

## JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 5.)

Kitty's brain was in a whirl, and desperately she strove to collect her thoughts. What he said was true. He had done his part, what right had she to hold back now? He had proved a true friend, and she had deceived him.

A flush of shame, hidden by the darkness, swept over her face.

Then impulsively she formed a resolve. She had no right to deceive him, he deserved her trust, and she would trust him.

Moving forward she put out her hand and touched him.

"Mr Chase," she said earnestly, "you have been a true friend to me, and I am indeed grateful to you for all you have done. I will keep my word, I will do what you wish. But first I have a confession to make, and it is only right that you should hear it."

She paused, as though finding difficulty to go on.

"Well, child, and what is your confession?" asked Beaumont Chase gently. "Whatever it is, you are forgiven in advance."

"You have not asked me why I have come here to-night?" said Kitty unsteadily.

"No, I had forgotten that."

"I still love Dick, I love him with all my heart," said Kitty pitifully.

"I know, child, I know, but that will pass," answered the man indulgently. "Believe me it will pass. But—"

"I came here to get news of him," went on the girl, determined to complete her confession.

"To get news of Foster?" exclaimed Beaumont Chase in astonishment.

"Yes, the old man, the gardener who was injured. I believe he knew Dick; I believe he knows something about him. I want to question him. Oh, Mr Chase, I know I am unreasonable and wicked after all your kindness, but I do so want to know if Dick sent me one word of goodbye before he went away?"

"Poor, little romantic girl," he said to himself. "How on earth did she get this notion into her head?"

Then aloud he said.

"What makes you think this old man knows anything about Foster, who is now thousands of miles away?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Kitty; "but I had a suspicion. It came to me suddenly, and so I came out here to see him, and then you came and—"

"Spoilt it all. What a shame!" said the man. "And now what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, Mr Chase, if you would let me go in and see him now, it would be very generous of you, and then to-morrow—"

She paused, and Beaumont Chase put his arm tenderly about her.

"And then to-morrow you will go obediently to the sacrifice? Poor little girl! Never mind, I mean to make you happy in spite of yourself, Kit. Before long I will make you forget all about that unfortunate young Australian. Meanwhile, my dear child, of course you shall see this old man and satisfy yourself that he knows nothing about Foster. Come, let us go and see him together."

As he spoke, with his arm still about her waist, he led her round to the front of the building.

Producing a key from his pocket he unlocked the door, and they entered the pavilion together.

(To be Continued.)

## SOUTHEND TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB.

The above club was formed last year and was granted by the Council, the use of the reserve in Etrick street. Necessarily the cost of getting the ground into playing order is very heavy, though the Council has been generous in its assistance, members will require to raise at least £200 to put the club on a satisfactory footing.

Various means are being followed in raising the amount, one of them, a series of dances by the tennis branch. The first social came off on the 3rd June, in Ashley's Hall, when over 100 couples spent a most enjoyable evening, with much profit to the club, as everything excepting the printing, was donated, and about £15 netted as the result. Very good tennisists. Among the young ladies present in their beautiful gowns were: Miss Crofts, Miss Rein, Miss Nisbet, Miss D. Washer, Miss D. Stevenson, Miss L. Wilson, Miss Thomson, Miss Kingdon, the Misses Manson, Miss Mabson, the Misses Jones, the Misses Sutton, Miss Mills, Miss Howie, Miss Dwyer, and many others.

Misses W. Manson, L. Alsweller, D. Parry and E. Sutton, were responsible for the working arrangements while the ladies committee are to be congratulated on the splendid supper provided and daintily served. Mr C. Duerdon and J. Harvey gave delightful music.

## The Nature Column.

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

On looking farther into the question of occurrence of fire-clays in the Dominion, I find that Professor Park mentions these in several places under coal seams, and in Canterbury in the Malvern district, at Springfield, the coal is worked chiefly to get the fire-clay which is sent to Christchurch for manufacture.

I am indebted to Mr Calvert for his interesting letter, though the enquiry re fossils, was mainly published in the hope that information would be obtained of small definite localities where fossils could be easily obtained. The Otapiri and Wairaki streams are evidently places falling within this definition, and Curio Bay and the Brothers, Waikawa, likewise. Professor Park mentioned this year that fossils weathered out of the limestone were in abundance at Clifden, a little way from the bridge. Having attempted to chip fossils out of the surrounding rock I have cause to know how difficult it is to secure unbroken specimens. Locations such as mentioned by Professor Park are therefore the places where good specimens can be most easily obtained. The fossils of New Zealand are largely undescribed, and it is not easy to get anything other than a mention of the rock system to which they belong.

Professor Marshall mentions that in the Matura district the foliage of Tactopteris, Alethopteris, Cycads and Podocarpus, have been identified, and that the marine fossils Ostraea, Spiriferina, Terebratula, and many other genera are found.

At one time the Southland plains were doubt covered with a sheet of limestone of which the remains at Centre Bush, Browns, the Waiau, and other isolated places are all that is left. Some people have been curious to know why this great sheet should have been washed away and only these remnants left standing. Why should these isolated hills of limestone escape the general denudation?

The explanation which seems to fit is as follows:—While the limestone bed was still intact faulting occurred. Faults are caused by a readjustment of the underlying strata. Sometimes the downthrow is over a distance of several hundred feet. Occasionally the faults are perpendicular cracks, and sometimes they are at an angle nearly approaching the horizontal, when they are called thrust planes. Another sort of fault is one in which a trough is formed. This faulting as often as not leaves little indication on the surface of the disturbance that has taken place, the action taking place slowly. It is therefore conceivable that large masses of limestone might be lowered beneath the general level of the rest of the limestone. The limestone sheet having been dissolved and removed by water would leave another strata exposed with large pieces of limestone enclosed in it. The enclosing strata, which would seem to have been of a soft nature, possibly a marine clay such as papa, would be then eroded more rapidly than the limestone areas, and these would gradually rise above the level of the surrounding plain as we see them to-day.

Professor Park says in the geology of New Zealand: The succession of strata forming the formation commonly known as the Oamaru series shows a remarkable uniformity from one end of New Zealand to the other, and is as follows omitting the smaller divisions.

- (A) Shelly limestone or calcareous sandstone often resembling freestone.
- (B) Green sands, often shaley or clayey.
- (C) Sandstones or marly clays.
- (D) Loose gritty sands and fire-clays with coal seams.

It will be seen from this description that the limestones would be the more resistant rocks, and the remaining strata of the series would be much more easily cut away. That limestones are resting on clays can be seen just before entering the limestone gorge on the way to Clifden. The papa is exposed in the bed of the Orawia river, the upper part of the banks being composed of limestone. Papa also outcrops in Lake Manapouri and in the bed of the Waiau and must run under Freestone Hill at Manapouri. Freestone Hill in some parts is largely limestone and in others a sandstone. Lower down the Waiau are freestone hills of some height. In the bed and showing on the banks of the Waiau are alternate bands of papa and a rough gritty rock which is harder. This strata has been much tilted, the sections showing on the banks of the Waiau below Sunnyside, lying at an angle of about forty-five degrees, indicate even to an inexperienced observer, that great earth movements have taken place here since the Oamaruan limestones were laid down.

## DRAUGHTS.

(By F. Hutchins.)

I will be pleased to receive any problems or games of general interest to draught players. Address Draughts Editor, 28 Biggar street, Invercargill.

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum Wednesday and Saturday evenings, visitors invited.

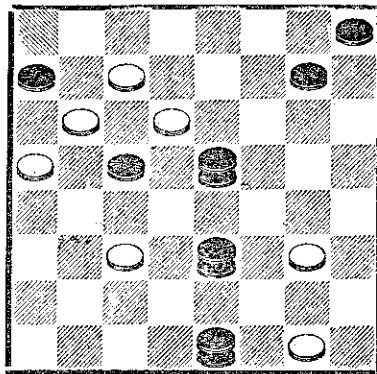
## PROBLEM 14.

By Dino Daina, Davis, Italy.

BLACK.

White to play and win.

Black 4, 5, 8, 14, Kings 15, 23, 31.



White 6, 9, 10, 13, 22, 24 32.

WHITE.

Entertaining.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 13.

Black 5, 6, 10, 13, 15, 18, Kings 1, 19.

White 8, 17, 20, 22, 25, 29, Kings 11, 27.

Black to play and win.

19.16	20.11	15.22	11.7
11.7	13.17	25.18	12.8
10.14	22.13	6.22	7.2
17.10	18.23	13.6	8.11
5.9	27.18	1.12	

Black wins by first position.

The following are two games played in the recent Handicap Tourney in connection with the Australasian championship held in Timaru—

S. Crook (Black). T. Russell (White).  
Double Corner.

9.14	8.11	3.7	24.27	11.16
23.19	31.26	23.18	23.19	20.11
11.15	11.16	15.22	15.24	23.19
22.17	20.11	25.18	32.23	Drawn
8.11a	7.16	7.10	24.27	
17.13	21.17	29.25	23.19	
4.8	14.21	10.15	27.31	
26.23	23.7	25.22	22.17	
15.18	2.11	16.19	31.27	
24.20	19.10	24.20	17.14	
11.15	6.15	19.24	27.23	
28.24	26.23	27.23	19.15	

(A) It has now developed into the Old Fourteenth.

The next game Russell had the black and Crook the white pieces, the opening is the same but it again runs into the "Old Fourteenth."

9.14	24.20	1.6a	15.31
23.19	11.15	32.28	26.22
11.15	28.24	3.8	12.19
22.17	8.11	30.26	22.8
8.11	31.26	9.13	
17.13	6.9a	23.16	Drawn
4.8	13.6	12.19	
26.23	2.9	8.12	
15.18	26.22	24.19	

(A) This is stronger than 11.16 as played in first game.

(B) 9.13 here would lose as follows: 9.13, 22.17, 13.22, 20.16, 11.20, 21.17, 14.21, 23.14, 10.17, 25.2. White wins.

## TRAPS FOR AMATEURS.

KELSO.

10.15	25.18	10.15b	23.16	9.14
22.18	6.10	25.22	12.19	18.9
15.22	29.25	15.19	24.15	11.25

Black wins.

(B) This is not sound, 11.15 is better.

## Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

## RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

We sing loudly of our longing for Heaven; still we spend a lot on pills. Hell is a place thoughtfully provided by an all-wise Providence for our enemies. A sensible man is one whose views agree with our own.

Woman has worse taste than men; witness their choice of life partners.

A cause may follow an effect, as when a father wheels his youngest in a push cart. Cradles may be described as matrimonial fruit boxes.

Figures cannot lie—but some women's figures prevaricate a lot.

None is omniscient, save God and a High School boy.

The fellow who said, "There is none righteous," evidently never heard a Salvation Army soldier "testifying."

Man proposes—and the woman looks after the rest.

In 1915 a slouched hat, boots, and a pair of SHORTS formed the only costume of most of the troops in Gallipoli. . . . When we got to France we found that the 1915 Gallipoli fashion had become the 1918 fashion of Paris, amongst the ladies, I mean.—Gen. Birdwood at Christchurch.

Is this the truth that Birdie brings?

The hat and boots we need not doubt;

But as regards the other things—

However did he find it out?

We have all smiled at the story of the mother who wrote explaining that her Johnny's absence from school was due to the fact that "he had fell in the crick in the a.m. and cot a cold in the p.m." Some of the "notes" sent by mothers during the present epidemic of vaccination are, no doubt, equally amusing; still, it is in decidedly bad taste for teachers to hold more or less illiterate or careless parents up to the ridicule of children by reading their literary efforts out to the classes. This is done in at least one local school, if the children are to be believed. Their story has corroboration, too, in the fact that Mrs Jones's youngsters often hilariously recite scraps from the halting screech of Tommy Brown's mother. This state of things is not a good one, and perhaps accounts largely for the increasing lack of respect of children towards their elders, which we all unite in deploring.

"In two Auckland affiliation cases paternity was proven against two lads, one of 16, and the other of 17 years of age. In each case the mother was older than the father."—Southland Daily Times, June 11.

"The child is father of the man," they say;

Well much depends on where you're domiciled;

It may be so down here, but Auckland way.

The child is oft the father of the child.

"People in the North," said Mr Simpson at the recent Gore banquet, "had the idea that Southland was a place of rain, hail or snow. It was up to our Parliamentary representatives to disillusion as many as possible in this connection. What was needed was self-esteem." Beautifully simple, is it not? Strange we never thought of it before. Now, when our westerly zephyrs seem to tear the buttons off our overcoats and send our fences and timber stacks flitting lightly up the street; when our rains seem to throw Noah's little affair into insignificance; when our hail appears to set the glaziers working overtime, and the thermometer suggests that a good, thawing week in Sheol would be a pleasant holiday, all that is necessary to prove to visitors that these things are nothing more than dreams, illusions, the figments of frenzied fancy, is for our members to show them a small chunk of self-esteem. Only (alas! there's always a fly in the ointment) it may easily be that none of our members have any of that useful property about them. And it would be a difficult thing to borrow; nobody seems inclined to give much esteem to politicians. No, I am afraid that we and our climate will have to remain as before—"not understood."

Every week I read "Groper's" jottings in this paper with pleasure; they are, for the most part, refreshingly Scotch. Last week, however, he struck a new note, an Irish—or, rather, anti-Irish—one. "We do not want the Irish question in New Zealand," he said. Well, I heartily agree with "Groper." We do not want any such bone of contention in this country. But—and here's the rub—we cannot help ourselves. It is here, as everywhere within the empire, already, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not be exorcised. The Irish question is no longer a merely local matter of the North Sea; it has become the greatest and gravest of our many Imperial problems, and one that, if not soon settled, may easily bring the stupendous fabric of our Empire crashing to the ground. It is admitted that our very safety depends on Ireland. To assure that, we must either win her people to everlasting friendship or smash them to utter impotency. The latter is, of course, unthinkable. The problem, therefore, is how to achieve the former. And since the matter concerns the Dominions, as integral parts of the Empire, equally with the Mother Country, it is not only our right, but our duty to consider and discuss it, and to assist, if possible in its solution.

## "CUMANAVASPOT."

When Fortune ceases smiling,  
And your business is bad;  
When your debts are upward piling  
Till they nearly drive you mad,  
Though you're feeling sick and weary,  
Yet it bucks you up a lot,  
To be greeted with a cherry:  
"Hullo! Cumanavaspot."

When you're badly, sadly jilted,  
By the girl you hoped to wed;  
All the joy of life is wilted,  
And you're wishing you were dead,  
But you gather consolation,  
And your sorrow is forgot  
In the murmured invitation:  
"Cheero! Cumanavaspot."

If the stings of slander hurt you,  
In a way you'd hate to show;  
Or your fickle friends desert you,  
And you're feeling pretty low;  
Oh, it lightens each affliction—  
It loosens every knot;  
Soothing as a benediction,  
Is that: "Cumanavaspot."

When the common lot of mortals  
Overtakes you at the last,  
And you reach the pearly portals—  
All your woes and worries past;  
Oh! Your joy will be the sweeter  
Should you hear (and wherefore not)  
The friendly voice of Peter  
Saying: "Cumanavaspot."

The returned soldier is up against the universal curse—land profiteering. The policy of soldier settlement has given the speculator in land values such a golden opportunity for plunder as he has never had since the inauguration of the Advances to Settlers scheme. Now, as then, cheap Government money has had the effect of rocketing values skyward. The land speculator flourishes like a green bay tree; we have almost daily instances of fortunes being made out of the "unearned increment." The results, in other directions, are not so pleasant to look at. Many of our lads have bought into farm prices far beyond their normal production values and will, it is to be feared, have unpleasantly weighty infant to carry later on. On the other hand, many of the returned soldiers are unable to get the assistance to which their services are entitled them, because the Treasury has been depleted more rapidly than was anticipated or than it should have been, largely because of the very enhancements in values that its own disturbances have created. The problem is a big one, but I feel quite safe in saying that if the Government had freely exercised its right of expropriation—to take over any required and suitable areas at their taxable valuations (plus a little for disturbance), every soldier could have been comfortably settled at a less expenditure than has already been incurred.