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THE DIGGER

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LINE UP!

(After Harold Begbie's poem "Fall In").

How would you feel, Digger, how would
you feel
In these days of a peace well won,
If your old time pals who have faced
the steel and
The fire of the hideous Hun
Could point to you when they see you
pass,
And tell how you'd missed your
chance,
And had stayed at home with the care-
free class,
While they held the line in France!

But you went with them when the call
came clear,
And you did your bit with the best,
And you faced the foe with no thought
of fear,
And stood up to the fiercest test;
And you feel to-day, as a soldier should,
That the Cause was worth all the
price,
For your life was lent for the Common
Good,
And what mattered the sacrifice?

What do you think, Digger, what do
you think
As you tread the old streets again,
Of the ruin that's wrought by the
Demon Drink?
Have you fought for your land in
vain?
Is it nothing to you that though war is
o'er
And the might of the Bosche is laid,
The country you cherish is stricken sore
But the hand of a ruthless Trade?

Where will you stand, Digger, where
will you stand
In that not far-distant day,
When the voice of a free and enlight-
ened land
Shall have banished the curse for aye,
Will you share in the honour of victory
won,
Or will yours be the shame to see
How your work for man's freedom was
left undone
While you boasted of "Liberty"?

What will you do, Digger, what will
do
When once more the great choice is
yours?
Will you win for New Zealand a glory
new,
That shall last while her name en-
dures,
Or will you, for gain or to gratify taste,
Tinge a soldier's honour with shame
By voting for misery, ruin and waste?
Line up; be a sport; play the game.

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Price on application

HONOUR.

Colonel Meredith Marlowe, white-haired, but clean-limbed and upright despite his sixty-eight years, surveyed his visitor with an approving eye. Conway Forbes, a young man of 29, was a strikingly handsome specimen of English manhood, and one who might be relied upon at all times to carry out his obligations fearlessly and without favour.

The old soldier was able to guess pretty well what the young man had come to talk about, but he did nothing to help him with the subject.

Indeed, it rather amused him to see Forbes struggling to find an opening.

"I have chosen this opportunity of coming to see you because your daughter Dorothy is at present staying away from home with some friends," began the young man after a while, and finding his words obviously with an effort. "It is about her that I wish to speak to you, sir."

"Fire away then, Forbes," said the colonel encouragingly.

"Well, sir," went on Conway, moistening his lips, "I love Dorothy very dearly, and, although I have not spoken to her about such matters, I have been bold enough to hope that she cares for me a little in return. I have come to you, sir, to seek your permission to ask your daughter to become my wife."

The old man sighed. "I will not pretend that your request has come as a surprise to me, Forbes," he replied, with some sign of emotion, "and of all the men I have met I do not think there is anyone whom I would sooner have as my son-in-law. At the same time my child's happiness is my dearest care, and you will understand that I must be quite satisfied concerning yourself before I entrust her to your charge."

"I understand that," replied the young man promptly, "and that is why I want to speak frankly. As regards my financial position, I do not think you will complain of that. I have a business of my own which brings me in a certain income of twelve hundred a year, and I think I shall be able to promise that Dorothy need want for nothing in the way of personal comforts."

"That is satisfactory enough," agreed the colonel readily. "I am convinced, too, that you will make still further headway in your business."

"Thank you," said the young man. "But that is not all, sir. I think it is necessary, too, that you should know all there is to know about myself and my antecedents."

"They are beyond reproach, I am sure," remarked Marlowe, his brow clouding faintly with suspicion.

"So far as I am myself concerned," continued Forbes, "I do not think that I have ever willingly been guilty of a dishonourable or dishonest action. But nine years ago my father was sentenced to 3 years' penal servitude for embezzlement, and died in prison."

At this candid confession Colonel Marlowe drew back with an expression of indignant horror. For a moment he stood there, his grey eyes ablaze, and Conway Forbes read in them a death sentence upon all his fondest hopes.

"You need say no more, Forbes," said the old man at last. "In view of your confession I will never consent to my daughter's marriage to you."

Conway Forbes received the decree bravely, even though it struck his heart a blow that left it stunned.

"I am not responsible for the sins of my father," was all he said.

"You are not responsible, but you must suffer for them," returned the stern old man. "I am sorry for you, but nothing will alter my decision. When a man is without honour the taint is in the blood."

Conway Forbes remained silent. "There is no excuse for a man who goes wrong. A man who steals or who preys upon society in any way is not deserving of sympathy," declared the old man firmly. "He knows well enough the difference between right and wrong, and must be punished without mercy if he takes what he thinks to be the easier way."

"There are many men who are good by accident," said Conway quietly. "They have never been tempted, and so they have had no chance of taking a step in the wrong direction; others are beset with temptation all their lives, and some are not strong enough to fight against it."

The colonel drew himself up haughtily. "A man of honour will conquer any temptation," he avowed. "Do you suppose I have never been tempted in my life? Yet I come of a family whose honour is unsullied, and I would sooner die than cast the faintest shadow of shame upon the name which I bear. A Marlowe has never disgraced his name, and a Marlowe never will."

The evening had been drawing in while they spoke, and the room in which they stood was lighted only by the pale light of the rising moon.

"My daughter and I are all that remain of our stock," repeated the old man, "and I can never allow her to be linked to a man whose name is less clean than our own."

"Very well, sir," answered Forbes, in a steady tone, "I bow to your decisions, and I give you my word that never without your consent will I attempt to speak to Dorothy again. I love her too well to bring the slightest shadow of shame or sorrow into her life."

"I accept your promise," said Colonel Marlowe. "I am very sorry, because under other circumstances, I would have welcomed a man like you to take the place of my own boy."

As he spoke he looked up at a picture which hung upon the wall.

"That is my son," he went on, "and he was a true Marlowe if ever there was one. He died in France, and since my boy could not be spared I should ask for nothing better than that he should have died as he did. His end is another addition to the records of our glorious family."

The old man choked back a sob then crossed the room and opened the French windows. The cool evening air coming across the open moor seemed to restore some of his old equanimity, and he quickly overcame the emotion which the mention of his son had caused him.

And while he stood there his keen eyes caught sight of something moving in the bushes a few yards away.

He said nothing, but turning into the room opened the drawer of his desk and took out a revolver. With the hand that held the weapon thrust into the pocket of his dinner-jacket, he walked calmly out through the window again and casually made his way in the direction of the bush in which he had seen the moving object.

Conway Forbes, who had seen nothing, watched the old man wonderingly.

"Now stand up and show yourself," called out the colonel suddenly, as he held the revolver loosely in his hand.

Instantly a figure rose from the bush. The man was dressed in the hideous clothes of a convict.

"Now walk in front of me and get into that room!" ordered the colonel. "Don't try any tricks, for I know how to deal with your sort."

The convict led the way sheepishly into the room. Arriving there, he turned about, and the moonlight fell upon his begrimed face.

The hand that held the revolver opened, and the weapon fell with a thud to the carpet. Then, with a great sob which shook his frame, the old man fell back and buried his face in his hands to shut out the spectacle of the pale, dusty features.

"Great Heaven!" he cried piteously. "Ronald—my son!"

II.

Conway Forbes, standing back in the shadow, took in the scene, and his heart overflowed with pity for the crushed pride of the old man.

With a great effort Colonel Marlowe uncovered his face and looked steadily at the convict son who stood before him in all his shame.

"I thought you were dead, Ronald," he said at last.

"Dead beat, that's about all," returned the other hoarsely. "The false report of my death was very convenient, because it saved me from being kicked out of my regiment for cheating at cards."

"Oh Heaven!" gasped the colonel. "Would I had been struck down before I lived to see this day!"

The convict's lip twitched slightly, but he bit it, and then forced a dry laugh

from his throat.

"Come, don't waste time! I want some money to help me and a pal to get away. Every minute is precious. You don't understand the position I am in. I've got to get clean away from here before the warders get on my track."

His callous tone had a strange effect upon the old man, who seemed to harden strangely.

"You are right," he said. "You must make good your escape if only to give you a chance of hiding your shame in another part of the world. My son is dead to me, and I could not live knowing him to be a convict. You shall have money."

He went to his desk, and his hand did not shake as he unlocked the centre drawer of his desk and took out twenty-five pounds. He held the money out to the young man, who took it from him.

"Now go!" cried the humbled father in a voice that did not flinch. "And never let me see your face again! If you want money, write to me, but do not attempt to return here, or I may forget what you once were to me. Begone."

Again there was the faint twitching of the convict's lips, and again he forced himself to laugh. Then, turning, he strode out of the room on to the lawn of the garden.

A second later he was lost to view behind the bushes.

Paying no heed to Conway Forbes, the colonel crossed the room to where his revolver lay, and slipped it into his pocket. At the window he stopped and looked out.

The garden was bordered by a hedge, and from the window the opening leading out on to the moor was visible.

Standing there, with the moonlight bathing his set face, old Marlowe saw the outline of a broad-shouldered figure emerge from the shelter of some bushes and approach the opening.

The fugitive, who was now clasping a heavy spade in his hand, peered cautiously round to see that the way was clear. Like a startled hare he jumped back, for standing on the moor, just through the opening, was a warder.

The colonel, watching, saw the convict dart back at the sight of the warder; he saw him go forward again, and creep slowly towards the unsuspecting prison official; he saw him raise the spade to strike a coward's blow from behind.

"My God!" gasped the colonel. "Not that! You have sunk very low, Ronald, but you shall not sink to cowardly murder. Death a hundred times rather!"

As he spoke the old man snatched his revolver from his pocket and fired!

The convict flung up his arms, and pitching down on his face, lay still. Then, with a step that showed no sign of faltering, the old man went down the garden, and Conway Forbes followed him.

"Is he dead?" asked the colonel calmly.

"Yes, sir," returned the warder. "And you had not fired when you did he would undoubtedly have killed me."

The warder, who was kneeling by the side of the fallen man, turned the body over, and Colonel Marlowe looked down at the stained face.

The dead man was not his son!

The voice of the warder broke in upon his confused thoughts.

"You've done everybody a good turn by bringing this fellow down, sir, for he was one of the most desperate men from Bleakmoor. He broke away to-day with a young fellow named Denton, who seems for the time being to have given us the slip. But he's a different type of fellow altogether, and we shall get him sooner or later, for he's only a novice at the game!"

III.

Colonel Marlowe and Conway Forbes were alone together in the Library. Neither had spoken since they had come in from the garden, and Conway was only waiting until he could decently take his departure and leave the old man alone in his grief.

Still without speaking, the old man crossed to where hung the picture which a short time ago he had gazed on with such pride. His hands trembled a little as he reached up for the photograph, but there was no hesitation in his manner.

Deliberately he removed the picture from the wall, and went with it to his desk. Without a glance at the handsome face he placed it in a centre drawer, and this he locked.

Then, for the first time since that terrible interview, he looked into the face of Conway Forbes.

"If you had prayed for retribution to come to me for my words to you to-night," he said quietly, "your prayer could not have been answered more swiftly."

Conway Forbes was filled with compassion for the broken old man.

"You have suffered a terrible blow, sir," he said earnestly. "But it is your

duty to bear it bravely, and you will."

"I placed myself on a false pedestal of pride, Forbes," he said, "and Heaven has dealt a rapid and terrible judgment upon me. You have seen me humbled to the dust—you who only half an hour ago heard me boasting of my family's honour. I told you that you must suffer for your father's crime because it is said that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. Just as true is it that the sins of the children shall be borne by the parents."

The old man seemed upon the point of breaking down, but his old spirit came to his aid, and he mastered himself.

"I have learned a bitter lesson, Conway, and I see the folly of my old foolish pride. I was wrong, and I apologise to you for what I said. Will you shake hands?"

Conway Forbes gripped the hand warmly.

"You must forget what I said," went on the colonel, "because I need a son badly now. You will not fail me?"

"I will try to prove worthy," replied the young man.

IV.

The following morning Colonel Marlowe galloping over the moor on his bay mare, showed no sign of the ordeal through which he had passed over-night. His fine spirit had stood him in good stead in his time of trial.

Coming in sight of the long moorland road which made a tortuous course over the brow of the hill, the colonel reined into a walk, and, leaning forward, patted the mare's sleek neck in approval of her efforts.

He had gone on another half a dozen paces when the sound of frantic hoofbeats reached him, mingled with the cries of children.

The next moment there came in view upon the winding slope a waggone drawn by two plunging horses, and filled with children who were screaming aloud with fear of impending disaster.

The colonel was under no misapprehension as to what had happened. The horses of the waggone had bolted, and they were tearing down to their own destruction, and they were taking with them a school-party of innocent children.

The passing of years had not sapped the courage of Meredith Marlowe, and, closing his legs to his mare, he urged her into a gallop and made for the road. He had a little hope of reaching it in time to cut off the runaways, but he was out to try hard, counting his life well lost if it were lost in an attempt to save the helpless mites in the swaying vehicle.

And just as he realised that the chance was hopeless, a figure leapt up into view from a fissure in the moor and pelted to the road.

Straight at the runaways the man flung himself, and, by a combination of skill and luck, succeeded in catching the bridle of the near-side runaway.

The beast reared before the sudden onslaught, lifting the man into the air, then dropped to all fours again and tried to continue its mad way, dragging the man with it.

But he clung on frenziedly, and in the end the horse could carry on no longer. Snorting, trembling, and in a smother of foam, he came to a standstill, the other beast at once following its example.

Then and not till then, the man released his hold and sank in a heap to the road.

At this moment the colonel reached the scene, and as he sprang down from his horse he saw that the inert figure was clad in the tunic of a convict. He guessed what was revealed to him as he dragged the man from under the horse at the side of the road.

The man who had been capable of this amazing exhibition of dauntless courage was Ronald Marlowe, and the father's heart swelled with pride at the discovery.

Gently he set him down upon the sloping bank running up from the road, and as he knelt beside the prostrate form the merest flicker of the eyelids was the only sign that remained within the crushed body. Yet Marlowe felt no pain at his boy's condition. He thought only with a warming glow of the manner in which he had obtained his injuries.

He had offered all he held most dear to save that party of merry-makers from an appalling catastrophe which would have brought sorrow into a dozen homes.

And in the estimation of Colonel Marlowe no man could seek a better opportunity of proving his value in the world.

A deep moan escaped the young man's lips, and, opening his eyes, he looked up into his father's face.

"Dad!" he murmured softly.

"My dear boy!" answered the old man with a quivering lip. "I am proud of you for what you have just done. Nothing that is past matters in face of that."

Ronald Marlowe struggled up on to his elbow.

"I'm sorry, dad, that I went wrong," he said, speaking with difficulty. "I am

(Continued on page 4.)

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DOMINION.****ANOTHER VISIT CONTEMPLATED.**

(By TELEGRAPH—PRESS ASSOCIATION.)

CHRISTCHURCH, May 21.

The following farewell message was
handed to the Prime Minister by the
Prince of Wales to-night on board H.M.S.
Renown:—

To the Government and People of
New Zealand:

My delightful visit to New Zealand
has come to an end, and I cannot sail
to-morrow morning without sending a
message of affectionate farewell to the
people of the Dominion. When I spoke
in Wellington I tried to express the
great pleasure which my travels through
the North Island, rapid as they were,
had given me, and I said that I looked
forward to having just as good a time
in the South. The event has exceeded my
expectations, high though they were. I
can say now that not a day has passed
since I landed on the 24th of April
which has not added to the pleasure and
value of my tour. I have been most
deeply touched by the wonderful wel-
comes which have met me everywhere,
and I can never think of the people of
New Zealand without affection and
gratitude.

I should like to renew the thanks
which I have expressed before to the
Government of the Dominion and to all
the authorities throughout New Zealand
who have been at such pains to make
my journey punctual and comfortable.
The excellence of all the arrangements
has enhanced the pleasure of my tra-
vels both by road and by rail, and I am
particularly glad to have seen even a
very little of the magnificent scenery of
mountain, river, and lake for which this
Dominion is famous throughout the
world.

I have only one regret, that my visit
has been too short to enable me to see
all I should like to have seen. I have
stayed nowhere without wishing that
the stay could be prolonged, and I feel
that I have missed a great deal. I am
particularly sorry that owing to the
shortness of time at my disposal I could
not travel a little through the less set-
tled districts and see for myself some-
thing of up-country life. I have seen
enough of town and country, however,
to realise that a splendid future awaits
the Dominion. Your achievements since
the country was annexed to the British
Crown only 80 years ago justify the
almost visionary confidence of your
pioneers, and constitute an amazing
monument to the great energy and en-
terprise of those who have so rapidly
civilised and developed the land.

Two things have particularly impress-
ed me here. In the first place, New Zea-
land is a land not merely of opportunity
for some, but of equal opportunity for
all. I have never seen well being and
happiness more uniformly evident
throughout the population of country
and town. In the second place, this
Dominion is a living example of the
fact that the European race may take
over new country without injustice to
its original inhabitants, and that both
may advance in mutual confidence and
understanding on the path. Both races
of New Zealand, pakeha and Maori, are
an essential element in the life of the
Dominion, and I have been deeply grati-
fied to see what progress the Maori peo-
ple are making hand in hand with their
British fellow-subjects. New Zealand is
one of the greatest monuments of British
civilisation in the world, and I have
felt from end to end of the Dominion
that there is nowhere a British people
more set in British traditions or more
true to British form. I have found the
strength of your loyalty to the Empire
and its King as keen and bracing as the
mountain air, and I know that you
will never weaken in your devo-
tion to British unity and British ideals.

The spirit of New Zealand was shown
most signally by the splendid troops
which she sent to the front in the Great
War, and also by the way in which the
whole country threw itself without hesi-
tation or reserve into the Empire's
cause. It has been a special pleasure
to me to meet again so many of your
returned men, and I should like to
thank them once more for turning out
in such large numbers to meet me where-
ever I have been. I will regard them
always as my old comrades-in-arms, and
I am happy to see that they are main-
taining the close ties of comradeship
which bound them together in the field.
New Zealand need fear nothing in the
future if her manhood preserves the
spirit in which this generation fought
and endured for freedom and right. In
its permanent force the Dominion pos-
sesses a very valuable nucleus of trained
officers and men. I have been struck
by their smart and soldierly appearance
on parade, and have also been impressed
by your Territorials and Cadets, who
have turned out in large numbers and
always looked very well. You have
reason to be proud of the results which
your system of training has achieved.

Your confidence in the future has an-
other solid ground. No one realises
more keenly than I how heroic was the
part which the women of the Empire
played in the prolonged and terrible
 ordeal of war. I should like to take
this opportunity of congratulating again
the women of New Zealand on their
great services and brave endurance dur-
ing the last five years, and also of offer-
ing my heartfelt sympathy to those
whose gallant men will not return. New

Zealand women have proved themselves
indeed the valiant counterpart of their
husbands, brothers, and sons. Both
men and women, moreover, have
created a noble tradition for the new
generation which is growing up to-day.
I have been greatly impressed by the
gatherings of school children which
have been organised for me everywhere,
and I have never seen a more robust,
good-mannered, and promising race. I
always felt when seeing them that they
were very lucky children to have been
born in such surroundings and amid
such promise, and they made me con-
fident that they would be a credit to
their country and their King.

I must end this message now, but I
shall not say good-bye. I feel myself a
true New Zealander in heart. I look
upon you, the people of New Zealand,
as my own kith and kin, and I trust
that you on your part will always re-
gard me as one of yourselves, who be-
longs to you as much as to the Old
Country, or any other of the King's
dominions. There is a good part of
the world for me to traverse still be-
fore I can say that I have seen the
British Empire as a whole, and I do
not know how long it may be before
I can pay you another visit here, but
this I can say that I shall be drawn
to New Zealand by very happy and
affectionate memories, and that when
the opportunity arises of returning here
again I shall take it with delight and
without delay. Kia Ora!

EDWARD P.

SILVER CLOUDS.

(By James Douglas in "London Opinion.")

Every dark lining has a silver cloud. I
am not satisfied with the dark cloud which
selvesges itself with a silver lining. I
prefer the silver cloud. There are many
clouds hanging over these by no means
tight little islands, but I stoutly declare
that they are silver clouds, and they are
big with blessings. There is the silver
cloud of debt. It is a trifle bigger than
a man's hand, say 8 thousand millions.
But we owe most of it to each other, and
nearly all that we owe to the Americans
is balanced by what our Allies and our
Dominions owe to us. I am no financier
but I cannot help thinking that our con-
dition is not past praying for. I know
scores of men and women who have more
money than they can spend, and I set
them off against the scores of men and
women I know who spend more than they
have.

It will not hurt many of my friends to
have less than they can spend, and it will
less than many of my friends to spend
not hurt they have. There are many things
that we can all do without. Nothing
will induce me to believe that wealth
means happiness. I can lay my hand on
my heart and swear that the most suc-
cessfully miserable folk I have encountered
during my pilgrimage through this vale of
tears were rich men and rich women. I
am prepared to demonstrate that in nearly
every case, riches produced discontent
and disillusion. If you do not believe me,
go and ask the rich men and women you
happen to know. Take, for example, the
rich rake. Is he a happy man? You know
he is not. Riches have a way of reveng-
ing themselves. It is better to be happy
than rich.

There is plenty of wealth left by the
war, and all the trouble in the air is due
to the difficulty of arranging its distribu-
tion. Sooner or later we must face the de-
lightful fact that the rich must be content
with less riches and the poor must be con-
tent with less poverty. It will do the
rich man no end of good to be poorer,
and it will do the poor man no end of good
to be richer. I know a poor charwoman
whose husband was a charman. When
he died she was left with six children.
For years she charred her life out in order
to feed, clothe, and house her children.
She feared charity as other people feared
death. She fought for her children a more
heroic fight than any soldier ever fought
on any battlefield. She fell ill and was
taken to a hospital. She was happier
while she was dying than she was while
she was living. Death brought her her
first real rest.

She was a casualty in the battle of life.
Society did not disdain to use her as a
casualty. She charred in the houses of
the rich. She was one of the dark linings
to the silver clouds. I am not in the least
afraid of the new order of things which
will abolish these dark linings. Poverty
is a disease which can be cured in any
decent society. There is no such thing
as incurable poverty.

There is an amusing hallucination in
the minds of many worthy persons. They
think that the country can pay the war-
bill without making anybody poorer, or
forcing anybody to live more thriftily.
They ought to take a lesson from a soldier
or a sailor. The soldier and the sailor do
not imagine that war can be waged with-
out loss of life. When they are killed
they are killed, and there's an end of it.
But the rich man imagines that war can
be waged without loss of wealth. He
often contrives to increase his wealth by

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reason of the war. He lends his war-
made money to his country and expects
to be paid interest on it for ever. The
soldier and the sailor give their lives to
their country, and they do not expect to
be paid interest on it. I may be very
unreasonable; but I say that the rich man
ought to give his money as freely as the
soldier and the sailor give their lives. His
money is not his life.

It is not really necessary to ask the
rich man to give all his money, or to ask
the war-profitteer to give all his war-pro-
fits. All that is necessary is that they
should give enough to save their country
from ruin, so that they may be able to
retain enough for themselves and
for their children to go on with. They
may lose all if they try to keep
all, as some of them are foolishly trying
to do. If all the war-profitteers were to
disgorge all their war-profits a very large
slice of our eight thousand millions of
debt would be wiped out. There are
men who have made millions out of the
war. I see no reason why they should
keep their war-profits. If they had lost
the war, they would not have been able
to keep them. The Germans would have
taken them.

Most of our industrial troubles are due
to the reluctance of every blessed profiteer
to be content with a farthing less than he
can squeeze out of the community.

There is a point beyond which this
squeezing cannot go. When that point
has been reached, there is a smash of some
sort or other. In this quiet, patient old
country it is not easy for any of us to
realise that there is a possibility of any
sort or kind of smash. We obstinately
persuade ourselves that things will adjust
themselves and even themselves out. But
there is, nevertheless, a smash-point, like
the flash-point of paraffin, and we have
got to find out how near we can go to
that smash-point without actually reach-
ing it.

But the dark lining has a silver cloud.
If all classes realise that they must pool
their possessions, as the soldiers and
sailors pooled their lives, in order to save
the community, the problem is solved.
It is easier to persuade a rich man to
pool his life than to persuade him to pool
his riches. But some sort of pooling is
necessary, and I am quite sure that an
actuary could work out the precise nature
of the necessary pooling. It is a sum
in arithmetic which could be done by a
competent accountant. He could work it
out in terms of rent, dividends, and pro-
fits, in terms of capital, income and wages.
It is better to work it out in that way
than to work it out in class-hatred and
strikes and revolution. Let us call in the
accountant. He is master of an exact
science. He can show us how to liquidate
the going concern called the British Em-
pire, Ltd.

MONTROSE'S LOVE SONG.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander, I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival to my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But it thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

—James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

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VERY OFTEN
FASTIDIOUS
IN HIS TASTES.

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But let us get down to the plains. Here we find the real land that will yield up its hidden treasure to the man who seeks it.

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~~KING, JAMES, TUATAPERE.~~

THE VOTING PAPER AS IT WILL APPEAR AFTER HAVING VOTED FOR JAMES HARGEST.

HONOUR.

(Continued from page 2.)

sorry because of the pain last night cost you. But for that you would never have known of the shame I have brought upon you. I was foolish, and I went the pace to an extent I could not afford, and rather than that you should learn of my folly, I stole money to pay my debts with."

"Hush, my boy!" answered the old man, in a tone of wondrous sympathy. "You have to-day settled all your debts in full."

"It's good of you to speak like that, dad, but I am glad that you have forgiven me. Last night, when you found me, I tried to pretend that I was an out-and-out rotter, because I thought that you would more easily forget me if you believed that I was too hopeless to be worth thinking about. It hurt me, father to speak to you like I did last night, but I—I believed it would be easier for you. Good-bye, father; I am sorry to have given you reason to be ashamed of me."

He did not speak again, and when Colonel Marlowe looked up from his face, cold and grey in death, he saw a warder hurrying to the scene.

"Gad! This is a piece of luck!" exclaimed the man in uniform. "We've been out all night looking for this fellow. We won't trouble you, sir; we can look after him."

Colonel Marlowe rose to his feet. "This man is my son!" he said proudly. "I will come with you to the prison!"

The End.

NIBBLES FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

There are moments when by strange impulse we contradict our past selves—fatal moments, when a fit of passion, like a lava stream, lays low the work of half our lives.

In every parting there is an image of death.

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

We are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than to the women that love us. Is it because the brutes are dumb?

One of the lessons a woman most rarely learns is never to talk to an angry or a drunken man.

Mankind is not disposed to look narrowly into the conduct of great victors when their victory is on the right side.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

"People who love downy peaches are apt not to think of the stone, and sometimes jar their teeth terribly against it."

"If you get hold of a chap that's got no shame nor conscience to stop him, you must try what you can do by bunging his eyes up."—Adam.

"You're mighty fond o' Craig; but for my part, I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear his crow."

"There's folks 'ud stand on their heads and then say the fault was i' their boots."—Mrs Poyser.

"I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all, but what a man can do better than a woman, unless it's beating children, and they do

that in poor make-shift way; it had better ha' been left to the men—it had better ha' been left to the men."—Bartle Massy.

Mrs Tulliver, as we have seen, was not without influence over her husband. No woman is; she can always incline him to do either what she wishes, or the reverse.

Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

A bachelor's children are always young; they're immortal children—always lisping, waddling, helpless, and with a chance of turning out good.

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving!

"Marriage is a taming thing."—Caleb Garth.

In all failures, the beginning is certainly the half of the whole.

A woman dicates before marriage in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterwards.

COBBERS.

BY GUNNER T. HARRY WARD, A.I.F.

There's a sayin' 'mongst the clever folk that distant fields look green,
And it's truth a fellow's never satisfied.

If yer donah was a Duchess, then yer'd want a bloomin' Queen,
If yer got one, then yer'd want a throne beside.

Well, in August of 'Fourteen, though a peaceful bloke I'd been,
Though I never knew the likes of it before;
When the call for fighters came, well, I handed in me name,
And it booked me bloomin' number for the war.

Now, I didn't mind the scrap, why, it freshened up a chap,
Kind'er made yer feel the hot blood in yer veins,
But at times I kind'er felt I would give me blinkin' pelt
Just to get back into civies once again.

But when all is said and done, since I've handed in me gun,
Well, I recollect there's things that I'd forgot.
And pals are hard to find, like the boys we left behind,
For the Digger cobbler heads the bloomin' lot.

There was Shorty Mick O'Dare, he's the best pal I had there,
And his cheery laugh, it seems to haunt me yet;
And if his ways were rough, he was real good dinkum stuff,
And a gamer little cove I never met.

He was restin' in the clink—oh, he took his drop o' drink—
When the company was rushed up to the fight;
And Mick—God bless his soul—they released him on parole,
But he wiped his bloomin' crime out well that night.

We didn't have to wait, for we got it hot and straight,
As the waves of Boches broke upon our line;
But we held 'em all the same, till the reinforcements came,
Then we whipped 'em back again towards the Rhine.

Yes, we found poor Mick that night—oh, he'd gone out West all right,
He'd wiped his bloomin' crime off, good and square,
He was riddled at his post, yes the cobbler I loved most,
Dear old happy, laughin', Shorty Mick O'Dare.

Well, I guess he had to go, and p'raps 'twas better so,
For he died amongst his cobbles like a man;
And I kind'er feel, somehow, that Mick ain't so lonely now,
And I'm sort'er feelin' envious, I am.

Oh the sayin' 'mongst the clever folk that distant fields look green
Ain't so silly as you'd think it, on the square;
For you bet I'd rush the chance to be back again in France
With a cobbler such as Shorty Mick O'Dare.

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SIR JOHN MILLBANK, a successful, but stern judge, quarrels with his only son,

JACK, who leaves his father's house to fight his own way in the world; and whilst serving with the Australian contingent, under the name of Dick Foster, he meets, and falls in love with

KITTY, the adopted daughter of Sir John. However, Sir John has arranged for her marriage with

LORD HAVERHAM. In a moment of despair, Kitty writes to Dick, asking him to meet her in the Blue Room at Rivercourt Mansions. At the appointed hour, Lord Haverham goes to the Blue Room to write some letters, and, unbeknown to the guests, Sir John meets him there. An altercation arises between the two men, resulting in the accidental death of Lord Haverham. Later, Dick arrives in the Blue Room, is caught and accused of murder, and found guilty. Whilst passing the sentence of death, Sir John recognises the prisoner as his own son Jack! A few days later, Sir John interviews the prisoner at his private residence under escort of the warders, and tells him he will have to serve at least three years' imprisonment. Just as they are leaving, Dick with the assistance of Kitty makes his escape, and that night they decide to drive into Winnerleigh; but the car breaks down, and they are forced to accept the hospitality of

BEAUMONT CHASE, a millionaire. The following morning, Dick's host informs him that Sir John had called during the night and taken his daughter away. Dick, believing this story, leaves that morning for Winnerleigh. Kitty goes down to breakfast, and is cross-examined by Mr. Chase, but on his promise of assistance tells him the whole story. At a fabulous price Mr. Chase engages the services of

MR. PELHAM WEBB, a clever but unscrupulous detective, to find Dick Foster, and extracts a promise from Kitty not to attempt to see or write to her lover until a year has elapsed. Pelham Webb discovers Dick, and unbeknown to Beaumont Chase, takes him to the latter's residence where he is installed as gardener. Sir John and Kitty arrive at Beaumont Hall, and Beaumont Chase loses no time in asking Sir John for the hand of his daughter. Sir John consents. That afternoon Kitty receives news that the gardener is seriously injured. "I will go and see him," she says.

AT THE DOOR OF THE PAVILION SUMMER-HOUSE.

Kitty hurried along towards the summer-house, anxious to be of assistance. She wondered what sort of accident had happened to the poor old man. She had often seen him latterly about the grounds, and once or twice she had thought he was watching her; but whenever she had approached him with the idea of questioning him he had moved away. She decided that he was eccentric. He did not appear to be a very efficient gardener and Kitty wondered a little that he should be engaged at the Hall. Beyond this she had not given him a thought till now. But the news that he had been seriously injured turned her mind to him, and all

her gentle womanly nature urged her to go to his help.

The summer-house was in a retired spot almost surrounded by clumps of evergreens.

It was quite a pretentious building of the pavilion type, standing on a raised platform, and with a verandah on three sides of it.

Kitty was mounting the little flight of wooden steps which led to the entrance when a man emerged from the door of the building and confronted her.

Kitty recognised him immediately, though she had seen him but once before. It was Pelham Webb, the detective, whom Beaumont Chase had bribed to let Dick go free.

She recalled that terrible interview with the millionaire; every detail of it came back to her. She recalled Beaumont Chase's very words.

"Do you advise me to engage this person, Miss Millbank? It is for you to decide. I shall be guided entirely by you. I will accept his terms if you accept mine!"

And she had consented.

To save Dick from this horrible little creature, she had promised to become the wife of any man whom Mr. Chase might select.

And all the time Beaumont Chase was plotting for his own ends, and she had not guessed it! Well, that did not matter now. She may as well marry Beaumont Chase as any other since Dick was lost to her for ever.

She would have passed the detective without appearing to recognise him, but he stepped in front of her and barred her progress.

He seemed unaccountably alarmed and agitated at the sight of her.

"Pardon me, miss, you cannot go in," he said excitedly.

"Why not?" she exclaimed, surveying him with a look of haughty surprise on her pretty face.

With an effort, the detective controlled the agitation into which her sudden appearance had thrown him and spoke calmly, but firmly.

"There is a man in there who has been rather badly hurt."

"Yes, I know! I want to see what I can do for him."

"You can do nothing. I have sent for the doctor."

"Doctor Bradshaw?"

"No—er—I have sent for another doctor. A gentleman with whose skill I am acquainted."

He spoke hesitatingly and with some embarrassment, and Kitty was puzzled.

"But why not Doctor Bradshaw? He is quite close, and if the case is urgent—"

"Believe me, young lady, I am doing everything that requires to be done. You have no need to trouble yourself in the matter at all. I have sent off the servants—they were only in the way. I beg you to leave the affair entirely in my hands. That, I know, would be the wish of Mr. Chase."

A cloud appeared upon Kitty's face at the mention of the name, and she made no answer.

Pelham Webb hastened to speak again, and made a bold and determined effort to change the subject of conversation.

"May I take this opportunity, Miss Millbank, of offering my respectful congratulations?" he said, without an unpleasant smirk.

"What about," demanded Kitty bluntly. She was unable however, to prevent a flush of colour coming to her cheeks.

"Pardon me," murmured the little man bowing deferentially. "I trust I have not been presumptuous. I referred to your

approaching marriage with my fortunate employer, Mr. Chase."

Kitty gave him a quick look.

"Ah, yes!" she exclaimed. "I remember Mr. Chase employed you. Have you carried out his instructions?"

"I trust so."

"You have done nothing to injure Mr. Mr. Foster?"

Kitty's voice faltered in spite of herself. "On the contrary, I have done what I could to help him in accordance with the desire expressed by Mr. Chase."

"It was you who got him out of the country?"

"Yes."

"He is now safe?"

"Absolutely!"

"When did you see him last?"

"Just before he sailed."

"Did he give you no message for—for anyone?"

Pelham Webb hesitated and then answered with studied solemnity.

"Yes, Miss Millbank, he gave me a message—a message for you. But so far I have withheld it, and I think, with good reason."

"You must tell me," she cried breathlessly. "What did he say? What was his message?"

An eager light came into Kitty's eyes. Still the man hesitated, and Kitty became almost frantic.

"You have no right to keep it back!" she cried. "Oh, please—please tell me."

"If you insist, of course, I must obey," replied the detective. "It was only out of consideration for your feelings that I remained silent. Dick Foster's last words to me were: 'If you see Miss Millbank, tell her that I beg she will try to forgive me.'"

Kitty fell back as though she had received a blow, but still stared at the man with her big eyes wide open and her lips parted.

"No more than that?" she said faintly, and there was a pitiful tremor in her voice.

"Nothing more," replied Webb. "I think Foster recognised that he had acted foolishly, and that he was lucky to have such powerful friends to get him out of the scrape."

Kitty made no answer, but turning quickly, so as to hide her tears, moved away, in silence.

The man watched her until she disappeared.

"I have given her something else to think about," he muttered grimly. "She won't worry her pretty head any more about old Daddy Clarke. At least, I devoutly hope not. What a cursed bit of bad luck this is! I am in a deuce of a tight corner, and it will need all my ingenuity to get out of it."

He turned and glided back into the summer-house, closing the door after him.

PELHAM WEBB GIVES ADVICE.

Late that Beaumont Chase was sitting up writing in his own room, when his personal servant, the faithful Underwood, suddenly appeared.

The millionaire looked up.

"Well?" he demanded shortly.

"Mr. Pelham Webb wishes to see you, sir."

"Webb? The detective chap? What on earth does he want at this time of night?"

"Couldn't say, sir, not for certain. He is very reticent. Thinks it professional, I suppose. But I imagine he wants money. Shall I give him half a sovereign and send him away?"

Chase laughed.

"No. I don't think I would do that! Show him in. I'll see him."

"Very good, sir!"

The millionaire threw down his pen and leaned back in his chair.

"I thought I had done with that rascal," he muttered. "In less than a month, Kitty will be my wife, and—"

The door opened again and Pelham Webb came deferentially into the room.

Beaumont Chase surveyed the little, cringing figure curiously.

"Well my hungry sleuth-hound! What is it now?" he said genially. "Surely you haven't come to be fed again so soon?"

The little man stiffened himself, and his face wore an expression of wounded dignity.

"You have been very generous, sir," he said coldly. "If it amuses you to make fun of me, you have purchased the means to entertain yourself in that way."

The millionaire smiled.

(Continued on page 6.)

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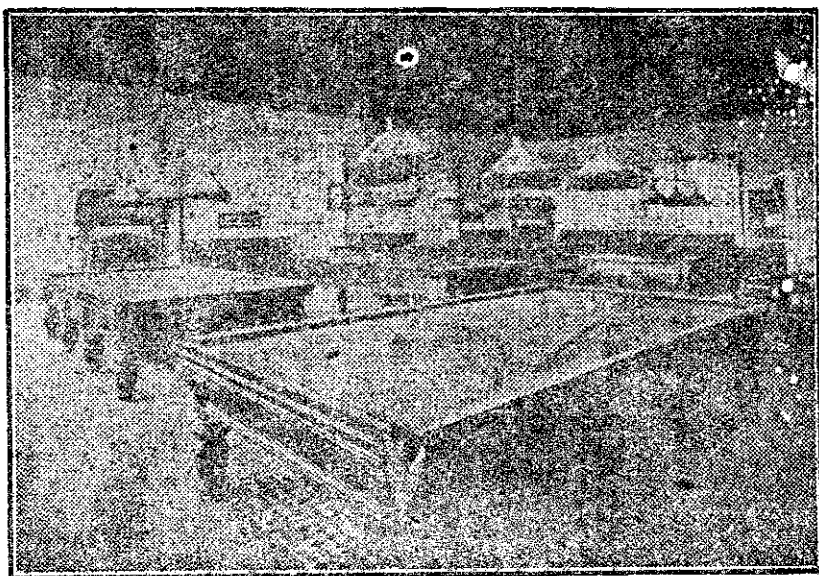
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BILLIARD NOTES.

BRINGING THE WHITE OUT OF BAULK.

When a player is ball in hand it is always far worse to have the red in baulk than the white, for whereas the red can only be brought into play again by means of a cannon—except, of course, by first potting the white, or by the uncertain method of playing at a cushion out of baulk—there is always the possibility of bringing the white out of baulk and into the field of play by means of an in-off, after having gained position for this as the result of potting the red in either of the centre or top pockets.

At first the red may not be favourably situated for a pot, but a few in-offs will often bring it into a desirable location—generally for a pot into one of the centre pockets. Of course, it will often happen that the white is so situated in baulk that it would be very difficult to bring it into play again by means of an in-off, yet, at the same time, it will just as frequently happen that its location will be a favourable one for this method of play.

Two quite simple positions for bringing the white into play when ball in hand. When the red is over the centre of the top pocket it is quite easy for a mere novice to pot it in such a way as to leave his own ball for an in-off from the white afterwards. Should the red be right over the centre pocket, it can be potted in such a manner as to cause the cue ball to come to rest either above or below the pocket. This can be effected by placing the cue-ball in different parts of the D, and aiming either nearly full at the red, or else hitting the red on that part of it which is nearest to the lower angle of the pocket. The only thing a novice has to

take care of when the red is right over the pocket is that he does not make a six shot, the very stroke that most bad players would play for.

GETTING POSITION BY A STAB POT.

Two further positions for potting the red and remaining correctly placed for an in-off from the white. In these instances the red ball is so situated that the very spot it occupies would be a good position for the striker's ball from which to attack the white. The red ball must therefore be potted in the centre pocket in such a manner that the cue-ball remains as nearly as possible on the spot previously occupied by the red. In order to effect this, the cue ball should be hit half way between the centre and the bottom, but with less strength than is necessary to screw back.

When the red is near the baulk-line, the stroke can be played fairly gently, but when the red is some distance away the cue-ball must be hit quite smartly, otherwise the effect caused by the low hitting will be more or less lost by the time the red is hit, and the cue-ball, instead of stopping dead, will run on.

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and Seed Supply,

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 5.)

"Webb, you are delightful! But now really, what is it you want?"

"Only to serve you, sir, and earn my salary."

"Good! And as a preliminary you would like me to give you—what?"

"Nothing, sir! But I hope you will permit me to give you something."

"Really! That's a change! What?"

"Advice."

Beaumont Chase laughed aloud.

"Excellent, my dear Webb, I thought it must be something cheap! Well, fire away! I can spare you ten minutes."

"A little longer than that, I think," said the detective drily. "You hope shortly to marry, I believe?"

"Well?"

"The lady is Miss Millbank."

"Of course."

"When is the marriage to take place?"

"Three weeks from to-morrow. The thirteenth of next month."

The detective smiled a significant smile. "It will not take place on that date. Unless it takes place earlier—much earlier—it will not take place at all," he said smoothly.

"What the deuce do you mean?" cried the millionaire, springing to his feet. "Enough of this mystery-mongering. What's wrong? Out with it and cut the cackle!"

Mr Webb stepped back a pace, and sidled behind a heavy chair. He was a little alarmed at the other's vehemence.

"Please be calm, sir, and I will be as explicit as possible, I bring bad news. Miss Millbank has consented to marry you because she believes the man, Dick Foster has fled the country, and is now safe in South America or some other distant part of the world. Is that so?"

"Yes, yes! Well, what of it?" said the millionaire impatiently.

"If she knew that Foster was still hiding in England, it might make a difference."

"Possibly!"

"She is only marrying you out of gratitude for helping him to escape?"

"Well?"

"If he should be arrested, and Miss Millbank discovered that you had not kept your word but had lied to her from beginning to end—"

"What on earth are you driving at?" demanded Chase, in evident alarm.

"Simply this, sir. The police have obtained a clue, and Dick Foster may be arrested at any moment."

"Good lord!" exclaimed Chase, staring blankly at the speaker. "That mustn't happen! Not before the thirteenth of next month, anyway. After then, nothing matters. Once Kitty is my wife, Foster can hang for all I care. Where is he hiding?"

"I don't know."

"You ought to know."

"I can't help it, sir. I have done my best!"

"Well, what do you suggest?"

The detective stroked his chin and peered out from his half-closed eyelids.

"Money can do a great deal," he observed significantly. "Couldn't you hasten the wedding?"

Beaumont Chase gave a startled movement, and a bold, resolute look came into his dark eyes.

"By Heaven, Webb, you are right!" he cried. "A special licence! It can be done. On Thursday—the day after to-morrow—Kitty shall become my wife!"

(To be Continued.)

ADVANCE TO SOLDIERS.

DEPUTATION TO MINISTER OF LANDS.

A deputation from the standing sub-committee of the New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association's Executive waited upon the Minister of Lands recently regarding the closing down of the advances under section 2 of the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act. The aim of the deputation was to obtain some assurance that applications would be received upon the production of documentary evidence that genuine contracts for the purchase of properties had been entered into prior to the sudden notifications of the suspension of the advances. The Minister was unable to give this assurance, stating that he could not commit the Government, and that the matter would be considered by Parliament as soon as possible after the opening of the forthcoming session.

The New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association intends to circulate local branches throughout the Dominion for particulars of cases where genuine contracts were entered into prior to or within, say, a week of the Minister's statement notifying the suspension or the "slackening" of the advances. These cases when in hand will be presented to the Minister at the earliest opportunity.

SCOTCH! NOTCH! POTCH!

BURNS AND OTHER PEOPLE.

(Contributed by the Groper.)

My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy perkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summons,
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time,
To hear what's comin'—

—Burns.

The best of known of local Haighs (J.R.) naively suggests that he and the illustrious Sir Douglas hark back to a common ancestry, once resident at "Haighmore" in Yorkshire. When asked for an explanation as to the absence of the terminal "h" in the Field Marshal's name, J. R. suggests that a certain great grandfather of the family had a niece, whose second son's first cousin went North of the Tweed on a wooing excursion. Here he secured a thrifty Scotch wife, who, for purposes of economy (i.e. ink saving) deleted the final "h," hence the Scotch Haighs are English after all and should spell their name "Haigh."—Tell the Field-Marshal.

The imp at my lug suggests that some such unfortunate happening has occurred in the name Hargest. A man to have achieved in a brief year or two of war such fame as our Lieut.-Colonel must have Northern blood somewhere. Without more ado we'll pick up the lost "Mac." It is no concern of our readers where we found it. Of one thing be sure—vote for

"MAC" HARGEST.

A fighter is needed on the Land Board.
But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe;
He has nae thought but how to kill
Two at a blow.

Europe's political arena in 1920, with its several arguments, brawls, and blood-lettings in progress, is not unlike the Europe of 1790. At home the Court has been greatly purified, principally by the nobility of Victorian era women. St. Stephens governs more liberally if less strongly.

"Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls" still line the paths of opportunity and dalliance. The memory of "Cut-throat Prussian Blades" is fresh upon us and Prussia is still Prussia.—Foch says so and Foch knows.

In 1790 Burns wanted to know:—
How the collieshangio works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twait;
If Demark, anybody spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were
hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin';
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er
him;
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin';
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin';
If Warren Hastings' neck was yunkin';
The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was danglin' still at hizzies' tails.

Some of the younger generation of dog and gun men hardly realise that a crime it was to shoot game, by trespass, in the land of Burns. Thus wrote "Robbie" to his friend Rankine, whom he characterised as "The whale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin'!"

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a patrick to the grun',
A bonnie hen.

And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane would ken.
The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I strait it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for't;
But, deil-me-care!

Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;

I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;

So ga't the whistle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pounther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!

The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin'-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begin to cry,
L—d, I'se hao sportin' by an' by,
For my gowd guinea;
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
For 't in Virginia
Trowth, they had no muckle for to
blame!
'Twas neither broken wing or limb,
But two-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

Burns "hit off" the public men of his time with the deft hand of genius. Ministers of religion were his especial fancy. He applauded a good man when he met him and did not spare the other kind. From "The Twa Herds":—

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could
rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank;
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear they drank,
O' sic a feast!
The thummart, wi' cat, brock and tod,
Weel ken'd his voice thro' a' the wood;
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in;
And well he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.
What herd like Russell tell'd his tale.
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale
He ken'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club;
And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or leave them in.
Sic Twa—O' do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
An' names like villiam, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en;
While New-Light Herds, wi' laughin'
spite;
Say neither's liein'!

Would it not be rather interesting could we have Burns' description of one or two persons this town has seen.

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley;
And lea'e us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

True the surly face of winter scowled on us last Thursday week, but Invercargill for once laughed in his face, demonstrating that the Scot is merely ice-clad with volcanic heat smouldering beneath. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, won all hearts irrespective of birth or creed, age or sex. This is as it should be, for the British Throne stands for law, order and liberty. But we love the Prince for his own sake—for his ability to prove himself, by word and action, one of ourselves.

"The grief and pain," if anywhere felt, was merited. In a community such as ours the idea of two or three hundred people being "drafted" for special privilege is ludicrous. Are we not all John Tamson's bairns—Shaun O'Sullivan's or Bill Smith's. The Prince recognised us as such and wished to see us all. He gave opportunity for all who wished to see him. In other words His Royal Highness doesn't want to add to the battalions of snobbery whose silly chatter might remind us of a day when Burns said:—

What of earls with whom you have supt,
And of dukes you have dined with
yestreen;
Lord, a louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl in the curl o' a queen.

"The Groper" congratulates Captain Duncan Rae on the handling and appearance of his Guard of Honour.

Returned soldier Dick Gould for the obvious interest the Prince took in him during the inspection—onlooking ladies sighed.

The Tourist Company for supplying so many high grade new cars for the Prince's entourage.

The Hibernian Band for excelling itself at Garrison Hall. It is really possible to have too much of a good thing. The selections were rather lengthy for the occasion.

Captain Mawson and his High School Cadets for the sturdy bearing of all ranks.

And the people of Invercargill for "doing themselves proud" and learning how to cheer!

It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

The personnel of the present Cabinet, the renewed activities of the P.P.A., and the possible visit of Sir Edward Carson to these islands, promise a busy time for the "Tablet."

Some humours of the Prince's visit. Among the crowd at the corner of the Crescent and Dee street was an excited old lady. Her excitement increased as the minutes passed, and when at length a motor car came crawling along she became almost hysterical. "Look at the dear lad," she gasped. "Isn't he every inch a Prince?" But it was only Inspector Rennie, after all.

Another incident. As the returned lads filed past for the Royal handshake the Prince asked of one: "Were you in Gallipoli?" "No," said the digger, "but"—brightly—"I've been to Wallacetown." Evidently he regarded both places as about equal in point of excitement.

Another Digger, meeting the Prince during his later walk saluted and enquired "How do, Prince?" The Prince's response was, it is said, equally cordial, though somewhat less abrupt.

Which reminds me. When an Australian cricket team went to England in the early 'eighties they were introduced to the present Prince's grandfather, then Prince of Wales. He was affability itself, and asked after the health of each. In reply to the Royal greeting of "How do you do" one bright and shining light blurted out, "Oh, not too stinkin', your Highness!"

Every war yields much dirty linen for the wash, and the latest and greatest differs only from those that went before in the magnitude of its laundry work. It was one long series of blunders, and now there is much searching for scapegoats. Mutual recriminations are as "thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa." "You did," and "I didn't," are heard on every side. It is only a few weeks since Lord French told us things that left a very unpleasant taste in our mouths; and now Sir Ian Hamilton is saying equally unpalatable things in even more vigorous language. The ignominious failure of the Gallipoli campaign was primarily due, he says, to the incompleteness of the arrangements at the outset, and to inadequate forces and red-tape bungling throughout the whole struggle there. When one remembers in what a slipshod way Britain always enters on her wars, and the disastrous effects of political intermeddling in every one of her greater campaigns, one is inclined to believe that there may be much in the General's statements. We have never yet had a great general, or admiral, either, for that matter, who did not put in a lot of his time cursing red-tape interference or apathy, and Sir Ian may have had as much reason as the rest of them. Mr Keith Murdoch, however, will have none of that. He insists that the failure of the enterprise was entirely due to Sir Ian's incompetence, and pushes forward, in support of his contention, the fact that Sir Ian was relieved of his command, and never received a further appointment during the war. This may, of course, be accounted for by the need of the real culprits for a scapegoat. It is a pity that the findings of the Gallipoli Commission were so vague and negative in character; with a little more determination and courage it might have been able to place the blame with some accuracy. As it is, we have only the heated words of excited disputants as to the ultimate responsibility for the terrible wastage of precious lives in that disastrous adventure, and the truth may lie anywhere between the two extremes they present.

It is not always judicious to put into print words of which you do not clearly know the significance. In a brightly written article in the "Auckland Weekly News" on the "silk stocking" phase of the high cost of living, "William's Wife" refers to the flapper, and to what her "young brother-in-law calls the tartines and nutcrackers." "Nutcrackers!" Really "William's Wife" should get William to carefully revise her proofs.

Which somehow reminds me of a story told of a certain eminent judge in divorce. Dining at a friend's house one day he was seated next a demure young thing, who looked too innocent for words. But she

had evidently been studying the divorce reports pretty closely, for presently she startled the company by saying, in a voice audible all over the room: "Judge, in the report of a case before you yesterday I noticed the words, 'Virgo intacta,' which were repeatedly used. What is the meaning of the term?" The company gasped, but the judge did not bat an eyelid. Turning to the young lady, he asked, "Do you know the meaning of 'vra avis'?" "Oh, yes," replied the damsel. "Well, my dear," said the judge, "the two terms are practically synonymous."

General Dyer, the hero (?) of Amritsar, is doing a little whimpering about his recall and degradation. His crime, he contends, was "a horrible duty," and received the approval of "every man in India." Well, let me quote from an article by H. N. Brailsford, published in the "Daily Herald," of December 11, 1919. Inter-alia, the writer says: "A British general, with fifty rifles and two armoured cars, marches in cold blood on a city, finds the population holding an orderly meeting in an enclosed place, and then, without a word of warning, and without the customary merces of blank cartridge, or shots fired in the air, proceeds to mow down the dense unresisting crowd for ten solid minutes, while it struggles to escape from the enclosure. It kills 400 catright, and wounds three times that number, and leaves the wounded agonising on the ground. It is true that a day or two before some mobs in the neighbouring city had burned two banks, killed a bank manager, and beaten an English woman. If General Dyer had come on one of these mobs in the act, and fired into it in hot blood, one might have understood his act. But these citizens were engaged in nothing criminal. I heard a friend say yesterday that the Germans did nothing worse in Belgium. But we were not at war with India. These people were our fellow citizens, the relatives of our Sikh comrades of the great war."

Thus Mr Brailsford, and his testimony does not endorse General Dyer's claim to the approval of every man in India. It is good for the Empire's credit that we have men amongst us who are too honest to close their eyes to their countrymen's crimes, and are sufficiently courageous to speak the truth at whatever cost.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night
cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch
in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to
die.
When reposing that night on my pallet
of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded
the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision
I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dream'd
again,
Methought from the battle field's drear
ful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate
track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine shone on
the way
To the home of my fathers, that woe
comed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed
so oft,
In life's morning march, when my
bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating
aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the
cornreapers sung.
Then pledged we the wine-cup,
fondly I swore—
From my home and my weeping friends
never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand
times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulsome
of heart.
Stay, stay with us,—rest; thou art
weary and worn;
And gain was their war-broken soldier
to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning
of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming
melted away.

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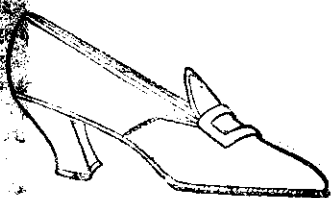
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TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
cane-beat;
Hear the Town Council beat,
on earth is that they have upon
their feet,
Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!
Is that can't be beat.



J. A. HAWTHORNE,
BOOT REPAIRER,
TAY STREET.



SPORTING.

Two horses Diggers can write out are
Kilboyne and John Barleycorn.

Burrangong is some horse, at least when
he is ready and his owner is ready.

Diggers have a bit with San Sebastian
if he starts at Wingatui next week.

Jimmy Thistleton is reported to have a
good string of likely "roughies" engaged
at Wingatui.

What price Blues for the big handicap
at Wingatui next week? The Tommies are
making him hot!

Primum tossed in the sponge after going
a mile on Saturday. He tossed in a good
few Southland quids also.

"Jack" Oliver has assumed command of
the local racing club, and in future the
headquarters of this body will be found
in Don street.

Mens isn't quite cherry-ripe yet. Don't
be disappointed Diggers. Bill Stone and
Alex McIvor aren't finished with him
yet, and he will win a good race yet.

There's a good time coming Tom, and
your horse did his best both days at
Oamaru. It isn't the first time a Cresson
fitu has taken the cream off your milk.

The Birdwood Hounds are running
well, and Jack Kirkwood has already
gained the name of having the hardest
riding hounds we have seen in South-
land for very many years.

"Rags," as he is affectionately termed
by his friends put a lot of his friends who
about Burrangong and Marching Order's
chances at Oamaru last Thursday.

One good punter at Oamaru, not in any
way connected with the stable reduced the
dividend on Burrangong at Oamaru by
having a cool hundred on him in the
machine each day.

Silverpeak is endowed with the pace of
the best Buick on the road. And Bill
Stone will always tell his friends when
Alex. D. McIvor asks who can win. A
pity for the game a few more owners
weren't like Bill when they have the
goods.

Old Rorke's Drift is coming back to
form all right, and when he strips at
Wingatui next week he might be worth an
investment.

Jack made no race of the mile and a
quarter at Timaru on Thursday last, and
paid a similar dividend to the one he
handed out at Invercargill two months
ago.

Kilboe was in front at the end of the
mile furlongs at Riccarton on Saturday.
In some race where the company isn't so
hot he will be in front again at the win-
ning post, and that's where the goods
count.

"Put" Hagan had a nice trip to the
Royal Meeting. But it must have cost
some of his owners a fair percentage of
their Timaru winnings, and to the others
added a bit more to their account.

Dave Morton got a nice win with Kil-
boe, early. And what a nice price he
paid! When Coker had charge of this
good sport's needles they generally started
at 6/6's on prices. May Dick McDonald
go on winning and paying goods divs. for
the Morton.

If Wild Philbin's form at Oamaru was
his best, Jack Chisham should use him to
carry a butcher's basket instead of his
colours. But was it his best? Next week
will tell!

Rorke's Drift has won more money on
the Wingatui track than any other course,
and his run at Timaru on the second day
shows all the scribes who wrote him off
as a back number don't know what "Put"
and Fred P.— are up to.

Billy Baird is one of the lucky stars of
the turf in Southland. He bought back
Palladio for a mere song after the Timaru
meeting and next week had a £200 steeple-
chase fired at him.

Royal Star, was the one tip to go nap
on at the Royal Meeting last Saturday,
and yet he was allowed to pay over a
score on the machine.

Next week there will be racing at Win-
gatui on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,
and no more attractive programme has
ever been put forward in the South Is-
land than the Dunedin Club is holding
out.

Billy Robinson rode a Fred Archer finish
on Bergeroop when he beat the red hot
goods in Charleroi at Oamaru last Thurs-
day. A couple of Wingatui touts had
a good win over "Puts" change.

Bill Stone wasn't racing in earnest at
Oamaru. He only started Primum on
the second day, and in a race, where the
opposition was too strong. He played up
badly at the barrier, got away badly, and
was never as near the leaders as he was
to being last all the way. When set
Primum's good!

"Watty" appears to have a liking for
cups. His nobby has captured the Wynd-
ham, Riverton, and Oamaru Cups, this
year. His owner has been a good donor
of trophies for several races in Southland,
and it is only fitting that he should win
this class of race. Unfortunately for
this good sport no trophies were attached
to these races.

So Billy Baird has bought back Pal-
ladio! Well B.B. is lucky enough for any-
thing to turn up, and he might make a
race at Dunedin, just to keep the pot boil-
ing you know.

Gaiety has been the downfall of quite
a lot of royalty during the past few hun-
dred years. On Saturday, Gaiety was
certainly the downfall of our little Prince,
for that was the name of the hack he rode
round some of the fences at Riccarton,
and off whom he slipped when the stop-
pad suddenly at one of the fences.

H.R.H. Prince of Diggers pushed his
way into the totalisator at Riccarton on
Saturday, but was always on the pay-in
side of the show. He was loyal to the
Blighty-bred Arrowsmith to the tune of
a five.

To watch Alex McIvor on a race course
one would think he had had a military
training somewhere. He is smart, methodi-
cal, and turns his horses out as if they
were going on a king's parade. He knows
the game from a right turn to a compli-
cated extension movement, and what a
master of camouflage he is!

The great meeting between Arrowsmith
and Amythes was spoiled by the fool trick
the autocratic Canterbury Jockey Club
played on the owners. It is said that
Gray, McFlynn, Beeley and Reed pro-
mised not to take advantage of each other
nor H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who the
committee had employed to pull the lever
at the start. But the club did not ask
the horses, and Right and Left being
young and foolish streaked away on his
own. Arrowsmith chased and caught
him and then the wily McFlynn on Amy-
thas pushed his barrier along and catch-
ing the Blighty horse just after making
a big effort, beat him to the post. I think
Arrowsmith did not get a fair deal, but
of course his owner being a good sport,
and loyal into the bargain would not say a
word.

The Prince of Wales, or "Prince of Dig-
gers," or "Prince of Smiles," as his ad-
mirers call him is a good sport and a good
sort, but he's a horribly bad starter.
When he shot Right and Left out in the
great mile race at Riccarton last Satur-
day, it looked as if he had made a pre-
sent of the valuable stake to the two-year-
old's owner, but even with nearly a hun-
dred yards handicap in addition to the
weight for age benefit he was getting, the
older horses caught him and beat him
before the post was reached. Every man
to his trade, and there appears to be only
one opinion regarding Edward as a prince.
He's a topnotcher at that job, and as the
part isn't hard I don't see why he wants
to try and beat Norman Noods, Harley,
and McIvor for their jobs.

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"The Digger."

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1920.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The Annual Conference is being held
earlier this year than usual. There are
no doubt reasons for holding it prior to
the opening of Parliament especially in
view of the "Go-Slow Policy" of the
Government in giving practical effect to
the provisions of the "Discharged Sol-
diers' Settlement Act." The news that
the Conference was being held came as a
surprise, especially when the notification
was within 10 days of the Conference be-
ing held. The Invercargill Association
rightly protested against this procedure
and decided to forward the follow-
ing remit:—"That at least one
month's notice be given of the date fixed
for the Conference." If the early date
was influenced by the attitude of the
Minister of Lands in limiting the amount
of money available for soldier settlement,
then there is no reason why some notifica-
tion of the Conference could not have been
given at least three weeks before, thus
giving time for country sub-associations to
have a meeting, and formulated some use-
ful remit for consideration by the Con-
ference. Unless the Conference supports
the Invercargill remit, the position will be
in effect, to disfranchise the country sub-
associations or at least to lead to ill-con-
sidered remits.

Possibly one of the greatest problems
the Conference will have to deal with is
the land question, and time spent in dis-
cussion would be time well spent. The
Land Committee have brought down a
lengthy report for consideration, but the
position to-day demands that not only
shall Conference formulate and adopt a
land policy, but to what extent shall the
various associations be a propelling force
behind that policy. It is time that the
R.S.A. throughout New Zealand woke up
and displayed more energy and made
themselves a real force behind the R.S.A.
policy. Headquarters would also be
well advised to pay more attention to the
real objects for which the R.S.A. exists in-
stead of the legal quibbles which hold up the
provisions for an alteration in the scheme
of organisation for twelve months. Time
is passing and the R.S.A. have not un-
limited time at their disposal to bring into
the realm of practical effect, provisions of
land settlement which will be of benefit
to both the returned soldier and the Dom-
inion's production. The present machinery
for the administration of the Discharged
Soldiers' Settlement Act was never brought
into being for that purpose, and a large

amount of the dissatisfaction which ex-
ists is the logical outcome of cumbersome
machinery. It is not fair to the Lands
Department, and is the source of dis-
satisfaction amongst returned men. The
Land Boards have not the same facilities
financially or otherwise that mercantile
companies have, and this leads to endless
delay. The sooner the administration of
the Act is placed under the jurisdiction of
a separate body, the better for all con-
cerned. The report of the Land Com-
mittee is one that seems to have had care-
ful consideration, and there is no doubt
that Lieut-Col. Mitchell will be a decided
force behind it.

"THE DIGGER."

The deliberations of the Conference will
cover a very wide field, and judging from
correspondence from the management com-
mittee of "Quick March," "The Digger,"
which the official organ of the Invercargill
Returned Soldiers' Association will appear
before the Conference, but not as "A
Daniel come to judgment," as the corres-
pondence would indicate. The delegates
to the Conference have been asked to
come "fully primed" in the matter of "The
Digger," but it is not expected that the
Conference will spend much time on the
question of whether the Invercargill As-
sociation should continue its enterprising
characteristics in publishing "The Digger"
or not. It is purely a question for the
local Association to decide. It is a pity
that this point has not been fully realised
by the management committee. Our view
is that there is plenty of room for all,
and we have no grouse against "Quick
March" as the national paper. At the
same time the position is one that calls
for frankness, and that assuredly expresses
itself in a verdict of "no jurisdiction."

LAND BOARD ELECTION.

The contest for the vacant seat on the
Land Board is being keenly contested,
and has aroused more interest in this
election than those held previously. The
Executive of the Invercargill R.S.A. con-
sidered the question of the method of vot-
ing, and sent a remit to Conference sug-
gesting that the signed envelope would
be a greater factor in ensuring the secrecy
of the ballot than the present method
signing the voting paper. In fact, the
whole system wants reorganising, and
Conference should devote a good deal of
time to this important question.

There is one thing that Crown settlers
should do in exercising their vote, and
that is to mark the envelope "Voting
Paper." Failure to do this will mean
that the voting paper will be opened as
ordinary correspondence and thus dis-
close the voting. We are confident that
the Land Board staff are doing the right
thing with these papers, but it should
not happen, and every voter should receive
a printed envelope specially marked. So
far as public opinion can be relied upon,
it would seem that Colonel Hargest cannot
fail to be placed at the top of the poll.
In fact, he is the most representative can-
didate seeking election.

The duties of the Land Board are of
such a nature that no candidate must
represent only one section of the voters,
and as the functions of the Land Board
deal with soldier settlement and Crown
tenants whose land is not affected by the
operation of the Discharged Soldier's
Settlement Act, it is imperative in the
interests of efficiency and impartial judg-
ment that the candidate represent both
sections. This Colonel Hargest does,
having controlled the working of a Crown
holding practically all his life. In addi-
tion to this he is a soldier who has played
his part well, and has a distinguished war
service. His service on the Land Pur-
chase Board will stand him in good stead,
and on the whole every confidence can
be placed on him to act in the interests of
every class of the community, and not
confine his activities to one particular
section, whether they be returned soldiers
or otherwise. The object of the R.S.A.
in supporting Colonel Hargest's candidature
is not one governed by personal motives.
It has always been a matter of policy with
the Association to secure representation
on a Board which deals with its affairs.
As matters stand at present the soldiers
have no representative, notwithstanding
the fact that the bulk of the work that
the Board has to deal with is "soldier
settlement." This is decidedly unfair,
and to adjust this position Colonel Har-
gest is the official nominee of a united
Southland.

SOUTHLAND'S PART IN THE WAR.

The "Digger" would like to receive in-
formation from officers and other ranks re-
garding the above. Extracts from diaries
and other items are urgently required
for the writer of these articles. It is re-
quested that all matter especially regard-
ing early history be sent to the Editor as
soon as possible.

THE PRINCE AND "THE DIGGER."

INVERCARGILL.

20th May, 1920.

The Managing Editor, "The Digger,"

"Southland News" Buildings, Invercargill.

Sir,—The Prince of Wales very much appreciates your kind
suggestion that he should send a farewell message to "The
Digger." His Royal Highness has had, however, to make a rule
against sending messages to particular papers, because he must
be fair to all, and much regrets, therefore, that he cannot comply
with your request. He proposes, however, to send a message of
farewell to the whole people of New Zealand before he sails, and
this will reach you in a very few hours.

He wishes "The Digger" a prosperous and successful career.
I am,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) G. W. M. GRICE,

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Secretary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

GENERAL BIRDWOOD'S VISIT.

The Invercargill R.S.A. have sent the following communica-
tion by wireless to General Birdwood, who arrives in the Domi-
nion on Wednesday next:—

"Two thousand Diggers welcome you to Invercargill and to a
smoke concert to be held in your honour on Tuesday, June the
8th. This date is consistent with your itinerary.

D. RAE,

"President Invercargill R.S.A."

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

M.C.F., Otaguti.—Many thanks for your
notes, which are always welcome. Please let
us have notes not later than Wednesday
afternoon. Glad to note that you are all
pushing "The Digger," and that our
agent, Mr Steans, of Wainawa, is a real
live agent.—Edt.

To Olga, Age 13.—Your children's
story is really very good and we will
publish it. We would also like any of
your girl friends to send in a story. We
are very glad to note that you read the
"Children's Column."—Edt.

(To the Editor.)

Sir.—Re the Prince's visit to Invercar-
gill, there was one incident which caused
me much surprise. It happened in front
of the Grand Hotel where the Guard of
Honour was waiting the Prince's return
from the show grounds. They were told
to discard their overcoats and all rushed
away, including the two sergeants, and
left the Standard and the Lieutenant who
was holding it without guard whatever.
As it is the one thing in the army which
every man is expected to stand by till the
last, and as a soldier who has seen service
in Gallipoli and France, I am surprised
that some abler pen than mine has not
written on this matter before.—I am etc.,
**ONE RED AND FOUR BLUE
CHEVRONS,**
Invercargill, May 25, 1920.

RE BUILDING SOCIETY ELECTION.

(To the Editor.)

Sir.—The voting papers are now in the
hands of the shareholders and as in the
past the retiring directors are afforded a
most unfair advantage over the rest of
the candidates standing by having their
names repeated in large type among the
instructions on the voting paper. While
it is the usual thing to see the retiring
directors names on a balance sheet, it is
uncalled for and probably illegal on the
voting paper. This is an unfair privilege
and gives the retiring directors a lever
that they are certainly not entitled to
amounting to practically a block vote.

It is to be hoped that all shareholders
will carefully scrutinise their voting paper
and give every candidate whose name ap-
pears in the voting paper fair considera-
tion before they exercise their vote. If
they do they might come to the conclu-
sion that a change would possibly prove
beneficial. As recently pointed out one
of the retiring directors who is also offer-
ing his services holds the position of chair-
man on a rival society. Surely this
should not be so.

Shareholders have a wide choice on this
occasion as there are several energetic and
capable young men offering their services.
This is an age of progress and the Society
offers plenty of scope for improvement in
some of its conservative methods. Trusting
that a large vote will be recorded on this
occasion.—I am etc.,

SHAREHOLDER.

Invercargill, May 27, 1920.

SATISFIED OR —?

(To the Editor.)

Sir.—The long-looked for, and all too
short visit of the Prince of Wales has
come and gone, and the people of South-

land must be keenly disappointed that the
authorities who arranged the Royal tour
allowed for such a brief stay in Invercar-
gill. Originally it was intended that the
Prince should spend a night here, but this
was cancelled, and it would be interesting
to know if our City Fathers made any ap-
test. Why is it that Invercargill never
receives a "square deal"? We wish
to believe it was imperative that the
Prince should leave Invercargill the same
night, but we now find we were wrong
in order that a prominent citizen of this
church should have the honour of accom-
panying His Royal Highness for a day
after the Cathedral City had already been
allotted three or four days. Wangarua,
Napier, and Hokitika were each favoured
with a longer stay than Invercargill and
the question arises—why? For most North
Islanders, New Zealand ends at Dunedin,
and while on a visit to that city, the
writer met a visitor from the north, who
in referring to the chief cities in New
Zealand, asked if Invercargill was a
"Hamlet." We know that most visitors
from the north are rather surprised to
find on arrival, that Invercargill is a well
laid out town with a fair sized population.
It is becoming more noticeable every day
that if we would hold our own with other
towns, then we must not be afraid to let
our voice be heard, and surely we have
many public-spirited citizens in our midst
who will give a lead whenever the oppor-
tunity arises. By not visiting the Lakes
the Prince of Wales missed one of New
Zealand's beauty spots, and one wonders
if Auckland had had these wonderful
lakes at her door would she have allowed
the opportunity to pass. Rouse your-
selves, Oh! ye City Fathers and repre-
sentatives of Invercargill, for if we are
content to go and accept just what the
authorities like to give us, instead of de-
manding that which is in keeping with
the size of the town, then we are in
danger of losing our present position as
sixth city in the Dominion.—I am, etc.,
PRIGGIE.

Invercargill, 26th May, 1920.

Mr W. G. Boyce has now taken over
the business of tyre repairing generally
carried on by Messrs Boyce and Fleming
in Kelvin street. All classes of motor
tyres and tubes are repaired by a new
vulcanising process imported from Amer-
ica. Tyres that were previously discarded
can now be effectively repaired and be a
decided saving to motorists. Mr Boyce
will be pleased to interview anyone in-
terested at his business address, Kelvin
street.

Another Digger has made a start in
Invercargill. Mr C. E. Gibb has bought
the business of fruiterer, confectioner,
etc., situated at the corner of Yarrow and
Dee street. The place has been thorough-
ly renovated and neatly arranged. There
is ample accommodation upstairs for the
retailer rooms which, in addition to its at-
tractive surroundings, have a splendid view.
There is no doubt that Mr Gibb will
receive a fair share of public support,
and his premises being the home of refuge
for those desirous of having a dainty
afternoon tea. An advertisement to this
effect appears in our columns.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

GALBRAITH SHIELD GAME.

STAR 10 v. WAIKIWI 9.

Wednesday's wind hurricaned behind Star on the grandstand stretch sending them into Waikiwi ground for the full to do some fiddling and his side to get off with a force. Ground defence was very poor and Agnew, Adamson, and forward Lilley, easily beat the electrified Red and Black line, whose full seemed to be playing butcher's bat with the Rugby ball and to be frightened to take it on the full. Star brought up their backs smartly to smother any Waikiwi passing, relying on a few forwards to hold the big forwards, often lying down to it in their endeavours to prevent the extra weight telling—a good plan if you can get off with it. Hard lashing was the style of attack for rattled backs, Waikiwi being especially keen on it, their hopping and jumping, looking ridiculous in big football and being productive of numerous unforeseen openings for the more agile and speedier Star backs and forwards. From one of these rotten scampers a Star midget flopped on the ball over Waikiwi line with the non-defending backs dancing some kind of a haka instead of fielding. Lilley pushed the ball well over the bar—five to Star. Waikiwi kicked from the middle far down to the Star posts, and their lumbering forwards puffed themselves trying to get up to it, but Agnew took it coolly and sent it well back with the wind and a right to the stand middle stick. Line work followed with Star coming through Waikiwi parallels, but not changing the dribble to the right angle and cutting out backs to bring in their own wide men; so Star were easily stopped. Whyte smothered a back or two, but a clever pass from Oughton to Jenkins cleared. Red forwards began to liven, with Star scrummers checking through brilliant snappy rushes that shook defence and made the Waikiwi backs slow. Knight wrestling instead of getting rid. The kick was well returned and Waikiwi tested Star ground work and found it poor indeed. Still Star have a way of their own in getting out of difficulties and bigger Oughton made a quick save and put his team into attack. The game was an up and down one, with the referee particularly smart in checking pointers while keeping down over-whistling. Lilley at full began to come into action again and again. A Star rush promised points but Knight managed to field and found the twenty-five. The opposing fulls were called upon several times and Waikiwi did not bless their bounce waiter. Red attacked and a weak kick was smartly seized, but the shot was puerile. P. Darragh over-kicked and Lilley put Waikiwi on the defensive. A Waikiwi free was badly directed and Oughton captured but booted low to side-line, from which the pack rushed through the big forwards and over-kicked Waikiwi into a force. The football was atrocious at this stage, and Star were slow in getting the ball into play although their wind spell was being misused. Against the wind Waikiwi shook up Star backs, the full doing a pirouette instead of flopping, and his wing three feeling called upon to imitate. However, a fumble let a quick Star lash the ball clear, and the Star forwards came out like blue flies on to the slower Red and Black who forgot to go down with a referee who understood well the difference between going down and hanging on. Star were specialising on forwards and backs together smothering any back play, the smaller Oughton showing to advantage with Leggat fast and furious to lead. Agnew played wide headily, and bumped hard and often. Star appeared to clear fairly easily in spite of lapses in tackling and other defence, full Lilley resting them well with his well-directed line kicking. For a period the Star forwards outplayed the Waikiwi, and even on the line had command, brains being shown in quick knocks to a wing-three who didn't take full advantage. Scrums were frequent, Star taking liberties in going around, a responsive practice. Keeping on a kind of back, Star passed feebly and Waikiwi fumbled miserably, and when the ball was dropped a Waikiwi back lashed out and Lilley caught and booted high with his merry men around the dancing figures. Well a forward Lilley got up off it, and full Lilley kicked a great goal. Star 10, Waikiwi nil. Waikiwi's kick out was not done well and Star's next line gave the little scrummer a chance of spoiling. A scrum foot up put Star into position and Waikiwi refused to meet their men low. Pack work did not give Waikiwi the weight advantage that it should, Star always having loose men and smart light backs to check the rushes, the odd man in blue and white jersey popping up unexpectedly. A Waikiwi rush made suppers dizzy, and a Star on the ground to play the ball; but Whyte failed

with the kick. It would pay the out-of-townners to give a couple of their men practice in this essential art. They'd have won the match if they'd had a kicker worth a lucifer. In front of the grandstand Whyte headed a rush and over-kicked, but an opportune forward with a license through the pack cutting out the whistler took it on and full Lilley circled, slipped, missed and flopped and Reid just evaded the corner flag and touched. The Waikiwi kicker made a fair try but his luck was out. Star 10, Waikiwi 3. The spell ended then.

With seven points down and a stronger wind behind them Waikiwi chances looked rosy, but Star ran straight into attack, Jenkins failing to take clean, his hurried kick put the windwards on the Star midden where they rushed through the corky Star backs and booted hard and lost. Exchange of kicks saw C. Reid weak in wind, boot, and a free to Star gave Lilley his chance to relieve to the twenty-five. From the line a Waikiwi passing rush was dropped when reward seemed sure and Star cleared. From the line the wind buffeted forwards broke through their big opponents, but no cleverness was displayed in beating backs with cross work footing and Waikiwi handled to force Star. The kick out caught Darragh napping but he retrieved with a defence pass which Star didn't dive at. Waikiwi forwards were doing better swarm work, and Star backs thought the wind strong, Lilley, however, kicking with sound judgment into the shelter of the stand side-line. Waikiwi put in a lot of back rushes but Star always crowded them out without tackling until they got to the wings. Darragh tried to pot a free, and Lilley waited for the bounce and was lucky that his own side forced the cranky hop. The backs became excited, two marks being missed. A Waikiwi cross kick was forced, but Star still had to defend, Red passing being frequent and futile. At length Star habit of swinging out when a man's arms showed passing signs, let the Waikiwi backs bring off a movement that would have been of high order if the opposition had been sound; but for a back to handle three times in one transfer rush all within the limits of a twenty-five was too clearly indicative of the rotten state of senior football down here where nobody seems to care a dump whether his side tackles or not. Again Whyte's luck was out and Star's in. Star 10, Waikiwi 6. Directly after Knight secured, ran, swung his arms, for the Star backs to rush pell-mell on to the side lines, and himself to walk over, untouched until some falling Star fell on his back to push the ball further into the turf. However, the ball was dug out and the kick failed. Why don't they get Lilley to show them how? Waikiwi looked like winners; when hang me if the Star forwards didn't come to light and blessed nearly score. What a shock! The game ended in mid-field with Star 10, Waikiwi 9. The honours were easy. Star had Lilley's boot to thank for their win; Waikiwi has Whyte's to blame for their loss.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Miss Reece (England), is the guest of Mrs W. Handyside, Gala street.

Mrs and Miss Law (Dunedin), are the guests of Mrs T. F. Macdonald, Earn street.

Mrs J. G. Macdonald, Don street, gave a most delightful bridge party on Wednesday evening, the guests being: Mesdames, J. G. Watson, Wade, Barclay, Haggitt, Handyside, Gordon Macdonald, Murray-Menzies, Misses Tucker, Wade, Ewart, and Reece.

At a ball given for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in Dunedin, one of his partners was Miss McIntosh, an ex-resident of Invercargill, and amongst the debutants and young girls chosen to form an arch by holding up large tree fern fronds under which he entered the ballroom, and who were afterwards separately presented to His Royal Highness, was Miss Bonnie Wilson, also a resident of Invercargill.

Velveteen: Its unique draping qualities, rich and lustrous appearance, and deep velvety pile makes it the most economical fabric any woman can buy. The Progressive Stores received last week a large range of the Behren Velveteens and it offers a choice of fashionable and reliable shades, impossible to find in any other fabric and offer at 4s 11d per yard in these colours: Cream, mid saxe, dark saxe, navy, mid brown, dark brown, seal, mid grey, cardinal, crimson, moss green, olive green and black. Colonial pure wool tweeds 13s 6d, 15s 6d, 16s 6d, 19s 6d, to 22s 6d also a splendid showing of all wool navy serge 45 inch wide 5s 11d, 8s 6d and 9s 6d. Doctor flannels just the thing for tender skins from 4s 3d to 6s 6d per yard. Colonial flannels 2s 6d to 3s 11d per yard, and many other lines you ought to see at the Progressive Stores, Tay street, Invercargill and Gore. Mail your orders to H. and J. Smith, Ltd., P.O. Box 309, Invercargill.

BOROUGH OF INVERCARGILL.

STORAGE OF DANGEROUS GOODS.

PUBLIC NOTICE Is hereby drawn to the By-Laws regarding the storage of dangerous goods. Persons storing petrol, etc., without a License will be prosecuted.

F. BURWELL,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall,
May 21, 1920.

Farms for Sale.

60 ACRES AT WOODLANDS—10 acres in turnips; good house, etc. For prompt sale as going concern. Price £42 10s per acre. Cash required £700.

84 ACRES BROWNS—New five-roomed Bungalow; h. and c. water, etc.; cowbyre, chaffhouse, etc.; half mile to rail. Price £24 per acre. Terms £500 cash.

120 ACRES with good six-roomed house and exceptionally good buildings. Handy situation. Price £26 per acre. Terms £500 cash.

180 ACRES near Woodlands—Plenty of turnips; four-roomed house and all buildings. Price £19 per acre. Deposit £300.

NOTE—If you want to **SELL** your **FARM** it will pay you to send me particulars. I have the organisation and am in close touch with buyers.

T. D. A. Moffett,

Land and Estate Agent, Grain, Seed,
and Hemp Broker,
Athenaeum Buildings, Invercargill.

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C. E. Gibb.

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TUSOCK CREEK—40 Acres with four roomed house, cowbyre, etc. £1000.

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ARTIFICIAL SILK SCARVES, all colours, in a good heavy weight, at 12/6. A special value line in **ART SILK SCARVES**, all colours, at 6/11 each.

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COTTON WOVEN FRINGED SCARVES in Light and Dark Navy, Violet, Brown, Putty, Cinnamon, Helio, White and Cerise, at 3/11 to 5/6.

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THE SOLDIERS ARE NOT REPRESENTED ON THE BOARD.

VOTE FOR HARGEST

AND GIVE THEM ONE.

888

SUPERIOR HOME of eight rooms in city area; scullery, washhouse, h. and c. water, gas, gas cooker, etc.; 4-acre section. Price £1850. Deposit £500. This property should suit a retired farmer.

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GLADSTONE—Five-roomed Brick and Rough Cast Bungalow. Nicely finished throughout; gas, hot and cold water, concrete paths, motor garage, etc. As owner is leaving town, will accept £1100.

F. H. TUCKER.

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FIRST OF THE SEASON.

Only obtainable at—

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FRESH CONSIGNMENTS JUST ARRIVED.

REMEMBER—

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GOOD COMMISSION.

NEWS-RUNNERS wanted to establish weekly house to house connection for the

"DIGGER."

Apply—
DIGGER OFFICE,
Early Next Week.

WE make a startling offer for **FOURTEEN DAYS ONLY**

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2/6 IN THE £ DISCOUNT

on all our up-to-date Stock of **TRIMMED, SEMI-TRIMMED, AND UNTRIMMED MILLINERY, JUMPERS, JERSEYS, COSTUMES, RAIN, TWEED, AND VELOUR COATS.**

THE PARAMOUNT,
ESK STREET,
Third Door from Dee street.

F. H. TUCKER.

The Nature Column.

(By "Student.")

In response to a request for information as to where fossils were to be found in the Hokonui hills, I have received an interesting letter on the subject. The writer states that brachiopods are to be found in the shingle of the bed of the Moiley stream near Nightcaps. The rock enclosing the fossil shells was a bluish gray colour somewhat similar to Oporo gravel only more angular. He also pointed out that though the Nightcaps hills are a spur of the Takitimos, a ridge extends across to the Hokonui. The Takitimos are classed as of matai or traissic formation, and the Hokonui as of jurassic formation though the two are no doubt closely related. There does not appear to be any reason why the Hokonui formation should not join the Takitimos about Nightcaps. The limestones between the Hokonui and Takitimos are of much later age belonging to the Oamaru formation. The gravel is more angular because it is near the source of supply, and has not been so much rolled. The blue rock faces are a very striking feature all through the Takitimos and it would seem reasonable to suppose that these particular fossils came from that locality, rather than from the Hokonui. I think however this fossil will be found to be common to both formations.

Our correspondent also makes mention of the heaps of shells and burnt rocks just under the surface near the Waikawa river, and that these heaps are sometimes very close together. About Niagara there no doubt dwell a small tribe or family party. There would be abundant food for them. The lagoons in the neighbourhood would furnish them with eels and the lampreys came up to the so called falls in large numbers.

These lampreys were greatly esteemed by the natives. It is said that Maoris in the North Island would gorge on these till they made themselves sick. They have peculiar sucker-like teeth by means of which they hold on to the rocks. At Waikawa Heads the writer saw a number of large middens which would seem to indicate that the district had a considerable population, and there is no doubt that the middens on the river banks are of considerable age. A number of Maori curios have been found about Niagara and on the sea-shore.

One of the town Engineer's staff has kindly forwarded a specimen of lignite from one of the trenches now being dug for the sewerage works. It seems to have included in it some stems and leaves, possibly of flowering plants, and would therefore appear to be of no great age geologically speaking. These beds of lignite exist under Invercargill at different depths and generally in thin seams. Seams of greater thickness appear also to extend under the whole of Seaward Bush. In some places at the back of Clifton and near Bush Siding, the deposits have been worked. The trenches about the streets of Invercargill all show the gravels, sands, and lignites, lying in a nearly horizontal position, and the deep bore at the water-works showed that similar conditions extend for some hundreds of feet. It would seem therefore that the strata beneath Invercargill was formed under deltaic conditions. From the 130 foot level, sands, muds, and thin lignite seams occur. These would be laid down in quiet waters at the mouth of some large stream perhaps when New Zealand was sinking. The larger gravel of which the tower hill is composed being laid down later by running water. The seams of lignite which are now being found near the surface were in the past probably covered deep by a mass of gravel which has since been removed by the Oreti river. The old river bank can be traced as a ridge from North Invercargill right down close to Awarua Bay. A well-known geologist who has lately been investigating the coal fields of Southland pointed out a peculiar circumstance in connection with our coals. He said they were poor in quality near the sea, but the farther they went inland the better the quality. This would be accounted for no doubt by the fact that the seams farthest away would be covered most deeply.

The appearance of the piece of lignite goes to show that this particular seam was made from drifted sticks, leaves, etc. Other seams would perhaps be composed of peaty deposits similar to what we now find on the Seaward Moss. A layer of silt would cover the ligneous matter during flood times, or owing to the land sinking, and another accumulation would take place. Some geologists hold that most of our coal has been formed from accumulations of driftwood in lagoons, and point to the stones and other foreign bodies included in the coal, as evidence. In coal from the Nightcaps district, casts of the union, a fresh water mussel, are often found.

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

The Draught Club meets on Wednesday and Friday evenings in Athenaeum. Visitors welcome.

Problem 11.

(From the "Draughts World.")

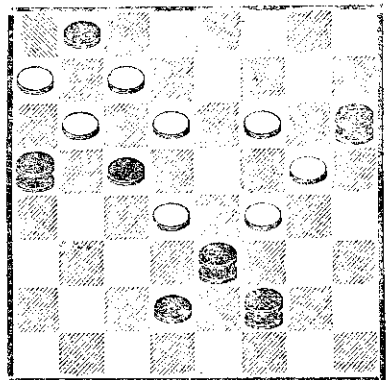
By A. C. Hews, Somerset.

Black 1, 14, 25, Kings 12, 13, 23, 27.
White 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 16, 18, 19

One cannot but admire the brilliant positions of the above author. We classify this amongst one of his best efforts.

Solution to Problem 10:

Black 4, 7, 10, 14, 20, Kings 17 and 18.



White 12, 19, 23, 26, 29, Kings 3 and 27.

Black to play.

20-24, 27-20, 18-27, 9-18, 27-24,
20-27, 10-14, 18-9, 4-8, 12-3,
17-13, 3-10, 15-22, and Black wins.

Thirteen entries have been received for the Invercargill Draughts Club tourney: J. Whitaker, A. Thom, C. Le Pilt, J. A. Mills, J. McGregor, W. Halliday, F. Hutchins, L. Neil, W. Menzies, W. Cooper, W. Adcock, B. Brooks and J. G. Steans. The games will be played in the Athenaeum smokeroom, afternoons and evenings.

We have had a visit from a Queensland player in the person of Mr G. J. Lowry, and the following are two interesting games played between him and Mr B. Brooks one of our best local players.

Singles Corner.

Black, Mr Brooks. White, Mr Lowry.

11.15	12.16	23.16	9.14	19.15	30.26
22.13	21.17	6.10	18.9	11.16	18.14
15.22	8.12	32.27	5.14	20.11	26.22
25.18	17.14	16.17	26.23A	7.16	9.5
29.25	16.19	27.24	17.26	15.11B	22.18
4.8	23.16	1.6	31.22	17.22	14.9
25.22	12.19	16.12	14.17	18.14	18.14
10.15	27.23	6.9	23.18	22.26	11.8
24.20	9.13	24.19	17.26	23.18	14.10
		15.24	30.23	26.30	5.1
		23.19	13.17	14.9	Black won.

(A)—31-27 would be stronger.

(B)—15-10, 17-22, 18-14, 22-26, 23-18, 26-30, 10-6 draws.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Black, Mr Lowry. White, Mr Brooks.

11.15	5.9A	17.1	2.6	14.13	20.24
23.19	25.22	26.31	29.25	7.10	32.23B
8.11	18.25	13.6	14.18	27.31	24.27
22.17	29.22	2.9	24.19	29.25	28.24
4.8	1.5	24.20	6.10	18.15	27.32
17.13	22.17	31.24	16.20	10.19	32.27
15.18	11.15	20.2	10.14	26.23	and
24.20	20.11	12.16	19.16	19.26	Black won.
11.15	25.22	1.6	20.25	31.29	won
			18.23	5.9	
28.24	3.7	9.15	16.11	29.25	
8.11	22.18	6.10	23.27	9.14	
26.23	15.22	22.25	11.7	25.22	
9.14	19.15	10.14	30.26A		
31.26	10.26	25.29	25.29		

(A)—6.9 or 3.3 is generally made here.

(B)—This seems to give black an easier game.

(C)—This is an interesting study for the amateur, white could have won here by 22.26, 14.18, 26.31 forcing the Black man into 23 and thus changing the move.

The following is a well known trap in Laird and Lady game. All young players should make themselves acquainted with it as similar positions occur in other openings.

11.15	9.13	15.18	11.16A	6.15
23.19	17.14	19.15	26.22	25.21
8.11	10.17	4.8	16.23	18.25
22.17	21.14	24.19	15.10	27.4

White wins.

(A)—13.17, 23.24, 11.16, 15.10, 6.15, 19.10 draws.

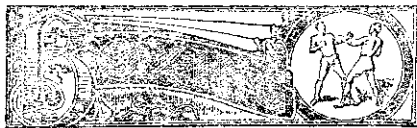
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BOXING NOTES FROM HOME.

(By "X.Z.Y.")

Critics, like A. G. Hales and J. H. Clifton, believe that Tommy Burns can do the "come back," and reckon he can lick anything on two legs in the Old Dart. Tommy freely acknowledges that Jack Johnson was a better boxer than himself. Time has altered Burns's bitterness.

Joe Beckett still retains his title as heavy weight champion of Britain. His fight with Dick Smith and Wells ended as expected. Both these boxers took the count. Goddard is his nearest rival. Goddard has the size and strength and showed McGoorty he could also box.

Jimmy Wilde is in demand everywhere in America, and boxing critics there are bestowing tremendous praise on the little Welshman. He deserves most of it.

Another champion in Jim Higgins, a Scotch lad, has appeared. He beat Harold Jones, bantam champion, for the title. There has been a lot of controversy amongst the critics about Higgins' ability. Anyway he is reckoned as one of the best bantams produced in Britain. A real champion!

Wilde's two hardest fights were with Scots—Tancy Lee and Billy Padden. The first beat Jimmy in 17 rounds and the Welshman won the other fight in the 19th round.

In Australia there's a saying: "He's as straight as Peter Jackson." What man would like a better testimonial than that. A. G. Hales says of Peter: "His left hand flew straight from the shoulder with the accuracy of a piston rod in motion, and his sense of 'timing' was so nearly perfect that he had a style of his own. He 'stepped' in when dealing one of his lightning left hand blows. He used to glide his left foot along the ring floor like a perfect dancer, and the glide carried the full weight of his big body with it. He dearly loved to fight big men of the rushing, smashing kind and the way he would meet their rushes and drive them back was a caution to see. When he wanted a rest he seldom side-stepped; he would draw back like a panther, never taking his eyes from the eyes of his enemy. He carried his head very high and stood up to the full of his splendid height, and he seldom 'ducked' from a swinging blow. He trusted those eagle eyes of his, and the manner in which he would just shift his head a bit on one side and let a whizzing punch go whizzing past his ear, was a revelation. Then as his enemy missed and was being carried forward off his balance, by the impetus of his own blow, Peter would meet him with a crashing left, and those smashes of his would test the strength of the bravest and the strongest. It was his left hand that won all his battles, everyone of them, and this is a lesson the youth of Britain should take to heart today. We have lost every championship, but that held by Jimmy Wilde, because the cult of the great left hand and the quick shift of the head an inch or two to one side has gone out of vogue, and the right hand sling punch, and the miserable 'bummy bag' have come in. We will have champions enough when we go back to the fine, fearless old method, but not until then."

Peter was only twice beaten during his brilliant career in the ring. First by Billy Farnham, the then champion in Australia, I think, when Peter had just started to make a name for himself. Later by Jim Jeffries when he, Peter, was a broken wreck of a man at the end of his ring career. "Peter the Great's" reputation was as white as his skin was black. Long will his memory be cherished.

OTAGO DISTRICT R.S.A.

DISTRICT FINANCE.

A meeting of the Sub-committee appointed to enquire into the matter of finance of the district for the ensuing year was held in the Dunedin Returned Soldiers' Association's Rooms, Dowling street, on May 14, 1920.

Present: Messrs R. P. Jones (chairman), Watt (Gore), Russell (Clutha), and Forbes (Oamaru).

The whole matter of District Finance was thoroughly discussed and it was thought that Associations in view of the organisation already existing could, with the amount saved in capitation, more cheaply carry on the existing organisation themselves in their own district and employ an organiser for the whole district. It was thought that in view of the reduction of work at General Headquarters that the capitation for that body could be fixed at 6d per member, which, with 60,000 numbers, would allow £1500. The membership for the district was estimated at 7,500 and with a levy of 1s 6d per head a revenue of £562 10s.

This, it was considered in view of their having no organisation expenses, would amply provide for the clerical work necessary for the district.

The expenses for the district were estimated as follows:—Secretary's salary, £250; stationery, £150; delegates expenses, £100. (£500.)

In view of the foregoing the sub-committee moved the following:—(1) That the organisation system as at present be abolished. (2) That the capitation be on the basis of 2/- per member—6d to go to General Headquarters' Funds, and 1/6 to Otago District funds. (3) That a secretary be appointed for the District Association at a retaining fee not exceeding £250 per annum, such secretary to supply his own typist and office.

ANNUAL MEETING.

An annual meeting of the District Association will be held in the Association Rooms, Dunedin, on Wednesday, May 26, at 8 p.m.

MARKET NOTES.

Messrs Bray Bros., Ltd., Auctioneers, Dee street, Invercargill, report as follows:

We have handled large supplies of Potatoes during the week. There is no shipping and sales are restricted to local buyers. Prices average about £8 per ton ex store. Onions 13s cwt. Wheat.—We have a small supply. Oats (for fowl feed) 5s 6d to 5s 9d per bushel. Chaff to 28 10s per ton. Oaten Straw to 25 10s per ton. Mergitt's Linseed Meal, 25s per bag. Oatdust 5s per bag. Bran 10s 6d per bag. Wheat Pollard 12s 6d per 100lb bag. Barley Pollard, 22s 6d per 200lb bag.

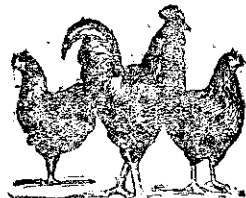
Fruit.—We have received large supplies of Apples and pears. Apples (dessert), 2 1/2d to 3d per lb. (Cooking), 2d to 2 1/2d per lb. Pears, 2d to 3d per lb., according to variety and grade. Quinces, 3d per lb. Walnuts to 1s 6d per lb.

Vegetables:—Cabbages, 4s per dozen. Cauliflowers, 5s per dozen. Marrows, 10s cwt. Pumpkins, 10s per cwt. Carrots, 4s per bag. Parsnips, 5s per bag.

General:—Lepp Silt Lick, 2s 3d per brick. Cow Covers (lined), 21s 6d; (unlined), 10s. Horse covers, 22 15s to 23. Mutton Birds in kits containing 24 to 40 birds, 1s per bird. Honey, 10s per tin of 10lbs. Mens' Working Boots 55s per pair.

Furniture.—Our furniture showrooms in Spey street, report brisk business in all furnishing lines. We make a specialty of Oak and Rima House Furniture made to order to any design. We invite inspection and enquiries.

Land Department.—We have a Fruit-Confectionery Business for sale in Invercargill. The rent of shop and dwelling is 15s per week. There is a two year lease to run, and the occupier wants £250 for stock and fittings. This is a good business proposition for a man with small capital.



POULTRY NOTES.

BREEDING FOR CONSTITUTION.

The all-important question then resolves itself into how far we can go in the direction of increasing fecundity without absolute disaster. Breeding for stamina in the matter which will now have to be considered far more closely than in the past. The fact that some of competition pens have run through a three-years' test without the replacement of a bird, and others have had three, four, and five deaths in the first year, ought to set breeders thinking. And there is no doubt that, now the facts are stated in such unmistakable terms, the enterprise and close attention to the salient points of breeding which have characterised the poultry raisers up to the present will result in a solution of even this most difficult and elusive problem.

THE SIZE OF EGGS.

(Extracts from report of Hawkesbury Egg Laying Competition.)

In the early days of the competition there were great complaints in the market regarding the large proportion of undersized eggs. The commercial standard demanded an egg of a minimum weight of 2 oz. Even though eggs were sold by number and not by weight, the idea of many that an egg was an egg no matter what its weight, was fallacious. Buyers discriminate in the price they give, and good-sized eggs, evenly graded, always have realised commensurate prices, and always will. The man who had a strain yielding undersized eggs was losing all the time. The theory that you cannot get number and size combined has been exploded; provided, of course, you do not go to extremes. Many of the best records have been put up by pens laying eggs going 26 to 27 oz. to the dozen, and a competition has never been won at Hawkesbury College by a pen producing eggs under the commercial standard. The layers of undersized eggs are a drain on the poultry-farmer, and the committee soon realised that this was a question that had to be faced in the interests of the industry. The layers of small eggs had to be discouraged, and as far as possible eliminated. Ample notice was given that intending competitors must breed pullets, the eggs of which would conform to the commercial standard, and that no pen would be eligible for prize-money if the eggs did not reach the standard before the expiration of the first four months of the competition. Breeders were asked that to achieve this it was essential to discard the layers of small eggs, and to select for hatching those which averaged 2 oz. Prospective competitors and poultry-farmers in general were quick to take the situation and its portents, and to act. Here was a matter which very materially affected the producers' success in the market, but it might easily have been ignored as far as the competitions were concerned, as it has been in connection with some competitions elsewhere. But no, the committee had to keep the educational side of the work ever in the forefront. The object was not to get laying records regardless of commercial considerations. This was in itself a simple move, but the influence it exercised effected a widespread reform. In the competitions the effect was seen in the fact that in the third annual test 22 per cent of the pens laid eggs under the standard. Next year there was a drop to 15 per cent., the next to 12 per cent., the next to 3 per cent., and in the seventh competition not one pen failed to qualify. There have been occasional lapses since, but only in the case of new-comers and mostly with birds which had not been long in the hands of the competitor. The tendency, however, has been to bring the average down to within a safe margin of the minimum commercial requirement.

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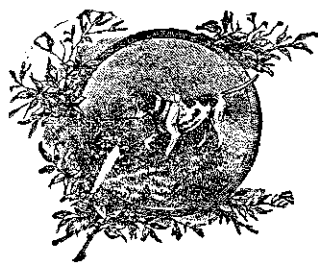
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two and a half years. Sire Kaikoria
Kazan; dam Kaikoria Kotoa. Apply
"The Digger."



Kennel Notes

The Invercargill Kennel Club's first
show concluded on Saturday last.

The state of the weather greatly inter-
fered with the attendance. The dogs in
most breeds were of a high standard and
would be well placed in any show in New
Zealand. Particularly was this so in
cockers, fox terriers, Irish terriers, deer-
hounds, and bulldogs.

Mr A. F. Clarke, commenting on the
setters, thought the two English were a
fine pair, the bitch scoring over the
dog through her keenness and splendid
showing in the ring. She was a trifle fat
and is ageing, this being noticeable
through her feet having a tendency to
flatten.

The dog requires a lot of grooming so
did not look his best and will do better
when more attention is given to his form.

The only pointer was a very attractive
bitch and she would be a hard one to beat.

Coming to cockers, a fine entry faced
the judge, both in quality and numbers,
the best in the show being Mr Alex Kidd's
"Sylvan Smiler," an excellent animal, and
one of the best of the breed Mr Clarke
has yet seen. Well balanced, full of
cocker intelligence, and one that a breeder
only manages to produce once in a life-
time.

The winning bitch turned up in "Sylvan
Satin," bred by the same exhibitor. She
is very typical and in company with
"Smiler" won Cocker Brace and Sport-
ing Brace, beat the deerhounds, fox and
Irish terriers.

A feature of the cockers was the type.
In nearly every case the dogs looked cap-
able of doing a day's work in the field.
Short backs and well up on the leg being
the order of the day.

The coloured cockers, though good in
colour, were not quite the type of the win-
ning blacks.

The pugs were a poor class excepting
the best dog, but he is now showing age.

The terriers formed a nice competition
and Mr Moffett had a fairly hard task in
placing some of them, but he made no mis-
take and gave entire satisfaction.

Mrs Garrett's dog was a good winner
and greatly pleased the judge, very
stylish, good feet and legs, nice ear
carriage, a trifle on the big side.

The second placed dog was the right
size, nice shaver, good bone and feet, ears
not too good, and hind legs too straight
but otherwise showed a lot of quality.

The bitch classes brought out two
beauties, both belonging to Critchfield
and Porteous. The old one, "Northland
Naomi," is a particularly good one and
very hard to beat anywhere. Her faults
are few in number.

Bellvue Mischief, the younger bitch, ran
through her classes until she met her
kennel mate and then she had to take
second place.

Mischief at present is a very showy
terrier, full of character, and was always
doing her best. Good head, eyes, front
and short back are her strong points.

Mr J. Vickery was well pleased with the
pair of deerhounds. The dog "Heather-
lea Strathroyal" winning specials, best
dog in show, best sporting dog, also ladies'
bracelet.

Greyhounds were only of average
quality. Irish terriers were rather disap-
pointing and some of the dogs shown pos-
sessed very little merit.

Dogs, puppy, brought forward a nice
pup in Paddy's Pride. Good colour and
coat, good eye, expression and ear car-
riage. Not too good in shoulder and bone.
Won open fairly easily.

Second prize open. Paddy's Selection:
Great head, ears, and expression, good
coat and colour. Darker eye would im-
prove; body too long, front loaded, and he
is too big.

Bitches, puppy — J. Doe's "Garry
O'Shea." A taking little bitch in many
ways. Stylish, good on her legs, nice
body. Colour and coat not pleasing; head
too long from eye up, compared with
length of face; carriage at present bad.

Bitches, open T. O'Connor's "Riot
Act." A very passable bitch and typical-
ly Irish. Colour and coat good. Would

not mistake for a large silky, fair head
and dark eye. Ears not right. Shown a
trifle on the fat side. Certainly a good
sort of bitch to breed from.

Sydney Silkies.— Mrs A. Brown's
"Bubbles of Heatherlea." A splendid
bantam. Good colour and quality of coat
lovely, dark, well-shaped eye, good feet
and legs, and full of character.

Mr Geo Heads' "General Joffre." An-
other good little dog; coat mixed in col-
our and eye a bit lighter than winner,
otherwise a close go.

The following shows the placing of the
dogs exhibited:—

Deerhounds: R. W. Brown won in all
classes, dogs (colonial bred), dogs (open),
bitches (open), and brace.

Greyhounds: Puppy class, dogs (open),
and bitches (open).—Grove Bros. 1.

Bulldogs: Novice—Fulton's Crusco, 1,
dogs: Mrs Deig 1; G. Macartney 2; in
Colonial bred; New Zealand bred, limit
and open classes. Bitches: J. E. Robert-
son first in Colonial bred, New Zealand
bred, limit and open classes.

Smooth Coated Collies: Miss Emery 1st
in maiden and dogs, (New Zealand bred).
Miss Scott 1st, Miss Emery 2nd in dogs
(limit).

Bearded Collies: A. Ewart, 1st in dogs,
Colonial bred, New Zealand bred, and
open.

Fox Terriers—Smooth: Critchfield and
Porteous, first in puppy, dogs (maiden),
dogs (novice), and bitches; Puppy, maid-
en, novice, colonial bred, New Zealand
bred, open, brace, and team classes.
Dogs: Colonial bred, New Zealand bred,
limit and open—Mrs D. Garrett, first;
Stud Dog: L. Lennie, 1st; Wire Hired—
L. Devereaux, 1st. Children's Class: Co-
lin Kidd, 1; Beatrice Easton, 2.

Airdales: C. F. Hawke, 1st in maiden,
novice, colonial bred, New Zealand bred,
limit and open classes.

Irish Terriers—Dogs: J. Doe first in
puppy, maiden, novice, colonial bred
N.Z. bred. Limit, open, and stud dog
classes and also in brace and team: T.
O'Connor first in bitches, colonial bred,
N.Z. bred, limit and open classes.

Sydney Silky Terriers: Miss A. Brown
first in dogs, puppy and open classes.
G. Heads 1st in maiden, 2nd in open. W.
McMahon, 2nd in maiden. Bitches: G.
Simon first in puppy, maiden and open
classes.

English Setters: Dogs: G. St. V. Ked-
dell first in colonial bred, N.Z. bred,
limit and open classes.

Bitches: J. Stevens first in colonial
bred, N.Z. bred and open.

Retrievers—Dogs: W. Williamson sec-
ond in maiden and open. Irish Water
Spaniel, Dr McCaw 1. Pointers, Miss
C. Ronald 1.

Cocker Spaniels—Black: A. Kidd first
in dogs, puppy, maiden, novice, colonial
bred and N.Z. bred, limit and open clas-
ses and also in bitches, puppy, maiden,
novice, colonial bred, N.Z. bred, limit
and open; also stud dog and brace. Sec-
ond prize winners were J. E. Lea, F.
Robertson and G. Corbett.

Cocker Spaniels, other than Black: F.
Robertson first in bitches, puppy, maid-
en, novice, colonial bred, N.Z. bred,
limit, open, and brace. C. J. Barlow
second.

Field Spaniels, black: J. K. Lowe.
Other than black, W. McPherson.

Pomeranian: L. Lopdell first in puppy
and open classes.

Pugs—Dogs (maiden): E. Eunson 1.
Dogs (open): Miss F. Ronald 1. Dogs
(puppy): Messrs Sayer and Grantham
1. Maltese Poodle: Mrs W. Harrold 1.
Ladies' Bracelet: Miss A. Brown 1.
Sporting Brace: A. Kidd 1, R. W.
Brown 2. Sporting team: A. Kidd 1.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best dog or bitch in show, and special,
R. W. Brown; runner-up in above, A.
Kidd; Deerhound, either sex, R. W.
Brown; greyhound, either sex, Grove
Bros.; Kennel Club special for best Eng-
lish setter, Jno. Stevens; Irish setter,
either sex, J. Roscoe; bearded collie, either
sex, A. Ewart; bulldog, either sex, Mrs
J. Deig; Airedale, either sex, A. F.
Hawke; cocker spaniel (black) dog, A.
Kidd; cocker spaniel (black) dog, A.
Kidd; black cocker bitch, A. Kidd; best
cocker spaniel, either sex, in show, A. Kidd;
best cocker spaniel (other than black), F.
Robertson; best Irish terrier, either sex,
J. Doe; best Irish terrier dog (puppy), J.
Doe; fox terrier dog, smooth coated, Mrs
D. Garrett; best fox terrier, smooth coat-
ed, either sex, Critchfield and Porteous.
Fox Terrier Bitch, smooth coated, Critch-
field and Porteous. Irish Terrier Bitch
(puppy), J. Doe; Fox Terrier Puppy,
Critchfield and Porteous, also medal for
runner-up; Fox Terrier Puppy (bitch)
smooth coated, Critchfield and Porteous;
Fox Terrier Dog (wire-haired)—S. Deve-
reaux; Sydney Silky Terrier, either sex,
Miss A. Brown; Pomeranian, either sex,
any colour, under 7lb, Miss L. Lopdell;
Children's Class, Colin Kidd; Brace, Cock-
er Spaniels, A. Kidd; Sporting Brace,
A. Kidd; Deerhound, opposite to winner
of best Deerhound, R. W. Brown; Bull-
dog, opposite sex to winner of best Bull-
dog, J. E. Robertson; Irish Terrier, op-
posite sex to winner of best Irish, T. O.
Connor; Irish Terrier most points, J.
Doe; Fox Terrier most points, Critchfield
and Porteous; Black Cocker Puppy, A.
Kidd; Best Irish Terrier in Show; to
be won twice.—J. Doe.

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Of Interest to Women.

HEALTH, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS.

WEALTH.

Words need a deal of explaining sometimes, especially those which, like this one, have acquired secondary or popular meanings or are applicable in more than one direction or domain.

Say "wealth," and what does the average man or woman see? If I say "horse," your memory recalls a variety of animal forms, ranging from the patient draught to the high-stepping racer, but all possessing similar outlines and attributes. What visions does the word "wealth" evoke? Most probably large houses with rich carpets and soft cushions; finely upholstered, shining motor cars, fur coats, jewels, silks, and satins, rich food to eat, and servants to do your work. Or is it a vision of travel, luxurious hotels, new sights and sounds, the pleasurable excitement of novelty and motion? Or, again, a padded chair in a carpeted inner sanctum where sits a potentate like a spider in the centre of his web manipulating the delicate strings of finance and waiting for the flies to "come into his parlour?" That is the kind of wealth anyway that most people are out after and the kind that we are most often by the wisest told doesn't matter.

As a matter of fact, I believe ninety per cent. of us think such wealth rather desirable; we look on at its vagaries with curiosity, interest, perhaps now and then a twinge of envy; but we don't trouble ourselves very much about it because it is out of our reach—that is so long as we are comfortable ourselves and have most things that we really need. Then we can heartily endorse Nietzsche's sage remarks: "For aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. 'Tis no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean."

Competency has our vote then, and we can eat our dinner in the happy consequences of having earned it without any pangs of heart because some one else's need is more varied and elaborate and served in finer dishes. If we are hungry and have no food; if we are cold and lack fire or shelter, then are we apt to look fierce and mutter threats against those who lie softly and eat daintily. And if there is a majority among us cold and hungry while a few go fat and warm; and further, if the few are idle while the many toil, then revolution is at hand. And who should wonder at French terrors or Russian terrors or any other kind of horror which sprang out of injustice such as that? If you saw your children starving and our neighbours' children starving by the score and the hundred and the thousand while the pangs of hunger gripped your own belly, and the cold wind whistled through your rags, would you not find the dull red rage of resentment against the unworthy rich rising into a white destroying flame of rebellion and revolution. We New Zealanders have our grievances, but all round, we are too comfortable to make Bolsheviks or Jacobins of. But comfort is the only reason why we are ohly Liberals or Labourites instead.

Wealth is possession—in its vulgar acceptance it is the possession of much stuff, houses and lands, clothes and carriages, food and furniture. It is more than that, since the possession of more stuff than we can ourselves use, implies the opportunity to command the services of others. The wealthy can hire men and women, and the hiring is the more easy and satisfactory if things are so arranged that they can themselves dictate the terms of the bargain. It is ever disturbing to the mind of wealth to find the hiring insisting on two sides to the business and his the more cogent.

And all this to the modern mind is summed up in the word "money." "A simple invention it was," says Carlyle, "the old-world grazier, sick of lugging his slow ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil, to take a piece of leather and thereon scratch or stamp the mere figure of an ox (pecus), put it in his pocket and call it pecunia, money. Yet hereby did barter grow sale, the leathern money is now golden and paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled; for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts, and who so has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the length of sixpence."

This kind of wealth, I take it, is not the kind which the old saying wishes us in the triplet. "Health, wealth and happiness." That is the true wealth, of which more anon; but this is the wealth most often and vividly before our minds

and it is worth while to consider it for a time.

True is it that to a man or woman suffering the pinch of want or chafing under the limitations of "straitened means," it sounds like vilest cant to talk of the futility of wealth. None the less is it in reality futile, even from the materialist point of view, "because," to quote Carlyle again, "there is an infinite in man which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite. Will the whole finance ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one shoe-black happy? They cannot accomplish it above an hour or two; for the shoe-black also has a soul quite other than his stomach, and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more and no less, God's infinite universe altogether to himself, therein to enjoy infinitely and fill every wish as it rose. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine—it is even the shadow of ourselves." It is the wealth that is typified by money that a greater than Carlyle said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God," and again "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Yet the people who listen to these words on Sunday go out to business on Monday more than ever determined to grasp some of that wealth for themselves. Let us next week consider a few facts about this kind of wealth and especially about what is the attitude and relation to it of women.

Children's Column.

THE ROSE GARDEN.

CHARMING STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Rosalie was a very lonely little girl. She had not got even any school-fellows to play with, and how she longed for a little brother or sister. "If you try to be a good girl, Miss Rosalie," her nurse would say, "then perhaps the fairies will send you one."

At last something wonderful really did happen. She awoke, one beautiful moonlight night, to hear a little voice calling her name. She sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes. Then, perched on the bar-rail at the foot of the bed, she saw a tiny little man; he was not more than a foot high, and was clothed from head to foot in shimmering green, while from his shoulders grew a pair of dainty gauzy wings. "Come along," he said, "I am sent to take you to the Fairy Rose Garden. You must be quick," he added, as the little girl jumped out of bed, and began putting on her dressing-gown.

He led her to the corner of the room, where, in the wainscoting, Rosalie saw a tiny door she had never seen before.

"But I can't get through there," she objected, hardly knowing whether she was awake or dreaming.

The fairy laughed and said something—what it was she did not hear, but the next minute she found she was no higher than the little fairy, who opened the door, and led her down a long passage and through another door.

Now Rosalie found herself in the most beautiful garden she had ever seen. Here there grew nothing but roses, of every colour and description, but much larger than ordinary roses.

"Now," said the little fairy, "be quick and choose your baby, because it is nearly morning."

Rosalie was just wondering what he meant when she happened to look more closely at one of the roses. No wonder they were large, for in the heart of every one there lay a dear little baby!

"Oh!" cried Rosalie, "Am I really to choose one to keep?"

She began running from rose to rose, and peeping inside. It was very difficult to choose. Each baby seemed prettier and more lovable than the last.

At length, she found a large creamy rose in which lay a lovely baby boy fast asleep. As Rosalie looked at him he opened his eyes, and held his arms to her with a little gurgle of delight.

"I'll have you, you darling!" exclaimed Rosalie, but as she bent over him she heard a well-known voice saying "come, wake up Miss Rosalie!"

To her surprise, Rosalie found herself back in her own little bed at home. Nurse looking very pleased and excited, was trying to wake her up.

"Miss Rosalie," she said, "be quick and dress. There is something for you to see in your mother's room."

"I know," said Rosalie, as she jumped out of bed, and began to dress as fast as she could. As she did so, she poured forth the story of her wonderful adventure.

"Well, that was a strange dream," said nurse at last.

Rosalie shook her head; she was certain it was not a dream. When she crept into

her mother's room, she was more certain than ever, for there in the bed beside her mother lay the very same baby brother that she had chosen in the Fairy Rose Garden.

So Rosalie was a lonely little girl no longer.

The Home.

PICKLING ONIONS AND GHERKINS.

To retain the white colour of onions when pickled proceed as follows:—Pour hot water over the small onions to facilitate the removal of their skins. As they are skinned, place them in strong brine. After twenty-four hours renew the brine and repeat this operation next day. On the following day put the onions in fresh water and heat them to the boiling point stirring frequently. Milk added to the water helps to whiten the onions. Drain well, place the onions in a jar and pour boiling vinegar over them. No spices must be added if the white colour is to be retained. To retain the green colour of gherkins (small cucumbers) let them stand all night in water, to which salt has been added. Drain off the water and replace by vinegar, in which parsley has been steeped for some days. The vinegar is boiled with one ounce of cloves, one ounce of allspice, and a piece of alum the size of a walnut. The boiling vinegar is poured over the gherkins, and the pickles covered with green cabbage leaves. The addition of a few green peppers is a great improvement.

To Clean Serge.—Dump the serge with a sponge and warm water. Then allow it to dry. If now it is well brushed with a soft brush over which a little oil of olives has been dropped, the gloss is entirely removed, and the serge presents a new appearance. 2.—Make a solution of spirit of wine two parts, strong ammonia one part; lay the serge on a hute wood table, then take a piece of old serge or flannel, dip into the ammonia mixture, and apply to the dirty parts, rubbing vigorously. To remove the glossiness, try a teaspoonful of powdered nut-galls in a cupful of hot water, and apply to the serge as before.

Seven Hints for Scrubbing Floors. 1.—Always scrub the way of the grain of the wood. 2.—Have plenty of clean warm water. 3.—Only scrub so far as the arm can reach at a time. Then wash and dry that part. 4.—Change the water as soon as it is dirty. 5.—Do not use more water than is necessary to clean the boards. 6.—When scrubbed clean, rub the boards well with a clean flannel wrung out of clean water, and then dry with a dry cloth, rubbing the way of the grain. 7.—After scrubbing, wash the brush immediately and hang up to dry, so as to harden the hairs or fibre.

To Remove Mildew from Lace Curtains: 1.—Take 2oz of chloride of lime, pour on it one quart of perfectly boiling water in an earthenware vessel, stirring till dissolved. Then strain through a piece of muslin to remove any lumps that may remain, add three quarts of cold water, and steep the curtains in it for 10 hours. Take out, rinse in cold water, and you will find every spot has disappeared. 2.—One ounce oxalic acid and one ounce of citric acid, dissolved in a pint of new milk. Rub spots till they vanish. Wash at once. 3.—Four ounces soft soap, 4oz. white powdered starch, 2oz. common salt, juice of a lemon. Mix all into a paste with sufficient water, and apply to spots with a sponge. Expose to the air 12 hours, rinse, and, if necessary, repeat operation.

To Stain Floors.—First brush them over with a weak solution of glue and water. When the floor is quite dry, take two ounces of permanganate of potash and dissolve it in half a gallon of boiling water. Brush this over the part to be stained. If the boards are not dark enough give a second coat, and when perfectly dry polish with beeswax and turpentine.

To Preserve French Beans for Winter Use.—In winter, when fresh, green vegetables are almost unobtainable, we may be glad to fall back on those preserved by artificial means. French beans, may be stored as follows:—Gather the pods in the cool of the day, wipe them with a clean cloth, and after putting a layer of salt at the bottom of a stone jar, place a layer of beans over. Then sprinkle in more salt, and continue till the jar is nearly full. Fill up with water and tie down. The brine should be occasionally poured off and renewed. If the beans are taken out, washed in cold water and left to lie in it three or four hours before cooking, their flavour is little inferior to those just gathered from the garden. Plenty of salt must be used.

Kitchen Hints.—How to burn vegetable refuse.—All refuse of the kind ought to be

burned promptly; sanitation and economy both demand it. An easy method is to break cabbage leaves into small pieces, also peelings and any other refuse. This done, lay it on paper, which roll up tight, and when the kitchen fire is not needed, place the packet sideways on the top of the coals at the back of the grate. The flames will scorch the paper, and it will look almost like coal. The contents will burn steadily and give out no disagreeable odour. Decayed vegetable matter is a great menace to health at all times, more especially so in hot weather. What is more, it attracts flies, which, in their turn are a danger to health.

Cheese Pie.—Pastry (any nice sort), 2lb; milk, three-quarters of a pint; eggs, three; cheese (grated), 4oz; salt, cayenne, nutmeg. Line a deep baking-tin all through with a thin lining of the pastry. Prick the bottom part over with a fork, to prevent it forming blisters. Beat the eggs till a light froth. Mix these with all but a tablespoonful of the cheese, and add to them the milk. Season well, using nutmeg very cautiously—a few grains are sufficient for most people, and some dislike even this amount. Put the pastry-lined tin in a sharp oven, and bake it until the pastry is just crisp. Now pour in the cheese custard. Put back again into a rather slow oven, and bake gently till the custard is set. Then dust the surface over with the remainder of the cheese, and serve hot. Cut out in neat portions as required.

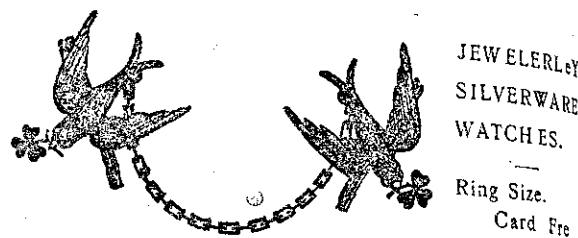
Kitchen (a Hindoo recipe).—Steep a quarter of a pound of dole or split peas for some hours. Take them, with half a pound of rice, and put them into three pints of boiling water; boil it till quite soft. Take a quarter of a pound of butter, slice two or three onions, brown them in the butter, take them out, mix the butter with the dole and rice, heat it, and when served thin the onions over it.

Eggs a la Tripe.—Slice up three large onions, parboil and drain them, then finish cooking them in milk, very slightly salted. When done drain them on a sieve, and make a thick Bechamel sauce with the milk in which the onions have been boiled, and add one gill of thick cream. Season with salt, Cayenne pepper, and grated nutmeg. Slice six hard-boiled eggs and mix with the onions in the sauce, lightly stirring the whole on the fire with a wooden spoon. Place the eggs and onions on a dish surrounded by a border of sippets of toast, and decorate with a layer of chopped parsley over the top and a few spots of anchovy essence, and serve very hot.

Cheese Puffs.—6oz grated cheese, 4oz of flour, 2oz of butter, half a pint of water, 2 whole eggs and one yolk, salt, pepper and cayenne. Put the water and butter into a pan and let them boil fast; add the flour, salt, pepper and cayenne gradually, and stir till it leaves the pan clean; then remove the pan from the fire, stir in the cheese and the egg yolk, beating well together, and add the other eggs one at a time. Have some boiling fat ready then, with two spoons which have been dipped in the fat, drop in small portions of the cheese mixture and fry them light brown. Drain well and serve on a folded napkin.

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and	and	and
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MILK	MILK	MILK
and	and	and
CREAM!	CREAM!	CREAM!

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53 YARROW STREET.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID.

(From "Rokeby," Canto III.)

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to bow,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you knew,
My Love!
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fair:
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.
He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave the bridle-reins a shake;
Said "Adieu for evermore,
My Love!
And, Adieu for evermore."

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works."

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house, stable, implement shed, store-
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five-roomed house and two huts. This
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Dee street,



HORTICULTURE.

To say a little more about propagation
we come to cuttings. These are usually pre-
pared from soft or hard wooded shoots. Pelargoniums (commonly known as geraniums),
pansies and such like plants are examples of the former, shrubs and trees of the latter. Soft wooded cuttings are prepared from the ends of the shoots and are of various lengths up to six inches or even more. They should be cut off close to a joint as there is a reserve stock of material in the joint to assist the wound to callus or heal more quickly and thus assist and hasten the rooting process. Remove some of the lower leaves, and if thickly leaved thin some of the others especially in fleshy leaved things such as geraniums so that the stem being open to the air, damping is avoided. Geraniums are sure rooters and in summer time practically every cutting will grow if simply planted out in the open and not watered, or if planted in pans or shallow boxes and placed in the greenhouse where there is more warmth they may be kept moist and will root quickly, but do not over water. Pansies should be cut low down below the soft hollow wood or if possible pulled out with a little root as then they will root quickly and very few will fail. They should be started in summer so as to form nice plants before winter and be ready for early spring use, or for later use may be started in spring. Hardwood cuttings are mostly taken from the current year's growth, when it has become matured and should be formed from shoots, with or without leaves, cut to more than six or eight inches, any soft tip being removed as a general rule but not necessarily so with overgreens, and when single stems are desired the lower buds should be removed to prevent suckers forming below the ground. Small side shoots cut off with a slight heel also make very good cuttings, and with some things give the best results. With some evergreen shrubs of slender growth tips about two inches long give the best results as in the case of manuka. The crimson manuka Nicholi for instance can be successfully so raised, the best course being to plant thickly in a shallow pan and keep damp and shaded from the sun, when a fair proportion may be generally relied upon. In all cases good clean soil without manure should be used, and good drainage provided, the soil being firmly pressed round the cuttings. Layering—shrubs and plants that do not strike readily from cuttings can in many cases be propagated in this method in which the cutting is not wholly severed from the parent plant but cut half way through and then split for a short distance towards the point and pegged down firmly beneath the surface of the soil, which is firmly pressed round the layer, and severed when well rooted, which in some cases is not till the following autumn. The layering is done in summer or autumn, and in the case of shrubs not severed till the following autumn. Carnations are commonly propagated by this method in the summer and severed in the autumn but they can be quite successfully grown from cuttings if cut well into the matured wood.

A LONGING.

Mine's a music-loving nature, and my very heartstrings thrill
To the song of thrush or mavis—night-
ingale or whippoorwill;
But my unfulfilled ambition is to hear
the haunting croon
Of the apteryx a-singing in the ilex on
the dune.
I have wandered in the tropics, I have
rambled in the glades,
I have heard the scarlet tangerine thrill
forth from coppice shades;
But its song is unimportant, colourless
its rhythmic rune
To the apteryx a-singing in the ilex on
the dune.
I have heard the cockle-leekie on the
lonely Scottish moor;
I have heard the raucous gowra, with its
piping dink and dour;
I have heard the brocadero, but I still
beg Fortune's boon
Of the apteryx a-singing in the ilex on
the dune.
So I wait in simple silence. I possess
my soul and mind
In what patience I can muster and what
courage I can find.
And I trust I yet shall listen, in
October, say, or June—
To an apteryx a-singing in the ilex on
the dune.

—Carolyn Wells.

THE FARM.

POWDERED MILK.

In view of the "boom" in powdered milk in the Dominion and the disposition of promoters of dairying manufacturing to discard butter and cheese products for one or other of the "new ideas," an American opinion as published in a Montreal paper may not be amiss. A big powdered milk factory was established some years ago in a Michigan district, and entered into competition with the cheese factories. The new concern paid a higher price than the factories, and gradually, one by one, the cheese factories went out of operation and were torn down. When the newspaper representatives visited the district the farmers were most thoroughly dissatisfied, as the patrons of cheese factories in other counties were actually getting more for their milk than they were from the powdered milk concern. "As soon as the price of building material and factory equipment comes down to normal," said one of these patrons, "you will see a rush to build and equip our cheese factories and creameries again. We are tired of the milk combines and intend running our own show." Dairy farmers in many parts of Canada (adds the paper) can well afford to remember the old adage and keep two strings to their bow. In some sections of Ontario already, where the cheese factories have been allowed to go out of business, there is now strong dissatisfaction. Even if the cheese factories were not running, but kept in good condition, they would be an effective curb on setting prices too low. There is also a possibility that the big war demand for condensed milk may not continue during the years of peace and even in condenser sections farmers may not be able to find a market. This may prove to be a bad prophecy. We hope it will. All the same it is well to remember "the second string."

FRUIT TREES BLOSSOMING OUT OF SEASON.

The most frequent cause of fruit trees blossoming out of season is loss of foliage. This may be caused by the pear and plum leech, or by spraying with mixtures that are too strong, while sometimes plum-rust defoliates trees. In such cases the majority of the fruit-buds that should remain dormant till spring break into blossom. The result is the loss of the next season's crop, and nothing can be done. It is quite a common occurrence for a few precocious buds to break into flower, the cause for this not being easily explained. In such cases it is usually terminal buds that break, and no harm is done, as it does not affect the other parts of the tree. In many places it is quite common to get a good second crop of fruit on Bon Chretien pear, but the second lot being all on terminals no harm results. At the Arataki Horticultural Station, in Hawke's Bay, a Japanese plum known as Large Yellow several times remained evergreen. It produced a great show of blossoms in May and set the fruit, although most was lost from the effects of frost. However, only a portion of the buds broke, and the trees always produced a full crop at the proper season. Briefly put, premature blossoming does no harm when it is confined to twigs. Extensive blossoming will not occur unless the tree suffers a check, such as by loss of foliage, and when this occurs it results in loss of the next season's crop. Loss of foliage can usually be avoided by proper treatment of the pests that cause it. In any case, no good will result from pruning before the usual time—namely, during winter while the trees are dormant.—W. H. Taylor, in the "Journal of Agriculture."

INCREASING THE HERD.

It is necessary to add new cows to the herd from time to time to replace those removed on account of old age, disability, or death; and it would seem a wise policy to raise heifer calves for this purpose rather than to buy additional stock outside. If the dairyman has good producing foundation cows and a purebred sire backed by proven ancestry, he may feel very sure that his heifer calves, carefully reared, will make good at the pail; while his bull calves may easily be disposed of at profitable prices, if judicious advertising, setting forth their rightful claims to transmitted and transmitting superiority, is employed. On the other hand the dairy farmer who is constantly buying to maintain the desired number in his herd is liable to bring in occasional undesirable individuals, of ill-breeding, improperly reared, or carrying the germs of disease, with which to taint and lower the general standard of his herd. It is

fairly certain, also, that any man has more real affection and pride for animals of his own breeding than for others; that he understands them more perfectly, and can produce better results with them. And so, for the joy that may lie in your work and the profit you hope to secure through it, lay a satisfactory breeding foundation and raise your own dairy cows.

MILK IN AMERICA.

The production of milk in the United States during 1918 was about 4 per cent. more than in 1917, according to reports made by crop reporters of the Bureau of Crop Estimates. The yield per cow was estimated to be 8.2 quarts per day, for 287 days of the year (equalling 588 gallons) in 1918, and 8 quarts for 285 days (570 gallons) in 1917. To estimate the total production of milk it is not proper to apply the above estimated yield per cow to the number of milk cows as reported by the United States Department of Agriculture because this figure is based upon the census classification, which include some heifers not yet fresh. Making what seems to be proper allowance for this (applying yield per cow to 80 per cent. of the total as reported by the Department of Agriculture), indications seem to be that the total production on farms in 1918 was about 11,044,000,000 gallons, and in 1917 about 10,629,000,000 gallons. These estimates (remarks "Queenslander") do not include production of cows not on farms (i.e., those in towns and villages), which would add about 5 per cent. to the estimates above for the total production of the United States.

ORCHARD RHYME.

Come, wander with me in the orchard,
Love, where the colours of autumn
glew
Like leaping flames in the cherry-trees,
and the pear-boughs, high and low,
Are golden-brown in the mellow rays of
the fast-declining sun,
While the mullark echoes my thoughts
of you with his racketing "you're the
one!"
Observe, dear Emma, the swelling globes
that garnish the guava-bush,
And—there's the cow at the nectarines!
To blazes with you, you—whooosh!

The guince is covered with saffron fruit.
In the green of the passion vine,
Half-hidden, the purple harvest hangs—
this morning I counted nine.
Black Hamburg grapes (or they should
be black, though they're usually
greeny-grey)
Are draped, you see, on the woodshed,
Em, in a really attractive way;
And a carpet of wind-blown leaves is yellow
and crimson beneath our feet. . .
One moment, Emma, I've got to hop on
these blighted shellbacks, sweet.
See the London pippin, now lemon-pale,
down there by the water-tap.
What's that on your gloves? Why, bird-
lime, dear, that I smear on the
starling-trap.
Each pippin will weigh a pound or so,
and some of them more, maybe;
And the jargonelle—aw, look at the
wretches, swarming right up the
tree!
Excuse me, dear, for a moment, while
I run for my poison-pump;
I've got to keep these da-cr-readful pear-
slugs on the jump.

Note the Rome Beauty, drooping there
with its burden of gorgeous red.
Emma, look out—oh, dra—it! You're
walking all over the strawberry bed,
And the—wow! Oh, bust my blistering
luck—er, Em, pup-pardon, please,
Excuse me, love if I sit awhile and
fuddle my aching knees.
I hope—ha, ha!—you will overlook, oh,
g-r-r-r, I'll be blithered and blest!
Both knees bang through the tomato-
frame! Da-dash the counfounded
pest.

Emma, you're what? Not going, m'dear?
Why, I've got a surprise for you.
I wanted to show you the lily-pond love,
and the dear little ducklings, too.
And you ought to visit the beehive, Em.
Why should you hurry away?
The horrible temper I seem to have?
And the terrible things I say?
I ought really to be ashamed of—why,
why, dash it all, Em, I am!
Emma! She's gone—she's bally well
gone! . . . Well, let'er be gone.
Now, Damn!
Frank Henty in the "Sydney Bulletin."

"Our life is determined for us—and it
makes the mind very free when we give up
wishing, and only think of bearing what
is laid upon us and doing what
is given us to do."—Maggie Tulliver.

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Where thousands stop
To get a drink,
That makes them think
'Tis excellent.

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Six ROOMS; gas, electric light, bathroom, asphalt paths, ¼-acre. Immediate occupation. £675.

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SCIENCE NOTES.

SEARCHLIGHT CONTROL.

It has been found by experience that an observer operating a military searchlight finds it difficult to train the searchlight on the target when he is stationed close to the searchlight itself. The reason for this is that the observer at the lamp is handicapped by the dazzling effect of the bright beams on the eye. On account of this feature of searchlight operation, remote-control schemes have been devised whereby the observer is stationed at a distance of some 500 feet from the searchlight itself and there trains the lamp upon the target by means of electrical control.

THE HOME ZOO.

The zoo for every nursery, with lions which roar, canaries that sing, and ducks that really quack is the latest outcome of gramophone invention. It is the invention of a young Englishman. Another form of the talking toy, is the story-book which tells its own story. These books are full of pictures, and one can be placed on any machine. The animals or birds are of cardboard, and contain, like the books, a flexible disc record. The performance in every case is to a musical accompaniment. Little Peep tells why she has lost her sheep and the mocking-bird mocks or the lion roars in an effective manner. These toys have great educational possibilities, and on the backs of the pictures are short natural history stories.

ONE-PIECE CONCRETE HOUSES.

Some years ago Thomas Edison invented a method of pouring concrete into a single mould and turning out a house. This scheme, much ridiculed at the time, has progressed. Fourteen four-roomed, two-story houses of this type have just been completed at Union, New Jersey, and twenty-five four-room, and fifty six-room, two-story houses are being built at Phillipsburgh New Jersey. The basic idea is that of die casting. Sectional standardised, heavily-built-up wooden forms are so made that they form a mould, as though a pattern house had been moulded inside them and then withdrawn. They are painted with grey lead and oiled before use. This mould is then filled with molten concrete, instead of the molten metal used in metal castings. The forms are then removed and set up for the next house.

A REMARKABLE TREE.

There flourishes in most parts of the Australian continent, especially in Western Australia, a species of Australian grass-tree known as the "blackboy." The peculiar interest of this tree, which grows to a normal height of from seven to ten feet, is the variety of commercial purposes it which it can be put. The tree contains gum in large quantities, and among other by-products extracted under treatment are tars (free from harmful acids), tarpanlin dressings, rope and sanitary tars, lacquers (such as Japan black), steam and refrigerating pipe lagging, paint for ironwork that requires stoving at high temperatures, stains and paints; phenol, benzol, and alcohols, coke, potash, and pyrogenous acid. Not only have all the articles already enumerated been obtained, but a company recently formed to extract them also intends to produce dyes, perfumes, and formalin, and various kinds of varnishes.

MAKING PHOTOPLAYS AT NIGHT.

Most modern cinema studios are provided with mercury-vapour lamps on overhead racks and floor stands, so as to give any kind of illumination desired. The overhead racks are suspended from a steel-beam framework that travels along on the side rails, so as to bring the lamps over any part of the studio floor. While flaming arcs are still used in some studios, the mercury-vapour tubes to day are predominant for many reasons. The luminous element of the latter type of lamp is a luminescent arc, in a highly evacuated tube of glass, formed between a mercury cathode and an anode of mercury or other metal not attacked by it. The large output of actinic radiation from mercury-vapour lamps gives them special advantages in the fields of photography. Although the light from the mercury lamps is a ghastly green, which is most unpleasant and distorts all colour schemes, it is relatively comfortable for the actors, and excellent from the photographic point of view.

It is always chilling in friendly intercourse, to say you have no opinion to give. And if you deliver an opinion at all, it is mere stupidity not to do it with an air of conviction and well-founded knowledge. You make it your own in uttering it, and naturally get fond of it.

GARDEN NOTES.

RHUBARB.

With all the good fruit with which we are blessed, the old-fashioned plebeian rhubarb cannot be passed over, especially during the winter and spring. Every garden, especially any that have to supply a family, should grow a row of it. Probably it is not possible to produce with as little trouble the massive stalks seen in colder districts, but with a little trouble good usable sticks can be produced throughout the winter and spring, when other fruits are scarce. Rich ground and plenty of water during the summer are required. As to how rich to make the soil it seems the only limit is the pocket of the owner, for it simply revels in good fat manure. The best method of dealing with rhubarb is to dig out a trench about eighteen inches deep, and fill it with stable manure. The manure can be in a fairly fresh condition so long as it is not hot. Failing stable manure, use old vegetable refuse. Well tread the manure into the trench, and then add the soil. Put all the soil back, it will mean heaping it up, but this will not matter as it will soon go down. Plant the crowns so that they are, when first put in, about two inches below the surface of the soil. When it has settled down the crown will be on the ground level. Two to three feet should be allowed between the plants, and three to four feet between the rows. The weekly washing water, diluted with clear water to twice its bulk, is admirable for the rhubarb, and can be poured on every week after washing. Even during the winter it is often beneficial to give a soaking of water. Old beds should be heavily mulched with stable manure, and have two ounces of superphosphate to the square yard applied at once. Rhubarb should not be pulled the first season after planting, and once a bed is growing well there is no need to move it for many years provided plenty of manure is applied yearly.

FINENESS OF SOIL.

A gardener should always remember that the productiveness of his soil depends largely upon the fineness of the soil particles. A small plot well tilled can be made to produce as much as a plot twice as large but badly tilled. A little hard cube of soil will have six sides; if this cube is broken the result is twelve sides—two cubes. On each of these sides a small water film can hang, and it is these small water films that dissolve out the particles that form plant food, and it is to these films that the small root hairs travel to take up these small particles of water which contain their food. The result of well working a soil, or tillage as it is called, is to increase these small cubes of soil by making them as small as possible but by so doing increasing their number. The number of food depots is thus increased, and the plant is encouraged in consequence to send out more little root hairs to absorb this food, and we have an increased root system, and naturally an increased plant. Jethro Tull, in 1753, when advocating more extended cultivation, referred to this finely-pulverised soil as "root pasture," and this sums up the case—by increasing the pasture we can keep more stock. Almost all garden soils contain an almost inexhaustible supply of plant food if only it could be made available, and the only way it can be made ready for the roots is through the dissolving action of these little films of water. Furthermore not only does tillage increase the water-holding capacity of a soil, but it also increases the air-holding capacity, encourage the growth of bacteria, especially such forms as are engaged in the work of nitrification or the changing of the nitrogen of the atmosphere into nitrates, in which form it is available as plant food.

WHAT WISE MEN SAY.

That to-day's decision may determine your destiny.

That it is easy to find remedies for other people's troubles.

That platonic friendship is like carrying matches in an explosive works.

That our ideals are not worth much if we surrender them at the first attack.

That the ignorance that is bliss generally leads to the knowledge that is expensive.

That cleanliness is next to godliness; that is why a woman changes her mind so often.

That to tell a woman you trust her is an even more fatal thing than to tell her you don't.

That when a man finds twenty good reasons for staying away from home you may be sure he has at least one bad one.

That the modern child has as little belief in the fairy tales his mother tells him as she herself has in the ones his father tells her.

MOTORING NOTES.

THE MOTORIST'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

The Coburg, Ont., Motor Club recently awarded 1st prize to Beulah Garland, aged 11 years, for the best essay on "How Children May Help to Avoid Motor Accidents." The essay was in the form of ten commandments, which are as follows:

- 1.—Thou shalt not play upon the street.
- 2.—Thou shalt not cross the street only at crossings as there thou hast the right of way.
- 3.—Thou shalt look before crossing the street.
- 4.—Remember, after getting out of a car, thou shalt not cross the street behind a car.
- 5.—Thou shalt not get in or out of a car when it is moving.
- 6.—Thou shalt not interfere with cars, as thou mayst put them out of order and cause accidents.
- 7.—Thou shalt not drop nails, glass, or pins upon the road and cause motorists to have blow-outs and perhaps accidents.
- 8.—Thou shalt not light matches near gasoline.
- 9.—Thou shalt keep the motor rules when riding on a bicycle.
- 10.—Thou shalt help old people across the street.

THE CANADIAN FARMER.

"To look at the advertisements of any English motor journal one would think that dukes were more plentiful than farmers—but Henry Ford knew better long ago." This is taken from an article in a Sunday paper. The author of that article had been writing about farmers. He said that a census of motor-cars in the province of Ontario showed that farmers owned 37,758 passenger machines!

A CO-OPERATIVE TRUCK LINE.

Convinced that the time is now ripe for extending the usefulness of the truck in the field of short-haul transportation, 80 men representing business interests in Chicago and cities within a radius of fifty miles west have formed what is believed to be the first co-operative motor truck freight line in the United States. The truck line is giving a freight service much speedier than is possible by any other form of transportation. This is true, especially with shipments of less than carload lots. Frequently freight is placed in the hands of manufacturers within a few hours from time of shipment whereas if consigned by other carriers it might be days in transit. A terminal station or depot, similar to those maintained by railroads, has been established in the heart of Chicago's shipping district. This building is a large one with 25,000 square feet of floor space. All trucks load and unload at shipping platforms arranged in station order.

MOTOR WINE TANKERS.

Old-fashioned methods are more persistent among the wine growers of the South of France than among any other members of the community. But the motor vehicle has now invaded this old-world region, and arrangements are now being made to collect wine from the different growers according to the most modern and rapid methods. A big company of wholesale wine merchants in the South of France has put into service a number of seven-ton lorries fitted with a steel tank having a capacity of 1320 gallons and an engine-driven pump with four suction pipes, two on each side. The lorry is run into the grower's yards, the pipes are dropped into the barrels; in a few minutes these are emptied, and the lorry on its way again. The tank is fitted with an indicator showing the quantity of wine, and has a big manhole for cleaning purposes. This lorry also hauls a two-wheel trailer carrying a tank with a capacity of 660 gallons.

SHORTAGE.

When the paper shortage causes the newspapers to suspend publication, what are we going to do—

About igniting the furnace?

For something to line the shelves in the jam closet?

For another excuse at breakfast, when one is too grouchy to converse with the wife?

In the summer for a fly swatter?

About a substitute wrapper for little Johnny's school lunch?

For a screen to conceal oneself behind when lady enters crowded street car and rather pointedly stands in front of the seat one is occupying?

About something to put under father's feet, when he will insist on taking these afternoon naps on the bedspread?

For something to read.

DIGGER YARNS.

ABOUT GENERAL BIRDWOOD.

("Sydney Mail.")

Birdie was addressing a lot of Diggers on the Somme at a time when things weren't over brilliant with us. Thinking that the boys from the land of the South-east Cross and prickly pear farms wanted cheering up, he said to them, "Now, Aussies, you must 'back up.' You know I have a very warm place in my heart for you chaps." Then from the ranks there sounded in a stentorian voice these words: "Yes; and the hottest part in the line, too, sir."

One day at Gallipoli the General was visiting his snipers, and found one noted sniper resting in his dug-out. Pulling the blanket to one side the General said: "Well, Joe, what is your tally to-day?" Joe remarked "14;" to which the General said, "Better get a wriggle on; Bill over there got 19 to-day." Joe got excited and yelled, "You tell him from me he is a flaming liar." The General departed laughing. Joe's mate, hearing the discussion, came along and said: "You're on pretty good terms with the General, Joe." "What General?" Joe asked. "Birdie," was the reply. Joe, a Queenslander, could only utter, "Jumping Moses!"

Birdie, unlike most Generals, did not care for the trappings usually associated with his high rank. This was especially patent on Gallipoli, where in an old khaki shirt, shorts, and an "Aussie" hat he was a familiar figure in the front line of trenches, more often than not unaccompanied by the usual string of staff-officers. On account of this he was sometimes not recognised. "Togo," our crack shot, was "drawing a bead" on a distant Turk opposite Quinn's when "Birdie" appeared. Tapping "Togo" on the shoulder he said, "Ah, my man; sniping I see. Any luck?" "Togo," taken by surprise, fired; then with wild disgust turned his head, "Missed! Look what ye've done, yer—! go an' —!" And "Birdie" went.

Cigarettes were nowhere to be had, and to the average soldier a cigarette is more to be sought after than riches (when riches avail you not). One morning General Birdwood passed down the front line, yawning and chatting to the boys, a cigarette (whose perfume recalled those happy and mad days of Cairo) between his lips. Envious eyes watched the somas, and the smoker. At last one autumn-haired Anzac stepped forward. "Say, General, how's it for a cigarette?" he asked. "Righto," replied the Soul of Anzac, handing his case to the delighted soldier. "Hand them round to the boys." A few minutes later the air was filled with cigarette smoke, and, as the song says, "All hearts were joyful," when a surprised and sleepy voice from a nearby dug-out exclaimed, "Strike me pink! Bluer, when the — did you get the fags from? Did you hit old 'Birdie' over the napper and go through him for his smokes? Or what's the name of the bloke you stung?" Bluer rose to the occasion magnificently. Turning to a pal he said, "Better wake Ducky up; that touch of the sun yesterday has been giving him beans." The General passed on, but next morning, when on his usual rounds, he inquired solicitously, though his eyes twinkled, "How is your friend Ducky to-day?"

One day at Gallipoli General Birdwood was having a shave. The barber was very slow. General Birdwood: "Are you ill?" Barber: "Not too good." General: "Well, just keep your hand still and I'll move my head."

The Fourth Brigade were in the line at Guedecourt in January, 1917. Owing to the snow and hard frosts the duckboards were rather tricky to walk on, as they were not perfectly level, by any means. The surrounding country was pitted with shell-holes, and it was a common occurrence for a Digger to "come a gallop" into a shellhole full of icy cold water. "Birdie" was coming down from the line and he happened to be very close to a Digger on his way up to the front line, when suddenly the Digger slipped off the duckboards and landed waist-deep (after breaking the ice) into a shell hole.

Birdie in his ever-pleasant manner asked "What is the matter with you my man?" The Digger climbed out of the shellhole before answering, and replied, "Oh, nothing; but I was just thinking that if we are winning this — war Fritz must be having a — of a time."

The new American census is now being taken by 84,000 enumerators, and the population is expected to reach 112,000,000.

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TUBERCULAR PATIENTS.

CASE OF RETURNED MEN.

"AFTER CARE" PROPOSALS.

The future of returned soldiers with tuberculosis was discussed at a meeting of those suffering from the disease, held in the Chamber of Commerce recently. The secretary to the Auckland Returned Soldiers' Association, Mr E. F. Andrews, presided.

An outline of the policy of the Dominion executive of the Returned Soldiers' Association in regard to the after-care of tubercular men was given by Mr H. J. Aekins, who explained that he had been deputed by the executive to tour the Dominion and collect information in connection with the matter. He said that while the sanatorium treatment was satisfactory, the vocational training of the patients should be taken out of the hands of the Defence Department and entrusted to the Repatriation Department. Too many men, after receiving treatment, were left to hunt for work. It was proposed to ask the Government to appoint four men who had had personal experience of sanatorium treatment as tubercular patients to supervise and direct the repatriation of the sufferers. The Government would be asked to give a full pension for 12 months subsequent to discharge from the sanatorium, after which each man would be examined by a chest expert and his disability gauged and permanent pension fixed accordingly. The Repatriation Department's training farm near Featherston offered an opportunity for twelve months' training in bee-keeping, poultry-keeping, or general farming. The association's scheme was that tubercular men should be given 5-acre sections for kitchen-gardens and the like, not necessarily on the "colony" scale.

Two speakers asked what chance they would have against Chinamen.

Mr Aekins replied that the market gardens would be situated in various parts of the Dominion, and must be of the best land. If the Chinamen were going to be an obstacle, an Act might be passed putting them out of New Zealand. The Government had no policy, and would be pleased to get definite suggestions, because the tubercular cases were its greatest worry. The five-acre scheme was the only solution of the difficulty. In regard to the appointment of four former sanatorium patients to supervise the repatriation patients, he stated that no man suffering from tuberculosis cared to discuss his case with anyone who was not a similar sufferer.

Mr Andrews said the public attitude toward them was absolutely scandalous. Whenever there had been any talk of starting a convalescent home for tubercular cases, the public objected, as if the proposal was to introduce smallpox into their midst. Many of the men who had returned to New Zealand, and who were alive to-day, had given more than those whose bodies were lying in France, Mesopotamia, or Gallipoli, because the permanently disabled men would suffer all their lives.

Mr Aekins said it was now recognised that the tubercular patient was as permanently disabled as the man who had lost a limb.

The meeting endorsed the policy of the Dominion executive as outlined by Mr Aekins.

DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

WELLINGTON DOINGS.

Although the war has been over for eighteen months and nearly all of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force have returned home and been demobilised, the work of reinstating soldiers in civil life is in no way yet complete. The Repatriation Department continues to receive numerous inquiries from discharged men in search of employment, and now that winter has come the officials of the Department are anxious that employers shall not be tardy in assisting to place all unemployed men in suitable occupations. This is the first "post-war" winter in the true meaning of the term, for last winter some thousands of the N.Z.E.F. were still abroad and peace had not received official recognition. Therefore, for this reason, alone, no effort should be spared in seeing that unemployment of discharged soldiers is reduced to the smallest extent possible, if not altogether.

—Rate of Absorption Slowing Down.—

Discussing the question of employment of returned soldiers, Mr C. W. Batten, District Repatriation Officer, remarked that there appeared to be a tendency on the part of employers to slacken off in the support they had accorded the Department in the past. The rate of absorption of unemployed men was slowing down, and it was thought that employers were "tight-

ening up a bit." "The Repatriation Board wishes to acknowledge the support of employers in the past," said Mr Batten, "but, although the position at the present moment may seem satisfactory, the Department is very anxious that no men shall be employed during the winter. The Wellington District Repatriation Board, therefore, appeals to all employers to assist the Department to the utmost in finding situations for men during winter months."

Mr Batten mentioned that there were at present 60 names on the Board's "Employment Wanted" register. These included men who, by reason of the injuries they received in the war, could perform only light duties. Men in this category were being discharged from hospital every day and they were all anxious to do something. Some of these unfortunate fellows had the appearance of being able to undertake heavier work, but it was unfair to judge them by their looks; many big men were so unfit that they were in receipt of full pension. Previous to the end of February last, the local office had been placing over 350 men per month, but now the figures had dropped to a little over 280.

—Employers To Be Interviewed.—
Mr Batten stated that an officer of the Department was being sent round the city to interview employers direct with a view to inducing them to help the Department in its task of finding employment for all the men who applied for situations. "Nothing is more discouraging to men than to be told at the Repatriation office that there are no jobs for them," continued Mr Batten. "Any employers who have positions to offer should communicate with us at once. Although good work has been done up to the present in absorbing thousands of men, we should not rest content while one man is out of a job, and until all men have found employment the work of repatriation cannot be said to be complete."

STORIES FOR ALL MOODS.

It is only small and narrow-minded people who believe that they have given an adequate definition and account of enterprising law-breakers when they have described them as wicked men. The great public which has ever displayed an almost morbid interest in the minutest details of the lives of great criminals has a far surer instinct for the significant than have these narrow-minded ones. Charles Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels" appeared twenty-two years ago—some of it a little earlier, when it was published in serial form in the New Review under Henley's editorship. Like all Mr Whibley's books, its most striking characteristic is over-brilliance; as of an acetylene lamp, the steady glare of which is interrupted by a constant succession of squibs, crackers, and rockets. Whibley's book is very good reading, for all that, and presents in just perspective interesting and vivid pictures of some of the more notorious and romantic figures in the Newgate Calendar. The whole book is a series of stories at once interesting and suggestive.

MOLL CUTPURSE.

How amateur and Philistine seem our modern Bohemians when we read of Moll Cutpurse, the "Roaring Girl" of Middleton's play! She was, perhaps the most industrious woman in England in England's most illustrious time, courted alike by thief and poet; is said to have "come into the world with her fists doubled," and later was one of the greatest organizers of theft in our island's history. Outshining all competitors not only in the magnitude of her enterprises, but in the magnificent success with which she brought them to a conclusion, "she died in her bed, full of years and honours, beloved by the light-fingered gentry, revered by all the judges on the Bench." Her brazen vigour was beyond all parallel in her time. For the clothes of her sex she showed an indifference, or rather a contempt, which in those days implied qualities very different from those now indicated by a similar manifestation. "The petticoats seemed too tame for her stalwart temper"; "if a gallant stood in the way she drew upon him in an instant." "Like the blood she was, she loved good ale and wine," and she regarded it as one of her proudest titles to renown that she was the first of woman to smoke tobacco.

MOLL'S BET.

Her companion in many a fantastical adventure was Banks, the vintner of Cheap-side, that same Banks who taught his horse to dance, and shod him with silver. The vintner bet Moll £20 that she would not ride from Charing Cross to Shoreditch astraddle on horseback, in breeches and doublet, boots and spurs. The hoyden took him up in a moment, and added of her own devilry a trumpet and banner. She set out from Charing Cross bravely enough, and a trumpet being an unwelcome spectacle, the eyes of all the town were clapped upon her. Yet none knew her until she reached Bishopgate, where

an orange-wench set up the cry, "Moll Cutpurse on horseback!" Instantly the cavalier was surrounded by a noisy mob. Some would have torn her from the saddle for an imagined insult upon womanhood; others, more wisely minded, laughed at the prank with good-humoured merriment. But every minute the throng grew denser, and it had fared hardly with roystering Moll had not a wedding and the arrest of a debtor presently distracted the gaping idlers. As the mob turned to gaze at the fresh wonder, she spurred her horse till she gained Newington by an unfrequented lane. There she waited until night should cover her progress to Shoreditch, and thus peacefully she returned home to lighten the vintner's pocket of twenty pounds.

IN A WHITE SHEET.

But the fame of the adventure spread abroad, and, that the scandal should not be repeated, Moll was summoned before the Court of Arches to answer a charge of appearing publicly in mannish apparel. The august tribunal had no terrors for her and she received her sentence to do penance in a white sheet at Paul's Cross during morning service on a Sunday with an audacious contempt. "They might as well have shamed a black dog as me," she proudly exclaimed; and why should she dread the white sheet, when all the spectators looked with a lenient eye upon her professed discomfiture? "For a half-penny," she said, "she would have travelled to every market town of England in the guise of a penitent," and having tipped off three quarts of sack she swagged to Paul's Cross in the maddest of humours.

JONATHAN WILD.

A far less attractive character was that of Jonathan Wild another of the crowned heads of crime. Readers of Fielding's study will know how despicable was this "great man." False alike to his accomplices in crime and to the police, to whom he readily sold himself, his life was ended at Tyburn, amid the execrations of all.

In fifteen years he claimed £10,000 for his dividend of recovered plunderings, and who shall estimate the money which flowed to his treasury from blackmail and the robberies of his gang? So brisk became his trade in jewels and the precious metals that he opened relations in Holland, and was master of a fleet. His splendour increased with wealth. He carried a silver-mounted sword, and a footman tramped at his heels. "His table was splendid," says a biographer, "he seldom dining under five dishes, the reversions whereof were generally charitably bestowed on the Commonsense felons. At his second marriage his humour was most happily expressed: he distributed white ribbon among the turnkeys, he sent the prisoners of Newgate several ankers of brandy for punch."

One of his most lucrative activities was the restoring of stolen goods to their owners on payment of a suitable reward. "He was known to all the rich and titled folk in town, and if he was able to give them back their stolen valuables at something more than double their value, he treated his clients with a most proper insolence. When Lady M—n was unlucky enough to lose a silver buckle at Windsor, she asked Wild to recover it, and offered the hero twenty pounds for his trouble. 'Zounds, madam!' says he, 'you offer nothing. It costs the gentleman who took it forty pounds for his coach, equipage,

A BONNY BOY.

Nowhere is the popular love of the picturesque better illustrated than in the fascination exercised by even such a complete blackguard as Gilderoy:—

"Gilderoy was a bonny boy, had roses till his shoon,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doon"

This is the sort of bonny boy he was:—

"His father's death was the true beginning of his career. A modest patrimony was squandered in six months, and Gilderoy had no penny left to satisfy the vices which insisted upon indulgence. For a while his more clamant needs were fulfilled by the amiable simplicity of his mother, whom he blackmailed with insolence and contempt. And when she, wearied by his shameless importunity, at last withdrew her support, he determined upon a monstrous act of vengeance. With a noble affectation of penitence he visited his home: promised reform at supper, and said good night with the broken accent of reconciliation. But no sooner was the house sunk in slumber than he crawled stealthily upstairs in order to forestall by theft a promised generosity. He opened the door of the bedchamber in a hushed silence; but the wrenching of the coffer-lid awoke the sleeper, and Gilderoy, having cut his mother's throat with an infamous levity, seized whatever money and jewels were in the house, cruelly maltreated his sister, and laughingly burnt the house to the ground, that the possibility of evidence might be destroyed.

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"Black Rock," by Ralph Connor.

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

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MAN TO MAN.

It was a time when Tim should have been in active service that he was discovered by his sergeant in a hole, well out of the way of even a stray bullet.

"Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant sternly. "Get out of it immediately!"

The usually good-natured Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature.

"You may be my superior officer," he answered boldly, "but all the same, O'm the wan that found this hole-first!"

—"American Legion Weekly."

THE EVICTION.

A well-known philanthropist in East London gave, the other day, a slum child's version of the story of Eden. She was sitting with other children on the curb outside a public-house in Shoreditch, and her version of the story proceeded:

"Eve ses: 'Adam, 'ave a bite?' 'No,' ses Adam, 'I don't want a bite!' 'Garn!' ses Eve; 'go on, 'ave a bite!' 'I don't want a bite!' ses Adam." The child repeated this dialogue, her voice rising to a shrill shriek. "An' then Adam took a bite," she finished up. "An' the flamin' angel came along wiv 'is sword, an' 'e ses to 'em both: 'Nah, then—ahtside!' "—"Tit-Bits."

THE SAME OLD STORY.

The Grocer: Yes'm, the high price of mustard is due to the scarcity of fuel. You see, people are buying up mustard and keeping themselves warm with poltices.—Melbourne "Punch."

Under the hedge sat Robert the reaper, taking long pulls at a beer bottle. The new curate eyed him sadly, then approached and spoke. "Tell me, my man," said the new curate, "is that all you have to drink?"

Robert nodded.

And you drink it all day, and every day?

Again Robert nodded, and the new curate cast up his hands. Then he extracted sixpence from his waistcoat. "Take that, my man," he said gravely. "It will buy you something better."

"Thanks, guv'nor—thanks," murmured Robert, deeply affected. I reckon a pint o' beer is more friendly than this cold tea."

At a local cotton mill the "winding master" had long claimed that his wage was far too small, considering the amount of work that he had to do. So last pay-day he held seventeen shillings in his hand, and approached the manager.

"Could you not see your way clear to increase my wage?" he asked, opening out his hand and showing a paltry seventeen "bob."

"If you will help to load the 'flats' I'll give you eighteen shillings a week. You know, I had a man here this morning, and he said he'd do your work for sixteen and six."

To which the "winding master" replied, sarcastically. "Why not make it a pound, and let him do your work as well?"

ONE HAPPY HOME.

"John, I'm so happy." "Are you, dear? I'm glad to hear that. You ought to be happy. You have everything to make you so." "Mrs Wilkinson was here this afternoon and she said baby looked so much like me—that no one would believe you were any relation to it."

AS SHE GOES ALONG.

"Don't you think that women are as capable of making laws as men?"

"More so," replied Chuggins. "Give a woman an automobile and she'll make up her own traffic regulations as she goes along."—Washington Star.

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