

## YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND  
IT TO YOUR AD-  
VANTAGE TO DEAL WITH  
US. WHATEVER YOUR RE-  
QUIREMENTS ARE WE CAN  
SUPPLY YOU WITH

FURNITURE,  
HARDWARE,  
CROCKERY,  
TIMBER,  
HOUSEHOLD AND FARM RE-  
QUIREMENTS.

WE STRIVE TO MAKE A  
SATISFIED CUSTOMER OF  
YOU AND GIVE PROMPT SER-  
VICE AND BEST VALUE.  
START WITH US TO-DAY.  
CALL ON US OR RING TELE-  
PHONES 634-635 or 2.

## BROAD, SMALL & CO.

DEE, TYNE, LEVEN STS.

'Phone—543. Private 'Phone—883.

## Alex. Peterson,

PLUMBER AND GASFITTER,  
45 Tay street,  
INVERCARGILL.

MANUFACTURER OF Spouting, Down-  
pipes, Ridging Tanks, Baths, Hot  
and Cold Water Apparatus, etc.

No work too large or too small.

MANUFACTURER OF IRON LADDERS,  
Etc.

SOLE SOUTHLAND AGENT FOR

W. DRAKE, DEE STREET.  
(Near Club Hotel).

CHOICEST—  
FRUIT, and  
CONFECTIONERY  
ALWAYS OBTAINABLE.

Everybody's Fruit Confectioner.

The

—PEOPLE'S BOOT SHOP,—

Corner YARROW and McMASTER  
STREETS,

EAST INVERCARGILL.

BOOTS AND SHOES

at lowest prices combined with best  
possible quality.

Compare my prices with town.

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.

ALEX. KIDD,  
Bootmaker.

## TWO LEAVE TAKINGS.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

TWO HOURS—TWO WOMEN.

(By "B.H.")

(Published by permission of the Christ-  
church "Sun").

(Copyright.)

We trooped through the narrow gate-  
way into the dingy vastness of Euston  
station, an unsorted mob—Tommies,  
Canadians, Jocks, Aussies, New Zea-  
landers—keeping some sort of order by  
virtue of military habit, and cohering  
into distinctive groups, national or  
regimental, impelled by that elemental  
clannishness which, even in these pip-  
ing times of internationalism, suspects the  
enemy in the stranger.

We were leave men returning to  
France, with our realisation of what  
we were returning to make all the  
more vivid by contrast with the few swift,  
spendthrift days of our leave, and were  
morose and silent, and cursed the packs  
and rifles whose weight we had for a while  
so gladly forgotten.

The great arc-lights still burned pallidly  
in the dirty glass dome of the echoing  
station, for it was early morning, bleak  
and chill with the fog that enveloped the  
streets. The regular bustle of the day  
had not begun, and the traffic of the night  
had ceased; trains with glaring headlights  
and lighted carriage windows stood by the  
platforms, and a few station officials hur-  
ried about. Towards the iron gates of the  
platform by which the soldiers' train wait-  
ed there drifted a few women, London  
women, for the most part shabbily re-  
spectable, drab and anxious-looking—  
women who had come to see the last of  
husband or son as they returned to that  
Golgotha called "The Front."

### THE PRETTY LADY.

The long file of soldiers shuffled gradu-  
ally through the gates, and was usher-  
ed towards the carriages by "red caps,"  
after the manner of drovers when they  
manoeuvre sheep into the cattle trucks,  
and as we moved up in our turn we saw  
her standing near the gates, a vivid note,  
definite and apart from the greyiness sur-  
rounding her.

Whatever motive had brought her to  
Euston station in the chill of morn-  
ing, there she was—a piquant figure on  
which, after their manner, the group  
of Aussies, and New Zealanders look-  
ed with unabashed interest. Not that she  
was abashed either—she was so  
conscious of her interest as she stood  
there, obviously well-dressed—too obvious-  
ly—in her fawn costume, with cream  
stockings just revealed between the short,  
full skirt and the suede tops of high cut  
boots in the extreme of the prevailing  
fashion. The heavy grey fur stole about  
her neck and the big muff looked expen-  
sive, but in harmony, if it had not been  
for the jaunty velvet cap of crimson and  
black which sat rakishly on her fluffy  
brown hair, and by its clamant discord,  
made insignificant the correct suavity of  
her trappings, and called attention to a  
face too lavishly powdered, to lips too  
vividly rouged.

But she was not conscious of any dis-  
cord as she stood there, pert as any Lon-  
don sparrow, her full lips parted above  
white teeth in a generous smile, now and  
again waving impartial farewells with a  
hand from which depended a dorothea bag  
of purple leather.

### GOOD-BYE-EE.

Her smile seemed to take on a more  
gleaming friendliness as she caught sight  
of the bunch of Australians and New Zea-  
landers. "Cheerio! New Zealand—Good-  
bye-ee, Aussie! Good luck!" she cried in  
a high, hard Cockney voice, and there  
were answering "cheerios" and hand-  
waves from the file. As he passed her an  
Australian boy said in a caressing drawl:  
"Cheerio! Little sister; good hunting—and  
good luck to you."

He did not know her, and yet there was  
a note of humorous tenderness in his  
voice. . . . perhaps in his heart he  
was saying good-bye to another woman—  
to all women? And was it that she felt  
an unintended irony in those last words,  
or that some real emotion reached her,  
some realisation of why men died, for,  
of a sudden, the smile faded and her face  
became grave. It seemed that her gaiety  
wilted—and as we passed through the gate  
she was still standing at gaze after us.

### SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

The little village of Alquinnes was  
dreary and desolate under the bleak rain  
of the late autumn, fast merging into win-  
ter, when we came there, towards the end  
of October, to rest after the misery of

Passchendaele. But it was rest, even  
though we crawled from the comfortable  
straw of our billets in the dark of frozen  
mornings to breakfast on stew, and to  
prepare ourselves for parade. Even  
though we drilled all day (save when the  
rain was heavy) in drenched fields, amidst  
the muddy stubble, yet it was rest, for we  
were far away from the line and amongst  
friendly people, though they did not speak  
our language.

Except for the very old and the very  
young all the men were away at the  
war, and so many would never return.  
Some of the farm buildings were already  
in ruins, all were falling into disrepair.  
The untended roads were trampled into  
black slush with the marching to and fro  
of the troops; the dripping hedges strag-  
gled untrimmed, and the denuded poplars  
sent fluttering their last yellowing leaves  
to add to the sense of unkempt decrepitude  
which seemed to enshroud the place.

### LA PETITE CLAIRE.

Yet we were content enough, and  
made the best of things. We slept, some  
of us, amongst the straw of a fairly water-  
proof barn, and in the evenings there were  
a few who would visit little Claire and her  
maman in their bare two-roomed cottage  
which stood in front of our billet. There  
we would crowd about the tiny stove in  
the stone-flagged kitchen, and buy the  
black coffee of Claire's maman, while  
those who knew a little French would  
strive to learn more, and would endeav-  
our to teach Claire the English—until she  
learned to say, "Elo, Diggair, 'ow are  
you?" quite recognisably.

Claire was sixteen, she said, but with  
her thin, undeveloped figure and her  
pinched little face, she did not look it. Her  
one beauty lay in her grey eyes, which  
could be mischievous at times, but were  
mostly wistful. La petite pauvre, she  
had a club foot, and walked with the aid  
of a stick.

Yet she worked in the fields with her  
mother—for they were very poor—and of-  
ten as we marched by the crucifix at the  
cross-roads, on our way to drill, we would  
see Claire amongst the other women,  
stooping at her labour in the frost-bound  
earth. And when our day was finished  
we would pass her again as she worked  
by her mother, standing in the cold wind,  
tapping and scraping the beet which was  
to be stored as winter food for the cattle.  
Whether she recognised anyone or not  
Claire had one greeting for all New Zea-  
land soldiers—she would straighten her-  
self and wave, and cry, "Elo, Dig-  
gair."

### THE INEVITABLE DAY.

The few who made maman's kitchen  
their meeting-place did their best to spoil  
Claire. They bought her gifts of chocol-  
ates and sweets, even sardines, from the  
canteen; they played with her, and, with  
some sort of half-shy chivalry, they would  
make laughing pretence of love to her.  
Perhaps Claire felt the pity behind it all—  
who knows? but she would also laugh.  
Maybe even she had her small "dot" set  
aside against the day when she would  
marry, and perhaps she, too, had her  
trousseau and store of household linen, as  
all French girls have.

But at last there came the inevitable  
day which no one longed for. We had  
been paraded and told to hold ourselves  
in readiness to march out the following  
morning, and as we dismissed and march-  
ed by the gaunt fields in which women  
and old men still laboured, past the cruci-  
fix at the crossroads, we knew regret. For  
all its dreary dilapidation, its wintry  
lensness in our hearts as we packed our  
us for a while, and, whatever the mor-  
row might bring forth, we would not  
pass that way again.

We knew we were going back to the  
Ypres sector, and there was only sul-  
lennes in our hearts as we packed our  
kits in the morning, and rolled our blan-  
kets about our packs, carefully adjusting  
the straps of our equipment to the weight.

We tidied our billets, burned refuse,  
paraded to the cooker and received our  
breakfast of porridge, bacon and tea; we  
washed our mess-tins and strapped them  
to our packs, and then, everything in  
readiness, we made our adieux to Claire  
and maman.

Maman was voluble in regret. "Ah!  
Ah! La guerre," she said, "Quel malheur!  
quel grand malheur." She brushed her  
ample face with her sleeve and continued  
to lament the great misfortune of our  
departure, but Claire, as we each took her  
rough, red hand, and said only "Bon  
chance, m'sieu, bon voyage et bon  
chance."

### ADIEU, ET BON CHANCE.

On the roadway outside our billets we  
fell in and hoisted the heavy packs to our  
shoulders, and as the other companies  
tramped steadily past, platoon after  
platoon, heads forward, packs high, and  
rifles slung, ascending the long incline of

the hill, we stood at ease. The low clouds  
began to drift down a fine drizzle of rain  
as we watched the foremost company turn  
the bend on the hillside and march out  
of sight.

"Form—FOURS! Right! Quick—  
MARCH!" and we took up our place in  
the long column of the battalion.

Claire stood, leaning upon her stick,  
by the tumble-down entrance to the yard,  
a pathetic little figure in her coarse dress,  
her grey woollen stockings, and clumsy  
boots, her pale hair knotted tightly back.  
On that grey day she seemed to epitomise  
all the tragedy of the women who both  
toil and weep. Yet, perhaps she was not  
unhappy, for to such poor folk the hard-  
ness of life is accepted as being in the  
nature of things, they having no other  
experience for compassion.

But she was sorry. We waved to her,  
and shouted "Au 'voir!" but she shook  
her head: "Ah, non! Adieu, messieurs,  
adieu, et bon chance. . . bon chance."  
And so, with eyes intent and wistful,  
she watched the great adventure march  
out of her life.

### GETTING ON THE LAND.

BREAKING IN BUSH COUNTRY.

LARGE ADVANCES NEEDED.

There are quite a number of returned  
men who are finding the cost of working  
the land allotted them under the D.S.S.  
Act to be more than they bargained for,  
and the experienced farmer discovers it  
just as readily as the man with little ex-  
perience.

Here, for instance, is a typical case, F.  
Bettjeman took up a section in Manga-  
pura Valley, on the Wanganui River  
(Whirinui soldiers' block), and wrote to  
headquarters, N.Z.R.S.A. to point out  
just what it was costing him to put the  
land into working order. In the first  
place, he says it costs £2 10s per acre,  
at the lowest price, to get the timber felled,  
and grassing the land costs £2 per  
acre, when 28lb of seed to the acre is used,  
and this amount is necessary in order to  
get good results.

Then there is the matter of fencing.  
The correspondents says:—

"Fencing, which must be done to keep  
the second growth and bracken fern down,  
costs without labour, £1 or more per acre.  
This fencing cost is only based on the  
price of wire, posts and other material  
are not reckoned. The land is about 2½  
sheep country on the average, but it needs  
3 sheep the first year, therefore, it costs  
at very lowest £3 per acre for stock."

Total per acre—Bush felling, £2 10s;  
grassing, £2; fencing, £1; stock, £3;  
total, £8 10s.

"The Government grant for unimproved  
bush land is £1250, which will put 147  
acres in working order. One hundred  
and forty-seven acres at 3 sheep per acre,  
gives a flock of 441 sheep, the income from  
which in the first year in new country  
can only be based at 10s per head, giving  
a total of £220 10s, less shearing and boat  
freights, or cartage and rail freights.  
After the soldier-settler has paid his food  
bills, and other little expenses which he  
meets on all sides, he has nothing left to  
pay for his next year's bush-felling, grass-  
ing, fencing, and stocking. In the before-  
mentioned expenses, or cost per acre, per-  
sonal labour is not considered except in  
the bush-felling—the grassing, fencing  
and stocking are mentioned at cost of  
material only.

"I quote my own case as an example.  
I went into Mangapura Valley at the  
end of 1917, and worked on the roads for  
three months, during which time I had  
to carry my stores eight miles through  
the bush. I couldn't get bushmen until  
August, 1918, on account of the bad roads.  
Since January, 1918, I have spent about  
£1250 putting 150 acres in order—that is,  
felling, grassing, fencing and stocking.  
Apart from that I have pit-sawn the tim-  
ber and built a four-roomed house valued  
(in the bush) at between £400 and £500.  
Therefore it will be seen that another  
grant is necessary to put my section on  
a sound paying basis on which I can ex-  
pand and develop the whole 500 acres of  
my section. In the event of the Govern-  
ment not being able to grant a further  
£1250 on the terms of the first grant I  
would suggest granting it on a second  
mortgage repayable in 15 years. I would  
further suggest that the Government ap-  
point a practical farmer somewhere close  
to the district to look after the Govern-  
ment interests, and advise the settler on  
general improvement."

It would be of great value if this could  
be put before Cabinet as early as possible;  
time is going on, and quite a number of  
settlers have to commence paying rents  
and rates very soon. The Government  
holding first mortgage prevents a soldier  
from borrowing money privately.

A new portrait of Dante, dating back  
to the fourteenth century, has just been  
discovered on a wall at Ravenna.

## CHEAP MEAT.

ONLY PRIMEST QUALITY,  
BEEF AND MUTTON.

AT EVERYBODY'S  
BUTCHERY.



A. CUNDALL,  
Proprietor.

For several years Manager  
City Meat Co.

(Kelvin St. one door from Esk St.)

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT  
LOVELY FRUIT?

THAT HANDSOME BOX OF SWEETS?

THOSE BEAUTIFUL PALMS AND  
ASPIDISTRAS?

WHY AT—

## WELSH'S

FRUITERER AND CONFECTIONER,  
TAY STREET.

THEY HAVE ALSO CLEANEST AND  
BEST OF FOUNTAIN DRINKS.

A. E. HOBBS,  
Proprietor.

'Phone—400.

## CONFECTIONERY,

LARGE VARIETY OF ASSORTED  
BOXES

At

F. C. Jarvis,

"EXCELSA," DEE STREET

Next Bank N.E.W.

'Phone—1370.

## Books to Read.

WITH Winter coming on apace we turn  
our attention to BOOKS—Books of  
interest.

Here are some of the latest in the popular  
bound edition:—

"The Woman's Way," "Lorrie," by Chas.  
Garvice.

"The Girl who was too Good Looking,"  
"The Wrong Mr Right," by Bertha  
Rack.

"The Stepmother," by Annie S. Swan.

"Round the Corner in Gay Street," "The  
Indifference of Juliet," "Mrs Red  
Pepper," "The Second Violin," by  
Grace Richmond.

"Black Rock," by Ralph Connor.

"Red Men and White," "Lady Balti-  
more," by Owen Wister.

"Eric Brighteyes," "Cleopatra," "Heart of  
the World," "Swallow," by H. Rider  
Haggard.

"The Trampled Cross," "The Man Who  
Rose Again," by Joseph Hocking.

"The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by A.  
Conan Doyle.

All at 2/6. 3/- posted.

Gardner & Son,  
TAY AND KELVIN STREETS,  
INVERCARGILL.