notice of a special general meeting, that is to be held shortly after Queenstown Regatta is over.

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SOCIAL NOTES.

On Friday afternoon Miss Bews gave a small kitchen afternoon for Miss Campbell, who is to be married shortly. Some of the guests were: Misses Henderson (2), Moffett, Callender, Field, Macdonald, Hain, Tucker, Mrs Crawford, Mrs Archie Hawke, etc.

Mrs B. Baastian also gave an enjoyable afternoon on Friday, some of her guests were: Mesdames R. J. Gilmour, D. J. Morton, T. Macdonald, Gabities, Hoyles, Tapley, Barkley, Traill, Caurn; Misses Dyer, Hackworth, etc.

Last week Mrs A. B. Moffett gave a most enjoyable dance at her home in Gladstone. Some of the guests were: Mr and Mrs Oliver, Dr and Mrs Snow, Mr and Mrs Foster, Mr and Mrs Fosbery Handy-side, Mr and Mrs Morrah, Mr and Mrs R. J. Gilmour, Mr and Mrs Maclean, Mr and Mrs H. Macalister, Misses Wylie, Watson, Morrah, Bews (2), Field (2), Prain, Hackworth, Macdonald, Snow, etc; Messrs Keddell, Douglas, J. B. Thomson, Hewitt, Farnall, Russell, Irving, Gilmour, Prain, Royds, etc.

On Wednesday morning Miss Crofts gave a tea in honour of Miss Campbell. Some of the guests were: Mrs Searell, Mrs T. D. A. Moffett, Misses Campbell, Macdonald, Bews, Galbraith, Hain, etc.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Irving gave an enjoyable afternoon at Lewis' Tea Rooms for Miss Dorothy Trotter, who is shortly to be married.

THE SQUABBLING PHILOSOPHERS.

Reading through an old biography (writes a correspondent), I came across an amusing account of a sequel to a discussion between Carlyle and Ruskin, which is new to me and may be new to others of your readers. These discussions sometimes developed into somewhat heated arguments, which, however, usually ended in a laugh or jest.

On one occasion, when Ruskin had made a particularly strong attack, Carlyle came out with:—

O. John Ruskin,
Keep your tusk in,

And smooth your ruffled plumes.

Whereat Ruskin instantly replied:—

Tumms Carlyle, O,
That is the style, O,
To poetise a la Jim Crow.

A BLACKHANDER.

Kathleen had proved to be all that a servant should be in regard to her duties; but unfortunately her energies never seemed to extend to keeping her face clean. Her mistress desired to tell her to wash it, but not wanting to offend a valued servant she tried to be diplomatic. "Do you know, Kathleen," she remarked in a confidential manner, "that if you wash your face in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful!"

"Sure, an' it's a wonder ye niver thried it yerself, ma'am!" was Kathleen's surprising answer.

Lilian: "Jack Rapide is a perfect bear!" Rose: "Has he been hugging you, too?"

Of Interest to Women.

THE PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC LABOUR.

(Continued from March 23.)

In last week's issue, an endeavour was made to examine the nature of "domestic labour" and its distribution and remuneration. Of the question still to be answered, the next is, "In what esteem is domestic labour held as a form of service?" The answer may be derived from the wages or emoluments of any kind offered for its performance, from the amount of training demanded for it, from the standard of character asked for, and from the social status of those that make it a vocation.

From whatever viewpoint we take the question is complicated by the existing economic conditions within the home and must be answered with regard to no distinct classes of persons.

The first is that of the married women. As pointed out in the previous article, the remuneration they receive bears no quantitative relation whatever to their service. We are led then to conclude that though a man, generally speaking, is prepared to endow a woman with his worldly goods or part of them because she is to be his help-meet and co-worker, as well as his wife, our economic system recognises in no way the value of women's service to the community as mothers and home-keepers. Further, as a general rule, women, themselves, to judge by social procedure everywhere, consider a large part of such work irksome and derogatory to dignity. In this they are in some degree right, since "drudgery and coarse servitude" are things which civilisation tends more and more to remove by labour-saving appliances and other means, of which more anon; but they are also more wrong than right in so far as they consider the mere opportunity and power to shift their "dirty work" on to other people's shoulders to be a badge of social advancement. To be able to go out calling while another woman scrubs your kitchen floor is no real claim to respect nor any necessary evidence of high character.

The wages of those who hire themselves out as domestic workers are probably less than those of factory workers; they are generally as high as those of girls holding minor positions in offices. I do not think that the unattractiveness of domestic service (it must be unattractive since so few girls will take it up) lies in the smallness of the wage. Nurses are paid small, ludicrously small wages, in the public hospitals at any rate, girl clerks and typists are not highly paid; and yet these avenues of labour are crowded in comparison with domestic service. One cause of the anomaly is certainly the greater independence and the definite hours of work accorded to "outside" workers. Maid-servants are expected to be on duty from seven in the morning till bed-time, except for their weekly or fortnightly afternoon off or evening out. Why should they become domestic servants if they can get into factories, shops, or offices where every evening is free or paid for as overtime at double rates?

When we come to consider the standard of character and training required in domestic labour, we find again the dual answer. Our conventional sentimentality does not take account of such mundane matters as training or even industry and sobriety of character. A man marries a woman for the sake of her fair eyes, not because she is capable or energetic. Education is now bestirring itself on this question, perhaps in some cases with more zeal than discretion; but the establishment of "Home Science" in our schools may help to put domestic labour of every kind on a sounder and more reasonable basis.

For the average servant, the question of training and character has come to this for its only answer: "You must take what you can get," and can women wonder that there is not a better class of girls coming forward as domestic servants when the work is tacitly and generally considered to be a kind of inferior drudgery.

The woman who aspires to be of some importance in her circle, hires a servant, so that she may escape the heavier and more disagreeable work of the house and be more free to enjoy the amenities of social life. The maid to whom she delegates the cooking and baking and scrubbing or the care of the children in the afternoon, is of an altogether different and inferior order. Most probably the servant is her mistress's inferior in those things that opportunity and fortune confer, in education, refinement, and accomplishments, but therein lies the very pity of it. Why should children be entrusted to the care of the ignorant and coarse, if by any means we can attract more educated and refined persons to the work? And the only way that can be done is by the removal of the badge of social inferiority.

feriority.

It has been done in the case of nursing which implies menial duties no less monotonous or disagreeable than those of domestic service. One may propose to a parent of respectable middleclass station that his daughter should go in for nursing, or typing, but not for domestic service; and yet nursing includes many disagreeable menial tasks, and typing is monotonous and often ill-paid work. The difference is that among us, nursing and typing are considered genteel, domestic service is not. And yet, two generations ago, nursing was a despised profession, taken up by coarse and ignorant persons.

There is no doubt that in a home with any pretensions to comfort and cleanliness, where there are young children to be cared for, there is work for more than one woman, and if the mother is to have any rest or recreation, there must be help obtained for her. At present, that help can scarcely be had, and women are forced to put up with ill-performed and inadequate service, largely because they will not so alter the conditions that sensible, well-trained and refined girls will offer themselves for the work.

Children's Column.

(BY "MATER.")

THE THREE GOBLINS.

This is a tale about three goblins who lived in Fairyland. Now let me tell you what goblins are like. They have funny little squat noses, large mouths, and long ears which make them listen to other people's business when they ought to be attending to their own. The King of Fairyland sent these three goblins, Punch, Brownie, and Moth, on an errand. They were to go into the forest where a poor old woman lived, and gather firewood for her. Of course this had to be done at night, as that is when the fairies do all their good deeds, because they like them to be a pleasant surprise for people in the morning. They were sitting on three toadstools talking about this task. "Isn't it a nice task which his Majesty has been pleased to set us?" said Puck, who was a good natured fairy. "I'd just like to see the old woman's face in the morning when she finds all her sticks gathered."

But Moth and Brownie were rather selfish. Besides, they wanted to join in the bit that night when the fairies danced round the king and queen and all the goblins who had time came to watch them. "I think it's a shame," said Brownie, picking little bits off the edge of the toadstool and putting them in Puck's ears to try to annoy him.

"I've a good mind not to pick up sticks at all, chimed in Moth. "Let's go and see the fairies dance!" "If you two aren't going to help, I'm going to gather the sticks by myself," said Puck, and, jumping off the toadstool, started off in the direction of the old woman's hut. The other two followed, but they were so cross that they broke the toadstool when they jumped off.

Puck carefully chose all the nice dry sticks he could find; but the other two took any they came to, and these were very often green and wet. They soon had enough, and tied them in a bundle, and left them at the door of the hut. "Now," said Brownie, "we can be off," and he and Moth set out at a run through the forest, where the owls were calling to them from dark tree-tops, but Puck did not go. After the other two had gone he sat on a dock leaf and thought how pleased the old woman would be if she found the sticks nicely broken up in the morning. He no sooner thought this than he began to break the sticks into nice little pieces. It took him a long time, and when he had finished he saw that morning was near and that he would be too late for the fairy dance.

The next night our three goblins had to appear before the king. The words he said first were spoken to Puck: "And why," said his majesty, "were you not at the ball last night?" Puck began to feel frightened, "please, your majesty, I stayed to break up the sticks."

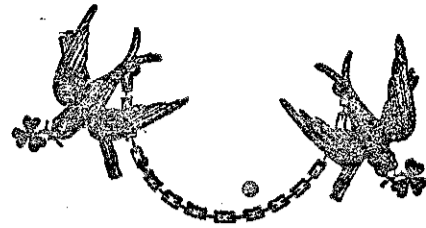
"That was right," said the king, "I am pleased with you. Tonight you shall have a holiday Moth, Brownie, go you tonight and dig out all the thistles from the big field. Thus do I reward selfishness and idleness."

So Moth and Brownie hung their head for shame and spent the whole night digging out the thistles with their sharp little nails, while Puck played hide-and-seek with the other goblins and watched the fairies dance.

In the morning the old woman was delighted to see a nice bundle of sticks broken up ready to light the fire, and she soon had the kettle merrily boiling. She was puzzled to find several green sticks which wouldn't burn, but we know who put them there, don't we.

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The Home.

THE VALUE OF CURRANTS.

If all those whose duty it is to cater for a household only knew what a valuable food there is ready to hand in dried currants the fruit would be on the table every day. One authority on food values says, "These little grape berries contain over three times as much actual nourishment as an equal weight of lean beef."

NERVE VEGETABLES.

Celery is one of the best vegetables for the nerves and for nervous dyspepsia neuralgia and rheumatism. Lettuce is also good for the nerves and a splendid sleep producer, containing as it does opium in its natural state. Onions are among the best nervines known. Being soporific, they are invaluable for those troubled with insomnia.

TOMATO JAM.

Wipe the tomatoes with a cloth and remove the stem, put into a preserving-pan, with 3lb of lump sugar to each lb of fruit, add a little water for syrup. Put the rind and juice of one lemon to each 2lb of tomatoes. Boil till thoroughly cooked, and the syrup thick. Either green or ripe tomatoes will do. This makes a delicious jam.

DEVILLED TOMATOES.

Take three large, ripe, firm tomatoes, plunge them into boiling water for a few seconds to loosen the skins, peel and cut them into thick slices. Cream 2oz butter with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, which has been pressed through a sieve, half teaspoonful of salt and castor sugar, a little pepper, a teaspoonful of chilli vinegar (heated), and a raw beaten egg. Place this sauce over hot water, and stir till it is thick as cream. Fry the slices of tomato in butter, pour the sauce over, and serve with hot or cold meat.

BARLEY WATER.

In case of fever, chest affections, or severe colds, this drink is to be highly recommended. There are two kinds, clear barley water and thick barley water, but the former is generally preferred. To make it, proceed as follows:—Wash a tablespoonful of pearl barley in two or three waters, and put it into a jug, with one ounce of loaf sugar, and the thin yellow rind and juice of a fresh lemon. Pour over this a quart of boiling water, cover closely, and allow it to stand for two hours. If preferred, black currant jelly, liquorice cut fine, or orange rind and juice can be used for flavouring this drink instead of the things mentioned above. When quite cold, strain carefully and serve. The thick barley water, which, of course, contains more nourishment, is made in the following manner:—Wash thoroughly three tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, and put it in a saucepan with a quart of cold water and the thin rind of a fresh lemon. Boil gently for an hour, then add another pint of cold water and boil for an hour longer. Strain the liquid into a pitcher, and when cold sweeten to taste.

A POT ROAST.

Meat of any kind—beef, poultry, or pigeons—may be used. Slice an onion and

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a few bits of chopped pork, and place

in the bottom of an iron saucepan. Place

on the top of this any kind of meat that

is to be cooked, and add just enough water

to stew it in. Be careful to use little

water, as more can easily be added as the

meat cooks away, and it spoils the dish to take

any of the water out. Keep turning the

meat and let it stew or roast slowly till

brown and tender; then take the meat

out and strain and thicken the gravy.

Pour over the meat and serve hot. This

is a good way to cook a tough piece of

meat or an old fowl.

BAKED LEMON PUDDING.

Take five ounces of breadcrumbs, one

pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one

lemon, and two ounces of powdered sugar

and two eggs. Bring the milk to the boil,

stir in the butter and pour these into the

bowl over the breadcrumbs, then add the

sugar and the very finely-minced lemon

peel, beat the eggs and stir into the

ingredients. Bake for three-quarters of an

hour.

CUSTARD SHAPE.

Half an ounce of gelatine, lemon rind

half a pint of milk, and two eggs. Soak

half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint

of milk for one hour, add a little thin

peeled lemon rind and a teaspoonful of

sugar, put into a saucepan, stir over the

fire until the gelatine is dissolved, pour

gradually on the well-beaten eggs, pour

into a jug, stand in a saucepan of boiling

water, stir over the fire until the mixture

coats the spoon; pour into a wetted

mould. When quite set turn out and

serve.

A FATAL REHEARSAL.

Dean Pigou tells an amusing story of

a would-be benedict who took the precau-

tion to get a friend to give him the

preliminary coaching in the marriage

service. Whether in a spirit of mischief

or in ignorance, the friend rehearsed

carefully in the office for holy baptism

with disastrous results; for when the

officiating parson asked him on the fatal

day, "Wilt thou have this woman to be

thy wedded wife?" he answered glibly

"I did promise and vow three things

in my name. First, that I would

nounce, etc."

Oke: "Would you be satisfied if I had

had all the money you wanted?" Oke:

"I'd be satisfied if I had all the money

my creditors wanted."

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A SIXTH SENSE.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's statement in his new book, "South," that during his march over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to him often that "the party was four, not three," has aroused great interest among students of the occult.

Describing the incident more fully to a "Daily Mail" reporter, Sir Ernest said it was noticeable throughout the expedition that at moments when everything seemed to be at its worst by some act of providence disaster was averted.

"Neither Worsley nor Crean" (his companions), said Sir Ernest, "is an imaginative man. But when Worsley said 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us,' Crean added: 'It's the same with me.'"

"At times," added Sir Ernest, "the feeling was so strong with me that I would turn expecting to find a phantom person by my side, but actually I never saw a figure, nor did I hear a voice."

"Almost as uncanny was the moment when, roped together and marching along in darkness and fog, something inexplicable stayed my feet. We stood still, and a moment later the fog lifted, the moon came out, and there beneath us was a great gaping hole that would have swallowed a division."

"There were other times when this intangible feeling of impending danger came over me which I have not hitherto mentioned. For four days in our small boats we were racing before the gale towards Clarence Island. Against the usual course that would have prompted most seamen, I suddenly decided in the middle of the night to turn the boats on to the sea and wait. When dawn broke, rocks were directly ahead of our course, and had we not stopped when we did we should have been dashed to pieces."

"Perhaps," added Sir Ernest, "ten months' comradeship with death gives one a sixth sense."

GENERAL BIRDWOOD.

The executive recently wrote to General Sir William Birdwood in Australia inviting him to be the guest of the Association for one evening during his visit to Auckland.

In reply the General says: "I look forward to the possibility of going on to New Zealand from Australia and meeting so many of my old comrades of the New Zealand Forces, but at present no definite arrangements have been made. In any case, as I would be the guest of the New Zealand Government, the arrangements for my visit would be in their hands, and this fact would preclude me from making any private engagements in advance."

It was decided to forward General Birdwood's letter to the Minister for Defence and ask that an evening or part of an evening should be allotted the Auckland Returned Soldiers' Association, so that the men who have served under the General might do him honour.

Agriculture.

Pasture Notes.

(BY E. BRUCE LEVY.)

ASSISTANT BIOLOGIST, WERAROA STATE FARM.

GRASSING OF FERN LANDS.

Of the 33,300,000 acres in New Zealand available for agricultural and pastoral pursuits, 2,700,000 acres consists of fern and scrub. Certain of this area has been in fern for hundreds of years, but a large proportion represents country that has reverted to this vegetation after initial attempts at utilisation of the ground have failed. There are consequently two types of fern lands:—

- (1) Natural fern lands.
- (2) Induced fern lands.

The natural fern lands are those which have been in this vegetation for hundreds of years and are generally associated with Tutu.

The induced fern lands are of recent origin and comprise mainly those areas which previously carried forest—the reversion to fern following on as a result of "cheap" and inappropriate seeding of the burn, and subsequent poor farm management.

Fern will grow on almost every class of land—from the poorest to the very best—from extremely dry to fairly wet—the height varying from 1 foot to 8 feet according to the class of land. The fern covering thus serves as a very good index of the quality of the land and where fern is growing five or more feet of first class land is indicated and conversely the shorter and more stunted the fern growth the less fertile the soil.

The plant is generally looked upon as an indication of an acid soil, but it does exceedingly well on almost pure limestone formation.

The natural fern lands comprise some of the best lands in New Zealand, and these lands are really the easiest of lands to bring into profitable use from the natural vegetation. There are three main ways of dealing with natural fern lands:—

- (1) Burning and surface sowing of seed.
- (2) Burning and ploughing, etc.
- (3) Crushing out by stock without burning or sowing.

The areas are fired in the autumn, and great care must be exercised to see that the fire does not carry over beyond the area intended to be burnt.

Late autumn (February-March) is advisable and really the later the better for the following reasons:—

- (1) Rain is likely to fall soon after burning.
- (2) Fern will not reappear until the following October so that the grass can become well established before stocking.

As soon as the area is burnt and while the ashes are yet warm the seed should be sown.

On land that can be ploughed surface sowing of seed should not be done—the area should be ploughed after the burn and a seed bed prepared.

It is advisable on such ploughable areas to adopt temporary pastures for the breaking in process until such time as the fern is killed out when a permanent pasture can be secured without fear of the fern again getting possession.

The crushing out of the fern by stock without burning, etc., is only possible where a run-off on to grass is provided, but this method is not recommended.

PLOUGHABLE FERN LANDS.

Burn as early in autumn as possible and get plough in straight away, or if the land is of such a nature that it soon gets hard, burn in late autumn and work up during winter and early spring. Reduce to a good seed bed and sow the following temporary pasture mixture (spring or autumn) according to season when ploughed:—

- 25lb Italian Ryegrass
- 6lb Red Clover

31lb per acre.

Stock when the fern is re-appearing and before it uncurs. If the seed is autumn sown one or two feedings off will be possible before October, but there must be a good growth left for feeding during October. This is essentially the secret of bringing in all classes of fern country and in each case the endeavour is to secure sufficient feed—October-February—so that stock may be kept on those

areas in sufficient numbers to eat or break off the young fronds as they appear through the ground, and if sufficient grass is not present, then it will not be possible to carry sufficient stock to cope with all the fern without the stock losing condition. Cattle beasts are better adapted for this work than sheep.

After the second temporary pasture the land should be ready for establishment of a permanent one, and the following mixture is recommended on good fern land—flat to undulating:—

- 15lb Cocksfoot
- 15lb Perennial Rye
- 4lb Crested Dogtail
- 3lb Timothy
- 4lb Red Clover
- 2lb White Clover

43lb per acre.

SOW IN AUTUMN.

On land that is too steep to plough a grass covering can only be obtained by surface sowing, seed immediately after burn (as late in autumn as possible).

According to type of country the constituents and quantity of each constituent will vary. On sloping country (too steep to plough), the following mixture is recommended:—

- 10lb Cocksfoot
- 8lb Perennial Rye
- 6lb Crested Dogtail
- 4lb Poa Pratensis
- 4lb Danthonia Pilosa
- 2lb Red Clover
- 2lb White Clover
- 2lb Lotus Hispidus.

38lbs per acre.

Some Italian Rye should be included in an early autumn (February) burn so as to cope with the immediately re-appearing fern—otherwise this constituent is best omitted from these permanent sowings.

On land of a steeper nature and of poorer quality the following mixture is recommended:—

- 6lb Cocksfoot
- 6lb Crested Dogtail
- 4lb Poa Pratensis
- 2lb Chewings Fescue
- 2lb Danthonia Pilosa
- 6lb Perennial Ryegrass
- 2lb White Clover
- 2lb Lotus Hispidus.

30lb per acre.

Again Italian Rye should be included for early autumn burns.

AMERICAN OIL PRICES.

PROFITTEERING ALLEGED.

An investigation of the Standard, Union, Shell and other large oil companies, against which complaints of profiteering have been made, has been started here by the Federal Government. The Government is represented by Mr C. C. Richards, special assistant to the Attorney-General, Mr Palmer, and he came to the Pacific Coast to look into the oil situation, and to see if there were any combinations in restraint of trade punishable under the Sherman law. Special agents of the Department of Justice will conduct the inquiry, and will endeavour to ascertain why the companies advanced prices from 2s 11d a barrel in some places to 7s 8d. A barrel contains 42 gallons.

Mr Richards said: "There has been a withdrawal of 11 of the 22 steamers carrying passengers in the vicinity of Seattle. They have been compelled to cease operations on account of the increase in the price of oil. Passenger fares have been advanced, and the people are complaining. When the secretary of the navy advertised for 14,000,000 barrels of crude oil for the use of warships there was a number of bids, but the figures were all the same."

It is argued on behalf of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce that the prevailing price should be cut in two. A price of 3s 4d a barrel at Los Angeles would save the Pacific (government and private) more than £10,000,000 a year. True, it would take nearly £4,000,000 off the annual profits of the Standard Oil Company, but it would still have £5,000,000 left.

There is a strong feeling among oil men that the inquiry is likely to have been instituted by men with a bias against the oil industry. The most striking thing is the positive statement made by Mr

Richards that the existing shortage of oil in California is no excuse whatever for raising the price. It must mean, declared operators, that the Department is attempting by its own fiat to abolish the law of supply and demand. October statistics show that the State was short of market calls by 936,930 barrels.

Although the price has remained stationary for 18 months, the cost of production has been greatly enhanced. Labour unionism has invaded the fields and refineries; hours of labour have been cut from twelve to eight, thus necessitating three shifts instead of two, and wages have been raised until now drillers get a minimum of £1 19s for eight hours, while the lowest semi-skilled labourer receives a minimum of £1. The price of field and refinery supplies have gone up to an abnormal extent.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

AUTUMN MODELS.

(By "Brunette.")

In view of the fact that the new autumn models are being displayed a resume of the prevailing tendency will not be out of place. By the way there is more than one tendency, for this season's chapeaux are not confined to one particular type—there is apparently no end to the variety of shades and incidentally colours. Apropos of colours they occupy a prominent place both in regard to the trimming and the hat itself. Never have colours appeared to better advantage—every conceivable tint has been pressed into service. The result is very effective, especially if the shape is intended to be worn with a dark costume. That is probably the reason for fashion's departure. Hats in the past certainly possessed colour, but the present are—well—more daring or glaring! The sombre hues for which the war was responsible have given way to a riot of colour which reflects in a measure the temperament of the people. Bright cerises, greens, blues, yellows, etc., vie with each other for supremacy. It is, after all, a matter of individual taste and the choice rests with the wearer. The fact that the colours are occasionally (more often) contrasted lessens the difficulty of selection—so does the purse.

Turning to the question of shape, both the turned-up brim and its opposite enjoy equal favour. The former is very effective and has an indefinable "something" about it which can best be described as chic. A neat black chip (the turned up brim being well defined) looked tres bon on its pretty owner. Said hat was relieved by a touch of cerise on the edge.

After several years' seclusion the ever welcome beaver makes its reappearance and with a few exceptions has not altered much. The three-cornered style is in favour and these adorable little creations will be much sought after. Fortunately, or unfortunately, this shape does not lend itself readily to any or every face—it is rather exclusive—and on that account all the more desirable. Shortly after la guerre three-cornered velvets were the vogue but evidently beaver has superseded it. The opening of hostilities gave Madame Fashion inspiration, and military styles of the past and present decades have supplied the foundation for ideas not only in hats but also on coats, frocks, etc.

A close rival to the beaver will be the rough straws—shiny and otherwise—which will prove profitable investments, especially by the business girl who has to study economy. Of course there is no comparison between the beaver and the straw, both in regard to material and price, the former being the more expensive. On the other hand the beaver has its compensations for it is serviceable and attractive.

The millinery world, like everything else, presents a study in contrasts not only from the f. s. d. standpoint, but also from the trimming and materialistic. Cloth allied with velvet, velvet with crepe-de-chine, straw with silk, are typical of the craze for bizarre effects. What seem almost impossible combinations are delightful realities. As for the trimming—it is like profiteering—much in evidence. Bright button-hole stitching, for instance, is capable of transforming a dark hat and vice versa. A quill, feather, flower, rosette, anything in fact that will act as ornamentation or can be camouflaged as trimming is quite the thing. It is imperative however that the hat should have a suggestion of trimming—on this point Dame Fashion is adamant.

Another noticeable revival is a variety of the tam. The autumn modification is very smart, especially when it is presented in a combination of colours. It is a foregone conclusion that the indispensable tam will figure in the winter programme. It looks comfy cosy, and chic!

FOR SALE.

MODERN HOME of six rooms; ten minutes from P.O.; every up-to-date convenience; concrete verandah, paths, etc. Full 1/2-acre tastefully laid out in lawn and garden, etc. Owner leaving district. Price £925. Deposit £200.

BRICK BUNGALOW, of six rooms; every convenience; porcelain bath, tile range, etc. All outbuildings, wash-house (built in tubs), etc; with 1/2-acre land. Handy to car in good locality. Price £1450. Deposit £500.

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125 ACRES, five miles from town; modern five-roomed house, stable, cowbyres, pigstyes, two greenhouses, choice garden, etc; part in crop, part in young grass and part in bush. Well fenced and watered by windmill. Price £26 per acre. Deposit £400. Balance easy.

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ECONOMIC EGG CRATES.

LINDSAY AND CO., Tay street, Invercargill, have been appointed Southland Agents for this well known Crate.

The Economic Egg Carrier has now been on the market for twelve years, and Crates made as far back as 1908 are still giving good service.

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1914-15 STAR.

25,000 TO BE ISSUED.

Sufficient supplies having been received from the Imperial Government, the Defence Department has now commenced the issue of the 1914-15 star to members of the N.Z.E.F. who are entitled to wear that proud distinction. It is estimated that fully 25,000 stars will be issued—the great bulk to surviving members of the N.Z.E.F. who left the Dominion in 1914-15, and the balance to the next-of-kin or legal representatives of the fallen. The stars are now being issued at the rate of 250 per day. They are being sent out in alphabetical order, and it is estimated that the whole of the living men who are entitled to wear the decoration will receive theirs within ten weeks. The issue of the star to the next-of-kin of deceased men or their legal representatives will then be commenced.

The star is in bronze, being about the size of a half-crown, and is four-pointed. On the front appear crossed swords surmounted by a crown, with the Royal cypher at the foot. In the centre, which is raised, appears the date "1914-15." The star on the back is being inscribed with the number, rank, initials, and name of the wearer, and below with the letters "N.Z.E.F." The War Office has sent out a special machine for stamping the name, etc., on the back. This task is being carried out by a small but expert staff of returned soldiers, who set the type, place it in a clip, and then pass the type and star through the machine. The star emerges plainly and suitably engraved.

With each star the Department is issuing about nine inches of the 1914-15 ribbon free of charge. As each man's claim to the star is established, he is notified by post that he is entitled to it, and asked if he would prefer it by registered post or have it presented at a public parade. So far, of the men notified, only about 1 per cent. have chosen the latter course, the remaining 99 per cent. preferring private receipt through registered post. The staff is now engaged in issuing the star to men whose names start with the letter "C." The "A's" and "B's" should already be in need of them.

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SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

KEEPING THEM IN ORDER.

Some interesting information relative to the care of soldiers' graves in the various theatres of war has been given by Captain Arthur Hill, assistant director, Kew Gardens, and botanical adviser to the Imperial War Graves Commission.

He says that belts of suitable trees are being planted around the graves which are marked by a cross, at whose foot is a space for flowering perennials. In France alone there are between 1600 and 1700 of these burial places, and the work of keeping them in order is, of course, very great. In some isolated places, it has been thought best, while preserving the crosses, to level the mounds and make green lawns that can be easily mown and kept in good condition.

In the case of Chinese graves Captain Hill said some trouble was taken to find out the most suitable memento, and at length a long board was produced, with Chinese characters painted in vermilion. When they saw this however, the Chinese were very angry. They felt that they were being treated differently, and insisted on having a cross like the others. The difficulty of finding plants to suit the varying soils of Northern France and Flanders was accentuated by the practice of the diggers in the early days of the war in shovelling all the good soil into the bottom of the grave, and leaving all the bad soil at the top. Near the coast the soil consists entirely of blown sand, and it was almost an axiom of the French that good lawns were impossible there.

DISTINCTIVE FAUNA.

For the graves of overseas soldiers, the aim was to get commemorative plants from the countries represented. Canadians had maple trees, and the New Zealanders the olearia shrub and native veronicas; for the Australians, they have been fortunate in getting hold of hardy eucalyptus trees; and for the Indian, cypresses, trees and irises and marigolds. In the case of the South African the problem was more difficult, since apart from annuals, the only flower that seemed capable of living in France was the "red-hot poker," from Natal. Captain Hill gave a vivid description of the great Somme battlefield, as he saw it in 1917—one great blazing sheet of poppies, covering thousands and thousands of acres. For a time being the sight of the shell-holes was obliterated, though, as a matter of fact, they were still filled with water, and it was only possible to walk round the edges of them. Nothing could be more strikingly beautiful.

HOUSING PROBLEM.

It will interest New Zealanders, the great majority of whom live in wooden houses, to know that very high encomiums are now being passed on wooden dwellings by English architects. One contends that a wooden house is far healthier than any brick or stone structure. "In a wooden house," he writes, "the walls are really a continuous system of ventilating ducts, and it is almost impossible for any moisture to penetrate inside the house or for any gases to accumulate, and in a climate very much wetter than the English houses are found to be as dry after being shut up for a time as they were before." Six-roomed one-storey bungalows, built of wood, are now being quoted in England at between £600 and £700 complete.



HORTICULTURE.

We are now past the Equinox and into the last month of autumn, and if wise in the affairs of our gardens will make every effort to keep our autumn work well up to the mark as it is so difficult to overcome if neglected now. Clean up regularly and cut and remove all dying tops and dead annuals. Keep the surface clear so that the seeds of any weeds that have escaped and fallen on to the ground may have a chance to germinate before being dug in. Seeds turned in get mixed in the soil at varying depths and become a nuisance for years by growing when brought near the surface by future working of the soil but as soon as they have germinated the seedlings turned in are gone for ever.

In the greenhouse cut back any soft wooded plants that you wish to get an early start so that they may break before winter, as if cut back later there is a danger of the cut stem dying back before shooting, so that it is best either to cut early or leave till the end of winter. Watch Cyclamen and water them with care to avoid damping off which often happens if the crowns are allowed to remain wet. Keep Cinerarias and Calceolarias free from green fly by fumigating or dipping in a solution of suitable insecticide. Sweet Peas, Gillardias, Carnations, Coreopsis, Caucasian Scabrous, and other autumn flowers are now going off, but can be retained greatly by keeping all dying blooms and seed pods cut off.

At all times the question of providing suitable foliage for use with cut flowers is difficult, but especially so as flowers get scarce and we wish to make a few go a long way. Gypsophila paniculata is always delightful with sweet peas and carnations, and can be retained and used even when dry, with good effect. Common garden asparagus is especially charming with sweet peas and suitable for almost anything. Those who grow it as a vegetable can draw their supply from their asparagus beds, but those who did not should certainly plant a short row, the best course being either to raise or buy seedlings and plant a fair number in a double row, about six inches apart each way, to permit of selecting, as the foliage varies greatly, some being graceful and lovely, whilst others are stiff and useless, others again seed freely when the scarlet berries become such a thing of real beauty which is enhanced when the foliage takes on its autumn tints first a mixture of pale yellow and green and then rich pure yellow. Then there are grasses, especially the perennial agrostis, which is useful from early summer to well into winter continually throwing up abundant tall feathery plumes. Divide it yearly at any time from May to October, never leaving it for more than two years at the most, and use it also for foliage in flower beds, planting roots from very small to medium, and it gives charming effects with any flowers, annual or perennial, and there is in it beauty when they are over. The foliage of the white perennial linum is also good all the year round, also periwinkle, both the plain green and the variegated, and for a grass like leaf the foliage of Iris Stylosa is excellent and can be had at any time of the year. There are also many shrubs with suitable foliage which will be referred to at another time.

GRATUITY ANOMALIES.

Almost every Association and Sub-Association affiliated with the N.Z. R.S.A. has made protest against the anomalies revealed in the War Gratuity Regulations, and both the Prime Minister and the Minister of Defence have assured deputations that such anomalies would be remedied as soon as possible. Those soldiers and relatives of soldiers who have not received their due because of lack of provision to meet exceptional cases will therefore be interested to know that the recent representations of the N.Z.R.S.A. in this matter has achieved results. The Government has now created an Anomalies Committee for the purpose of enquiring into and remedying injustices inadvertently caused by the present regulations, or lack of them, concerning paying of the gratuity.

The representative of the N.Z.R.S.A. on this committee is Mr R. J. F. Aldrich, secretary of the Wellington R.S.A., and the other members are Colonel J. Hutchen, Officer in Charge War Expenses; and Colonel J. J. Esson, C.M.G., Assistant Secretary and Accountant to the Treasury.

GARDEN NOTES.

THE ORCHARD.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.

It is now high time that intending planters of fruit and other trees at the coming season, set about preparing the land, and making all necessary preparation, so that there will be as little delay as possible when the season for transplanting arrives. One of the most important matters to ensure success in transplanting is to have the soil well prepared before hand, so that the soil, when broken up, will have time to thoroughly pulverise and sweeten. In far too many instances, little or no preparation is made until the time of lifting or until the trees are received, when holes are hurriedly dug (often in soil that has not previously been broken up), and the trees planted. This is not only unfair to the trees, but often an expensive experiment for the planter. It would be far better to defer planting for a season, than to plant trees in soil that no other crop would succeed in. The best method of preparing the soil, is to have it thoroughly broken up and allowed to lie and sweeten during the summer. It could, with advantage, be manured, and sown down in suitable green crop, which should be ploughed in when preparing the soil for planting. The amount of preparation required will naturally depend, in a great measure, upon the nature of the soil. This varies so widely in different localities that no hard and fast rule can be laid down. One very important matter, whatever the nature of the soil, is that there must be free drainage. In soils of a stiff clayey nature, though, drainage is most essential, as it is almost impossible for trees to thrive, no matter how favourable the situation, if there is not free drainage, when stagnant water is allowed to accumulate at the roots.

—Drainage.—

The want of good drainage, is, without doubt, the cause of many failures and disappointments; deep holes are often dug, much below where the ground has been previously broken up, and the trees carefully planted. Such holes, however, become so many reservoirs in which water accumulates. In stiff clay land it is always advisable to double plough, so that not only the surface, but the sub-soil is broken up to a fair depth, so that the trees can be planted without forming wells for water. In land of a deep friable nature, the soil cannot be broken up too deep, so long as the best of the soil is retained for covering the roots. In the matter of manures, the nature of the soil must decide. If the land has been well-worked, and previously cropped, very little manure may be necessary. In poor soil, however, manure is essential to assist in starting the trees into strong, vigorous growth. In applying the manure, it should not be placed in immediate contact with the roots, but should be well incorporated with the soil, and should be so placed, that the fresh young roots can derive the greatest benefit from its use, as soon as they start into growth. The situation best suited for fruit trees is that having a north or north-easterly aspect. But whatever the lay of the ground, it is in most instances necessary to provide some shelter from the cold south-west winds, that so often prevail, when the trees are in blossom. Too dense a shelter, however, is by no means an advantage, as a certain amount of exposure, particularly during the autumn and winter—assists to thoroughly ripen, and mature the wood. The different varieties of fruit trees vary in hardness, and will stand more exposure than others. For instance, the quince, apple, pear, and plum, are more hardy and will stand more exposure than the peach, nectarine, and kindred fruits; so that in planning out the orchard, this must be considered, and the trees arranged accordingly. Nature of the soil must be taken into consideration, for while most of the pip fruits succeed well in soil of a fairly stiff nature, most of the stone fruits do best in comparatively free open soil. In most sites selected for an orchard, the soils vary sufficiently to admit of most varieties of fruits being successfully grown, providing a little judgment is exercised at the time of planting.

Mr F. M. B. Fisher, addressing a meeting at Cardiff Exchange, when it was decided to form a branch of the Imperial Commercial Association, said his experience as a member of the Government of New Zealand, where nationalisation had existed for forty years, made him feel that nationalisation would certainly doom this country. They must combine forces to resist the attack on private enterprise. Mr Fisher is certainly living up to his maximum that consistency is the refuge of fools.

MOTORING NOTES.

A MOTOR-CYCLE WITH A HISTORY.

When the Expeditionary Force left New Zealand in 1914, the establishment of certain units included a number of Douglas motor-cycles, all of which did splendid work in the various theatres of the war. One of these cycles has been returned to New Zealand and bears unmistakable evidence of the hard usage to which it was subjected while "doing its bit" at the front. Its history is not a little interesting.

This cycle was used extensively for dispatch work in Egypt and was subjected to severe tests negotiating the sandy deserts in a burning Egyptian sun. The adventure of this motor-cycle did not end there, however, and when the N.Z.E.F. left to take part in the Caligoli campaign, by some means or another, the Douglas was put on board a transport and arrived with the rest of the Force at the historic Peninsula. It was found impossible to use the cycle on the Peninsula, and it looked as if it had come to an untimely end. It lay on the beach for weeks, exposed to all sorts of weather and became well rusted up. Some thoughtful person, however, shipped it back to Egypt by a returning transport, where the mechanics at the New Zealand Motor Transport depot got to work, overhauled it thoroughly and soon had it on the road. It remained doing good work until the New Zealand Division left for France when it was appropriated by one of the Battalions for service in France. The war establishment of an infantry battalion does not include a motor-cycle, and it was only by a process of "wrangling" that it was safely landed in France. It was ridden from Marseilles right through France, ultimately reaching Armentieres, the first sector occupied by the Division. Here it did great work and only those who are familiar with the cobble roads of Northern France can appreciate the strain to which it was subjected. How the rider secured his petrol, tyres, etc., for this "surplus establishment" cycle is a matter that does not court too much enquiry. All went well until the Division reached the Somme in 1916 when the "heads" found out that a certain battalion had a motor-cycle to which it was not entitled—thus infringing strict army regulations regarding motor vehicles—and a hard-hearted Assistant Adjutant Quartermaster General ordered it to be evacuated to England. But the Y.M.C.A. representative with the Division heard about this cycle and as he was in urgent need of motor transport, arrangements were made to purchase it. While the application for a permit to retain the cycle was being made, it was used by this representative, who found it extremely useful, notwithstanding the terrible mud of the Somme roads. But troublous days were ahead, for when the most important gentleman at General Headquarters, the Adjutant General, heard about this surreptitious cycle, he was very wrathful and ordered its immediate evacuation. It eventually reached Sling Camp minus many parts, and it looked as if its days were numbered. The mechanics got to work however, and soon it was on the road again, and strange to say could beat anything on the Plain for speed. It remained in Sling until a few months ago, when it was pocked up and returned to New Zealand. As it now stands the old Douglas is very much of a wreck and is now only of a value as a souvenir. It has had a great war record, however, and furnishes striking testimony of what a Douglas machine is capable. At present the cycle is on view in Messrs J. O. Shortland and Co's. shop, Cuba street Wellington.

SILENT SUCCESS.

The man who does what "can't be done," And does it without any talking; Is the chap who rides in his new model car,

While the talker just goes on walking. A lone motor-cyclist, hot, goggled, dusty and hatless, stopped at a wayside inn for refreshments and ordered doughnuts and iced tea. "Two washers for a rut!" cried the waiter on his way to the kitchen for the tea.

POINTERS FOR WISE DRIVERS.

The Halifax Automobile Association recently sent out a bulletin that contains some very good "Safety First" advice under the caption, "Safety First and Always." It runs as follows:—
"Drive as if every other driver was a born idiot.
"Drive as if all children and most pedestrians were bent on suicide beneath your wheels.
"Drive as if every hill had a chasm at the bottom.
"Drive as if every curve was a high-wayman, a Bengal tiger and a stone wall.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

252 ACRES LEASEHOLD. Rent £36 16s per year; 16 acres oats, 10 acres ridged turnips, 65 acres turnips and grass; carrying capacity 300 breeding ewes, cattle and horses. Buildings: Four-roomed house, dairy, stable, barn, cow shed, shearing shed and sheep yards. Railway 3-mile, school 1/2-mile, P.O. 2 1/2 miles. Price £7 per acre. Owner would exchange for a small dairy farm or town property.

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Doctmaker.

Those who attribute good and bad luck to certain numbers may find some interest in the fact that the new French President, M. Paul Deschanel, was born on the thirteenth, married on the thirteenth, and that it was on the thirteenth of the month that the Chamber declared him a candidate for the Presidency. It was also noteworthy that his name has thirteen letters in it. Let us not forget that there are also thirteen letters in Francis Joseph, Kaiser Wilhelm, Czar Ferdinand, and von Hindenburg—a somewhat sinister quartet!

**GERMANY'S NEW BID FOR
COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY.**

With all the old industry and zeal, and with a desperate doggedness compensating for some lost confidence, republican Germany has started to do what Imperial Germany failed in—to beat the inferior rest of the world. World power or destruction—the grim alternative of Bernhardt—is as actual as it ever was; with the difference that the first word to-day modestly qualified to domination of the commercial world.

Of Germany's struggles with humanity in every domain of civilisation—and of barbarism—the struggle is financial organising power, technical industrial dexterity and commercial pushfulness remains undecided; and here Germany, though weakened, is still unbeaten. She has behind her all the material, intellectual and moral—or immoral—forces that make for victory. The old personal industry and inherited skill of labour, the high education level, the advanced technique of production and judicious unscrupulousness as to means employed whenever the dropping of "unreasonable" scruples brings nearer to a satisfactory end.

And Germany has on her side a further advantage which fully compensates for her loss of maritime power. That is her privileged geographical position in the Eastern Hemisphere, in the mathematical centre of the world's greatest aggregation, of civilised men; next door to England, France, and Italy; to the potentially wealthy lands of Austria and the Balkans, to the Scandinavian north, and to the immeasurable Russia, which almost seems to have been created to supply Germany with everything that Germany wants, and to take off Germany's productive hands everything of which Germany needs to be rid.

**THE PERSISTENCE OF THE
CONQUERED.**

And above all Germany has the special advantage that her fighting days are over. That is the real meaning of the gibe which emanates from Berlin that though the Allies won the war Germany won the peace. The Peace Conference, it follows, may have done the non-German political world a service when it drew Germany's political teeth, killed her high diplomacy and broke her sword. But thereby it rendered the non-German commercial world no thoughtful service. It is easier to fight with one weapon than with two; and Germany to-day—rid of the cost of an army and a navy, with the brain power which she formerly wasted on planning raids through Belgium concentrated on the arts of peace—is more formidable by far than the invanishing fighting era of her history. The ingenious Professor Nicolai, Wilhelm II's heart doctor, who first startled Europe by flying from Prussia in an aeroplane, put that fact convincingly when in support of his doctrine that the battle is not always to the strong he quoted the reply of the wise old Li Hung Chang to the merely violent conqueror Waldersee: "How is it," asked Waldersee when the Boxer trouble was over—"how is it that you can look on so coldly when your lands are being conquered and ravaged?"

"Oh we are always being conquered," answered Li with a weary smile. "The Tartars also conquered us. But look round you for a moment, and then please answer my question: Where are the Tartars now?"

In Germany and the adjacent countries which are the present chief theatres of German Commercial Activity this eternal Paradox—the dwindling of the lion and the wolf, and the unceasing increase and multiplying of the laborious ant—is brought to notice every day. In Germany one sees it in unexampled preparations to produce and export, to cut prices, to regain markets, to win new ones; and in the small neutral countries one sees it in panic preparation to resist the inevitable flood of impossible cheap German wares.

Most of all one sees it in Soviet Russia, where the German engineer and German trader flourish in a million of hardships from which the toughest Ally citizens long ago fled.

In all these countries acute economical observers realise that the supposed crushing of German commerce is a myth. They remember that Germany, after the Thirty Year's War was far worse off than to-day; and that after the Seven Years' War the Prussia of Frederick the Great was a byword for poverty, mean living and an anti-commercial bureaucracy, so that neither in Germany itself nor in the neighbouring neutral countries does one find a single intelligent observer who does not foresee a time, which historically considered is not very remote, when Republican Germany will be the greatest seller

in Europe, and not impossibly the greatest seller in the world.

Enterprising German business-men within the first few weeks after the revolution laid special stress upon this dominant feature of Germany's commercial renaissance—on the fact that only as a great seller, as a great exporter, can Germany again get on her legs. And for that she must make every conceivable sacrifice.

"We have nothing to export but we shall export our own blood" are the words used by the representatives of commercial Germany.

But the doctrine that Germany will sell abroad what she cannot afford to buy at home is well understood. A frantic export trade is necessary because only in that way can the shrunken exchange of the Reichsmark be restored.

Because only in that way can the foreign indebtedness, swollen to enormous dimensions by the Treaty of Peace, be met; and finally because however unpleasant it may be for the home consumer it is indispensable to cast goods upon foreign markets while these are in a state of flux, and before rival sellers have consolidated their position. So—as indeed the new German prime minister told the National Assembly at Weimar—indispensable goods, indispensable clothes and indispensable raw materials are all that Germany will consume for at least a generation to come; and her surplus of productive energy will be concentrated on a profitable and redeeming export trade.

The German whom I have referred to not only stated this; he added that Germany's exports must be of a particular kind.

They must be quality goods—goods, the production of which will absorb the greatest possible amount of labour, and the smallest possible amount of raw material. That is involved by the vast prices that foreign raw material will in future cost Germany.

Whereas this German's own corporation paid for copper before the war 1200 marks per metrical ton, to-day as a result of the three fold depreciated mark exchange it must pay for copper, which in the world's market has less than doubled in price at least 6,000 marks a ton. Such an extra burden could be borne only if the corporation turned out high price goods in which the cost of raw material was a relatively small item.

GERMANY SHAMMING.

That accounts for our observations in neutral countries: That offers of German marked goods have markedly fallen off, whereas all the big cities teem with German agents who have fine and costly products to sell. The dumping of German goods of which one hears so much is indeed a fact; but this does not mean the production of goods of a cheap class; it means that the production of naturally expensive goods and their export at prices below those of neutral and enemy rivals are the main means by which Germany hopes to recover her position in foreign trade.

Visitors to Germany and to neutral countries where German trade emissaries abound are surprised to find overweening confidence as to the future side by side with exaggerated depression. Part of the depression is false—its source is Germany's wish to paint her condition worse than it is, that being useful in combating the economic provisions of the Peace Treaty.

But in fact Germany has troubles that are real enough; and it is only when one weighs also her advantages that one realises how fundamentally strong her position is. All German industrial troubles converge in one direction—towards the raising of production costs. That is the practical result of the higher wages and inflated cost of living of which German's complain. By this price rise beyond doubt Germany's selling power abroad is reduced.

But against the drawback is the overwhelming advantage of the sunken mark exchange. And this sunken exchange is the lever for selling which Germany is to-day wielding with success in every country within her reach.

The main facts of Germany's price level and of the compensation of the fallen mark exchange need to be made clear. Germany is short of coal and iron. In the first five months of 1919 the coal output in the Ruhr district fell to 60 per cent off normal. In 1918 pig iron production totalled only 11,864 tons against 18,955,000 tons in 1913.

The 1,520,000 tons of pig iron is all that Germany produced in 1913 in the one month of April alone. The prices now being charged for coal and iron to the finishing manufactures are unprecedented, and this is not because the insufficient output has freed producers from competition but because of a permanent rise in productive cost. The wage list of seven metallurgical works in western Germany, registered a nominal increase of 400 per cent over peace rates. Owing to fallen

individual efficiency the real wage increase is even greater.

On the Ruhr since 1914 the coal production per man per shift has fallen from .95 tons to .66 tons.

The outlay in wages per ton rose enormously—from 5.68 marks to 22.21 marks; and the net production cost per ton rose from 9.38 marks to 41.40 marks. Since the Armistice coal prices to consumers have risen at break-neck pace.

Whereas between the outbreak of war and January 1, 1919, coal prices were raised by an additional 44.50 marks.

To-day coal at the pit's mouth costs 73.85 marks a ton; and foundry coke, which has undergone an even greater rise costs 104 marks.

Owing to pressure on our space this powerful article will be continued in next week's "Digger."

CHARLES GARVICE.

"The death is announced of Charles Garvice, the novelist."—Cable News.

Mr Garvice's novels may not suit everybody, but there is overwhelming evidence that they suit most people. When the author takes his walks abroad, whether in main thoroughfares or in slums, he must often feel as if he were making a triumphant progress through streets specially decorated to his honour with the jackets of his own romances. For he seems to appeal to readers of all classes as the following incidents bear witness.

"WOT! NO GARVICE?"

A story is told of a Costermonger who, attended by his lady friend, tried to buy a Garvice novel at the bookstall. There were none left—other book lovers had stepped down before him.

"Wot that? Ain't got no Garvice in stock? Then you may take my word for it, young man, you don't know your business."

Another story is told of a gentleman of cultivated literary tastes, who was talking to a friend. "I've just been looking through two novels," he said. "One of them was by a So-and-so. It was a clever psychological study, and beautifully written; but I found it ghastly dull. The other was by Garvice. My critical sense disapproved of a good deal—but I found it very interesting.

A strange consensus of testimony. How as these things come about? They come about for the simple reason that Mr Garvice realized more clearly than almost every other novelist of his day that the primary function of a story-teller was to tell a story.

Mr Garvice started his professional career as a playwright, and a drama of his, "The Fisherman's Daughter," enjoyed a very successful run some years ago. He has also made a bid for immortality as a poet. But since "Eve and other verses," appeared he has given the public over fifty novels. Perhaps one of the secrets of his success is the fact that he does not take himself too seriously. A woman once asked him if he had ever written anything that would live after he was gone. "Madam," he replied, "I am trying to write something that will enable me to live while I'm here."

"NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES."

He did not mind telling a storey against himself. On one occasion he went into a book-seller's shop to buy a book by one of his favourite writers. "While paying for it," he afterwards confessed, "I chanced to see some of his own little 'six pennies,' " and asked with a nervous affectation of indifference, "Do Garvice's books sell well?" "Oh! lor' yes, sir, said the worthy book-seller wearily, 'He's very popular just now, though I'm sure I don't know why. He's no better than anyone else and a good deal worse than some, but people will have him, say what you will. There's no accounting for tastes?"

LITTLE WILLIE.

Many novel ideas are held concerning the Kaiser's future, but that advanced by a Samoan correspondent is in a class by itself. Briefly put, it is that the Germans should give him enough money to buy out New Zealand interests in Samoa, and that the Kaiser should then be permitted, with the aid of such Germans as might follow him into his pleasant exile, and 100,000 indentured Javanese, to develop the islands commercially. The writer professes his willingness to continue living in Samoa, with the Javanese and German gentlemen, and quaintly says that the islands would make an ideal retreat for the Kaiser. Doubtless, also, for submarines and Zeppelins if the Hohenzollern could manage to conceal these among his imports. The only people this correspondent appears to overlook are the present residents in Samoa, European and native. What have they done to deserve such company, or what indication is there that they would share this correspondent's quaint tastes?



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Quotations given on application.

BRISCOE AND CO., LIMITED.**SHORT STORIES.****"THOUGH THE HEAVENS FALL."**

But for readiness of wit it would be difficult to beat Lord Justice Chitty's remark when, during the hearing of a case, a portion of the ceiling fell with a crash in front of his desk—"Fiat justitia ruat cælum" (Let justice be done though the heavens fall)—or Mr Justice Darling's, when a counsel handed to him the bulky volume, "Burdett's Official Intelligence." "I should have thought," observed his lordship, "that a volume of smaller proportions would have been more appropriate to that subject."

But the Bench has by no means a monopoly of humour. Indeed, many of the cleverest sayings are credited, not to the wearers of ermine, but to the men in gowns of stuff or silk.

EPIGRAMS IN COURT.

The law has seldom produced a more brilliant wit than Joseph Jekyll, of whom the following stories are told. Once when he was bored by the long-winded and dreary speech of a Serjeant, Jekyll wrote the following lines on a slip of paper, which was passed along the barristers' benches to an accompaniment of shaking sides:—

The serjeants are a grateful race,
Their dress and language show it;
Their purple garments come from Tyre,
Their arguments go to it.

On another occasion, when a well-known counsel was doing his best, in cross-examination, to get an acknowledgment from an elderly married lady that tender had been made of a certain sum in dispute, Jekyll threw him this couplet:—

Garrow, forbear; that tough old jade
Will never prove a tender maid.

Curran, who was responsible for at least as many smart sayings as Jekyll, never allowed politeness to restrain him—as when, to the snappy question of a judge: "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" he answered: "Nothing but the head." And when, to a prosy parliamentarian who asked him: "Have you read my last speech?" he retorted: "I hope I have."

"GO IT, TELESCOPE."

The late Sir Frank Lockwood had few superiors in the art of repartee. The genial lawyer was a tall man, and for some reason, not altogether transparent, an unruly member of his audience once called out to him, in the middle of his speech: "Go it, telescope!"

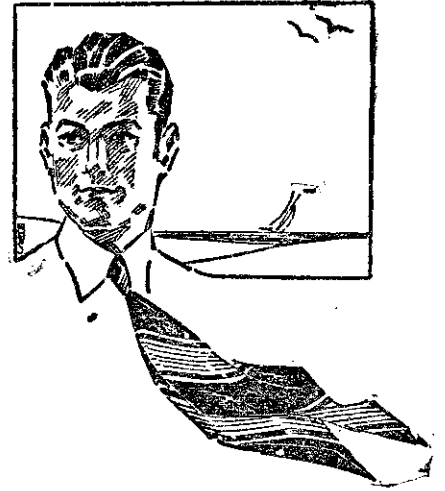
"My friend is mistaken in applying that term to me," Sir Frank quietly said, "he ought to claim it for himself, for, though he cannot draw me out, I think I can both see through him and shut him up."

On another occasion one of his political opponents rudely called out in the middle of a speech: "All lawyers are rogues."

"I am glad," Sir Frank politely rejoined, "to meet this gentleman as a member of my profession; but he need not proclaim our shortcomings to the world."

THE PIOUS PUGILIST.

Lord Bryce, in his biography of Dr Fraser, former Bishop of Manchester, tells an excellent story. When one of his clergy provided much copy for the local papers by knocking down a man who had insulted him, the Bishop wrote him a stern letter, pointing out, among other things, that, as the Church of England was exposed to much criticism on all hands, her ministers ought to be very careful in their demeanour. In reply, he received a letter saying, "I must regretfully admit that, being grossly insulted, and forgetting in the heat of the moment the critical position of the Church of England, I did knock a man down." Fraser was hugely delighted with the turning of the tables on himself, and invited the clergyman in question to stay with him not long afterwards.

**"Man wants but little here below—"**

BUT THAT LITTLE HE WANTS GOOD—AND "H.B."

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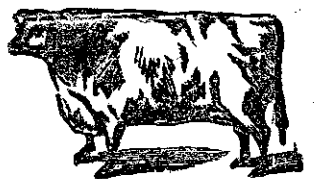
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THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1920.

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