

No. 12.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1920.

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CIGARETTES,
TOBACCO, and
SMOKERS' REQUISITES
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Take that Old Suit
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For Furniture.

That is strikingly handsome
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LORDS.

WHEAT—SPLENDID LINE—34/-
BAGS EXTRA.
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Dee Street, Invercargill.

LOOK UP!

W. E. Butcher's,

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISH-
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At No. 8, TAY STREET.

RETURNED MEN entrusting their or-
ders to my care may rest assured
that they will have the very best that
English Tailoring can produce.

F. Holloway & Co.,
LICENSED SECOND-HAND DEALER.

WE BUY ANYTHING YOU HAVE
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CLOTHING, BOOTS, BOTTLES,
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And we sell Carts, Harness, Iron Work,
Jam Bottles, etc., etc.
It's worth your while to have a look round
our premises.

WHEN you want a HAIR CUT or a
SHAVE you want it done well,
don't you?
Well go to—

A. E. BUTT'S

HAIRDRESSING SALOON,
ESK STREET.

The place where you always get the best
attention.

FOUR CHAIRS AT YOUR SERVICE.

SO LONG!

I am out of it now, and ready to sail
Away from the lands of war,
Where men are meeting the shrapnel
hail
They have often faced before.
But I don't forget the boys I knew
Out there, where we took our chance,
And I'd like to pay a last tribute to
The mates whom I left in France.
In trench and bivvy I found them
straight—

Steady and strong and true.
They'd never swing it on a mate,
But they'd always help him through.
On grim fatigues in the same old line—
In the places we called hot—
They might grumble or swear, but
they'd never whine;
They were dinkum through the lot!

We humped our packs on the cobbled
roads,
And we carried 'em through the snow
Till we seemed to have grown to the
heavy loads
Which the footsore diggers know.
We wired together in No Man's Land,
And shivered in cheerless bays;
Then we toasted each other in mateship
grand
In battered estaminets.

And bits of our yarns, like fleeting
ghosts,
Come back as I write this lay;
"I'm sick of patrols and listening
posts,"
And "that was a home—Fleur Baix."
"One night in Plug-street"—and thus
we'd tell
How we ducked for a shell-hole—so.
We recalled the names that we knew so
well
Where the diggers come and go.
Tales of Messines and Armentieres
(Where the Vin was of the best!).
Of Outtersteene and St. Omer—
Where we went for a so-called rest.
The yarns we told and the songs we
sang—

I seem to hear them now—
In fearful French and "Gyppo" slang—
But we understood somehow.
Boys, here's a wish from one who is
proud
That you called him "cobber" and
"mate"—
May you soon return to the "long white
cloud"
And the dear home-folk who wait.
"Kia Ora," boys; we will meet once
more,
When the darker days are through,
Down south on the old New Zealand
shore;
So long! And good-luck to you!
—C. H. W., in "The N.Z. Chronicle."

"MATHESON'S TEAS."

THE Choicest of every housewife who
"knows"—

AND THE DELIGHT
of her family.

Don't be misled regarding the shortage of
good Teas.

OUR TEA DEPARTMENT

is still as capable as ever of supplying the
big demand for our excellent blends.

We are still receiving regular ship-
ments DIRECT from the growers—this
enables us to offer the

BEST TEA VALUES ON THE
MARKET.

Quality and economy considered our prices
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ONE TRIAL POUND WILL MAKE YOU
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GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS COM-
PLETE,

DEE STREET.

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HALF-YEARLY STOCKTAKING
SALE.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY to secure
the winter's supply of Clothing, etc.,
at genuine sale prices.

Sale commences on SATURDAY, June 5,
to allow our country clients to be at the
opening.

FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY.

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS' WORTH
OF STOCK.

We have no hesitation in saying that
through systematic buying ahead we have
a stock second to none for quantity and
quality.

We invite you to come right in and see
our stock.

W. BIRD AND W. GEORGE.

GENTS' UMBRELLAS.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED OUR NEW SEASON'S UMBRELLAS,
WITH STYLISH SILVER-MOUNTED OR PLAIN HANDLES, 7/11,
9/6, 11/6, UP TO 59/6.

ASK TO SEE OUR SPECIAL DRIVING UMBRELLAS.

McGruer, Taylor & Co

Price & Bulleid

LTD.

TAY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

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Variety,

Value,

and

Quality,

in Seasonable Novelties

for Winter, 1920.

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PRICES.

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SHOULD Enshrine in his home these records of those imperishable deeds which made New Zealand's fame.

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By Major Waite, D.S.O., N.Z.E.

VOLUME II.—

"The New Zealanders in France."
By Col. Stewart, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C.

VOLUME III.—

"The New Zealanders in Palestine."
By Lieut.-Col. Powles, C.M.G., D.S.O.

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The War Effort of New Zealand.
Mesopotamia, etc.
ORDER RIGHT NOW.
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INVERCARGILL,

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FOR MENS WINTER
UNDERWEAR SUPPLYING THE
WELL KNOWN AND RELIABLE
ROSLYN MAKES IN
GREATEST VARIETY AND AT
LOWEST PRICES.

McNeil & Clark,

CLOTHIERS AND MERCERS

94 Dee St.

Economic Egg Crates,

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

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

Supplied in the following sizes—

- No. 1—Holds 20 Dozen.
- No. 2—Holds 25 Dozen.
- No. 3—Holds 10 Dozen.

Also Separate Trays to fit petrol cases—
4½ dozen.

Price on application

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Hungary will sign peace next week.

The Japanese have landed troops at Nikolaevsk for action against the Bolsheviks.

Attempts have been made in France to establish the Soviet regime.

A cost of living bonus has been granted the military staff of the Dominion.

The trial of Denis Gunn for the murder of the postmaster at Pounsonby has begun.

It is now proved that the Czar of Russia, his wife and children, are dead.

It is anticipated that there will be a further decline in the price of rabbitskins.

Captain Burton, who will be sailing master of Shamrock IV, has arrived in New York.

The Mexican bandit Villa is holding a British subject under a ransom of 50,000 dollars.

A business man in Wellington is accepting War Bonds for payment of goods purchased.

Don't fail to record your vote for Hargest as the Returned Soldiers candidate for the Land Board.

Recent cabled reports tell of a Church of England clergyman, who has suggested a club for lovers. In former days father's boot was quite effective.

Mr Robert Masters' victory in gaining the Stratford seat was celebrated by a great social gathering and presentation of a gold watch and chain.

Councillor T. B. Williams has been appointed to the position of Mayor of Wanganui, rendered vacant through the resignation of Mr C. E. MacKay.

Paddy is still going strong in Ireland. Why talk about the principle of self-determination and fail to put it into practical effect in Ireland?

The Invercargill returned soldiers are arranging a smoke concert in honour of General Birdwood, who will arrive in Invercargill on 15th June.

The Chinese Cabinet has declined to enter into direct negotiation with Japan, regarding the Shantung Peninsula settlement.

Crown Settlers, don't let your voting paper get into the waste paper basket. Vote for Hargest and return it to the Land Board NOW.

The difference between the modern worker and the modern watch is that one strikes and the other doesn't.

The question of forestry has been receiving a good deal of attention lately. Officials state that the depletion of our forests will shortly effect the erection of wooden houses. If they put their heads together it will remedy that.

To exercise a vote in a democratic country is a glorious privilege. Crown settlers should not fail to record their vote for the vacancy on the Land Board. Hargest is a man of action. Give him your vote.

The Minister for Education recently stated that there was a difficulty in getting suitable teachers for proposed classes of backward children. When applications are called for a Bachelor of Science at £250 per annum, what do you expect?

There are a few cases of small-pox about just now. While there is no cause for alarm, it is well to remember that, "It is easier to erect a fence at the top of the precipice, than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom." The point is to get vaccinated.

The fact that a lady teacher was living in a tent rather upset the equilibrium of the Auckland Education Board. One member suggested rooms on wheels similar to those used by the Public Works Department employees. We may soon hear of a retrograde step to the cave dwellers.

A recent cable item states that cavalry has been put into districts of Roscommon, Galway, and Leitrim, resulting in seventy prosecutions for cattle driving. In some districts the constables had been strengthened by the presence of three soldiers in full fighting kit.

The women of Auckland who are associated with a society to attempt to reduce the cost of living have recently passed a resolution: "That classes be formed to enable husbands to learn boot-repairing

and effect repairs to the family's boots. Now, mere, man? Who's the head of the house?"

An Invercargill resident was attempting to board a tram car when he was knocked down by a motor car and severely bruised. Upon being requested to drive him home, the motorist stated that he had a long way to go and could not do it. In fairness to the motorist he should have an early opportunity of telling Mr Cruickshanks that story. Do you think it will go down?

"The Otago Witness" seems to find it difficult to find words to express Dunedin's weather during the Royal Visit. In a recent paragraph dealing with the civic reception to His Royal Highness it states: "The sun shone forth a brilliant welcome, and the whole face of nature was lit with smiles." So, a bit like: "Were the whole realm of nature mine."

On the parade ground, during the Prince's visit, was a small table to facilitate the presentation of medals. An attendant had neatly arranged the medals when an 'high official' came along and bundled them into a drawer. The Prince was arriving and the attendant had slightly lost his equilibrium through someone doing the presto fly stunt with the medals. Things were slightly confused when the hat trick artist turned around in quite an unconcerned manner and said, "Perhaps that's them I put into that drawer, they were in the way there." The attendant was not heard to say anything out of place, but it is understood that he said some very naughty words under his breath. However, the medals were now upon the table and the Prince arrived. "Where are these d— Medals?"

Attendant: "Its orl right, I'm sortin' em."

Y.M.C.A. BOOKLET.

We have to acknowledge from Mr Berry, secretary of the Invercargill Y.M.C.A., a splendid little booklet entitled "Buckshee." The booklet is being distributed free of cost to all who have any interest in the Y.M.C.A., and returned soldiers have every reason to appreciate its work. The title itself will recall to memory the "buckshee" bun and cup of tea which so many Diggers had reason to appreciate. There are many instances that booklet calls to my memory. Diggers will remember the Y.M.C.A. on Hill 63, composed of an excavation on the side of the road and covered with sheets of iron. The guns were wheel to wheel in the wood and had quietened down after the Messines stunt, when at 9 minutes past three that morning they opened fire and there was just one long line of fire, and then the mines which opened up around Hill 60. We were ready for the attack on Messines, and with customary foresight the Y.M.C.A. copper was making preparations to supply walking wounded and others who had to traverse this road. How well I remember that "Buckshee" cup of tea and a packet of biscuits as we came back about 7 o'clock that evening. Diggers will ever remember Ypres. We had come up one afternoon to the old German front lines where we stayed until evening. A lieutenant and thirteen men were just starting off for the line when a "Slippery Jim" practically disembowelled our lieutenant. Some of the men were killed and others wounded. The next morning we buried those who were dead, and on leaving the graveside I noticed a little smoke coming from under the ground. Naturally enough I enquired and there, right under the ground, was a Y.M.C.A. I had the usual "buckshee" stunt, which in this case was also a few Player's cigarettes. That afternoon I had searched the lining of my coat, but no luck, so the Y.M.C.A. was a pleasant surprise. I was making towards where my abode was (which consisted of a piece of roofing iron supported by two sticks), when I met another Digger who seemed gloomy enough to expect the end of time. "Where the — did you get that tag?" I hastily told him where the Y.M.C.A. was, and he too enjoyed the "buckshee" stunt. He was just coming away when a "Slippery Jim" burst right inside the Y.M.C.A., and naturally enough this was the end of the Y.M.C.A., and added a deeper look of depression on the face of my chum, who had cheered up to some extent by getting a bit of "packing" and a tag. These incidents are merely intended to draw attention to the fact that as far as the grand work of the Y.M.C.A. on active service is concerned, "The half was never told." The booklet itself is very modest in its explanation of the work of the Y.M.C.A. but gives sufficient description to form some idea of the magnitude of its work and should be obtained by those interested, especially at the price asked, namely, the "buckshee stunt." It is well got up, firmly bound, and the reproductions are good.

R.S.A. EXECUTIVE.

The usual meeting of the Executive was held on Tuesday last. Correspondence was read stating that General Birdwood would arrive in Invercargill on 8th June. It was decided to make the necessary arrangements to enable him to meet returned men. Mr Caws, Mr Cuthbertson, and Mr McGregor, were appointed a sub-committee to arrange a smoke concert in his honour.

The following remits were passed for the consideration of the annual conference in Wellington:—

- 1.—That at least one month's notice be given of the Annual Conference, and that copies of remits be forwarded to local associations for consideration.
- 2.—That all returned soldiers' pensions be free of income tax.
- 3.—That returned soldier holdings be exempted from Land Tax to the full extent of their mortgage to the Government.
- 4.—That the Government be asked to obtain stocks of artificial eyes from Taylor, London, and supply the same free of cost to all returned soldiers requiring them.
- 5.—In view of the interest, that an election of a member of the Land Board, to represent Crown Tenants, presents to returned soldiers, this Association is of the opinion that the method of conducting such an election should be altered by substituting for a signed ballot paper, a secret method of voting, such as enclosing a sealed ballot paper in a signed envelope.
- 6.—That in all public appointments returned soldiers should be given preference provided all qualifications are equal, and that all civilians be urged to give returned soldiers preference.
- 7.—In the event of property being applied for on more than one occasion during a period of six months only the last valuation fee be retained by the Land Department, the previous fees being refunded to the unsuccessful applicants.
- 8.—To place the Defence Department in the same position as all other Government Departments as regards the payment by the War Expenses Department of superannuation premiums of members on Active Service.
- 9.—To make Defence Department bonuses applicable to members on active Service abroad as well as to those remaining in New Zealand.

THE DOINGS OF DIGGERS

AND THE WAY OF THE WAACS.

At Brocton, when the sun sinks low
And the hills are bathed in twilight glow,
The "Diggers" put on their belts and go
To stroll on the Moors, or to drown their woe
In the Government Beer at the Barley Mow.

Round Brocton way its pretty well known,
That the "Diggers" don't stroll on the Moors alone;
So tired of themselves have the boys all grown
That they seek other company besides their own.
And, ere I have finished, I think I'll have shown
Why the "Diggers" don't stroll on the Moors alone.

For away to the Moors they go each night
Little brown ladies, so merry and bright
Why the "Diggers" fall victims—and well they might,
For who could resist such a lovely sight
As the "Waacs" on the Moors in the evening light.

So each "Digger" takes his lady fair,
And they all stroll off, for they know just where
There's a nice little posie that two can share,
And there is no one to worry, and no one to care,
What they say and do on the Moors out there.

The "Digger" he tells of a lovely home
That he has in New Zealand, across the foam;
Of his motor car and his horses fine,
Of his blackberry farm and his treacle mine,
Of the fabulous wealth that his father's got;
And poor little "Waacie" believes the lot.

But little Miss "Waccie" has a story
To tell to her "Digger," so kind and true,
Of how, ere she joined this army corps,
She had never done work at all before—
Except to paint, or sing and play
On her grand piano all the day.

So the "Waacs" and "Diggers" up Brocton way,
Though they can't do much on there Army pay,
Have a jolly good time in their own little way;
And they don't care a jot what other folks say.
In love, in war, at work or play,
The "Waacs" and "Diggers" win the day.

—A 24/Dink in "N.Z. Chronicle."

REPATRIATION.

COST AND HOW INCURRED.

The Minister of Lands has made available some particulars as to where the nineteen millions expended by the Government on the repatriation of soldiers has gone. A little more than sixteen millions has been spent on the settlement of soldiers on land, although some of this expenditure, upwards of a million and a half, is not effective as the land purchased has not been offered for selection. A little more than a million has been expended on branches of repatriation activity. The gross total is £19,065,891.

Following are details as supplied by the Minister:—

Settled on Settlement Land.—(a) On subdivided purchased estates, 104,000 on 280,576 acres; (b) on estates purchased by the crown on behalf of soldiers' groups of soldiers under section 3 of the Act, 195 on 30,995 acres.

Settled on Crown Land and National Endowment Land.—899 on 897,998 acres. Assisted to Purchase Private Land under section 2 of the Act.—4750 911,524 acres.

Total on Rural Land.—6658 on 2,120,000 acres.

Assisted to Purchase Town Dwellings.—6825.

Total number assisted, 13,684.

PURCHASE OF LAND.

The cost was analysed by the Minister as follows:—

Under Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act:

(a) Advanced for stock and improvements, £1,854,634.

(b) For purchase of private land, £7,181,094.

(c) For purchase of town dwellings, £4,454,708.

Total: £13,490,436.

Under Lands for Settlement Act.—Total value of 203 estates purchased, comprising 210,991 acres, and offered to soldiers, £2,834,198.

Total expenditure in providing 13,684 men with homes or farms, £16,324,634.

In addition the Government has purchased under the Lands for Settlement Act 61 estates comprising 206,689 acres which are now being subdivided and prepared for settlement—at a cost of £1,680,571.

The total outlay by the Land and Purchase Departments is thus £19,065,891.

AVERAGES PER MAN.

The Minister made an interesting statement of the average expenditure under the various headings as follows:—

Advance for stock and improvements, £1,854,634.

Advance for purchase of private land, £7,181,094.

Advance for purchase dwellings, £4,454,708.

Capital value settlement sections, £2,834,198.

OTHER REPATRIATION WORK.

Mr Guthrie, as a member of the Repatriation Board, was able to show that had been done in repatriation work from that which is most concerned with land and homes. At April 30 he reported there were 77,499 men on the Repatriation Department's Register. The majority of these required no assistance; assistance had been given to 35,275 men.

The following headings:—

Placed in employment, 16,681.

Training arranged for, 5319.

Financially assisted to re-establish themselves, 12,345.

Sustenance grant made to 950.

The total amount granted by the Repatriation Department by way of financial assistance was £1,060,320. It was thus seen that the two Departments had repatriated 49,959 men at a cost of £17,384,954. These figures, of course, did not include the estates or other settlements to be dealt with, as outlined in the next few months.

RECRETS.

I used to loathe the Army ways
Its piffle and its pose;
The fretful nights, the strenuous days,
And raucous N.C.O.'s.
The too Red Tape, the perky Sub,
The needless show of kit;
The poshing up, the same old grub,
The sergeant-major's wit.

Yet with it all it had one joy
That nowadays I miss,
When profiteering rogues destroy
Our chance of homely bliss.
For in those dear old days of stress
I knew no tailor's bill—
I simply saw my Q.M.S.,
And got a suit for nil.

—P.H.M.

Beauty in Glasses.

Two factors go to make our Spectacles and Eyeglasses the perfect article are: First, the skill in making and fitting to exactly suit the sight and appearance of each client; and second, the beautifully light, dainty yet durable workmanship which makes them unobtrusive. **AN ACTUAL IMPROVEMENT TO APPEARANCE.**

There is that superior look about people wearing our Spectacles which cannot be overlooked.

Charges, including sight testing strictly moderate.

NEIL'S DISPENSARY.

DEE STREET INVERCARGILL.
G. H. BROWN, Chemist by Exam.,
Manager.

COPELAND'S,

NO. 36 DEE ST.

WHERE RELIABLE GOODS ARE STOCKED

—For—
MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' WEAR.

FOR every thirsty occasion try our celebrated

HOP SHANDIES AND SODA FOUNTAIN DRINKS.

They Gladden.
Save money by buying your sweets direct from the manufacturer.

WOOLLETT & CO.,

Confectioners and Soft Drink Specialists,
30 TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

DIGGERS LOOK!

RICE'S,

ARE STILL MAKING THEIR DELICIOUS

TOFFEES
And
CANDIES.

ALSO SPLENDID SELECTION OF FANCY BOXES CHOCOLATES IN STOCK.

GENUINE reduction in Jewellery can be obtained by making your purchase from

A. E. ARTHUR,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

My business is run at a minimum expense, therefore I am enabled to give you the benefit. I specialise in DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RINGS, which cannot be surpassed for either quality or price. I attend personally to the wants of all my customers and guarantee to give every satisfaction.

THE FATHER OF R. L. S.

THOMAS STEVENSON, THE LIGHT HOUSE BUILDER.

Thomas Stevenson was in a sense a greater man than his more famous son, Robert Louis. We are accustomed to speak of the latter's love of the spirit of adventure, of his life as having been picturesque and romantic and of his unflinching optimism even from his sick bed. These qualities have so seized hold of our imagination, that in looking so closely at the son we omit to consider the father from whom undoubtedly came this spirit of youthful adventuring and of brave endurance. The career of the elder Stevenson was full to overflowing of real adventure, of patient toil and cheery acceptance of dangerous tasks. A man of remarkable individuality and of unswerving rectitude in word and deed, he was truly a great Scot, though not yet given a volume to himself in the series of famous Scots. His imagination, though by no means ignoring the paths of literature, found fittest expression in those lasting memorials of stone and lime which encircle our wild coasts with guiding lights. Of these his son has sung in unforgettable verse:—

"Bright on the lone side, the foundered reef,
The long, resounding foreland, Pharos stands.
These are thy works, O father, these thy crown."

A recent writer on Stevenson has described as futile any attempt to seek the origin of his qualities in the life history of either of his parents. We cannot agree with this dictum. There seems to be no difficulty in discovering in the romantic history of his paternal ancestors the secret of his own strength as a writer, and it seems equally easy to find the source of his graces of mind and heart in the family record of his mother's people. The history of the pious ancestral Stevensons is a wonderful saga of adventure. The great-grandfather, Alan Stevenson, a West Indian merchant, died at St. Christopher in 1774, leaving an infant son Robert. The young widow married again, one Thomas Smith, a merchant burgher of Edinburgh, and himself a widower. Smith was a solid, prosperous man, who from his activities in oils, amassed a fortune, and built himself "a land" at Nos. 1 and 3 Baxter's Place. Moreover, being of a mechanical bent he had made research into the subject of lighting and lighthouses, at a time when our coasts were lighted only at a single point. Next then, too, the first board of Northern Lights was formed, and Smith became its engineer.

DESIGNED FOR THE MINISTRY.

Robert had been designed by his mother, for the ministry, that national refuge for the godly young Scot, but increasing years failed to convince him that there lay his life's work. Already interested in his stepfather's lighthouse scheme, he became associated with him in the work, and ultimately succeeded with him in the engineering to the Board. Their first light was that of Kinnard Head in Aberdeenshire, illuminated in 1787. Robert completed his initial success by marrying the daughter of his stepfather. He set himself to cultivate his natural talents and his professional abilities, and soon began to make a name for himself in civil engineering. His work filled his days with perils and escapes. To the remote parts of Scotland he journeyed at a time when dangers lurked everywhere. To him is due the inauguration of the Scottish lighthouse system, and under his superintendence, no fewer than 20 lighthouses were constructed and many improvements carried out. His lasting memorial is the Bell Rock Lighthouse, which took four years to build on a tidal rock buried 16 feet at high water springs. This Inceape or Bell Rock had been a terror to sailors for centuries. Southey celebrates it in "The Inceape Bell." It would be difficult to discover a finer record of human endeavour and high courage than the story of those four years of toil, a work crowned on 1st February, 1811, by the exhibition of a permanent light.

Three years later Sir Walter Scott made his celebrated voyage round Scotland with the Lighthouse Commissioners. Accompanying them was Robert Stevenson, whom Sir Walter thus describes in his journal:—"The official chief is Mr Stevenson, the surveyor-viceroy over the Commissioners—a most gentlemanlike and modest man, and well-known by his scientific skill." Thus met in the mystery of life's ways the Great Wizard and the grand-father of the coming, though lesser romantic. Altogether, Robert was a man of outstanding ability, of unwearied human kindness, and in every way a worthy progenitor of the R.L.S. Meanwhile, as we have seen, he had married and given hostages to fortune. One of these was born

in Edinburgh on 22nd July, 1818, and was named Thomas Stevenson. He became the father of Robert Louis.

A HIGH SCHOOL BOY.

Thomas received his education at the High School. Though his mathematical faculty was above the average, he showed an incapacity for arithmetical calculations. More important to himself as a future citizen, however, was his early interest in Latin literature and in the English classics. He became an enthusiastic book collector, thus providing himself an unflinching source of quiet happiness. Better still, he wrote English with grace, vigour, and distinction. His profession never was in doubt, and in his seventeenth year he entered his father's office, becoming a partner in the firm in 1846. Seven years later he and his brother David were appointed Engineers to the Board of Northern Lighthouse. He was the author of many inventions, none of which he patented, thinking that as a Government servant his original work was something due to the nation. He took part in the building of the Skerryvore, "the noblest of all extant deep-sea lights," and it is by his great work of lighthouse illumination that his name will be best remembered. By his efforts the "great sea lights in every quarter of the world shine more brightly." In later life professional recognition came to him, and in 1881 he became President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

The private side of this remarkable man's character is of even more interest. His son has told us that he was "a man of somewhat antique strain, with a blend of sternness and softness that was not wholly Scottish," and it would be difficult to say more in fewer words. They afford us a convincing likeness of that quiet, self-restrained, brooding man, whose thoughts on the verities of life were often morbid and whose inmost being was tinged with the Celtic melancholy. Again we learn that his talk was compounded of "much sterling sense and much freakish humour," a not inapt description of the talk of his son. A man of strong political prejudices, he was without the saving grace of his son's sunny Bohemianism. Hastily and impatient of contradiction, he was often involved in controversy, but he was incapable of resorting to unfair weapons or of bearing malice:—"I have the family failing of taking strong views," he wrote, "and of expressing those views strongly." This defect caused the temporary entanglement of father and son owing to fundamental differences of opinion regarding a profession and a religion for R.L.S. The father had apparently taken it for granted that his son would follow in the footsteps of the engineering Stevensons, though why the youth should build granite lighthouses because his father had done so, is not clear to us. His lighthouses were to be guiding lights to the souls of men, not to distressed mariners. Again, in religion the son refused to follow in the dry, soul-distressing paths of his father's Calvinistic faith. His was the cheerier, manlier, and nobler gospel of a wider human sympathy and of a larger toleration towards his erring fellow men.

FATHER AND SON.

The real difficulty was just that father and son looked upon this queer business of life from different angles. Both were real men, courageous in word and act, but the one was a modern, the other "of antique strain." In the presence of physical danger, the courage of one was superb, while during the interminable years of ill-health the indomitable spirit of the other never suffered extinction. Look at them again from the point of view of travel. The elder journeyed in remote places on the duties of his work, and was equally at home anywhere; the younger travelled constantly in an endeavour to outwit Death. But the genuine spirit of travel was in his very blood, put there by his paternal ancestors in whose nostrils was ever the salt tang of wastes of water. He was always thinking in terms of highways. A dozen passages leap to mind:—"The open air drunkenness grows upon the traveller with great strides, until he posts along the road and sees everything about him in a cheerful dream," and he never tires of urging upon us the sheer joys of hopeful travel, whether it be to heaven or merely to one's inn. Again, in the matter of religion both possessed sincerity and conviction; had they not done so there would have been no misunderstanding. They differed only in the manner in which they regarded their relation to the universe. Another common trait was their obvious interest in themselves, not self-interest, but an overwhelming notion that what they did and thought really mattered in this world. Why, there is no English writer, not even Charles Lamb, who put so much of himself into his books as Robert Louis; in truth they are him-

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self, and we read them with the author at our elbow.

Such then was the elder Stevenson, a man of large liberality and unostentatious charity, not differing herein from Robert Louis. His mind and frame, like his granite lighthouses, were massive. Even the dwelling at 17 Heriot Row, which he bought in 1857, is the abode of a substantial citizen. In its large and ample rooms Robert found a land of romance. From those high windows which look north to the hills of Fife and south over the tree tops of Queen street, he gazed on a thousand activities of human life with joyous curiosity. Here facing the street is the window from which he saw Leerie going by

"For we are very lucky with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more."

THE END OF A FULL LIFE.

Alas! we write of dead men, and Leerie and his world have vanished with "Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years." In this house, then, did Thomas Stevenson spend thirty years of a full life, sharing that toil and joy and sorrow that are laid upon all of the sons of men. As worldly matters go, he was successful, for he left a fortune of £26,918. In this place he watched the growth of his son to manhood, and lived long enough to understand that however they might differ it was only in matters of opinion, and that a man must carve out his own life and not be a mere copyist of another. Here also in due time came he from Bournemouth to die on 8th May 1887. In his death he showed an originality not dissimilar from that of his son, for "the deceased gentleman left an original prayer to be read at the funeral service." Robert Louis was too ill to accompany the funeral to the New Calton Burying Ground. We are told that as the coffin was being carried forth from the house he was seen with bowed head and with his long, dark face and black eyes framed in the upper window. Then he turned away. His Stevenson ancestors lie in a great tomb in the New Calton Cemetery; those who girdled our coasts with kindly lights now sleep secure under the shadow of Arthur's Seat. Of them he thought in far Apemama when he wrote:

"The artificers,
"One after one, here in this grated cell,
Where the rain erases, and the rust consumes,
Fell upon lasting silence."
We shall do well if we labour as sincerely, as hopefully, and as bravely as they.

James Fisher.

FOUR YEARS 328 DAYS OF WAR.

Britain was at war with Germany for 4 years 328 days—from August 4, 1914, to June 23, 1919. By a strange coincidence, the Peace Treaty was signed on the fifth anniversary of the signing of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo, the spark that started the world war.

- 1914. —
- Aug. 1.—Germany declares war on Russia.
- Aug. 3.—Germany declares war on France.
- Aug. 4.—Great Britain declares war on Germany.
- 1915. —
- May 23.—Italy declares war on Austria.
- 1917. —
- March 12.—Russian Revolution.
- April 5.—America declares war on Germany.
- 1918. —
- Sept. 30.—Bulgaria surrenders.
- Nov. 3.—Austria signs armistice.
- Nov. 9.—Kaiser abdicates.
- Nov. 11.—Germany signs armistice.
- 1919. —
- June 28.—Peace signed with Germany.

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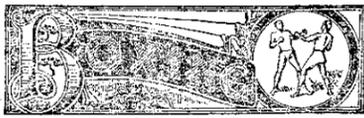
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RING REPORTS.

THE GREATEST FIGHT OF MODERN TIMES.

BECKETT v. McGOORTY.

By "The Count."

Greatest of heavy-weight boxing contests seen for many years, the Beckett-McGoorty bout is still a much talked-of affair in boxing circles. Even those who said that McGoorty was too clever for Beckett to beat, have been compelled to go right round and give to Beckett the praise that is his due.

Surely it can be no longer possible to find people who will fail to realise that Beckett is at least an exceptionally well-built fellow for his weight. Have you noticed how compact he is? How, although weighing something like sixteen pounds more than McGoorty, he did not look nearly so much the bigger man? They seemed magnificently matched.

All that sort of thing means that Beckett is so built as to leave no weaknesses in his frame. He is a solid lump of muscularity, and his strength is governed, directed, by a well-balanced boxing head which keeps his body well under control.

BECKETT'S DEFENCE.

Another thing which those who thought McGoorty was far too clever to be beaten by Beckett must admit now is the fact that our champion can box well. If the American could not find a way to put Beckett out, it follows that, in addition to possessing his fine forcing style in attack, Beckett has what so few of our heavy-weights have got—an excellent defence.

The pictures will show you that Beckett's guarding of that wonderfully good left hand of McGoorty's was exceptionally cunning. After the contest, McGoorty said that he knew that he had hit Beckett as hard as he could, and that the British champion instead of crumpling up, dashed in and returned the punches. That sort of compliment from an opponent seldom goes the way of any boxer, but McGoorty is a generous fellow, who is quite ready to admit a defeat that was unexpected by him, and by many more people, but never out of the mind of Beckett from the time that the match was made.

Beckett has proved himself to be a splendid fighter in many senses. First of all, he can hit hard, and when he is hit in return he has the pluck to shake off the effects of the punch. In other words that means that he gets vexed when he is hit, and in the momentary anger that is his he forgets that he is hurt, and thinks only of the fact that he must do something in the way of hunting his opponent.

He has the insistence of spirit to do that, too, for who could have shown more determination than he did after being hit by McGoorty? There was one feature of Beckett's boxing that did not please me, and that was the fact that when he had secured an advantage, and went in in the attempt to finish off his man, he forgot the right way to punch.

THE STRAIGHT PUNCH.

Instead of hitting straight, he would swing his arms, and as a consequence, give McGoorty just a fraction of a second of time in which to miss the blow. There is one sort of blow which a man who is dazed can scarcely ever miss, and that is the straight punch with either hand. It was a straight right that caught McGoorty and finished him off.

It was a straight right that finished off Frank Goddard, and on each occasion that straight punch was sent along when Beckett's opponent was dazed. Yet there were occasions when the British champion had the American Weak, and still rushed at him with swinging blows. If, when McGoorty was in a bad way, like he was in the thirteenth round, for instance, Beckett should have punched straight, and he would not have been able to guard won much sooner than he did.

Splendid as general as the American is, he would not have been able to guard punches sent along the quickest, straightest route. It was the one fault that need he pointed out in the way that Beckett boxed. He was a real champion at all other times, for he not only watched very closely for chances to get in hits, but he seldom relaxed his defence.

Once or twice, after close work, he stood up with his hands held low, and got punished for his pains. He learned the lesson, however, and the second who called out to him "keep your hands up, Joe!" was a wise fellow. It was only by keep-

ing his hands up that Beckett could avoid that left hand, and keep his balance so that he could be ready to rush in to the attack. When Beckett avoided blows by ducking, he lost his equilibrium, when guarded by the intervention of his right arm, he was able to move forward and continue the work of attack.

Possibly, the most puzzled man in Olympia was McGoorty, for he had not understood how clever Beckett was, and when he found that it was so difficult to hit him, and that when he did hit him the blows had so little effect, McGoorty began to wonder what sort of fellow he had matched himself with.

Beckett has developed several new punches. One is a very good one indeed, but as it is with the right, it should be tried in a different way to that adopted by the user. The blow referred to is a right drive to the body, and is generally followed by a left-hook to the face.

Now, as a combination, those two blows are wrong, for a very good reason. It is always dangerous to lead at an opponent with the right. If the right lead is to the body, it means that the striker's head has got to go forward, and is, as a consequence, in greater danger. If the safe left punch was tried and used as a feint it is possible that the right would reach its mark, and not cause that sacrifice of defence that leading with the right entails.

WHAT ABOUT CARPENTIER.

At the time I am writing this, I am told that Carpentier is sure to meet Beckett, and as a consequence, I will not repeat my firm opinion that he will not. There has been an offer from America for a match between Dempsey and Carpentier. Of the world's heavy-weight champion Carpentier and his manager know little. They know all about Beckett, and as a consequence of that knowledge are not anxious to meet the British champion. Much is being said about contracts, and all that sort of thing, and I seem to remember in the dim and distant past when a boxer did not live up to contract.

I may be wrong in casting such a slur upon the profession of boxing, but it may be that some of the readers of this paper can tell me if a contract for a boxing match has always been regarded as a most binding business between two parties. If the contract is between Mr C. B. Cochran and M. Descamps, one would like to know really where the binding nature of that contract is.

If M. Descamps and Carpentier agree to cancel all other previous agreements between them, how is Mr Cochran going to get Carpentier into the ring?

However, you will know more about this when you are reading your paper than I know while I am writing.

FULTON'S DEFEAT.

No doubt, something will be done in the way of getting a match for Fred Fulton now that, by beating Arthur Townley, he has proved himself to be something of a boxer. What I could not understand about the boxing critics who saw this two-minute affair is the way in which they jump to the conclusion that Fulton is a wonder.

To me, Townley never looked as if he was possessed of the slightest hope of winning. To say that he made a gallant attempt to beat the American is piffle. Townley never showed signs of being sufficiently settled in mind to set about his man.

If Beckett meets Fulton, as I hope he will, we shall be able to judge whether Fulton is anything like the right sort of boxer.

Fulton has said that he looks upon Beckett as a good boy who might stay for three rounds with him. I think Fulton is about right in his estimation of the length that such a contest would last, but what I should like to know is how on earth Fulton thinks he would be able to stay three rounds with Joe Beckett.

There was absolutely nothing in the boxing that Fulton showed to us to prove that he is capable of doing anything bigger than he did when, in a match with the fourth-rate boxer, Tom Cowler, he recovered from a knock-down punch, and was able to go on and win. If a fellow as moderate as Tom Cowler can hit Fulton once and as hard as that, Beckett can hit him several times—as often, in fact, as it is necessary.

FULTON'S DISADVANTAGES.

Fulton has not got the physical balance to be a truly great boxer. He shows in his walk that awkwardness of step that Billy Wells has. There is not sufficient control over his huge frame to ensure him being able to stand up after receiving anything like a big punch. As a boxer, Fulton is much of a monstrosity. He is taller than he should be. If height was an advantage at boxing, he would be a very dangerous fellow, but the kind of build for a boxer which I like is that which Beckett has.

SOUTH OTAGO NOTES

The reunion dinner of the Clutha district R.S.A. was held in the Dalton Hall on Thursday night last. Mr E. Drummond (president), occupied the chair. Owing no doubt to the boisterous weather, the attendance was not large, only about fifty soldiers and visitors being present. Amongst those present were: Hon. D. Fleming, Mr H. Simson (mayor), Brigadier-General Stewart, Lieut-Col. R. Grigor, Lieut-Col. D. Colquhoun (district organiser). After full justice had been done to the excellent repast provided by host H. Kirby, the function took the form of a smoke concert. Several toasts were proposed and honoured and these were interspersed with musical items, the evening being on the whole a most enjoyable one.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales paid a visit to Milton and Balclutha en route to Invercargill on Thursday morning. At both places he met with a warm reception and during his short stay of fifteen minutes at each place, shook hands with a large number of returned soldiers and others. The Prince made an inspection of a very large number of children, territorials and cadets.

The weather on Saturday was very rough, snow falling at frequent intervals. The football matches were all postponed owing to the state of the weather. At present Toko leads with three wins to their credit, Crescent coming next with two wins. The first round will be completed next Saturday.

The Clutha and Mataura A. and P. Society held their 13th Annual Winter Show on Friday 21st inst. The entries only totalled 200 odd and the door-takings some £10. The quality of the exhibits was good even if they did lack in number.

At a conference of Local Bodies' Delegates, it was decided to protest against the proposed increase on hospital levies and to forward same to the Prime Minister and Minister for Public Health. It was also decided to send delegates to Wellington to support the Separation Bill when it comes before the House next session.

The football matches on Saturday 15th resulted:—First grade, Toko 19, Owaka 6; Crescent 31, Owaka 3; Second grade, Milton 3, Crescent 3. On Thursday, Clutha II. defeated Owaka II, by 6 points to 3. In a match "old buffers" v. Present Players, both teams scored three points each.

Prior to the football match on Saturday, a hockey match was played between the ladies' and men's clubs. The men proved too strong for the ladies, and won comfortably. The ladies provided afternoon tea, and the game was much enjoyed by all.

At the meeting of the South Otago Sub-Union on Saturday, reference was made to the prevalence of betting on matches that was known to be going on. The Union wish it to be made known that anyone betting on football matches can be prohibited from going on any ground under the Union's jurisdiction, and intend to make an example of anyone found betting. This step is taken in the interests of clean sport, and it is hoped that all will assist the Union in their endeavour to put down the practice.

ADVANCES FOR SOLDIERS.

OBJECTION TO SUSPENSION.

THE MINISTER APPROACHED.

MATTER FOR PARLIAMENT.

A deputation from the Standing Sub-Committee of the New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association Executive waited upon the Minister for Lands regarding the closing down of 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 notification of the suspension of advances.

The Minister was unable to give this assurance. He stated 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 Returned Soldiers' Association intends circularising local branches throughout the Dominion for particulars of cases where genuine contracts have been entered into prior to, or within, say, a week of the Minister's statement notifying a suspension or "slackening" of advances. These cases, when in hand, will be presented before the Minister at the earliest opportunity.

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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.

The concluding paragraphs of last week's instalment, reprinted to refresh reader's memories.

Beaumont Chase gave a startled movement, and a bold, resolute look came into his dark eyes. "By Heaven, Webb, you are right!" he said. "A special licence! It can be done. Money can do a great deal! Why, man, money can do anything. Keep things quiet, Webb, for forty-eight hours. I ask no more. On Thursday—the day after to-morrow—Kitty shall become my wife!"

GUESSED THE TRUTH.

It was early evening on the day after the events recorded in the last chapter. Kitty sat alone in her own room.

Soon she would have to begin to dress for dinner, but meanwhile she had half an hour to herself.

Her pretty face wore a harassed expression; and there was a look of distress and worry in her bright eyes.

All day she had been oppressed by a feeling of impending disaster.

In the morning, early, Beaumont Chase had left for London, but before going he had had a brief interview with her.

"I shall be back to-night, to dinner," he said, "and when I come I hope to bring great news, Kitty."

There was a smile on his lips as he spoke, a smile which to Kitty was both mysterious and unpleasant.

She had recalled it several times during the day and always with a shudder.

She was not, however, thinking of it now, Beaumont Chase indeed, was out of her mind. She had forgotten him.

Her thoughts were all centred upon that strange interview with Pelham Webb yesterday at the door of the summer-house pavilion.

The detective's words had crushed her spirit and filled her with a despair which was none the less real because she would not own it even to herself.

"If you meet Miss Millbank, tell her that I beg she will try to forgive me."

It was a very proper message for Dick to send to her. Of course, they must try to forget one another.

And yet, in her heart of hearts, she had hoped if ever word came from her lover, it would be something different.

She stared out miserably at the beautiful landscape across which the declining sun was casting lengthening shadows.

"Oh, Dick, you know I can never forget you! You know it!" she murmured pitifully under her breath.

And then an idea flashed across her mind with the force of a revelation.

"He never said it!" she murmured almost fiercely. "That little man is lying! Dick never sent me such a message. He would never give me up. However dark things looked, he would go on hoping we should meet again some day. Oh, Dick, my dear, dear boy, I know you too well! I must give you up. I must marry another. I must do that for your sake, and I will. But never will I believe that you are reconciled to it or that you will ever forget me."

The door of the room opened and Kitty's maid entered.

"Will you dress for dinner, miss?"

"Not yet, Julie," replied Kitty, pacing restlessly up and down the room. "Has Mr Chase returned yet?"

"No, miss."

"Have you heard how the old gardener is? I mean the man who was injured yesterday."

"They say he is better, miss, but no one has seen him except Mr Webb, and the strange doctor brought from London. Mr Webb seems to take a great interest in the old man, and won't let anyone go near him."

"Do you know how the poor fellow met with his accident?"

"Yes, miss; he fell off a ladder. No one quite knows what he was doing. He put the ladder against the side of the house just outside this window, miss. They think his idea was to nail up the creeper, but I understand it did not require doing. However, he does not seem to know much about his trade. The general opinion is, miss, that the poor man is a little daft."

"Outside this window?" said Kitty slowly.

"Yes, miss."

Kitty remained silent and turned her head away to conceal the startled look which she knew had come into her eyes.

Her mind went back to that other night when a twisted scrap of paper thrown through the window had fallen at her feet.

Her heart began to beat wildly, and it was with difficulty that she refrained from crying out.

This was Dick's messenger—this old man! Why had she not guessed it before? Somehow her lover had contrived to make a friend, and by his hand had sent her words of love and hope!

In an instant all her misery fell away from her like an old and ugly garment cast aside.

Dick was safe in a foreign land, she might never see him again; but he was still hers, he had not forgotten her. He was still thinking of her, and even in his desperate danger he had sent someone to comfort her and to help her. Ah, that was like Dick! It was foolish, but it was splendid. He was all she believed him to be. He was her hero still.

"It is getting late, miss," ventured Julie respectfully.

"Yes, yes, I know, but it doesn't matter," said Kitty turning quickly. "Listen, Julie, you must help me. To-night, after dinner, I am going to the pavilion."

"Where, miss?"

"The summer-house pavilion. I am going to see that old man."

Julie stared open-mouthed, and made no reply.

"I am going secretly. No one must see me. No one must know," went on her mistress impetuously.

"But, miss, it is impossible!" protested the little French girl, but her dark eyes sparkled with excitement all the same.

"I am going," said Kitty resolutely. "Nothing shall stop me, nothing!"

"But Mr Webb will not allow!"

"He is nobody."

"He is on guard, he keeps the key."

"We will outwit him. Listen—"

At that moment there was a discreet tap at the door.

Julie went to answer it, and returned presently with a letter which she handed to her mistress.

"I think it is important, miss. It came by special messenger on a motor-bicycle."

Kitty tore it open and saw at a glance it was from Beaumont Chase.

It was brief, but the girl stared at it for a long time with wide-open eyes, as though unable to take in its meaning.

"Dear Kitty,—Find I shall be late, but don't go to bed until I have seen you. Dearest, I have taken you at your word. You said you would marry me whenever I liked. You will not blame me for wasting no time. I have secured a special licence to-day, and the wedding is to take place to-morrow. Your father knew of the purpose of my visit to London. Tell him that I have been successful, and that everything is arranged. To-morrow I will take from his hands the precious and beautiful treasure he has guarded so well. All my love, sweetheart.—Your devoted,

"Beaumont."

"But are you not well, miss?" said Julie in alarm.

Kitty turned quickly. She was deadly pale, but she did not tremble or display any sign of agitation, and when she spoke her voice was quite calm.

"Oh, yes, I am quite well," she said as she carefully refolded the letter and replaced it in the envelope. "I was telling you about my visit to the pavilion to-night. Be at the western end of the terrace after dinner. You can hide behind the laurels there. I will join you as soon as I can."

"You still intend to go, miss?"

"More than ever," replied Kitty firmly. And at the same time, quite unconscious of what she was doing, she tore in half the letter she held in her hands.

AFTER DINNER.

"It is odd Chase did not wire when he found he could not get back."

Dinner was over. Sir John Millbank and his adopted daughter were alone together in the big dining-room of Beaumont Hall.

Kitty looked at the old man gravely.

"Why should he wire? He will be back some time to-night, I suppose," said Kitty in reply to the old man's remark.

She had not told him about the letter from Beaumont Chase, fearing a discussion which might delay the expedition she had planned.

A nervous and rather embarrassed smile played for a moment about Sir John Millbank's mouth.

(Continued from page six.)

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BILLIARD NOTES.

HOW TO PLAY THE GAME.

POTTING THE RED TO LEAVE AN IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE.

In a previous article on bringing the white out of baulk—when ball in hand—I gave various examples of how the red may be potted in order to leave an in-off from the white, and thus bring that ball into the field of play. But though not ball in hand, it will constantly happen that it is the game to pot the red and leave an in-off from the white for the next stroke.

This may happen whether the white is in baulk or not, but, naturally, when the white is inside the line, and there is no ordinary cannon on it will always be the correct game to play to pot the red, and gain position for an in-off from the white—should there be a fair prospect of being able to do this—and more often than not such a procedure will prove to be advantageous even when a simple cannon is on, because the cannon, though quite easy to get, may be of such a nature, that the resultant position could easily be an unfavourable one.

POTTING THE RED INTO A BAULK POCKET TO LEAVE AN IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE.

A position with all three balls in baulk. The cannon, whilst by no means a difficult one for a fair player, is, at the same time, not exactly a certainty, and, besides, even if it were made, whether the red went down or not, the after-position would be very uncertain, and very probably more or less safe. Instead, the red should be potted in such a manner as to leave an in-off from the white. According to the location of the red, a less than half-ball,

a half-ball, or a fuller than half-ball stroke may be required to pot it, but in whichever manner the red ball has to be hit, position for the in-off from the white can always be gained.

In playing a stroke of this nature, it would require very great judgment of strength to get the absolute best position from which to play the white, but, fortunately, it is not necessary to find the exact location. So long as the cue ball stops anywhere in the vicinity of this spot, an in-off from the white will always be on either by means of a less than half-ball stroke, a half-ball stroke, a forcing stroke, or a screw-shot.

A position similar to this with the difference that the cue ball comes off the side cushion after potting the red. If the white object-ball, however, were placed on the other side of the D, position would be gained just the same; so that an in-off could be played, no matter which side of the table the white ball was situated.

POTTING THE RED BY A FOLLOWING ON STROKE TO LEAVE AN IN-OFF FROM THE WHITE.

A position for an in-off from the white can be gained by means of potting the red with a following-on stroke. There are two different pots, and in each instance the red ball and the cue-ball are in a dead-straight line with the pocket. The stroke should be played by hitting the cue ball above the centre to cause it to follow, on after contact with the red.

When the cue ball has only to travel a short distance to gain the desired position, quite a gentle stroke will suffice, but a rather stronger stroke will be necessary when the cue-ball has to travel some little distance.

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JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"Oh, yes, he will come to night! You may be sure of that. Maybe he will have news. Kitty!"

"Yes, sir."

The old man looked at her quickly and frowned.

"You are not angry with me, child?"

She made no answer, and he went on:

"Young people don't understand. Their brains are undeveloped. We have to do their thinking for them. Believe me, it will all come right. I was very pleased to hear you had promised to marry Mr Chase without—er—without any unnecessary delay. That is sensible. You will be happy, I'm sure. Chase is very wealthy, and he has brains. Brains and money—a very good combination, very good indeed. You'll thank me some day."

The girl moved to his side and, stooping, kissed him.

"I thank you now, daddy dear. And now, if you don't mind, I'll take a stroll in the garden. It is a warm night."

"Very well, my child, but put a wrap on and don't go far. Chase may be back at any moment, and he will want to see you, I know."

"Don't let him come after me, daddy. I want to be alone. Life is very puzzling."

She threw a silk scarf over her shoulders, and as she reached the open window she turned her head and glanced back.

"I am going to look at the stars, daddy," she said, "and see if they have any message for me."

And then with shining eyes she went out into the darkness.

(To be continued.)

OTAHUITI NOTES.

FOOTBALL.

On Saturday 29, Otahuti journeyed to Drummond and play the home team at 2 p.m. Mr Frank O'Connell, referee.

Waianawa oppose the Wright's Bush team while the Calcium team have a bye. Given a dry day fast open games should result.

On Monday night the R.S.A. organiser, Mr Colquhoun, will speak at Calcium on the objects of the Association.

The Otahuti recreation ground was the scene of a very fast football match last Saturday, when the Waianaaw team met and defeated the Otahuti team by six points (two tries) to nil.

The play from the start was always interesting and keen, and if it had ended a drawn game, it would have been a better criterion of the match. The ball was very greasy and consequently passing rushes were not the order of the day, the forwards having a hard time of it. Waianaawa had the best of the first spell, and scored two tries in the first few minutes, but as the game wore on the Otahuties began to assert themselves, and in the last fifteen minutes had everything their own way, and were certainly unlucky in not scoring on several occasions. McCaw (Spar Bush), Pay Waikiwi, Galt Bros (Waianaawa), Wilson Bros. (Taranoa), and C. Carter, played exceptionally fine football for Waianaawa and would be an acquisition to any town club, especially Pay, who is a credit to the position he holds in the Waikiwi senior team. Several Otahuti players being injured in the first spell gave A. McLeod at five-eighths a lot of work to do, and to him must be given the credit for so many rushes being stopped, after his partner J. Cochrane, retiring with a bad knee which unfortunately will keep him out of the team for a few weeks. His place was taken by F. Rogers an old club player, who has played many matches in the army, and has had the advantage of being in first-class Rugby company while in Trentham, "Après la Guerre." Walking sticks and Zam-buk were at a premium on Sunday I am told and one Otahuti player was heard to say he had two Waianaawa ears in his pocket, but he must have been unusually lucky in his souvenir hunting; however everybody was of the opinion that the match, altho' played hard was clean and wholesome, and the whisper from a well known Waianaawa player of quiet and modest nature that his knee was broken, fortunately proved to be untrue.

Mr Frank O'Connell controlled the game efficiently and is likely to get plenty to do in the future.

There are 16 miles of subterranean wine cellars beneath the French cities of Rheims and Epernay.

A good Arabian horse can canter in the desert for 24 hours in summer and 48 in winter without drinking.

DRAUGHTS.

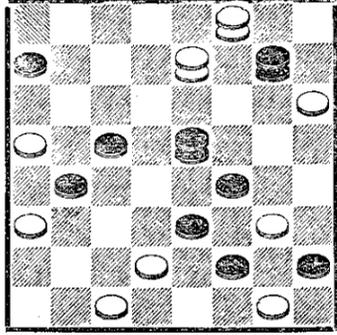
(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

Draught Club meets in Athenaeum every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, visitors cordially invited.

PROBLEM 12.

By W. Veal, Southampton.

Black: 5, 14, 17, 19, 23, 27, 28, Kings: 8 and 15.



White: 12, 13, 21, 24, 26, 30, 32, Kings: 3 and 7.

An interesting stroke.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 11.

Black: 1, 14, 26, Kings: 12, 13, 23, 27. White: 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 16, 18, 19.

White to play and win.

10-7	11-8	5-1	17-22
1-10	12-3	10-19	16-7
18-15	16-11	1-17	22-6
13-6	23-16	3-10	White wins.

BLINDFOLD EXHIBITIONS.

The late Harry N. Pillsbury's greatest record-breaking blindfold exhibition was contesting at one time about thirty-two games of checkers and chess, and also participating in a game of duplicate whist. Harry at the time was in the zenith of his fame, and seemingly in magnificent physical condition, but the strain, which was not then apparent, developed later into what ultimately terminated in a general breakdown. The late Mr Strickland, who, until the advent of Pillsbury, was considered one of the greatest blindfold players the world ever produced, when asked, after giving a simultaneous exhibition, to play a great number of games blindfold, said,—"I will cheerfully give the blindfold exhibition after I have had a few hours sleep." Pillsbury, instead of recuperating and acting upon the advice of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who said,—"The brain tires quicker than the muscles, and necessarily needs more rest and recuperation," drank a cup of the strongest tea he could get about every thirty minutes, and also continued during the entire performance to smoke cigar after cigar of the very strongest tobacco procurable, which ultimately proved to be his "Waterloo."—"Draught's World."

The game hereunder was played in the recent handicap tourney in Timaru, between C. Souness of Dannevirke, and T. Bussell of Fairlie. Mr Souness is well known in Southland, and was some years ago the champion of Southland.

DENNY.

Bussell, Black.		Souness, White.	
10.14	8.11	28.19	26.17
24.20	29.25	4.8	13.22
11.15	9.13	25.22	19.15
22.18	18.9	14.17	1.6
15.22	5.14	21.14	15.11
25.18	11.15	10.17	8.15
6.10	24.19	22.18	18.11
27.24	15.24	17.22	7.16
			28.12

Drawn.

It was in a very evangelistic district of Wales that the countryside was defaced on every available spot with scriptural texts and would-be heart-searching questions. On the flat stonework of a bridge, in huge letters, appeared the soul-racking query: "What will you do when you die?" But it was not so unanswerable as the writer hoped, for an enterprising bagman in the chemist line wrote underneath in letters of equal size: "Use Dash's Cold Cream—it's good for burns."

The Nature Column.

All interested in fish are requested to come and hear Mr Hunter lecture on this subject to-night in the Technical College.

Dear Student,—According to Blackie's Encyclopaedia, fire clay is always to be found immediately below the coal. Is this variety of clay found to be so placed in New Zealand coal-bearing districts.—I am, etc.,

ENQUIRER.

I am surprised to find that Blackie's Encyclopaedia should make such a statement. It is true that a considerable proportion of the fireclays are found below seams of coal. Strictly speaking a fireclay is a refractory clay usually highly silicious. Or in other words, it is composed of materials which, though capable of being burnt into bricks are yet so infusible that they will not melt or run as would an ordinary brick if submitted to a high temperature. It is almost impossible to melt silica. The clays underlying coal are usually called "underclays." They are not noticeably stratified and vary greatly in character from soft unctuous materials to hard sandy rocks. In composition they vary enormously, the percentage of silica ranging from 50 per cent, or less, to as high as 97 per cent.

The mode of formation of underclays is not certainly known. They do not appear to be soils or of terrestrial origin, but correspond closely to the black ooze of marine and semi-marine estuarine deposits of tropical swamps, or to the muds surrounding the stumps of trees in buried forests. They appear to be quite distinct from the shales sometimes overlying coal. The more silicious portions known in the Old Country as Ganister, possess comparatively few of the characteristics of clay. The term "fireclay" is, in fact, frequently applied to all the refractory deposits in the coal measures without much regard to their composition. In many coal measures the clay is of very little value.

Refractory clays are found in pockets, in Wales and other places in Britain, in limestone country, and are not associated with coal. China clay, from which ware is made, is also very refractory, but is much too valuable to convert into firebricks.

These clays are not generally plastic, and do not closely resemble the material which we usually call clay. In fact it is difficult to define what is a clay.

I cannot just at the moment say if any true refractory clays are found beneath New Zealand coal measures, but if I can obtain any information on this point I will revert to the subject later.

Professor Marshall says in regard to our local coals. In the majority of instances the coal does not appear to represent vegetation that grew on the localities where the coal is now found, for the seams vary rapidly in thickness. Usually there is no fireclay beneath the coal; pebbles or quartz embedded in the coal are frequent, and almost certainly represent material that was carried down entangled in the roots of trees. He also says the coal was formed in shallow swampy basins at or near the sea level. These coals are assigned to the Oamaru system, which belongs to the tertiary era.

About this question of the origin of the coals a great controversy has raged for many years among geologists in the old world, some holding that the coal was formed on the spot under similar conditions to peat bogs, and others maintaining that it was formed in a like manner to that outlined above. There is a considerable weight of evidence to prove that coal may be formed on the spot where the plants grew, at any rate so far as young coals are concerned. Count Solms Laubach states that in one mine timbers 150 years old were found to be converted into lignite, of black colour, and lustrous conchoidal fracture, while in another case as little as six years was necessary to produce similar results. It is also generally conceded that the mother substance has never accumulated on really dry land. So far as the old coals are concerned there is not much evidence to prove that greatly diversified forms of plant life such as are now found in peat bogs existed.

I cannot just now go into the mass of evidence in favour of the drift theory, but summing up the whole theory of the formation of coal, it seems that some has been formed on the spot by plant growth, in other cases it is the result of drifted material, and again it has sometimes been formed in a swamp delta, partly from plants growing there, and partly from drift. Coals may be found lying on sandstones, limestones, and igneous rock. Fireclays are frequently met without any coal seam within many feet of them and are on rare occasions above the coal.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

"To be chaste is to be happy"—

Maybe so, but yesterday,
When chased a mile by Murphy's bull
I didn't feel too gay.

The "News" is bewailing the iniquity of minority rule in this so-called democratic community, and ascribes the present anomalous state of things political to Labour's defection from the old Liberal-Labour alliance. Which makes very nice reading—only it is not true. The defeat of the Liberals was due to a number of causes, of which Labour's bid for independent representation was only one. (Labour, for instance, had no direct part in Sir Joseph's own deposition; the P.P.A. saw to that.) In so far as the Liberal-Labour split was responsible, the Liberal party has only itself to blame. Time was when a healthy Liberal-Labour alliance smashed the forces of reaction, and achieved wonders through such men as Ballance and Seddon. But the successors of those giants, feeling secure in their position, kicked away the ladder by which they had climbed to power. And, in the years that followed, they fought Labour just as viciously as did the Reformers. Now that they are badly licked they whimperingly blame Labour for taking the only course that the opposition of both other parties had left them. And even at last elections the word "Bolshevism," as connoting the Labour policy, was as much in their mouths as in those of the Masseyites. A dirty weapon to use, truly. "But," will say the "News," "the term had application only to the extreme section of Labour, represented by Harry Holland and Co. We said nothing against sane Labour." Well, the implication was against all Labour that struck out on independent lines; the only "sane" Labour, in the eyes of the "News," was that which voted for the Liberal party. For my own part, I would like to see a reunion between Labour and the more progressive elements of the Liberal party, but since the Liberals broke the alliance, it is for them to first utter the reconciling "God bless you," like the old —. But that is another story, and since it was told by dear old Oliver Goldsmith, it is old enough to be new again.

The bickerings of an old bass fiddler and his wife had grown more and more frequent, until, at last, they culminated in a quarrel so violent that both vowed never to speak to, or sleep with, each other again. The first resolve was all right, but what to do about the latter was a problem, since there was only one bed in the house. At length, however, the fertile brain of the fiddler solved the difficulty. He placed the long fiddle case at night between himself and his wife, and thus they slept for months, "so near, and yet so far." Each had learned to regret the hasty words, and each longed for reconciliation, but neither would make the first advances. One night, however, the old fellow sneezed, and the old woman, from force of habit (following the custom of those parts) ejaculated, "God bless you!" "Eh, wife, d'ye mean that?" said the old man. "Aye, John, that I do," answered his wife. "If that is so," said John, "to h—ll with the fiddle case!" and out it went on the floor.

'Tis strange how opposites agree—

Extremes together run;
Thus in a "funeral," we see,
There's always "real fun."

Some little time ago the Survey Department advertised for a married couple. Among the applicants for the position was a young returned soldier, who, in due time received a reply setting forth the duties required, and winding up with the proviso that the woman must have no family, "or any expectations of such." No expectations of a family in a young, healthy married woman! The Department would be well advised to procure an octogenarian couple from, say, Lorne Farm, and even then—well you never can tell. It is hard to say at what age women give up these

expectations. Anyhow, what about encouraging the birth rate?

Pope says: "Whatever is, is right."
I take a different view;
My wife cleared home to me to-night—
She's left, and I'm left too.

Another inhibition—this time of the publication of the places our racehorses hold in public favour, as shown by tote backings. Lordy, Lordy! When and where is this pin-pricking, irritating meddling with our reasonable liberties going to end? The anti-liquor, anti-gambling, anti-tobacco, anti-freedom-in-any-form leagues seem bent on making this country so like Heaven that it will soon not be fit for a rational, red-blooded man to live in. Why do not the sportsmen retaliate by protesting against the publication of the names of winners in church bazaar lotteries—a form of gambling, by the way, infinitely more dishonest than any racecourse betting can be, if one compares the value of the prizes with the total investments?

"Under pressure from wealthy business members of the House of Commons the British Cabinet has abandoned the proposed tax on war fortunes." We had read much about Coats' cotton profits, the "stand and deliver" of the shipping combines, the several hundred per cent. of the textile kings, and so on, and we wondered why some few thousands of these thieves were not hanged as high as Haman. But here we have the explanation, as simple as A.B.C. The profiteer sits in our high places, and makes our laws, and he is by no means suicidally inclined. And it is probably—almost certainly—the same here, else how can we account for the impunity with which some most glaring forms of profiteering are carried on? A wrathful Government visits its vengeance on a luckless grocer who charges an extra sixpence for a patent-food, but it has a blind eye for the staggering discrepancy between the cost of raw wool and the price of finished tweed, even after making most liberal allowance for increased cost of manufacturing. Mr Massey tells us he is bent on smashing the profiteer—and we believe him! Well, doesn't Mr Chesterton say somewhere that "we are marvellous mugs."

Count Okuma has been giving his opinion—which, presumably, reflects that of the whole Japanese people—of the Americans and their policy in language unusually forcible and candid for a diplomat. He resents the American charge that Japan is "the Prussia of the East," and retaliates by declaring American ambitions to be on a parity with those once held by Germany, and which were so narrowly forestalled. Possibly both are right. Each aims at commercial and political domination in the Pacific (if nothing more), and "two of a trade can never agree." America has made no secret of her hostility to her rival, and to-day, judging by the intensely anti-Japanese utterances of her statesmen, and the tone of her public press, she seems more intent than ever on removing any possible misconceptions of Japan on that head. The Japs, on the other hand, were for long time cautious and conciliatory but they are at last beginning to "talk back" in a tone that bodes ill for the dreams of the League of Nations. In the aims and ambitions of these rival Powers; in the mutual hatred of the two peoples, and in the confidence of each in its own strength, we have all the elements necessary for another world-staggering conflict. Any moment may see the upheaval, and he would be a daring prophet who would venture to predict the limits of its consequences. The opinion of more than one thoughtful writer is that a struggle between Japan and America might easily develop into an inter-continental war of even greater magnitude and horror than that which has so recently shaken the world. If the possibility becomes an actuality; and the Caucasian is pitted against the black and yellow hordes of Asia, what will be the position of England, in view of her alliance with Japan?

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



SPORTING.

'Put' thought Almoner could win on Tuesday. He ran well, but always well behind Jock and Tin Soldier.

Frog gave a fine exhibition of jumping on Tuesday for nearly two miles, but (Gib) McLean could have run him on foot over the last quarter.

Tin Soldier pulled up very lame after running second to Jock on Tuesday. What a game horse he is, and it is a pity he should have gone wrong again.

Marching Order ran well for six furlongs in the Winter Welter, but Gunrest was never in the hunt. He and Golden King should both be pensioned off.

Kintailshore and Black Sea tossed out early in the Otago Steeplechase. The latter was going well when she fell, and is evidently not quite a back number yet.

Bill Stone, you have not a plum in Silverpeak! The way she humped her 9st 8lbs through that mud on Tuesday and shook off a good one like Radial makes her out some race horse. She paid a nice price too!

Kilkee was started in the short race on Tuesday, and as usual wanted to turn the start into a set of lancers, but starter Woods put him in the "padded cell," and he wasn't seen in the race.

Old Awahon is getting very old, but he can still raise a gallop for a few furlongs. He had no chance in the Jumper's Flat on Tuesday.

Golden King was slow to get onto his feet in the Winter Welter on Tuesday, but was running on at the finish. However he lost so much ground at the start that he had no chance.

Primum was in a generous mood in the last race at Wingatui on Tuesday and very nearly lauded a good stake for Buick Bill. He was just piped off by All Ready, who revolved in the heavy going.

Glenisla had many admirers at Wingatui on Tuesday, not as a steeplechasing proposition, but as a lady's hunter. However, Ernie Ellis won't part with him, and as he keeps on picking up good place money the pony must pay his way.

Dunmure, who now runs in Tom Kelt's colours and is trained again by 'Put' Hogan, didn't like the look of McChesney on Tuesday so dropped him in the water jump at Wingatui. Jack looked cold and wet as he scrambled out of the pond.

Wild Pilgrim was very stiff when he went out of the bird cage for the Jumper's Flat on Tuesday, and though he was an early leader he was not in the picture at the finish.

Killowen, who was made favourite in the Tradesmen's Handicap on Tuesday, was prominent for half a mile, and then pulled up lame after the race. His owner is laid aside just now with an attack of pleurisy. I hope both horse and man make speedy and complete recovery soon.

Eight Bells had no chance with Silverpeak and Radial, but she beat all the others. She might catch a race if these two are out of the way during the remainder of the meeting.

Old Magdala, looking as young as she did eight years ago when he fluked the Winter Cup at Riccarton, gathered up the stake and dividend in the first Hack Steeple, and, incidentally, gave Jimmy Thistleton, who trains him now-a-days, a lift along. He jumped well and buried the opposition for pace over the last quarter.

Burrangoung can't handle himself in mud, and proved it again on Tuesday when he finished second last in the Birthday Handicap. They say his owner is very offended over the things the public and scribes have been saying about the running of his nag. Mr Emslie! You shouldn't worry about little things like that. Some farmers say much harder things about the Crescent.

Silverspire went off colour a little and was not started on Tuesday, but 'Put' had a good second string in Zarkoma who ran a fair race and beat two very tired horses in Manawapango and Palladio out of the second dividend in the big steeplechase. But none of them had a chance

with Master Strowan, who won just when, where and how he wanted to.

Mettle Drift was a quiet tip for the Brighton Handicap on Tuesday—but that was all he was.

Glensponse was prominent for a while, but jumped very erratically and will require a bit of schooling in earnest yet before he wins a race over battens.

Samuel was going fairly well until he fell on Tuesday. The spill won't do him any harm and he may yet make a hurdler for Digger Dick Hazlett.

In a field of fourteen President Bill Hazlett's Mazama started fourteenth favourite and ran fourteenth all the way. Weight adjuster Henrys does try to flatter our president that he has a good horse, for he was top weight.

Martifors and Kilmeedy both began smartly in their race on Tuesday but that is all that can be said in their favour, though Martifors did go a little faster than Kilmeedy did.

Bengeroop is a game finisher, and Ivan Tilson hustled him along some in the Brighton Handicap. He stays well over a mile, and is a brother to Hardshot, but promises to be a better one.

Lady Pallas was paying any old price in the Brighton Welter and beat all but Bengeroop and Checkmate, but she was nearly thirty yards behind the pair at the winning box.

Jock cantered away with the 525 sovereigns attached to the Birthday Handicap on Tuesday. During the past three months Jock has won five races worth over £1300. Good luck to his owners who have persevered with him longer than anyone else would. I can tell you Jock is some horse now-a-days, and on a muddy course he can move along when the others are slithering about.

The weather for the opening of the Dunedin Winter Meeting was bad, and about fifty per cent. of those on the course were Southlanders. Had the Dunedin people turned out as the Southlanders did there would have been a record crowd at Wingatui on Tuesday.

The success of Jock, Bengeroop, Silverpeak and Magdala, to say nothing of the seconds run by Tin Soldier, Primum, Crafton Tot and Zarkoma, put all Southlanders on-side on Tuesday, and they were a cheerful lot of visitors who returned to town to see the show that evening.

The course was soft and holding, and one Dunedinite nearly got it in the eye when he said that it was the only sort of going that Southland horses knew anything about. I am not saying that they don't know all about mud, but Dunedin can't rub it into Southland for its weather.

THE NOTE UNHEARD.

BY RODERIC QUINN.

I said to the waters,
The beautiful waters
That laugh, being daughters
Of freedom and mirth:
"Give me of your gladness,
Unshadowed by sadness,
And I shall make music
To gladden the earth."
The waters went singing
Adown the green valleys,
Through sassafras shadows
And fern-fringed alleys;
They answered, but ever—
Betwixt us man's pain,
Man's passion—I hearkened
Their answer in vain.
I said to the thrushes,
The jubilant thrushes
Who haunt the green bushes
Gold-lit and dew-pearled:
"Give me of your sweetness,
Your joy is completeless,
And I shall make music
To pleasure the world."
Where, red in the sunlight,
The sapling-top flashes,
The thrushes were singing
'Neath tall mountain ashes;
They answered me, lifting
A joyous refrain:
Grey care at my elbow,
I hearkened in vain.

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"The Digger."

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1920.

T.B. MEN.

The amount of time spent by conference in discussing the position of T.B. men throughout the Dominion will meet with universal approval by all returned soldiers' associations and those who are anxious to see that these men receive proper treatment under favourable conditions. The war is now to some extent of passing note, and this is followed by a certain amount of apathy by returned men, and in particular the general public. It is not because the public are disinterested and are not anxious that these men receive proper treatment. It is because we become immersed in the conditions of other environment to such an extent that we are apt to forget now that the question is again in the limelight it is essential that public opinion coupled with the united efforts of the R.S.A. be a force behind the essential requirements of these men as indicated by conference. The deputation which waited upon the Prime Minister and the Hon. Wm. Guthrie, received a very favourable reply and it is hoped that there will be no delay in effecting some machinery of a concrete character. The number of men who are now requiring treatment must be considerable and it is reasonable to suppose that their ranks are being supplemented from time to time by men who are now beginning to feel the effects of standing in water and various privations associated with standing on the fire-step. In the interests of these men, and the public health everything possible must be done to restore them to health. The suggestion for the establishing of small farms for fruit and poultry keeping, etc., is a good one. If these farms are established in a suitable locality and good climatic conditions it will be a great help to them and make them self-supporting. A good deal has been done in the past, but it seems essential as far as possible to couple treatment with repatriative measures, and this would be done by the small farm system. As the Prime Minister stated, there are real difficulties associated with repatriation, and naturally enough they will exist possibly to a greater extent with T.B. men, but Mr Guthrie's assurance will be a big factor in minimising them providing they are carried into practical effect. The Minister has stated that T.B. men or otherwise who are suffering from disabilities are given concessions. Rents, for instance, were postponed without interest, and after a man got on his feet one of three things was done. Postponed rent would be taken in instalments

over two to five years, or the amount owing would be capitalised, or, in special cases, the amount would be remitted. Altogether this is very good as a piece of machinery to benefit these men, but the difficulty is that those who administer these provisions do not always act in the true spirit of the act. The conference decided to urge the following recommendations:—

That T.B. men on being discharged from a sanatorium should be provided by the Defence Department with permanently suitable shelters, properly furnished with bed, bedding, etc. That where the patient owns a house having a verandah the Defence Department defray the expenses of having the verandah glassed in and furnished with bedding, etc. That the personnel of all sanatoria should, where possible, be ex T.B. men and that compulsory examination be made every six months of T.B. men, out-patients and discharges (not for pensions) by a specialist or by the specialists who treated the men's cases, and that the Defence Department be responsible for the transportation of patients to the specialist. That it be recommended to the D.G.M.S. to send a chest expert through New Zealand to examine all chest cases from N.Z.E.F.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

In a previous issue we stated that we were not responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents. If at any time, anything is incorrectly stated, or the opinions are not agreed with, these columns are open for a statement of the case. No one will receive any information, by calling at this office, as to our contributors or their contributed matter.—Editor.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BIRDWOOD.

General Birdwood has kindly accepted the invitation of the local R.S.A. to the smoke concert on the evening of the 15th inst.

A HOLIDAY VISIT.

WELLINGTON, June 2.

General Sir William Birdwood arrived in Wellington from Sydney this evening, accompanied by Lady Birdwood and Miss Joan Birdwood. An official party, including the Minister for Internal Affairs, Major-General Sir E. W. C. Chaytor, and Brigadier-General G. S. Richardson, boarded the Manuka in the stream from a motor launch, and extended a welcome to General Birdwood on behalf of the Government and Defence Forces of the Dominion.

The President of the Returned Soldiers' Association (Dr Boxer) also welcomed the General on behalf of the returned men, and extended to him an invitation to attend the conference now being held in Wellington.

Sir William Birdwood makes it clear that he is paying merely a holiday visit to New Zealand. He hopes to meet as many as possible of the Anzac men, but he is not making in any sense a formal tour. A civic reception will be accorded him to-morrow evening.

OTAHUTI NOTES.

The Otahuti rugby team journeyed to Drummond last Saturday and met the local team, the game ending in a draw, A. S. McCrosbie scoring for Otahuti, and A. Crichton for Drummond, both tries being unconverted.

The ball was dry and the ground in fair order, with the result the game was fast from the kick-off. McLeod and R. Chilton of Drummond, held the backs together, amongst whom there was a fair amount of speculating, which must be rectified if the team is to be efficient, also a failing with Drummond is the incessant talking which goes on, and at a distance sounds like a mixture of Gaelic and French, without the gestures of the latter.

The Otahuti team did not play up to their usual standard, although some fine individual work was done, but unless a team learns the true meaning of combination, it can never be proficient in the art of playing first class football. Undoubtedly this team has more players within its ranks who would be an acquisition to any town club than most country teams have, and if that most important work, practice, were indulged in to a greater extent, then we could look forward to something special in the football line. C. Donald made many energetic attempts to cross Drummond's line, but fate willed otherwise, and although of herculean strength he could not withstand the combined efforts of the eight opposing forwards, who all seemed desirous of boarding his broad back, and he was invariably brought down within a few inches of the line; A. S. McCrosbie played a hard game, and stood out prominently among the forwards from start to finish. Mr Frank O'Connell gave great satisfaction as a referee.

RETURNED SOLDIERS' CONFERENCE.

THE SHORTAGE OF HOUSES.

WELLINGTON, June 2.

At the Returned Soldiers' Association Conference to-day, the remits passed on the subject of land included the following:—That the Government be urged in land ballots to give preference to men who proceeded overseas as against those who did not; that discretionary powers be given to Land Boards to grant applications for sale after the expiry of five years; that the Government be urged to remit stamp duty on transfers to soldiers who obtain loans under the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act; that legislation be passed for an immediate classification of lands; that district secretaries of the Association be supplied by the Land Department with a list of all Government leases falling due within the next three years; that the maximum advance for the purpose of felling bush on soldiers' sections be increased in all cases to cover the actual cost of felling; that the Returned Soldiers' Association be represented on all Land Boards, and that Boards be empowered to appoint local committees to deal with Returned Soldiers' Association applications for land; that Boards have power to make final decisions without reference to the Minister in order to expedite the business; that attention be called to the ineffectiveness of Land Purchase Boards, and that a clear statement be asked of the Minister regarding their duties and powers.

The following resolution was carried:—That this Conference is of opinion that the time has arrived when the various patriotic societies should earmark a portion of their funds for permanently totally and permanently partially disabled soldiers, and for men who are breaking down from time to time as a result of their military service.

The Conference affirmed the principle that returned men should be given protection against ejection from rented dwellings for a further period of twelve months.

The Christchurch branch submitted the following remits on the matter, and its adoption was recommended by the Land Committee: "That in view of the acute shortage of houses, this conference urges the Government to continue the protection given to returned soldiers by the War Regulations Act of 1914 against ejection from rented dwellings for a further period of twelve months as from August 2 next."

Mr W. Perry (Wellington) said there was a great feeling against the protection being extended to returned soldiers, which found its expression amongst land agents and landlords. They all knew how acute the house shortage was, and from his own knowledge he could state that every Thursday morning the business of the Wellington Magistrate's Court was taken up with tenement cases. He submitted that instead of soldiers being protected for a period of twelve months they should be protected so long as the house shortage existed. "If there is any individual in this country who ought to have a roof over his head and who is entitled not to be ejected from his house so long as he pays his rent and does not knock it about, surely it is the returned soldier who, during the last four or five years, has been standing up to his knees in mud in the trenches, while the owners of houses were lying in bed," declared Mr Perry amidst applause.

Mr W. Leadley (Christchurch) remarked that since the principle had been put on the Statute Book the protection to soldiers had been a bugbear to land agents and landlords, but to the majority of the returned soldiers throughout the country it had been a veritable godsend. He hoped the conference would realise the importance of the remit, and see it was put through with no uncertain voice. He knew of a case where a man who left wife and children behind when he went to the war returned to find that his home was without gas and water. About six months before the man returned his wife was told to quit the house, which had been sold over her head. The landlord said that unless she got out within a certain time he would have the gas and water cut off. This threat was carried out. Mr Leadley said he interviewed the landlord and told him that unless gas and water were laid on immediately the whole case would be published in the press, and the result was that next day the gas and water were reinstated. This was one instance which proved that protection was necessary to prevent returned men from being "bluffed" out and giving up their houses.

The Rev. W. Walker (Christchurch), in supporting the remit, mentioned the case of a Christchurch woman whose husband was in hospital awaiting an operation.

This woman had been ordered to leave her house by the Court, the ground of the landlord's application being that the premises had not been kept in proper repair. All she had omitted to do was to keep the garden in order.

Mr D. S. Smith (Gore) opposed the remit, because he thought that returned soldiers might have an unfair advantage over civilians. After all, the returned soldiers were now civilians, and they could be ejected now if they failed to pay their rent, committed a nuisance to a neighbour, or allowed their houses to fall into disrepair.

The remit was carried.

ADVANCES TO SOLDIERS.

WITHDRAWAL CAUSES CONSTERNATION.

WELLINGTON, June 2.

The Returned Soldiers' Conference to-day passed a resolution viewing with consternation the sudden withdrawal by the Government of loans to returned soldiers, under the D.S.S. Act and urging: (a) That immediate provision be made by Parliament to deal with all applications for loans which were lodged with Land Boards before April 25, 1920; and (b) that in view of the large number of applications declined by Land Boards since the Government's withdrawal of loans Parliament should authorise the continuance of these loans at the earliest possible moment during the coming session.

It was decided also to call upon the Prime Minister to redeem the promise made by him to the last conference that the Act will remain in operation until every returned soldier is settled on the land.

It was resolved further to ask all local Associations to place their case before their district members of Parliament, also that the Prime Minister and Minister of Lands be invited to attend the Conference, failing which the Conference wait on them with the object of obtaining satisfaction.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Austrian Peace Treaty has been ratified by the United States.

It is understood that the Rev. Hector McLean, M.A., M.S.C., B.D., has received a call from St. Andrew's Congregation, Dunedin.

"The Otago Daily Times" reports that strong phrases were used by the Port Chalmers Council to condemn profiteering. This is about the only thing that is being done to stop profiteering.

The St. Kilda Borough Council have decided to cut off the water supply owing to non-payment of rates. The Council must expect a drought to impose punishment.

A Sydney message states that the authorities have promised a further inquiry into the Father Jerger case pending his deportation. The first inquiry must be like our Royal Commissions, "ineffective."

The Londonderry Corporation has removed Lord French's name from the Freeman's Roll. The mayor described him as a discredited politician.

"The National News" states that general warships are being fitted out at Sheerness to proceed to Ireland, where the situation is regarded as more serious than the reports indicate. It is believed that an attempt at rebellion is imminent.

The International Labour Office of the League of Nations resents New Zealand's non-representation at the Genoa conference.

An Auckland message states that a postal official at Runciman was accosted by a man with a revolver, who seized a sum of money and rode away on the postman's bicycle.

Dennis Gunn has been sentenced to death for the murder of the post-master at Ponsonby. Finger-print evidence played a prominent part in the prosecution.

The Soldiers' Conference passed the following remits: "That a Bill be introduced to Parliament next session providing that Anzac Day be a statutory holiday; that in the opinion of the Association the present shortage of house property; the excessive prices thereof, and the scarcity of building operations are largely the direct result of the wholesale exportation of building timber by most of the large timber co-operations throughout New Zealand, and that the Government be urged to stop such exportations and commandeer all available building material for the erection of homes." A resolution was passed to the effect that an efficient defence scheme is essential to New Zealand.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

KING'S BIRTHDAY FOOTBALL.

STAR (6) v. ATHLETIC (6).

The following are the teams:—

STAR.—Forwards: Smith, Hall, Adamson, Sparks, G. Lilley, Murray, Leggett, Agnew. Backs: J. Lilley, Barraclough, W. Brown, H. Brown, John Oughton, James Oughton, and Jenkins.

ATHLETIC.—Forwards: Meffin, McKenzie, Sparks, Roach, Sheehan, Miller, Shepherd. Backs: Bryce, Horan, Cross, Mapletoft, Cook, Kerr, Cosgrove.

The first spell of this drawn game produced no good play and a scramble try to Star. The Athletic forwards were heavy in appearance but did not impress one as grafters until they became well warmed up. Attack and counter-attack were the features of the initial stages of the game, ground defence and diving being weak, though Star forwards packed more tightly than Athletic, who showed high heads and lack of snap on the line. Their heeling, however, was superior to that of Star and their passing more varied. Star following up was quick and concerted. Athletic was slow and straggly. Each set of backs speculated freely, often with disastrous results. For the first eight minutes Star forwards got all over their opponents, and Athletic chances looked blue. Green sparkled up and had more than half the play but no score in the first spell. Star 3, Athletic nil.

After the breather, bad Star fielding let the Green attack, but Oughton cleared through not being tackled, kicking to middle low, the excellent anticipating crummers swarming into Athletic twenty-five and scoring fairly wide.—Star 6. Star continued to attack and nearly scored gain, their marking, close-packing of eight forwards making their game more impact than that of Green who depended on smothering, Roach and Leith catching the eye. A Star off-side was dropped by sixth, and 6-3 was the tally. Clean man-to-man tackling was weak, though numerous late tackles and illegal interferences occurred. Lilley had a period of fence and came well out of it. Oughton had to retire injured, and Athletic forwards took charge of the game. A Green mark was potted between the posts, but the referee was not in position and the umpires were side-tracked, rightly no position was given. Athletic continued to press, and amid intense excitement, which centered itself in much clamouring, Green scored in the corner from a passing rush, living being disregarded by the defenders. Star 6, Athletic 6. Star came to attack at once, making the other side's barrackers anxious. Green at last got away to the twenty-five, where Star did some excellent defence passing and kicking. Athletic forward weight now told and Star had to defend until the end of the game which ended six all. This is the first Galbraith field match in which the spectators really stirred up players, the northern side lining crowded by over-eager enthusiasts who impeded the game to hearten their respective sides.

PUBLIC SERVICE (15) v. BANKS AND LAW (3).

Public Service.—Backs: O'Connell, Forde, O'Callaghan, Saunders, McDonald, Dalgleish, L. Dalgleish. Forwards: Merson, Hunter, Anderson, Langbein, Coat, McDermott, Bennetts, and Stobo. Banks and Law.—Backs: Gibbs, Loppell, Gilmour, Prain, St. George, Duncan, Kes. Forwards: Fryde, Matheson, Oughton, Knox, Kirkland, Pope, Irig, and Wilcox.

In the grandstand stretch of honour Banks and Law kicked off queerly and time speculated the return. The line was closely packed, each side looking like trained combinations, but Banks Law with a slightly better breakaway. Public Service wing-three had a ground instead of handling, and were lucky clear towards stand. From some vigorous winger Sproat charged along line and juggled successfully a missile and a follower-up scored at the west corner. Public Service 3.

Star was showing up in excellent play and tackling on a sward that gave the advantage, and Stobo nullified the advantage of the Banks and Law efforts by his wild anticipations. A period of family dull play was relieved by a good try from Loppell, but Campbell soon scored an irresistible Black rush which led in the score reading, Public Service Banks and Law nil. Macdonald and George did some good interchanges of play, the latter continuing longer in evidence. Sproat took the game out of monopoly with a lonesome dribble to the corner, in an excellent passing rush was initiated

ated by Jack Dalgleish in to Cameron who ran his limit well and threw the defence into a lump by passing out to Stobo. Public Service 9, Banks and Law nil. Play weakened for a time, when Fortune took a bounce and ran strongly to the corner. Public Service 12, Banks and Law nil. A great Blue and Black passing rush from Gilmour to Prain to forward Pryde deserved a try, but did not get one. Spell ended. Public Service 12, Banks and Law nil. Public Service attacked early, but Dalgleish's kicking and dribbling when blocked saved his side scores of times, Public Service at length attacking and rushing over in a black mass for three. Public Service 15, Banks and Law nil. Several good Bank and Law passing bout and forward rushes saw Prain handling last, but being tackled he dropped it and a forward scored, Public Service 15, Banks and Law 3. Much of the game was now in the backs and St. George and Gilmour did some excellent attacking, but their wings lacked body and failed to penetrate, the game ending Public Service 15, Banks and Law 3. At times this game was football worthy of being copied.

INVERCARGILL (11) v. WAIKIWI (3).

Soon after kick-off Blues attacked but resultlessly, Waikiwi return finding them not all willing to tackle. Waikiwi went in for spoiling, but succumbed to an Invercargill forward rush. I.F.C. 3. The only other score in the first half was a penalty by Blues. I.F.C. 6, Waikiwi nil. The second spell saw much give and take play with Forde, Knight, and Whyte conspicuous for Waikiwi, who had lost the services of the veteran Bourchier, his ribs being injured. In spite of their misfortune some excellent anticipatory play was shown by Forde, and some sound straight running by Knight. Whittaker of Blues had a day out and led several desperate attacks from one of which he emerged ball in hand to score, the resultant goal bringing the score to I.F.C. 11, Waikiwi 3. The Waikiwi figures came from a unique goal, the ball going well over after being twice kicked along by a player running at top speed. It will make the match a memorable one from the fact that such a goal was kicked and—allowed. There was no further score. I.F.C. 11, Waikiwi 3.

UNION (6) v. BLUFF (3).

This game gave great delight to spectators from the variety of attack and the peculiarity of defence. Bluff were very speedy and several of their backs were excellent soccer players. Bluff scored first through a back trying a pot and going nowhere near it. However, his right wing-three got to the ball before Union had examined the attacker's license to advance. Bluff 3. Union did most of the attacking in the later spell, scoring two tries, from one of which the kick sent the ball on to the bar to rebound into the live field. This game was full of incident and Bluff several times nearly equalised the tallies. Time sounded with the scores, Union 6 Bluff 3.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Miss Grace Tucker has returned to Dunedin.

A most enjoyable surprise party was given at Mrs Horace Macalisters, Gladstone, on Saturday evening. Some of the guests were: Misses Prain, Hogg, Hazlett, Snow, Bews, Messrs Gilmour, Irvine, Prain, Hazlett, Ivc, etc.

The Invercargill Tennis Club gave its annual ball in the Victoria Hall on Friday evening. Great praise is due to the committee for the brilliant success it was. Among the guests I noticed, Mr and Mrs Gabites, Mr and Mrs Crawford, Mr and Mrs Haggitt, Mrs Wilson Hodges, Mrs Morrah, Mr and Mrs Broughton, Dr, and Mrs Macdonald, Mr and Mrs Horace Macalister, Mr and Mrs John Macdonald, Misses Bews, Tucker, Hain, Logan, Hogg, Storey, H. Macdonald, Haggitt, Crofts, F. Macdonald, Washer, Brown, Hackworth, Vynar, Guthrie, Smith, McCaw, Callender, Messrs Cameron, Tucker, Farnell, Dunnet, Hobbs, Washer, Dr. Gow (Winton), Alexander, Searell, Gilmour, Callender, Broughton, and many others.

On sale now, good news, Congoleum is here at last. Lose no time in calling to see these beautiful, durable, germ-proof, waterproof, and sanitary art rugs and by the yard floor covering. For every room in the house there is a suitable congoleum art rug. The designs are many and varied, in beautiful colourings. Every piece of congoleum bears the gold seal guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Sizes 9 x 6 for 57/6; sizes 10 1/2 x 9 for 102/6; 12 x 9 for 114/6. By the yard six feet wide, 11/6. Dainty house furnishings, including the newest curtains, case-ment cloths, and cretonnes all at our famous low prices. See window and all departments at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Stores, Invercargill and Gore.

WANTED.

SMART BOYS to sell the "Digger" in South Invercargill and Waikiwi. Good commission. Apply "Digger" Office, News Buildings, Invercargill.

WANTED.

A COOK for BACHELORS.

Apply—

"X.Y.Z."

Timpany's Siding.

SOUTHLAND WAR FUNDS ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Southland War Funds Association will be held in the Town Hall, Tay street, Invercargill, on THURSDAY, 17th June, 1920, at 10.30 a.m.

Business:

Annual Report and Statement of Accounts.

Election of Office Bearers.

General.

H. J. FARRANT,

Secretary.

SOUTHLAND BOXING ASSOCIATION.

GRAND

ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

MUNICIPAL THEATRE.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JUNE 9 and 10.

SPLENDID ENTRIES.

Including Competitors from—TIMARU, DUNEDIN, and SOUTHLAND.

BEST TOURNAMENT FOR YEARS.

PRICES—Stage 5/s. Circle and Stalls 3/-, Gallery 2/-

Farms for Sale.

11 ACRES, together with good six-roomed house, situated in go-ahead township in Western District. Deposit £300. Balance easy. Price £1000.

400 ACRES with good four-roomed house, cowbyre, etc. Good orchard. Well fenced and watered. Large area limed. Price for sale or exchange £16 per acre.

550 ACRES, with good seven roomed house, stable, chaffhouse, woolshed, etc. This is a tip-top sheep farm carrying over 500 ewes. Price £13 10s per acre.

MERRIVALE.—Three good farms: 495 acres, at £10 per acre; 602 acres at £8 7s 6d per acre; 559 acres at £5 2s 6d per acre.

HOUSE PROPERTIES for sale in all parts of the city and suburbs. Call and consult me about your future home.

T. D. A. Moffett,

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

GOOD COMMISSION.

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

"DIGGER."

Apply—DIGGER OFFICE, Early Next Week.

MUTTON BIRDS! MUTTON BIRDS!

FIRST OF THE SEASON.

Only obtainable at—

PASCO BROS.—

DEE STREET.

FRESH CONSIGNMENTS JUST ARRIVED.

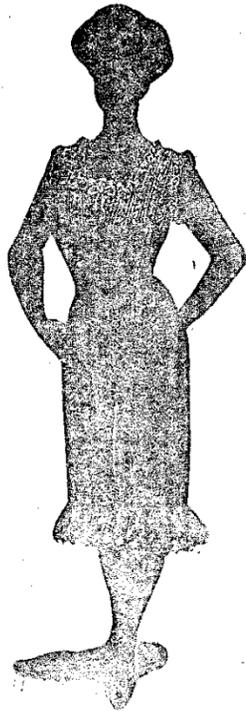
REMEMBER—

PASCO BROS.'

—For—

MUTTON BIRDS.

**Desirable Qualities
MADE IN MOST APPROVED STYLES.**



WHITE and CREAM WOVEN NIGHTDRESSES, in good qualities, 15/6, 17/6, to 25/6.

CREAM COTTON WOVEN VESTS; all sizes; long and short sleeves, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, to 7/6.

SILK AND WOOL VESTS, in short sleeves only; splendid qualities, beautifully finished. Prices 7/6, 8/6, 9/6, to 14/6.

ALL WOOL VESTS; ribbed and Plain; Cream, short and long sleeves. Prices 5/11, 6/11, 7/6, to 14/6.

ALL WOOL COLONIAL VESTS in Natural, L.S. open front, 14/6.

GREY WOVEN KNICKERS, Fleece lined, elastic at waist and knee, 6/11 and 7/6.

FLEECE LINED KNICKERS, in Saxe, Grey, Navy, Brown, and Cream. Great value 10/6.

DRESSING GOWNS.

LOVELY MOLLETON, extra weight, in plain colours, floral effect. Prices 49/6 to 105/-

In useful Dark RIPPLE CLOTH, 25/6 to 42/6.

NO BETTER VALUE OFFERING THAN THESE.

EXTRA LONG WOVEN COTTON CHEMISE VESTS, W.S.S., at 9/11; O.S. S.S. at 10/6. These are special.

CREAM FLANNELETTE NIGHTDRESSES; made of lovely quality cloth and trimmed frills at 10/11.

CREAM FLANNELETTE AND WINCEYETTE NIGHTDRESSES, trimmed with Lace and Insertion; W. and O.S. sizes. Prices 17/6, 18/6, to 24/6.

Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

THE QUALITY HOUSE.

Phone 130. P.O. Box 46. Tay Street, Invercargill.



LAND BOARD ELECTION.

THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE CANDIDATE CONTESTING THE VACANCY IS—COLONEL HARGEST.

A PRACTICAL FARMER WORKING A CROWN LEASE.

A RETURNED SOLDIER WITH A BRILLIANT WAR RECORD, AND A MEMBER OF THE LAND PURCHASE BOARD.

NO OTHER CANDIDATE CONTESTING THE SEAT HAS THE QUALIFICATION FOR REPRESENTING ALL SECTIONS CONCERNED.

VOTE FOR HARGEST.

888

Land Board Election.

CANDIDATES:

~~GARDNER, JAMES GARDNER, CLIFDEN.~~

HARGEST, JAMES, JUNR., MANDEVILLE.

~~HEFFERNAN, DENIS JAMES, DEARMONT, NIGHTCAPS.~~

~~WING, JAMES, TUATAREDE.~~

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

NOTCH! SCOTCH! POTCH!

BURNS—NOT MUCH ELSE.

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

My barmie noodle's working prime,
My fancy's yrekit up sublime
Wf' hasty saumon,
Hae ye a leisure moment's time,
To hear what's comin'?

Truth to tell there is "comin'", or
forthcoming, as you English chaps prefer.
However, nevertheless, notwithstanding as
Harry Lander would say we'll gie ye the
real McKay, pure and unadulterated fra'
the land o' oat cakes, whusky and Burns.

Martin Anstey M.A., B.D., London,
the eminent scholar and Biblical student
says, "The best commentary on the Bible
is the Bible itself." So say we of Burns.
The great Scot, who remarked, as his fatal
hour neared, that the Psalms of David
and the poems of Burns would help him
into the Kingdom was not far from the
truth. Let prudes, quat-minds, the
supercilious and the genuine souls who
sincerely differ, differ. Let them differ.
What the world wants is truth and the
man who does not write it has no right
to be called a genius. The Bible, Shakespe-
peare—aye Burns, if you like, hold sway
in the minds where they are read and
understood because they hit one hard—
they compel one to say "that harmonics
with history and my own heart." It is
true to life.

It is a gross libel on the work of Burns,
taken wholly, to say that it other than
edifies. The story of his licentiousness
and woe: told truthfully by Burns him-
self is no more debasing than the history
of the whoremongering of Samson or the
adultery of Israel's greatest King.

Burns, in more homely language than
that other mighty Scot, who was so Eng-
lish, as to be ashamed of his mother's
accent—Byron we mean—concurred in:—

"The moth, the cauler, and the rust
are mine alone,
I love the virtues that I cannot claim."
—Byron.

However:—

Hale by your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbow jink and diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' warly cares,
Till bairn's bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin' the words to get them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't
wi' drink.

Wf' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but ay owro late, I think
Draw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymia' clink,
The devil haet, that I sub ban,
They ever think.

Search where you will Burns is brim
full of wit and satire.

Rare:—

THE CALF.

To the Rev. Mr James Steven.

On his text, Malachi IV. 2,— "And ye
shall go forth, and grow up as CALVES
of the stall."

(The laugh which this little poem raised
against Steven was a loud one. Burns
composed it during the sermon to which
it relates and repeated it to Gavin Ham-
ilton, with whom he happened on that
day to dine. The Calf—for the name it
seems stuck—came to London, where the
younger brother of Burns heard him
preach in Convent Garden Chapel, in
1790).

Right, sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though Heretics may laugh;
For instance; theres' yoursel' just now,
Guid knows, an unco Calf!

And should some patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a Stirk.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly power,
You e'er should be a Stot!

Tho', when some kind, connubial dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear your roar and rowle,
The men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the nowle.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wf' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous Bullock!"

SOLDIERS ONLY.

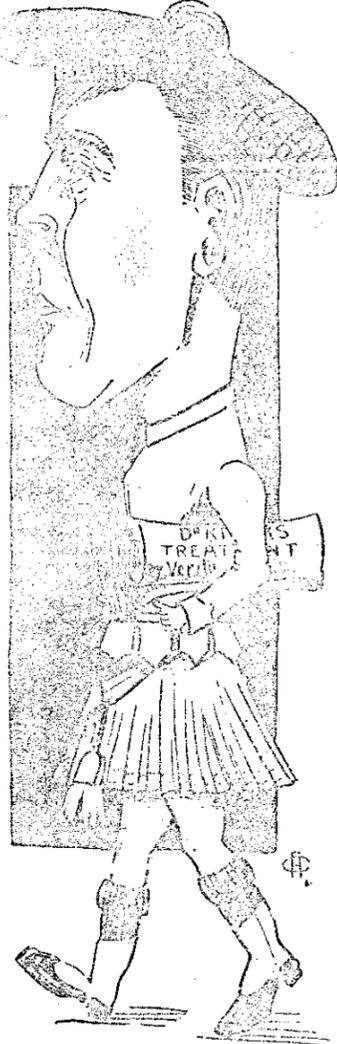
Resolved:—

That "Jock" Cuthill late Captain
N.Z.E.F., now of Invercargill, grain
broker, competitions secretary, and late
secretary Boxing Society and of golf
fame, be requested to refrain from knock-
ing "seven bells" out of respectable tony
Gladstone. We know you want the
chicken coops. We know you like roast
"chickie," but really building chicken
coops and storming Seddul Bahr are two
different operations. Take the tip and
Golin McDonald will take the carburettor
to pieces.

That "Denny" Hunt be asked not to put
all his "hoot" under the P.O. clock. Billy
Mitchell of W.S. and Co. has a good
"apsc" for him.

That the land agents should combine
thus:—

Dalling Wilson and Haut-away Traill,
L.L. In a close finish on a deal
Stewart could Rout them. He is "per-
petually" on it and has a Fortune.



The Gay Gordon

He can sell you a house,
He can buy you a farm,
He can make your sides ache;
With a good old Scotch yarn.
A disciple of Kirk;
Well known about town;
Our champion reciter,
The "Gay Gordon Brown."

RETURNED SOLDIERS CONFERENCE
EFFICIENT DEFENCE SCHEME.

WELLINGTON, June 1.
At the Returned Soldiers Conference to-
day Mr J. D. Harper, on behalf of the
Wellington Association moved: "That this
Association considers an efficient defence
scheme is essential to New Zealand as
part of the Empire." He said he did not
think war was done with. The League of
Nations had achieved all that was
expected of it, and in the interests of
the future of the country we
must be prepared and ready to defend it.
At the same time it was the duty of the
country to consider an efficient recon-
struction scheme which should be possible
with the experience gained. There was
a League in the country now which had
been formed for the purpose of
urging effective future defence. He
did not know whether the Association
was prepared to offer its assistance to the
Defence League, the constitution of which
had been widely published. However,
he threw this out as a suggestion.
Mr McPherson seconded the motion,
which was carried unanimously.

FURNITURE.
To those in search of Quality and Value, Inspect our
Stock and get our Quotations. We carry the Largest
Stocks in Invercargill, all of Our Own Manufacture.
W. STRANG & CO.,
THE LOCAL FURNITURE FIRM,
ESK & KELVIN STREETS, INVERCARGILL.

LAND FOR SOLDIERS.
WELLINGTON, June 2.
The Returned Soldiers' Conference de-
cided to urge the Government to put in
operation forthwith clauses of the Acts in
force relating to the compulsory ac-
quisition of land; that where practicable
payment for land so acquired should be
made by Government securities (bonds
etc); that more stringent steps be taken
to enforce the provisions of the Acts re-
lating to the imposition of the graduated
land tax with a view to forcing large
land owners to place their land in the
markets.

THOSE ORDERS.
(By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.)
Where are those others?—the men who
stood
In the first wild spate of the German
flood,
And paid full price with their heart's
best blood,
For the saving of you and me:
French's Contemptibles, haggard and
lean,
Allenby's lads of the cavalry screen,
Grunners who fell in Battery L,
And Guardsmen of Landroocis?
Where are those others who fought
and fell,
Outmanned, outgunned, and scant of
shell,
On the deadly curve of the Ypres hell,
Barring the coast to the last?
Where are our laddies who died out
there,
From Poelcapelle to Festubert,
When the days grew short and the
poplars bare
In the cold November blast?
For us their toil and for us their pain,
The sordid ditch and the sodden plain,
The Flemish fog and the driving rain,
The cold that cramped and froze;
The weary night, the chill, bleak day,
When earth was dark and sky was
grey,
And the ragged weeds in the dripping
clay
Were all God's world to those.
Where are those others in this glad
time,
When the standards wave and the joy-
bells chime,
And London stands with outstretched
hands
Waving her children in?
Athwart our joy still comes the thought
thought
Of the dear, dead boys, whose lives
have bought
All that sweet victory has brought
To us who lived to win,
To catch his dreams, and mine to me,
But as the shadows fall I see
That ever glorious company,
The men that bide out there.
Riflesman, Highlander, Fusilier,
Airman and Sapper and Grenadier,
With flaunting banner and wave and
cheer,
They flow through the darkening
air.

And yours are there, and so are mine,
Rank upon rank and line upon line,
With smiling lips and eyes that shine,
And bearing proud and high.
Past they go with their measured
tread,
These are the victors, these the
dead!
Ah, sink the knee and bare the head
As the hallowed host goes by!
—Daily Express.
Tin farthings and half-pennies were
issued in England in the reign of James
II.
Each inspiration flows divine,
Like liquid gold from heavenly mine;
Genius may then its soul impart,
But patience is the source of art,
Persistent effort linked with skill
Commands success and always will—
When septic forms of cold mature,
Persist with Woods' Great Peppermint
Cure.

POULTRY NOTES.

EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.
The following are the returns for the
Southland Utility Poultry Club's fifth
annual test for the sixth week ending
23rd May, 1920:—

Table with columns: Name, Daily Week's Laying, Grand Total. Includes entries for Enterprise P.F., Stevens & Hunter, Andrew Love, E. Williamson, etc.

Barred Plymouth Rocks. +Rhode Island Reds. +Buff Leghorns. \$ Brown Leghorns.

Table with columns: Name, Single Birds. Includes entries for S. L. Beer, D. F. McDougall, A. Provan, etc.

+Silver Wyandotte. *Barred Plymouth Rock. \$ Brown Leghorns. +Buff Leghorn. **Black Minorca.

Table with columns: Name, Ducks. Includes entries for J. C. Wilson, A. Pearce, R. J. Clarke, etc.

** White Indian Runner Ducks.
Singles ... 153 861
Grand Total ... 824 4121

Crime has grown apace in Germany. In
1919 the Berlin police dealt with 76,000
burglary cases as against only 25,000 in
1914.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

250 ACRES in the famous Drummond
tract; 30 acres in turnips and
10 acres ridged turnips, 35
stubble, and balance 1, 2, and 3
old grass. Well fenced, subdivided
and watered. This is a good all round
farm and will carry between 400
500 sheep, and 25 dairy cows
horses, besides cropping. Good
five-roomed house, 6-stall stable,
loose-box, barn, shearing and im-
ment shed, cowbyre, etc.; 1/2
from school, post office and tele-
graph. This is a really good farm and
worth inspecting at the price asked
£21 per acre. Terms, say £1000
posit, and balance in five years at
per cent. interest.

F. H. TUCKER

LAND AGENT.
Phone—45.

THE GRAND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS CO.
PLETE,
DEE STREET.

SALE! SALE!

HALF-YEARLY STOCKTAKING
SALE.

COMMENCES JUNE 5 FOR TWO
WEEKS ONLY.

A REAL MONEY SAVER.
Don't miss this lot, as we cannot
repeat the offer.

5 1/2 Dozen Men's ALL-WOOL SHIRTS
12/6.

About 8 dozen English ALL-WOOL
SINGLETs and UNDERPANTS
6/11.

Watch for many more real money sav-
ing lines during sale.

INSPECTION INVITED.

W. BIRD AND W. GEORGE
TO THE PUBLIC IN SEARCH OF
TOWN PROPERTIES.

NEW RIVER FLAT.

You can't beat the New River Flat
dairying. We have for sale a farm of
acres, which is well worth the price asked
£25 per acre. There is a seven-room
house and good buildings. The
wood lorry picks up the milk.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

We have another good Dairy Farm
to factory, school, and rail. Good
house and outbuildings. Price wanted £20
per acre. Easy terms. Call in and get
particulars.

DIPTON.

If you are on the lookout for cheap
property you can't do better than inspect this
32 Acres; only two miles from
Seven-roomed house, stable, carriage
barn. Should be able to carry 200
besides growing crop. Price only £20
per acre.

TOWN PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.

Good modern six-roomed house in
locality; £875. Owner removing.
excellent value.

Another in the market for same
reason as above. Very convenient six-room
family residence, in splendid order.
No better value offering.
Five rooms, modern conveniences.
cheap home-to-day at £650.
There are just a selection. We
invite your enquiries and they will have
best attention.

MEEK & OUGHTON
LTD.
Land Agents,
ESK STREET.

"HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

Are Manufactured in Southland, and are made by a Company all British owned.

HIGHLANDER BRAND

Is a guarantee of quality and nationality. It can always be depended upon.



REPATRIATION.

DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

IF YOU REQUIRE ASSISTANCE

—to—

ESTABLISH A BUSINESS.

FURNISH A HOME,

SECURE EMPLOYMENT,

LEARN A TRADE,

Etc.,

CONSULT THE NEAREST RE-PATRIATION OFFICER.

Local Committees at Gore and Queenstown.

A. GLASS,
Secretary,

Tay Street, Invercargill.

SOUTHLAND BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY AND BANK OF DEPOSIT.

LEND Money on the security of freehold or approved leasehold properties.

The repayments may be made over terms varying from 5 to 14 years.

Loans may be repaid in full or in instalments of £50, interest ceasing at date of payment.

Applications are promptly dealt with and money paid over without delay. Auction and mortgage fees are low.

The Society receives money on deposit at 5% or for fixed periods at good rates of interest.

For further particulars apply at the Society's Office, 77 Tay street.

H. L. HAY,
Secretary.

I. A. Ott & Co. LIMITED.

W. A. Ott, A. W. Jones, (Directors.)

700—Half acre and good six-roomed Dwelling; in good locality; handy to Georgetown tram.

nicely laid out; orchard and garden. Well fenced and sheltered. Several substantial outbuildings.

Easy going. Owner shifting north. Absolutely the cheapest property of the kind in the market.

will be pleased to see YOU.

are Agents for Standard Insurance Co. (N.Z.), Ltd., and can also insure house and furniture.

ances arranged on freehold security.

W. A. OTT AND CO., LTD.,
Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

Post Office, above Economic).



Kennel Notes

All breeds were judged together similar to a bracelet class.

The winning dog turned up in a young one bred by Mr Durie.

The leading breeders of Christchurch brought forward one or more entries.

The leading exhibitors locally are forwarding their dogs on to Dunedin show.

Breeders having any pups on hand would do well by advertising same in the "Digger."

Mr Durie is to be congratulated on his fine win as he is a stickler and knows a good one when it comes along.

The Canterbury Kennel Club has just recently held an evening show for young dogs. Mr H. S. Kyle was the judge.

Dunedin Show June 17, 18, and 19. The entries closed on May 22, that being the second day of Invercargill Kennel Club's show.

It will be Mr S. C. Crisp's first appearance as judge at Dunedin. He is an all-round judge having had experience in the old land before coming out to the Dominion. His favourites are bulldogs and cockers.

As the two named breeds are always strongly represented it is fortunate to have such a competent man as Mr Crisp located in the South Island. He now resides in Christchurch.

Sinclair, Bilcliff and Durie showed Airedales; Spedding, Crisp, Edgar, and Leveridge, cockers; and Durie and Bilcliff, terriers.

The local Club members were disappointed at the Christchurch fanciers failing to send some of their dogs down south to compete.

It is to be hoped that they will be exhibiting at Dunedin, thus giving local fanciers a chance of meeting their exhibits in the ring and trying out conclusions.

There is a good inquiry at present for well bred fox terriers, cocker spaniels, retrievers, and Irish water spaniels.

D. R. DOUBLE,

FRUITERER, TAY STREET.

Phone—270.

ALL THE SEASON'S CHOICEST FRUIT

And

CONFECTIONERY

IN STOCK.

ALSWEILER BROS.,

HAIRDRESSERS & TOBACCONISTS,

WISH to notify the public generally that they have always on hand a good supply of all smokes, and other lines, such as

RAZORS, PIPES, SOAPS, etc.,

and when a SHAVE or HAIR-CUT is required we solicit your patronage.

ALSWEILER BROS.,

Dee street,

INVERCARGILL.

GILCHRIST'S

COUGH ELIXIR.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, Etc.

2/6. Posted 3/-

W. G. Gilchrist,

PRESCRIPTION CHEMIST,

GRAND PHARMACY,

DEE ST., INVERCARGILL.

ALARM CLOCKS!

GOOD MORNING, PIRATE, PEEP O'DAY, SLEEP METER, OR BIG BEN.

WITH any of these reliable time-pieces in the house you can go to sleep and rest forgetting everything, depending on the Clock to wake you on time. It will do it.

The cost is very little and the relief from care and worry for fear of over-sleeping is great.

KNOW WHO SELLS THEM?

NOBLE'S

Dee street, Invercargill.

THE PAPER FAMINE is world wide. Supplies are running low. Take my advice and replenish your stocks while prices are reasonable.

MY PRICES—

LETTER TABLETS, 9d, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, and 1/9 each.

ENVELOPES, 4d, 6d, 9d, and 1/- per packet.

BOXES OF STATIONERY, 2/- and 2/3.

LETTERETTES, 2/-

T. Hide,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

HUMOUR GLEANINGS.

Mabel: "I love their military clothes, don't you?" Gertie: "Yes, but the buttons catch on one's hair so!"

Hope (thirsting after knowledge)—"Pa, what's a magpie like?" Pa (irritably)—"Oh, go listen to your mother!"

"She isn't exactly pretty but she has that indefinable something—" "So I hear; her father has piles of it."

Teacher: "Children, how can we distinguish right from wrong?" Pupil: "If we enjoy doing a thing, it's wrong."

"What is heredity?" she asked. "Something," replied the cynic, "a father believes in until his son begins acting for a darn fool."

Miss Primm: "Does this parrot swear?" Dealer: "No, ma'am. But he's a bright bird, ma'am. Wouldn't take 'im long to learn."

Sweet Young Thing: "Why do men join clubs?" Sour Old Churl: "Well, some join because they have no homes, and some because they have."

"But my dear, his offer of love is a compliment to your beauty." "Yes, but his offer of marriage is an insult to my intelligence."

She (to husband, who feels sea-sickness coming on): "Can I get you anything, dear?" He: "No, just tell me how to keep what I've got."

"You say your friend's business is light reading. Does he read novels for a publishing house?" "No; he reads meters for the gas company."

Housewife: "I cannot give you money, but you may have something to eat." Exquisite Henry: "Thank you, no, madam—I dine at seven."

Diner: "Why the deuce do you bring me the fish before the soup?" Waiter: "Well, between ourselves, sir, that fish wouldn't have kept five minutes longer."

Old Lady: "But my good man, don't you get tired of doing nothing?" Cadging Clarence: "Orful, mum. I gets so tired I can't do nothin' else."

"Bobby, did you have a good time at the party?" "Yes, mother." "Why didn't you stay until it was over?" "What was the use, mother? I couldn't eat any more."

Go-Slow Orator: "Their latest slogan is 'Produce, Produce, Produce.' And what does it all mean?" Disgusted Voice: (somewhere in background): "Work!"

Observer: "I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the tramcar the other day." Observed: "Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."

Mistress: "Bridget, I do not like the idea of your entertaining policemen in the kitchen." Cook: "Shure, ma'am, they'd be embarrassed to death if I tuk thim into the drawing room."

Short-story Writer: "Don't you think the story would do if I boiled it down?" Editor: "No, I'm sure it wouldn't. But I should try the action of heat on it in another way, if I were you."

"My dear Mrs Croesus, may I not put your name down for tickets for Professor Pundit's course of lectures on Buddhism?" "Oh, by all means! You know how passionately fond I am of flowers!"

Old Mercator (to little Billy Brown, who applies for situation as an office boy and produces testimonial from parson): "We don't want you on Sundays. Have you a reference from any one who knows you on week-days?"

He: "And what is your society for?" She: "For the prevention of gambling among women." He: "But that's impossible." She: "Certainly it's not impossible to stop gambling among women." He: "Oh, gambling! I thought you said gabbling!"

"I say, Slim is about to retire from business," said one to another. "He's a capital chap and well deserves a rest. He's going to devote the remainder of his life to doing good." "Really?" asked the other, with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "And who is he—Good, I mean?"

An absent-minded old gentleman taking tea with his daughter and grandchild kept his spoon in the cup and drank from the saucer. "Why don't you drink from the cup, grandpa?" asked the inquisitive child. "Well," came the innocent reply, "I'm afraid of getting the spoon in my eye."

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Of Interest to Women.

MORE ON WEALTH.

In this article we are going to talk about material wealth, as far as possible we shall shut our minds against other meanings of the word however attractive, and pin ourselves down to the plain L.S.D. or "almighty dollar."

This is the kind of wealth about which so many hard things are said. It is "filthy, lucre," and the love of it is the "root of all evil." We hear of the "deceitfulness of riches," and we remember the story of how Croesus, the multi-millionaire of ancient times, displayed his treasures to Solon, asking whether the sage did not consider him happy to be the possessor of so much wealth. "I cannot tell," answered the wise Athenian, "till I have seen the end of your life." Did he mean only that riches sometimes take themselves wings and fly away; or did he mean that the possession of wealth is not enough to ensure happiness, that besides the having, there must be the power and the opportunity to spend wisely and well; or that all the gold in the world will not save a man from the pangs of disappointment, jealousy or bereavement? Any one of the three, or all together he may have meant.

Croesus still occupies the attention of the wise. Not long ago I read a very wise and very ponderous novel about an unfortunate young man whose income ran into millions. I think he worked it out that he would, on his father's death be in receipt of about £2 a second. I grew weary, as one so often does grow weary, in the mazes of his difficulties over those millions and the pursuit of happiness, but I think he committed suicide in the end. On the other hand, I can see any day in the Invercargill streets, people with pinched and care-worn faces, poor clothes and eyes like those of suffering animals. Women they are mostly, and their whole appearance proclaims the stress and strain of holding together ends that barely meet. Evidently wealth may be defined as that which a few people have too much of and many too little.

Wealth has two sides, a getting, and a spending. Women possibly know more about the spending than the getting; now to spend money wisely is no less difficult than to earn it honestly. John Ruskin considered most writers on "Economics" to be in grievous fault because they had left this very matter of spending out of their reckoning. What do we spend money for? To provide the necessities of life first, and then to procure happiness—to enable us to live and then to make life worth living.

Having laid down this definition, we find it leading us to some curious reflections. The amount of money needed to enable one to live is very small. The Old Age Pensions in this country used to fix it at 10s a week before the war. Has anyone heard of the pension being raised on account of the increased cost of living? I don't remember to have heard it, but then I am negligent in the matter of reading the newspaper. Supposing we put the figure now at £1 a week, or even 50s, it is evident that the bulk of our income does not go to keep us alive. It goes to the far more important business of making life worth living. What we pay for the amenities of life is vastly in excess of what we spend on the necessities; and rightly too, for who wants to live a mere existence, a life not worth living?

The next question is, what can money buy that does make life worth while. Quite a number of things, but what things, depends on the taste of the individual. A bicycle, a motor car, or an aeroplane, a new six-roomed bungalow, or a shack at Otatara, a palace or a trip round the world, a graphophone and Caruso records, a new frock, silk stockings, a seat at the pictures, or a drive in a taxi out to Wallacetown—all these are merely samples of many things that in various people's minds, contribute to make life worth living. There are even some misguided individuals who think a keg of beer, drunk in the wet bush up the Waitohu, something worth having. Consequently they spend their money on it.

The problem of all problems is to teach people a better taste in these things. Taste, according to Ruskin, is the most important thing about a man; for what he likes, that he will do and seek. I noticed recently in the "Southland Times" a paragraph on the difficulties of the Frenchmen in dealing with their financial situation and the women's silk stockings. In order to raise the value of the franc, they wanted to prohibit the import of silk stockings. The women objected. Silk stockings are among the small things that make life worth living to them. One large manufacturer (of something else) plaintively declared that the women in his employ spent more on silk stockings than they did on food and drink. One would like to know what that manufacturer's

wife and daughter spent on silk stockings, and why he was surprised at the state of affairs in a world where women have been by experience taught to look to elegance of dress as a chief means to attract those attentions and favours that go to make life easy and pleasant. The men desire to win the money and spend it on those women whom they admire. They openly express their admiration for trim ankles; why should they complain if women buy silk stockings?

(To be continued.)

Children's Column.

Dear children, this is a little story sent in by an Invercargill girl aged 13. We are publishing it just as we received it and think it very good. Mater would be very pleased to receive little stories from children, so see what you can do and address your letter to "Mater," care Editor "Digger," Box 310, Invercargill.

HOW BETTY'S WISH WAS GRANTED.

"Oh! nurse dear, if I could only see the Prince! I would never be cross and tiresome to you again," sighed little Betty, an inmate of the children's ward of one of our large hospitals. "If only one of the good fairies you told me about, would just whisper in his ear, that there was a sick little girl (who had lost her dear daddy in that dreadful war), just longing to see him."

"Well, dear," said the kind nurse, smoothing her pillow, "fairies quite often grant good children their wishes."

So Betty, thinking of the Prince and the fairies, fell asleep, and while she slept she dreamed she saw the Prince enter the ward and walk about among the cots. At last he came and stood beside her's, and taking her hand in his, said, "Dear little girl, I have come from his Majesty the King, to thank you for the great sacrifice your dear father made, in laying down his life for his King and country."

With the sound of sweet band music, Betty awoke to find that her dream was true, and that the Prince was really standing beside her cot, smiling down at her, and saying kind words about her daddy.

The nurse, knowing the child's great wish, unknown to Betty, had placed at the head of the cot a card with the words, "The child of one of our fallen heroes," written on it.

So Betty's wish was granted, and she evermore believes in fairies.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

MARY CONTRAIRY.

Miss Mary Contrairy, so story-books say, would live in the garden the whole of the day; with silver-bell flowers, and cockle-shells fine; and pretty maid blossoms all standing in line!

But Mary Contrairy—poor darling, there's more to hear of the reason she lived out-of-door. She dared not go into the cottage, not she; for there she was treated, oh, so cruelly!

Poor Mary Contrairy! When she was quite wee, an old witch had picked her up under a tree had taken her home and treated her so, that Mary's short life had been quite filled with woe!

The Witch had four daughters, Amelia and Ann, Ophelia and Delia. "And do what I can," poor Mary would sob, "yet I can't please those girls; they shout at me so, that my poor head quite whirrs!"

"They call me Contrairy; they call me a goose; they call me a silly! So what is the use of staying indoors, where I cry till I'm blind? I'll go to the garden; the flowers are kind!"

So out in the garden poor Mary would stay the most of the night and the whole of the day. She'd talk to the flowers, and water them, too, and dig them and hoe them, and see that they grew.

And so, though Ophelia, Amelia, and Ann, and Delia did all that such nasty girls can do to make the child's life just as hard as they could, yet plants were her friends, and that did Mary good!

But oh! one sad morning when Mary came round to talk to her flowers and dig up the ground, she saw the earth hard and the wind blew so chill; and all of her darlings looked drooping and ill.

"Dear Mary," they sobbed out, "Dear Mary, good-bye! The winter is coming, and though we shan't die, we can't stand the cold, dear, and so we must go. Dear Mary, good-bye, you will miss us, we know!"

Oh, poor little Mary, how lonely she was; she'd no one to play with; she'd no toys because she'd never had presents; she'd no toys, not one; and all through the winter she'd no games for fun!

But one night she happened to hear witch-girl Ann and all of her sisters at chat on a plan. "Oh, Christmas is coming!" said they "Cherrie! For Santa

brings presents at Christmas, we know! "We'll ask him for ball-dresses, bangles, and rings and bracelets and brooches and all kinds of things!" And when their long list came at last to an end. "I wish Santa'd give me," sighed Mary, "a friend!"

Oh dear, what a noise! How those four bad girls screamed. "To think," cried they all, "that you'd dare to have dreamed that you'd get gifts, Mary! Indeed, what a joke!"—they held their fat sides just as if they would choke.

'Twas no laughing matter for Mary; "Oh! Oh!" she sobbed, and she ran alone out in the snow. "Oh, flowers," she cried, "Oh, I know you can't hear because you are sleeping, but still you are near!"

"And I'm so unhappy!" but, just as she spoke, the sound of sweet silver-bells ringing awoke. "We're deep in the ground," called the flowers; "but come, dear Mary, creep down, we will find you a home!"

"Walk, on, you're quite safe!" rang the silver-bells true. "Walk on, find a home!" called the Pretty Maids, too. "Walk on, darling Mary," the cockle-shells said, as Mary walked under her own garden-bed!

Oh, on, on she walked; oh, a long way she passed; but she wasn't frightened, and, sudden, at last, why, there was a great forest, stretching so wide, and there was a wee cottage by the road-side!

And there was a sledge drawn up outside the door, oh, filled up with toys till it could hold no more; and out of the cottage that minute there ran the dearest and kindest white bearded old man!

But when he saw Mary he pulled up his deer. "My darling," he called, "how on earth came you here? You've tears on your cheeks; tell me why, dear, because— I love little children, and I'm Santa Claus!"

"All through the long year while I'm making my toys for all little children—good girls and good boys—I want a wee girlie to laugh round and play and dress all the dollies and have her own way!"

"So, will you not live here?" and Santa Claus smiled, and Mary Contrairy, the poor lonely child, ran into his arms, and was hugged, oh, so tight, and she's lived in Santa Claus' Land since that night!

The Home.

TO CLEAN HAIRBRUSHES.

A good recipe which will keep the bristles stiff is as follows: Pour into an open dish a dessertspoonful of ammonia to a quart of cold water. Dip the brush into this, moving up and down and taking care not to wet the back of the brush. In this way the bristles will be clean and white in less than a minute, and without any rubbing. Then dip the brush into clear water, shake, and place in a rack to dry.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.

(1) To preserve the interior of the egg in its natural state it is necessary to seal up the pores of the shell air-tight. This may be done by dipping them in melted suet, olive oil, milk of lime, solution of gum arabic, or covering them with any air-proof varnish. They are then packed in bran, oats, meal, salt, ashes, or charcoal powder. (2) The French way of preserving eggs is to dissolve 4ozs. of beeswax in 8ozs. of warm olive oil; in this put the tip of the finger, and anoint the egg all round. The oil will immediately be absorbed by the shell and the pores filled up by the wax. If kept in a cool place the eggs will keep for a long time.

WASH FOR SHAMPOOING.

(1) An excellent wash may be made by dissolving ½oz. carbonate of ammonia and 1oz borax in 1 quart of water and adding 2oz of glycerine, three quarts of rum, and one quart bay rum. The hair, having then been moistened with this liquor, is to be shampooed with the hands until a slight lather is formed, and the latter, being then washed out with clean water, leaves the head clean and the hair moist and glossy. (2) Beat up the yolk of an egg in a pint of rain-water, add a teaspoonful of glycerine and half an ounce of rosemary spirit. Rub this well into the head, and then rinse in plenty of warm rain-water.

TIGHTENING CANE BOTTOM CHAIRS

(1) If the canes on the chairs are not broken, the following will be found an excellent method: Turn the chair upwards, and with hot water and soap well wash the canework, using a sponge so that it may become completely soaked. Let it dry in the open air, or in a place where there is a thorough draught. If the cane is not thoroughly clean when dry repeat the operation, and when the cane is dry it

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will become as tight and firm as when new, provided none of the strips are broken. (2) Wash the chair in a strong solution of soda and water, and let it get thoroughly dry, when it will be found that the cane has shrunk and the seat tightened.

BOTTLING GOOSEBERRIES, ETC.

Here is an old housewife's recipe for bottling gooseberries (or any other fruit), one that is simple and trustworthy: Pick over the fruit, topping and tailing, and rub between a soft cloth to remove dust. Wash and dry some jam jars, etc., fill to about one inch of the top with the fruit. Put the jars of fruit in the oven and leave them there till the fruit shows signs of cracking. Have ready a kettle of boiling water, remove the jars, stand on a cloth spread on a table, fill the bottles to the brim with boiling water and cover immediately with stiff paper pasted down, or if preserving jars are used screw on the lids, which should first have been sterilised in boiling water. Plums, rhubarb, and many pie fruits can be preserved by this method without sugar. The secret is absolute sterilisation by allowing as short a time as possible between pouring on the boiling water and closing the jars. The fruit should be on the unripe or firm side.

PUMPKIN JAM.

Ingredients.—½lb of sugar to every ¼lb of pumpkin, one lemon and half an orange to every lb of pumpkin. Method.—Peel and cut up the pumpkin in small pieces. Cover it with the sugar and leave over night. Slice the orange and lemon very finely and squeeze in the juice and boil with the pumpkin the following day for six hours.

NUT CAKE.

Ingredients.—Quarter-pound butter, ½lb of sugar, 10oz of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of golden syrup, 2 teaspoonfuls of cocoa, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, 2 level teaspoonfuls of baking soda, breakfast cupful of milk, half a cupful of chopped nuts.

Method.—Put half the milk, sugar, butter and golden syrup in a saucepan and heat it all. Mix flour, cocoa and cinnamon together. Dissolve the soda in the rest of the milk. Pour the heated ingredients over all. Add the nuts. Place in a shallow dish. Bake for about three-quarters of an hour. This cake is sometimes iced.

THE BUTCHER IN LOVE.

Dear heart I'm in an awful stew,
How to re-veal my love to you;
I'm such a mutton-head, I fear;
I feel so sheepish when you're near,
I know it's only cow-ardice
That makes these lam-entations rise.
I dread a cut-let me explain,
A single roast would give me pain;
I should not like to get the hooks,
And dare not steak my hopes to hooks.
I never saw-sage eyes as thine,
If you would butcher hand in mine,
And liver round me every day,
We'd seek some ham-let far away;
We'd meat life's frown with loves caress
And cleaver road to happiness.

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To get your sweets,
While parading the streets,
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Where thousands stop
To get a drink,
That makes them think
'Tis excellent.

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Bungalow; h. and c. water, etc.; cow-
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Handy situation. Price £26 per acre.
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turnips; four-roomed house and all
buildings. Price £19 per acre. De-
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THE FARM.

NOVEL PIG FOOD.

A lesson in economy is provided by a
system in vogue at a farm at Bendigo,
Vic., where about 400 pigs are kept. The
farm also runs a jam factory, and it is
the utilisation of the waste apricot seeds
which provide the novelty. The land
consists of about twenty acres; it was
originally a waste area. Water being
available, there was soon a change as
by magic. The pigs are grazed on the
crops grown on the farm with a sup-
plemental ration from the factory, which
consists mostly of waste apricot seeds.
It is quite interesting to watch the pigs
cracking the stones and sorting out the
kernels. Previously this food was
wasted. That the kernels are an excel-
lent fattening food is demonstrated by
the splendid condition of the herd. Re-
cently one of these apricot stone-fat-
tened animals turned the scale at 563lb.
This is claimed to be a record. The hog
was a Tamworth-Berkshire cross. Dam-
aged sugar from the factory, bag sprink-
lings, and other refuse, are con-
verted into a syrup and given to the
fatteners. The healthy condition of the
animals is one of the features of the
farm.

THE DAIRY COW AND SOME OF
HER HABITS AND VICES.

HARD MILKERS.

Chief amongst the troublesome ones
are the hard milkers. A heifer will
often be hard to milk just at first, but
improves as time goes on, and as she
becomes more used to the operation.
But there are cows which are consis-
tently hard milkers, even after the third
and fourth calf. Some animals are hard
to milk because of their extreme ner-
vousness. When this is the case it will
be found that they will yield to gentle
treatment. Rough handling or shouting
at them is quite useless, and only makes
matters worse. Indeed, rough treatment is
bad for all milking cows. They become
upset and irritated very easily, some being
much more sensitive than others just in
the same way as some human beings
are more sensitive than others.

CAUSE OF HARD MILKING.

Hard milking may be caused by dis-
ease or small ailments of the udder.
Cracks and sores on the teats give a cow
a considerable amount of pain when
pressed during the operation of milking,
and it is only natural that she should
hold back the milk in her effort to
escape the pain.

Warts on the end of the teat may be
the cause of the trouble. As these in-
crease in size there is a tendency for
them to close up the orifice through
which the milk is drawn. The sphincter
muscle, which closes the milk duct, is
very much stronger in some cows than
in others, and this fact is responsible
for a great deal of the difference in the
effort required to extract the milk. The
worst kind of hard milking to deal with
is when the cow deliberately holds back
the milk, as she has the power to do.
Try as you will, you cannot get a flow
of milk from an animal that is deter-
mined that you shall not do so. As a
rule the cows reserve this piece of awk-
wardness for the times when the person
who usually milks them is away, and a
stranger is taking his place. The exer-
cise of patience and gentleness is the
only way to induce them to be more
reasonable. Any show of irritation on
the milker's part will only have the
effect of making them more determined.

KICKING COWS.

Kicking is a vice which is not indi-
cated by the general appearance. It may
be that the animal kicks out when any-
one goes near her, or she may only give
a kick now and then when being milked
or when a calf is put to her to suckle.
A regular kicker can safely be said to
do it from sheer vice and a desire to be
as disagreeable as possible.

When the kicking is only occasional
there will probably be some reason for
it, and it is well to look around and
see if the reason can be found and re-
medied. Sore teats may be the cause.
One has only to reflect how sore a small
crack on the finger can be to appreciate
the pain a cow must suffer when a sore
teat is being pressed and squeezed during
milking. In a case like this the kicking
is only in self-defence, and if means are
taken to get the cracks healed up the
kicking will cease when the pain is gone.

THE IRRITABLE SUBJECT.

Nervous, irritable cows sometimes kick
just to relieve their feelings. Such ani-
mals require kind and gentle treatment,

or they will become habitual kickers. It
is a good plan to give a little food that
they are particularly fond of at milk-
ing time in order to distract their at-
tention. If they still refuse to stand
quietly there is nothing left for it but to
hobble them in some way. Most milkers
have their own method of dealing with
a kicking cow, but no harsh treatment
must be allowed at any time, for it will
only make matters worse. It is some-
times a great temptation to give a tire-
some animal a blow with some handy
implement, but it is far better to resist
the temptation and use gentler methods.

FATTEN THEM OFF.

Cows which cannot be induced to give
up their kicking habits are best fattened
up and sent to the butcher, for they are
not worth the time which must be spent
on them every day during milking. Any
cows with persistently bad habits are best
got rid of, for they can never be valuable
members of a milking herd with such un-
desirable characteristics.

Some cows are continually struggling
in the bail to get free. They seem to
have a great objection to being fastened
up, and may injure themselves and
others in their efforts to get away.
Young cows are particularly restless,
but gentleness overcomes this after the
animal has been a short time with the
milking herd. Cows which suck them-
selves or each other are always a nuis-
ance. This is a vice not easy to cure,
and it is wisest to get rid of cows ad-
dicted to it, as it may spread the other
members of the herd. Spiked muzzles or
neck ruffs can be used when the cow is
out at grass.

Eating wood, gnawing at various
things, and licking the walls are habits
which may arise as the result of the food
containing a deficiency of mineral matter.
A piece of rock salt put into trough or
boxes in the paddock will often cure these
habits.

DAIRYING RATIONS.

As concrete illustrations of rations that
may be recommended for dairy cows of
different productive capacity under pre-
sent conditions, the following are sug-
gested:—For cows producing less than a
pound of butter-fat a day (less than three
gallons of milk per head): 1. Thirty
pounds of lucerne hay (or all they will
eat). 2. Eighteen pounds of lucerne hay,
thirty pounds of silage (from Indian corn,
milo or sweet sorghum, small grains, Su-
dan grass, etc.). For cows producing
over a pound of butter-fat a day: 1. Twenty-five
pounds lucerne hay, one
pound of concentrates for every four or
five pounds of milk produced. Concen-
trates suggested: Barley (or wheat bran),
dried beet pulp, coconut meal, mixed
in proportion 2 : 1 : 1, by weight. 2. Fif-
teen pounds lucerne hay, twenty-five
pounds silage, the same grain mixture as
above in a somewhat smaller proportion,
say one pound to every six pounds of
milk. If lucerne costs more than 40 per
cent. of the average price of the grain
feeds, it is relatively expensive, and less
hay and more grain feeds will make both
a more economical and efficient ration
than those suggested. When grain hay
is fed and not lucerne, either of the above
rations will be improved by adding about
a pound of cottonseed or linseed meal per
head, since it is necessary in this case
to supplement roughage with a grain mix-
ture containing some high protein concen-
trates. Linseed meal is too expensive
to be fed to dairy cows in any but small
amounts, but cottonseed meal furnishes
more protein for the money, and, with
either of the mixtures given, makes a
palatable and effective grain feed. If
it cannot be obtained, wheat bran and
coconut meal mixed in the proportion of
2 or 3 : 1, by weight, will make a good
supplement when grain hay is fed.

WOOL IN FRANCE.

A member of the French wool trade,
writing from Roubaix to the "Wool Re-
cord," says:—"As you know, our wool
trade here has recovered much quicker
than any of us foresaw. Nevertheless,
owing to the German requisitions and
destruction of machinery, I do not think
we are running more than 50 per cent.
compared with pre-war consumption.
Strikes (which take place in spite of the
high wages that work people are now
getting), and lack of coal, are making
it impossible to turn out as much as we
could do. On the other hand, the
market is very good. The industry has
sold at exceedingly good prices, and
cannot take any more big orders for the
first six months of next year. Without
doubt prices are high, but still not dan-
gerous, because the speculative element
is excluded; wool is only bought against
orders taken some time before, and
margins are very safe. There is, there-
fore, very little chance of any panic.

Combs are turning out a little more
than spinners can consume, but we have
plenty of inquiry and orders for tops
from England, Switzerland, Holland, and
Belgium. It takes a man with a big
lot of capital to buy any wool or tops
for stock to-day, and with these orders
in our own country there is no stock in
France."



HORTICULTURE.

Some hardy plants—Acanthus is a fine
bold foliage perennial for large borders or
odd corners, doing well both in sun and
shade, and can be grown from seeds, cut-
tings, or roots. The leaves are long and
the flowers although not conspicuous in
colour are effective on their tall spikes.
There are several varieties, "Mollis," be-
ing most commonly grown.

Hollyhock (Althaea) is well known
and one of the showiest and most stately of
border plants, it is a native of China, and
strictly perennial although commonly
grown as a biennial. There are single
and double varieties of many shades of
colour, from pure white to dark crimson,
easily raised from seed, also from side
growths, the seedlings generally giving by
much the strongest growth, but cuttings
or side shoots being necessary in the case
of fine varieties that it is desired to per-
petuate, as seedlings vary and produce a
proportion of singles. Give them a rich
deep soil in a sunny sheltered position,
and to get the best results liquid manure
and water when in bloom. Cut off the
stems as soon as they finish blooming,
unless it is desired to save seed, and in
that case cut back the stem leaving only
such seed pods as required. Alyssum
(Madvort), is a pretty rockery or border
perennial, there are a number of varieties,
but the yellow (sexatile), and the sweet
scented white are the most useful, being
comparatively covered with flowers in
spring or early summer. Anchusa (alk-
anet), is a splendid hardy biennial, the
Frogmore variety of "Italica," growing
to about four feet and giving quantities of
bright blue flowers for several months. It
"self-sows," and plenty of seedlings can
be got about the old plants in autumn
which will give blooms from spring to
autumn. Deep damp soil suits it best.
Columbines (Aquilegia) are well known.
They bloom in late spring, and the long
spurred varieties are so decorative and
have such a range of beautiful art colours
that they should be in every garden where
they can be given a spot that is fairly
well sheltered and even somewhat shaded.
They are perennial and can be easily
grown from seed. White, blush, yellow,
reds and pinks, of various shades with
different coloured centres, some of the
blues and pinks with white and pale yellow
centres being delightfully pretty and con-
tinuing for a long period in bloom. Quite
different from the old "Grannie's bon-
nets." Anbrotia—the showy little pur-
ple rock cress is well worth growing. It
is a dwarf evergreen especially suitable
for rockeries and border patches. The
perennial Campanulas in blue and white,
are well worth growing, some of the larger
growing varieties being extremely useful
for cutting especially when white flowers
are wanted.

Cerastium (mouse-eared chickweed) with
its silvery woolly foliage is delightful for
edgings, the foliage giving a pretty effect,
especially through the winter, and the
white blooms being like patches of snow
in the summer.

Doronicum is a hardy herbaceous peren-
nial with flowers like yellow Marguerites
which come out just after the daffodils
are over. The foliage is dwarf, only
reaching a few inches from the ground,
and thus creates no crowding, although
the stems are two to three feet long, or
even more in rich soil and shelter, good
for cutting and grows everywhere. Geum
is a perennial, but is best grown as a bi-
ennial as it self-sows readily, and young
plants pricked out in the summer will
bloom in early spring and continue till
winter. Mrs Bradshaw is the best variety
giving large bright crimson flowers. It
should be in every garden. Gypsophila
Paniculata—everyone who grows sweet
peas and carnations must have this. Grow
it in good rich soil in an open place not
overshaded by trees and shrubs.

"Isn't that an unusual sign, 'Cigars
for smoking?' " asked the man in the
tobacconist's shop. "Oh, I don't know!"
answered the proprietor. "I have cigars
for smoking, and then I have cigars for
presents."

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MOTORING NOTES.

CLEANING VALVE STEMS.

A very simple way of cleaning valve stems, which are under suspicion of harbouring carbon deposits, is to inject a little kerosene in the air valve of a carburettor while the engine is running. In this way a little of the kerosene finds its way down the valve stem and softens and washes off the carbon. It is no bad idea to do this once a month or so.

MOTOR-CYCLE LIGHTS.

To those who have electric lighting sets on their cycles, a writer in the "Motor Cycle" gives four points to which the unaccustomed user should attend: 1—Keep your cells filled up with acid to the correct level; 2—Don't take it for granted that the dynamo is charging; to inspect the ammeter by night a match must usually be struck; 3—Carry a complete set of spare bulbs; 4—Carry a spare length of fuse wire. Contrary to popular supposition, short circuits are extremely rare with lighting sets.

PROTECTING MUDGUARDS.

It is easy to scratch and smear the front mudguards with grease when doing work on the engine, and the motorist would do well to follow the example of the best garages in protecting these at times of engine repair. Secure a heavy piece of cloth or other suitable material—oilcloth or imitation leather—large enough to completely cover the fender from tip to the point where it attaches to the running board. Throw this protective cover over the mudguard when making repairs or adjustments under the hood and you will keep the enamel in much better condition.

MOTOR FUEL FROM GASWORKS.

A petition to Parliament, promoted by the various automobile organisations of Great Britain, points out that the use of benzole is restricted only by the shortness of supplies, and that, whereas in 1914 the production of benzole in Great Britain was 21,000,000 gallons, derived principally from coke oven works, in 1918, 180 gas works were equipped with scrubbing plant which yielded a further supply at the rate of about 10,000,000 gallons annually. Last year the output from gas works had fallen to approximately 3,500,000 gallons. It is estimated that more than 30,000,000 gallons of benzole as motor fuel could be produced from the existing gas works of the country if scrubbing were universally adopted, and it is with a view to rendering it obligatory upon gas undertakings to extract this benzole that the petition is being promoted.

TURNING LORRIES.

The device described below has been produced to enable a motor lorry to turn within its overall length in a confined space without the excessive amount of manoeuvring at present required. It consists of an attachment to the front of a standard type lorry comprising a kind of jack mounted on a pair of small rubber-tyred wheels. To turn by use of the device, the car is stopped, and the speed lever put into neutral. A hand lever by the driver's left hand is then moved into one of the four notches in a quadrant, and this connects up the engine to the jack by means of a dog clutch through a worm gear, and this causes the wheels to come to the ground. The front of the lorry then slowly rises until the road wheels are quite clear of the ground. This disengagement of the engine is then automatically effected, when the driver moves the hand lever to "left" or "right," which causes the engine to be connected up to the jack wheels, and these slowly rotated, moving the lorry round in the required direction. It is not proposed at present to manufacture it as an attachment to existing lorries, but to produce a construction, which can be incorporated in future models of existing designs with but little alteration.

DISABLED MEN

The question of free tramway rides for disabled soldiers was discussed last week by the Onehunga Borough Council, which carried a resolution expressing the opinion "that it would be a graceful recognition by the citizens of Greater Auckland of the sacrifices made by permanently disabled soldiers if free tramway passes were granted to men suffering from locomotor disability," and that the question should be settled with that of increased fares. Copies of this resolution are to be sent to all the other suburban bodies, requesting them to support it. Mr L. J. Lloyd, who is a returned soldier, stated that there were about 120 returned soldiers in the Auckland district who had lost an arm or leg, and probably about 300 men altogether who should be granted temporary free tramway passes.

GARDEN NOTES.

MANURES FOR CABBAGE.

To grow cabbages well, plenty of manure should be used. There is no manure to which this crop responds so well as animal. For heavy lands horse manure, and for light soils cow or pig are respectively the best when they can be obtained. If the soil is of a poor quality, dig the ground two spits deep and put a good layer of manure between the two spits. This is especially necessary in the case of autumn or summer crops, which have to stand a dry spell. Spring cabbage—that is those that are planted in the autumn for use in the spring—do well if planted on ground that has been well worked and manured previously for peas or onions, and on such ground cabbages can be planted without any fresh manure being added. Of other manures lime is an important factor in successful cabbage culture; it is chemically and mechanically beneficial to the soil, and the cabbage taster. It should be applied at the rate of about 2½ lbs to the square yard, and is particularly necessary to heavy soils and those rich in humus. Superphosphate at the rate of 2oz to the square yard is good, but should not be applied at the same time as lime or to soils that are infected with club root. When the crop is nicely established, apply one ounce of sulphate of ammonia to heavy damp land, or one ounce of nitrate of soda per square yard in the case of light or sandy soil. Nitrate of soda is a splendid fertiliser for the cabbage family. When especially fine heads are required, water the plants once or twice during the growing season with the following mixture: One ounce of iron sulphate and two ounces of sulphate of ammonia dissolved in one gallon of water.

SAGE.

This useful herb has a bad habit of dying when the plant is a year or so old. The best means of overcoming the difficulty is by raising a few young plants yearly from seed sown during this month, or by cuttings or layering. Plants raised from seed vary greatly, and the majority flower themselves almost to death, and as it is the leaves and not the flowers that are required, this is detrimental. The best variety to grow is what is known as "seedless" or "non-flowering." It has large foliage and seldom or ever blooms. Sow the seed in drills on a sunny border, and if put in thinly the plants can grow on without moving. Cuttings can be made from the young growths pulled off with a heel and inserted in a well drained position. Water and shade till rooted, but once rooted give full sun. Layering can be done by simply pulling down a branch and covering with soil. The usual commercial method is to put a spadeful of soil in the centre of the plant. In a few weeks the plant is lifted and can be divided into several rooted plants. Sage requires a well drained, rather hot and dry position to attain the full aroma in the foliage.

THE BEST WAY OF PLANTING WINTER GREENS.

Those who have grown their own plants should give them a good soaking of water overnight, and lift with a fork. Do not pull the plants out by main force and spoil all the roots. Those who buy plants should put the roots in water for a few hours before planting. In planting, the best way is to make the hole with the dibber, and put the plant in. Do not make the soil firm with the dibber; instead, a much better plan is to wash the soil into the hole, using a water can without the rose. This settles the soil round the roots, and also ensures the soil being moist. If the soil is pressed in with a dibber, as it often is, and watered afterwards, the plants do not get moist all round, but only on one side. As soon as the plants are watered in a flower pot should be placed over each, and not be removed for three days. This will keep the moisture in, and stop the plant from drooping.

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, Oi'm the wan that found this hole-first!" —"American Legion Weekly."

SCIENCE NOTES.

WORLD'S TALLEST CHIMNEY.

The recently-finished smelter chimney at Anaconda, Mont., is now claimed as the tallest and also as the biggest chimney of the entire world. Its height is 585ft 1½in. The inside diameter at the top is 60ft; so that it delivers to the general atmosphere a mighty stream of stack gas. The chimney was built because the company proposed to install an electro system for the treatment of metallurgical smoke with a view to the recovery of valuable metallic material. The purpose of this chimney is to create a draught in and effect a disposal of the smelter gases, and thus perform its part in the reclamation from the metallurgical smoke of gold, silver, copper, and arsenic which would otherwise be wasted. The fumes carrying these materials are produced by the converters, roasters, and reverberators. It is expected to recover some 32 tons of arsenic per day of operation.

FLYING UPSIDE DOWN.

During the war there were reports more than once of airmen, who flying at great heights and getting involved in dense clouds lost all their bearings and found—when they recovered the means of observation—that they had been flying "upside down" without knowing it. The average non-scientific reader, it is safe to assume on reading such accounts, took them in a fanciful and not a literal sense; could not imagine that a man might be for some time head downwards as regards earth and yet feel himself to be sitting upright. But, Sir Frank Dyson pointed out in a recent lecture, that, according to the Einstein Theory of Gravitation, this "flying upside down" without being aware of the fact was quite natural. The flying man could not in his machine detect the difference between gravitational force and the force provided by his machine when he was deprived of his earth means of observation.

FLESH-EATING PLANTS.

One of the most extraordinary forms of plant life in existence is the common English sundew. The plant is carnivorous. It catches insects and eats them. A scientist recently made an interesting experiment with this plant. A few inches from the hairy leaf of a sundew plant he suspended a tiny fragment of meat. This he at once photographed, and then waited forty minutes, after which time the leaf of the sundew had bent over, and was appreciably nearer to its dinner. After the lapse of another forty minutes the plant was close up to the meat, some of its hairs actually touching it, and a little later the leaf entirely enveloped its meal, and was left to digest it. Another plant, called Venus' fly-trap, catches flies in a kind of trap. The edges of the leaves are provided with spikes, and may be compared to a human mouth half-open, the spikes corresponding to the teeth. If an insect settles upon one of these leaves it closes in a few seconds, and then digests the insect.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

The restoration of stained glass windows which has been done hitherto in old cathedrals or other structures is for the most part improperly carried out, says a French expert. It is observed that the windows of the Middle Ages were composed of an assemblage of coloured glass which made up a veritable mosaic. But, it is not as well known that the pieces were cut out of disk-shaped glass plates called cives, whose thickness was quite variable in the same plate, being thinner at the edges than at the centre. There irregularities aided greatly in increasing the beauty of the window. Colours were obtained by the use of metallic oxides, but not in the same way as they are employed at present, for they were not introduced in the pure state, but remained mixed or combined with their natural impurities. For this reason the tones of the glass were very different from what are produced by modern industry. There is however no difficulty in producing the glass in cives and coloured by the old process, and this is not by any means a lost art. It is only by the negligence of the architects that the old form of glass is replaced by flat panes, these being coloured in modern crude tones.

It is estimated that in 1920 Mexico will produce 135,000,000 barrels of oil and that 120,000,000 barrels will be exported. Thus Mexico will find about 20 per cent. of the world's oil requirements.

DIGGER YARNS.

ABOUT GENERAL BIRDWOOD.

A Digger who had a week's training leave went up to London, and, after having a good time, returned by the proper train which would bring him back to camp; but, unfortunately, he got out for a drink at Reading, and, meeting a couple of Jocks, had quite a few. When he returned the train had gone, and as he was late on arrival he put up in "clink." He was brought before General Birdwood next morning and charged with being absent a.w.l. (absent without leave). "My man," said the General, "you were six hours a.w.l. How do you plead?" "Well, sir," said the Digger, "it was like this. I caught the right train, and got out at Reading for a cup of Red Tea, and the Jocks were on the station, and, blime, if the band didn't strike up 'Gawd Save the King,' so I had to stand out of attention, the blooming train steamed out of the station before the band stopped—fair dinkum, sir." Case dismissed.

The General was going his usual rounds one morning on the Peninsula, and, seeing a Digger "chat-hunting," says, "Good morning, my lad. Picking them out?" "No," replied the Digger; "taking them as they come."

It was a beautiful day after a spell of mist and rain, and the officers of A Company of a certain battalion were sporting themselves in the sun outside company headquarters in Una trench, opposite Deulomont in the early part of December, 1917. As was his wont on a sunny afternoon, the company commander, "Bill," lay down to sleep behind the parapets of the trench. A wily subaltern "hunter," entering the company's headquarters in the hope of a "wad," was disappointed to find the place empty, but hearing a sound as distant thunder not far away, resolved to investigate. He soon found Bill fast asleep. Thinking of his thirst, he practised bomb-throwing with clods of earth and wet mud, and, although several direct hits were obtained, no visible change occurred in the source of thunder. Giving it up as a hopeless "hunter" determined on a personal reconnaissance of the dug-out. Bill, having become fed-up with bomb-throwing, and one ear being full of soft mud, decided to wake up, and made preparation to wage a counter-offensive by collecting a large ball of very soft mud. Bill had not long to wait, as soon stealthy steps were heard approaching along the trench, and finally stopped a few yards from where he was. With the lump of soft mud in his hand he rose slowly, until the top of a tin hat could just be seen. He then let drive with all his force, and a short up. He had missed Birdie by a short foot! Feeling as if he had no legs at all, Bill explained, and Birdie smiled.

Just after the Bullecourt stunt the Second Division was waiting patiently for that long-promised "rest" of Birdie's. The big stunt was over, and that "rest" still seemed as elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel when Birdie happened along a metal road which some 6th Field Company Engineers were digging, and he said to one, "Hello, Sapper! What are you digging there for?" The sapper replied, "I am digging to see if there is another '—' division in France besides the Second." "You'll be relieved soon, my man; you'll be relieved," said Birdie. And we were, too.

A sentry lolling against the side of a front line trench in Flanders was one evening accosted by a stranger, who inquired where his officers were to be found. "You're not likely to find any of those blanky-blank bouders up this far!" replied the Digger. "You're more likely find them in a snug dug-out away back there." "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" inquired the stranger. "Haven't the slightest idea," returned the Digger. "I'm General Birdwood," went on the stranger. "Geo! — —!" exclaimed the Digger, at the same time springing to attention and presenting arms, synchronising each movement with his exclamation.

One new-chum Digger, very excited, bailed General Birdwood up one day thus: "Are you the Colonel, sir? You're going to get into a — row; the sergeant-major is looking for you all over the place."

There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world, and people are glad to get away from them, as from a cold room.

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LAND SETTLEMENT.

THE MINISTER'S POLICY.

POSITION OF THE SOLDIER.

CROWN AREAS AVAILABLE.

A statement concerning land settlement in special relation to the settlement of soldiers has been made by the Minister for Lands, the Hon. D. H. Guthrie.

"It is generally known," he said, "that the Government has had to slow up on the soldiers' land settlement scheme owing to having spent all but a comparatively small amount of the money authorised by Parliament. It will surprise most people to learn that the Government has spent on the settlement and repatriation of soldiers in New Zealand no less a sum than £19,000,000. Settlement has not absolutely ceased, but, as has been stated, the speed has had to be slackened."

Mr Guthrie made some reference also to the operation of the clauses of the Acts of the past two sessions dealing with aggregation. "What we are coming down to now in the way of land settlement," said Mr Guthrie, "is the settlement of the purchased lands we have on hand, and the Crown lands which we have not been able to bring under settlement, owing to the absence of surveyors and engineers. We have a number of blocks that are already for settlement except for roading. We cannot give them to soldiers until the roading has been done, and we have not been able to get the roading done because of the shortage of the officers I have mentioned, also the lack of public works men."

ABOUT 700,000 ACRES AVAILABLE.

"We have at the present time available for settlement about 700,000 acres. This land will carry from 1200 to 1400 men. The land is of varying descriptions, and will be suitable for all kinds of farming. It is spread over practically the whole of both islands of New Zealand. A large area of bush land is in the north of Auckland, and it is of such a character that it is well worth the attention of the Government and the returned soldier."

"These figures do not take into account any of the so-called pumice lands in the interior of the North Island for which special provision was made in the legislation of last season. Nothing definite has been done about the settlement of this land. We are now raising the reservations from a large number of blocks of land, with the object of throwing them open for settlement under the homestead tenure, which was revived in a more attractive form by the legislation of last session. One great bar to the opening of this land is that a large quantity of it is national endowment land, and it will have to be dealt with by Parliament before we can engage in any large scale on schemes for the development of it."

A CHECK ON AGGREGATION.

Mr Guthrie was emphatic in his statement that the effect of the anti-aggregation clauses of his Acts of 1916 and 1919, had been important. "There has been," said the Minister, "an evident unloading of land from large properties, and there have been but few cases brought to the notice of the Government where there have been increases of areas. In these cases the increases are always arranged so as not to come within the scope of the aggregation clauses. Commonly this is done by the purchases being made in the name of another member of the family. This device, however, will not in all circumstances prove to be a complete escape from the operation of the law. I am convinced, indeed I have evidence, that the cutting up of estates that has been going on recently can be attributed to the effect of the aggregation clauses now on the Statute Book, but it is fair to say that some of the case may be attributed to the high prices now ruling for land. I am glad to say that the experience of the Government has been happy in respect to these offers of land for sale, for we have had land offered to us by large landowners for returned soldiers at prices which in some instances were £10 per acre less than private buyers did subsequently pay for the land. Even at the prices offered the Government had to decide against placing soldiers upon land at such excessively high values."

We cannot command veracity at will; the power of seeing and reporting truly is a form of health that has to be delicately guarded, and as an ancient Rabbi has solemnly said: "The penalty of untruth is untruth."

STORIES FOR ALL MOODS.

THE KIT-CAT CLUB.

The most celebrated of all the clubs of the eighteenth century, the golden age of such associations, was the "Kit-Cat," originally a company of budding wits and poets, afterwards one of the most powerful political coteries of its time. It took its name from the pastrycook, Christopher Catt, whose shop in Shire Lane, near Temple Bar, was the club's first meeting-place.

The club was fathered by Jacob Tonson, the book-seller—"left-legged Jacob," who later, when his fosterling had become a creature of importance, built a room for the meetings of the club at his house at Barn Elms. For the decoration of this room Sir Godfrey Kneller painted portraits of the members, and as the place was not high enough to take a half-length they were drawn on a shorter canvas, thirty-six by twenty-eight inches, just long enough to include a hand; a size ever since known to artists as "Kit-Cat size."

LITERARY TURNPENNIES.

Tonson himself was a man of business ability, with enough literary perception to drive a good bargain with his authors, and not enough conscience to prevent his making a good thing out of it. The 18th century bookseller—who united the callings of bookseller and the modern publisher—was a being much lampooned by the writers, who, rightly or wrongly, considered themselves his victims. Contemporary literature is full of more or less scurrilous portraits of them. One biographer (of later date) comments on Tonson and his kind as "a set of heavy, vulgar, and ignorant traders. Notwithstanding their opportunities of associating with the more enlightened orders of the community, they never seem to have acquired either information or polish. Jacob Tonson was a happy specimen of the literary turnpennies of this day."

The Kit-Cat Club was celebrated for its custom of "toasting" ladies after dinner, the "toast" for the year being elected by ballot. Her name was written—usually enscribed in verse—with a diamond on one of the club's drinking glasses. "The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to show her that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass, to acquaint her that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her."

BUT NOT HIS PHYSIC.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the immortalizer of the members of the club, was a man of a certain humour, but excessively vain, and of a gross and rather profane wit. Most of his bons mots are not nowadays quotable, but a milder specimen may amuse.

The servants of Dr. Ratcliffe, his next-door neighbour in Great Queen street, were in the habit of purloining many beautiful flowers from his garden to which he used to devote no inconsiderable portion of his attention. Exasperated at their frequent depredations, he sent a message to the doctor that he must for the future shut up the door into his garden, through which he permitted him to have a passage, on account of the ill-conduct of his domestics. The doctor peevishly rejoined: "Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it." "And I," answered Sir Godfrey, "will take anything from the doctor but his physic."

Kneller was celebrated—to the modern mind unduly so—as a portrait painter, and the extent of his practice may be gauged by the fact that on his death he left 500 pictures unfinished.

One of the most aristocratic of his Kit-Cat sitters was Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, known as "the proud Duke" from his haughty manners. Many stories are told of him, his pride and his exclusiveness, some of them very entertaining.

"MY LORD DUKE IS COMING."

"Like a Turkish Bashaw, he made his servants acquainted with his wishes by signs. The country roads through which he travelled were often cleared by avant-couriers before his approach, in order that he might pass without obstruction or observation. 'Get out of the way,' said one of his people to a countryman who was driving a hog along the path by which the Duke was to pass. 'Why?' inquired the boor. 'Because my Lord Duke is coming, and he does not like to be looked at,' rejoined the man. The clown, enraged at the imperious manner in which the mandate was urged, exclaimed, 'But I will see him, and my pig shall see him, too!' and seizing the animal by the ears, he held it up before him until his Grace and retinue were gone by."

Some remarkable anecdotes, illustrative of the intolerable pride of the Duke of

Somerset, are related by various authorities. His second duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, and when he turned round with a look of marked displeasure observed, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." The two youngest of his daughters were accustomed to stand and watch him alternately while he slept in an afternoon. On one occasion Lady Charlotte, feeling herself fatigued, sat down. The duke waked unexpectedly and expressing his surprise at her disobedience, declared he would remember her want of decorum in his will. He left this daughter £20,000 less than her sister.

SHOOT THE RUBBISH.

He carried his eccentricities into public life. "King George having landed at Greenwich, the Duke of Somerset was nominated one of the new Privy Council, and restored to the situation of Master of the Horse on September 27th, but threw it up on October 25th, with singular marks of indignation. Having commanded his servants to strip off the Royal and put on the family livery, he sent for a common dust-cart, and directed that all the badges of his office should be thrown into it; he then, followed by all his retinue and the aforesaid vehicle, proceeded to the courtyard of St. James's Palace, and after ordering the driver to shoot the rubbish, he stalked back indignantly to Northumberland House, accompanied by the same cavalcade, in precisely the form in which he had left it."

Another illustrious member was John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, perhaps the most striking of contemporary figures. A more contradictory personality a more notable blend of greatness and pettiness, never trod the stage of politics. Soldier, politician, and courtier, he still made money his one aim in life, and to that craving his conflicting actions may be traced. Spence, on the authority of Pope, speaks of him thus:—

"Inconsistent as the Duke of Marlborough's character may appear, yet it may be accounted for if we gauge his actions by his reigning passion, which was the love of money. He endeavoured, at the same time, to be well with both Hanover and St. Germans; the plain meaning of which was only this, that he wanted to secure the vast riches he had amassed together, whichever should succeed. He was calm in the heat of the battle; and when he was so near being taken prisoner in Flanders he was quite unmoved."

A MEAN PASSION.

"It is true he was like to lose his life in the one, and his liberty in the other; but there was none of his money at stake in either. This mean passion of that great man operated very strongly in him in the very beginning of his life, and continued to the very end of it. One day, as he was looking over some papers in his escriptorio with Lord Cadogan, he opened one of his drawers, took out a green purse, and turned some broad pieces out of it. After viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that appeared visibly on his face:—

"Cadogan," said he, "observe these pieces well! they deserve to be observed; there are just forty of them; 'tis the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it always unbroken, from that time to this day." This shows how early and how strongly this passion must have been engrafted upon him; as another little affair, which happened in his last decline at Bath, may serve (among many others) to show how miserably it continued to the end. He was playing there with Dean Jones at piquet for sixpence a game, they played a good while, and the Duke left off when winner of one game."

AND HE WALKED HOME.

"Some time after he desired the Dean to pay him his sixpence; the Dean said he had no silver; the Duke asked it over and over, and at last desired that he would change a guinea to pay it him, because he should want it to pay the chair that carried him home. The Dean, after so much pressing, did at last get change; paid the Duke his sixpence; observed him a little later leave the room, and declares that (after all the bustle he had made for his sixpence) the Duke actually walked home to save the little expense a chair would have put him to."

Full of years and honours, successful in every ambition, he died at seventy-two, leaving an immense fortune.

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Stage-struck Maiden (after trying her voice): Do you think that I can ever do anything with my voice? Stage Manager: Well, it may come in handy in case of fire.

A POOR OUTLOOK INDEED.

Little Kate: "Mamma, when I'm grown up, and if I don't marry anybody, shall I be an old maid like Aunt Mary?"

Mamma: "Yes, dear."

Little Kate: "And if I marry, shall I marry somebody like papa?"

Mamma: "Yes, darling."

Little Kate (after a pause): "Well, it is a hard world for us women!"

AND VERY SENSIBLE TOO.

The other day two Scotch boys quarrelled, and finished up with blows.

In the tussle one of the combatants got knocked down, and while still on the ground he queried:

"Wad ye hit a chap when he's doon?"

"No," gallantly responded the victor.

"Ah, weel," quoth the vanquished, yet cautious, youngster, "I'll lie here till ye gang awa."

JUDGING BY RESULTS.

First Little Girl: "What makes baby cry so, Mary?"

Mary: "Mamma says it's 'cause he's getting teeth."

First Little Girl: "They must be a awful bad fit then."

ONLY HALF HIS NAME.

Caller: "Is there a feller with a wooden leg by the name of Smith livin' here?"

Householder: "What's the name of his other leg?"

AH! HALF INDEED?

Jones: "I'm afraid I was a little too hardly on him. I just looked him in the face and said, in a significant tone, 'The fools aren't all dead yet.'"

Brown: "And what did he say?"

Jones: "He said; you'd better take care of yourself." Wender what on earth made him say that?"

THE REASON.

Dorothy: "Granny, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please."

Fond Grandmother: "What am I to do that for, my pet?"

Little Dorothy: "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

FILLED THE BILL.

An elderly and somewhat miserly woman inserted in a newspaper an advertisement reading as follows:—"A lady in indifferent health wishes to meet a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days later she received by express message a basket labelled, "This side up with care. Perishable." On opening it she found a tabby cat, with a note tied to its tail. The note ran:—

"Madam,—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domesticated, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has great experience as a nurse, having reared several large families. I need scarcely say she is a total abstainer. A salary is no object to her; she will serve you faithfully to the end of her life for a comfortable home."

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