

**Beauty in Glasses.**

TWO factors go to make our Spectacles and Eyeglasses the perfect article they 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 yet 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.

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.

**COPELAND'S.**

STORE IS FULL OF WARM WOOLLEN GARMENTS FOR SOUTHLAND WEATHER.

Our BOXED SUITS in the Famous—

ALL-WOOL COLONIAL TWEED

are far the nicest Tweed seen to-day.

Our Motto—

"A SQUARE DEAL ALWAYS."

COPELAND'S,

36 DEE STREET.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

FOR COUGHS, ETC.,

—Use—

KIWI COUGH DROPS.

EUCALYPTUS TABLETS.

ACCIDULATED FRUIT DROPS.

GINGER AND BUTTER NUGGETS.

ALMOND AND BUTTER.

All 1/4 per lb.

—At—

**RICE'S,**

LEADING CONFECTIONERS,  
DEE STREET.

**THE A.B.C. OF THINGS.****NATURE'S PLOUGHMAN.****THE STORY OF AN EARTHWORM.**

By Leo Walmsley.

We humans pride ourselves on our reasoning powers, and on our keen sense of justice; it is one of the principles of our philosophy that beauty is only skin deep, that the vilest and most hideous exterior may hide a heart of purest gold, and yet just because of its "nasty creepy crawliness" the earthworm is almost universally regarded with loathing and contempt. Nothing as a matter of fact, could be more unreasonable or unjust, for it is doubtful whether any animal has played so important a part in the world's history as this humble creature.

**THE FIRST AGRICULTURIST.**

Long before the advent of man on this old world of ours, the worm was the first agriculturist. It was he who tilled the ground so that the great "coal" forests might grow in such luxuriance: it was he who mined and tunnelled under the first stars and grass-land cast up the hard lifeless earth so that it might drink of the invigorating air and sunshine and charge itself with vital plant goods. It is he who, since time immemorial, has been the faithful slave and untiring assistant of mankind and civilization. He is Nature's own ploughman, but he has done more real hard graft in his time than all the ploughshares ever forged.

**HIS METHOD.**

Of course, the worm does not set out to work with the sole object of helping the farmer, it is doubtful whether it even occurs to him that he is helping someone else. What he is after when he bores his way through the ground, naturally enough, is food, particles of which are extracted from the earth. He does not possess any special boring apparatus, but he can make the skin that surrounds the front part of his mouth so thin that it easily moves along through the ground. The body of the animal is literally a tube, and as the earth passes through the latter is twisted about and chewed by various organs, it is treated with a special juice to neutralize the strong organic acid it contains, the food particles are absorbed, and then it is expelled, in the shape of a worm-like casting, at the surface of the ground. This process goes on day and night without ceasing, and in time the whole layer of earth that was originally a foot or more below the surface is brought to the top and exposed to the beneficent action of air, frost, and sunshine.

**DARWIN'S BOOK.**

Charles Darwin, who wrote a whole book about the earthworm, calculated that on every acre of land in England more than ten tons of earth are passed through the bodies of worms and brought to the surface every year, and that the whole soil of the country must pass and repass through their bodies every few years. "When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse," this great scientist wrote, "we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms."

Many people imagine that the worm comes of the very lowest order of animals. "Its structure is so simple," they say, "that if you cut one in two each half is perfectly happy without the other and becomes a complete worm in time." This reminds me of the little German boy who deliberately chopped a worm into two.

"What for did you do that, Fritz?" cried his kinder hearted parent.

"Why," replied the young hopeful, "I thought he was lonely."

**NERVES OF A WORM.**

As a matter of fact, the belief that the worm is so low down as that is totally erroneous. The earthworm possesses not only a heart and blood circulation, but also a complicated nervous system and a primitive type of brain.

It moves by means of numbers of small stiff spikes jutting out from the lower part of its body and which may easily be felt by the hand. These serve to grip the earth while the muscular body is elongated or contracted like a concertina. There are no eyes, ears, or organs of smell such as we know them, but that the animal possesses some definite organ of sense is obvious from the fact that it is sensitive to light. Neither is there any breathing apparatus, for the skin is so thin that the vital gases of the air pass through to the blood without hindrance.

**REPRODUCES ITSELF.**

The reproduction of the earthworm is a very complicated affair. Like the snail, it is hermaphrodite, that is to say, the

sexes are united in the same individual, each animal producing both the male and female elements necessary to reproduction. It cannot, however, fertilize its own eggs, but two worms can fertilize each other's. This is done directly as with some animals. The male sperms of one are merely stored in the body of the other until the unfertilized eggs are perfectly ripe. Then the lower part of the body secretes a cylindrical cocoon, the eggs are laid into it, and then a little farther on the spermatozoa which came originally from another worm are poured on to the eggs.

**THE FARMER'S FRIEND.**

The cocoon now closes up, and in time the eggs hatch out into young worms which quickly learn to wriggle and fend for themselves.

Although it may be said without fear of contradiction that the worm is one of the best friends of the farmer, it is to be feared that many farmers do not realize the fact and that they destroy without any discrimination anything of a wormlike appearance. As a matter of fact, the worms that really do damage to the crops, etc., are not worms at all, but the wormlike caterpillars of certain insects. One more reason why practical entomology should take a conspicuous part in the curriculum of all rural schools.

As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary; the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle: because man doth not live by bread alone, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God.

—John Ruskin.

**GENIUS TETE-A-TETE.****FUGITIVE MEETINGS OF MASTER MINDS.**

Something there is in the meeting of one man of genius with another that strongly affects the imagination. Curiosity is keen to learn the precise circumstances in which they met, and every detail of the episode assumes a peculiar significance.

**BURNS AND SCOTT.**

"Virgilium vidi tantum" ("Virgil have I only seen"), wrote Ovid, and although his veracity has been questioned, his alleged glimpse of his fellow-poet is typical of all such rencontres. His very words, indeed, have attained the dignity of a cliché. They are used, for instance, by Sir Walter Scott in describing the solitary occasion on which his path crossed that of Robert Burns. "As for Burns," he says, "I can truly say, Virgilium vidi tantum," and then he proceeds to recount his memorable experience. A shy lad of fifteen, sitting silent in a company at Professor Fergusson's he heard Burns inquire whose were the lines under a certain pathetic print which hung on the wall. Scott alone could tell, whispered the author's name to a friend, and it was passed on to Burns, who rewarded the youngster with a look and a word.

**NAPOLEON AND THACKERAY.**

"My only recommendation," declared Thackeray, "is that I have seen Napoleon and Goethe, and am the owner of Schiller's sword." The glimpse of Napoleon which he was fortunate in obtaining was of a most transient kind. Let us quote his own record: I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me for a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. "That is he!" cried the black man. "That is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on!" After which the terrified child would no doubt beg to be taken away.

It was in Weimar that the novelist, now a gay student of nineteen, became the proud possessor of Schiller's sword and there at the same time he met "the Grand old Goethe." Twice had he seen him in the distance before the morning on which the poet received him in his apartments. The eyes of Goethe, extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant, impressed him especially. "I felt quite afraid before them," he says, "and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance. . . . who had made a bargain with a Certain Person and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour."

**GALILEO AND MILTON.**

A not less notable fugitive meeting was that between Galileo and Milton. The incident took place at a spot near Flor-

Telephones: 736 and 1136.

P.O. Box 249.

**SOLDIERS SHOULD CONSULT US**

—FOR—

**HOUSES & FARMS OR FOR INSURANCE**

—OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.—

**COLIN McDONALD, R. B. CAWS & CO.,**  
PROPERTY SALESMEN, MERCANTILE BROKERS,  
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS,  
COLONIAL BANK CHAMBERS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

ence. "Paradise Lost" had not yet been composed, but Galileo's tale of discoveries was complete. Milton still enjoyed the full use of his eyes; hopeless blindness had fallen upon Galileo.

And there was the curious chance meeting between Emerson and George Eliot in a Warwickshire coach. The American wished to know the name of the young lady's favourite book, and she replied, "The Confessions of Rousseau." "That is my favourite, too," said Emerson.

**NIBBLES FROM NEW BOOKS.**

We know that dogs have only visions and that they do not think, because they do not speak; but, though they do not possess our mental power, it is fair to conclude that they possess none of any kind?

Their love is blind, flawless, absolute, and silent.—"Maeterlinck's Dogs," by Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck.

An individual who claims to be above his fellows is rightly laughed at. A family which should pride itself upon its superiority to all other families would be a fit subject for satire. To me it seems equally fatuous that a nation should exalt itself, saying, "We are the finest race on earth." Since I am an Englishman, I would rather be English than anything else. But to give myself airs about it, and to strut around declaring the English race superior to other races, would be a symptom, I consider, of a mild form of insanity.—"The Meaning of the World's Revolution," by H. Hamilton Fyfe.

Death lay there so near, so quiet, so homely. Woods and sea-lake remained the same—a passion of colour mirrored in tranquillity, like the poet's thought; palm-leaves patterned crisply overhead; flocks of light maintained a flitter-mouse dance across the table-cloth; and because of what lay there, all these things had gone pale, and spoilt, and hollow. The distemper of mortality infected them. —"The Far Cry," by Henry Milner Ride-out.

"Latin and Greek are dead," said Hardman, lean, eager, absolute, a fanatic of modernity. "They have been a long while dying, and this war has finished them. We see now that they are useless in the modern world. Nobody is going to waste time in studying them. Education must be direct and scientific. Train men for efficiency and prepare them for defence. Otherwise they will have no chance of making a living or of keeping what they make. Your classics are musty, and rusty, and fusty.—"The Valley of Vision," by Henry van Dyke.

If there is one thing that botes a man stiff, it's when some woman starts in to "Love" him. . . . It don't matter what woman. Any woman. If he's keen before, that chokes him dead-off. He's not out for any of this Love-with-a-capital-L business that women are such nuts on. Once he's done the chasing he's gotten all he wants out of it.—"The Disturbing Charm," by Berta Ruck.

Record prices for beef cattle are generally put up by Argentine purchasers; but at a recent sale in Scotland a Canadian buyer took the running. He paid six thousand six hundred guineas for a yearling Shorthorn bull. At the same sales the top price for an Aberdeen-Angus was one thousand guineas, and the prices ruling for this breed were considered high. A full-grown Durham bull sold for 5000 guineas. These figures get right away from the big prices paid by Senor Argentine; is it an indication of a coming period of boom prices for good beef cattle throughout the world?

A LITTLE CHILD IS  
VERY OFTEN  
FASTIDIOUS  
IN HIS TASTES.

**THOMSON'S**

CARBONATED

**Waters and Cordials**

WILL ALWAYS PLEASE THE  
MOST EXACTING PALATE

PURER OR BETTER DRINKS  
THAN

**THOMSON'S**

ARE UNPROCURABLE

**RABBITSKINS  
RABBITSKINS**

SEND YOUR CONSIGNMENTS TO  
US.

HIGHEST PRICES GIVEN.

WE ALSO BUY:—

WOOL

HIDES

CALFSKINS

SHEEPSKINS

HORSEHAIR

TALLOW.

**Brown Bros.,**

SPEY STREET,

INVERCARGILL.

Telephone—192.

P.O. Box—36.

LABELS ON APPLICATION.

**TO MR. RETURNED SOLDIER.**

SEE us about PAPERING and PAINTING that new house you have bought. We have a nice range of new Wallpapers. Remember that we Frame PICTURES cheaply and well. 'Phone 427.

**J. Strang & Co.,**

TAY ST., INVERCARGILL.