JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"His one wish was for your happiness. He said he knew his love for you had brought yer sorrow, but he would love you until he died, and that as long as he lived he would pray for your happiness. He said that he knew your love was as true as his, and that nothing could destroy it. He told me to tell you that he would néver doubt you, and that whatever you did would be right in his eyes."

The voice ceased, and there was silence. The tears were streaming down Kitty's face, and it was some moments before she could speak again.

"You-you are his friend?" she mur-

mured at length.

"I know him well," "Will you see him again?" "Yes."

"Will you take him a message from me?" "Inded I will!" exclaimed the man, with an ill-concealed note of eagerness in his voice. "You can speak to me as you would speak to him. Every word you say will go straight to his heart."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" murmured Kitty, with emotion. "This is whatI want you to tell him. He must never doubt my love or think ill of me, no matter whatever he hears. To-morrow I am to be marr ed."

The sick man gave a start and put out a hand as though in protect, but almost instantly it fell back to his side, and he lay quite still.

"Mr Foster will hear of that," went on Kitty tremulously. "Still, he must not doubt me. The man I am going to marry is a true and gallant gentleman. He has been a great friend to us both. He knows I cannot give him my love, but yet he wants me to be his wife. I do not understand men. I do not understand!" There was a pitiful note in her voice. "But he wants me, and I-I must obey. For he has saved Dick. It was Mr Chase who got him out of the country, and has promised to look after him. It is he who has done everything, and, in return he has made me promise to be his wife. If I refuse, Dick will be dragged back to prison again, and-"

"Excuse me. Clark has talked enough. Perhaps another time, Miss Millbank,"

Pelham Webb, who, while holding Beaumont Chase at bay, had been straining his ears to catch the conversation, had now hurried to the bedside.

But his intervention came too late. The sick man suddenly sat up in bed

and seized Kitty firmly by the hand.

"One minute, Miss Millbank," he said in a stern voice, in which there was no suggestion of age or feebleness, "let me understand. Do you say that Beaumont Chase is saving Dick Foster on condition that you promise to be his wife? It, that what you say?"

Kitty bowed her head, but made no answer. She was sobbing.

"Then I say that Beaumont Chase is a scoundrel!" cried the remarkably rejuvenate 1 old man. "You shall not marry him! I forbid it! Do you hear? I, Dick Foster.

Now let Mr Beaumont Chase do his worst." So saying, he flung his wig across the room, and, throwing out both arms, caught

his little sweetheart to his breast. (To be continued).

EXTRACT FROM "PASSING NOTES."

A PARABLE.

When the Prodigal had returned he said unto his Father: "Father, I have wasted my substance in a good time until there is nothing left, nay, not a bean in my scrip, and lo! I am on my uppers; therefore, Father, I am come to say that I have sinned." And the Old Man said, "Wherein hast thou sinned, O my Son?" Then the Son told him of the red and white wine that bucketh you up, and of the women called Tottie and Flossie, and of the Oprah and the Midnight Feasts, and of the other things that make up a royal time. And the Father was moved in spirit, for he was not yet two score years and ten, and was full of vigour. And he said: "My son. I wist not that such things were, since I have lived long in this Hole, which is forsaken of the Lord. I would fain see for myself the things whereof thou tellest me. Tell me. I pray thee, where the women called Tottie and Flossie are to be found. It may be that I shall be able to lead them again to Righteousness. And I would fain know also where these taverns and feasting houses are." And when the Son had told him all these things the Old Man got him a change of raiment and journeyed to the city by the next caravan. And he said in his heart: "My son hath opened mine eyes to the joys of prodigalling, whereof I knew nothing before. Now, therefore, shall I have a rorty time." And, lo, it was even as he said. Moral: Obvious

The Nature Column.

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

A suburban friend tells me that it is going to be an early spring. The sparrows are nesting. The same gentleman informs me that the Little Owl is hard on the sparrows. Before the owls came about his home there were plenty of sparrows, now their numbers are reduced to about half. It does not seem to follow, however, that the owl is able to work much mischief with the tui and bellbird, for he says these birds are often to be seen and are on the increase. The owl is very daring, howover, as attempts have been made by him to get at the canaries in the cages on the house. The warbler is still about the hedges in town. It looks as if the race for survival on the part of some of the bush birds has_ended in their favour.

A short time ago I was shown a piece of wood, apparently totara, which had formed part of a log pierced by one of the bores at the Waterworks. This bit of wood, part of a log of some thickness, was recovered from, I think, the 120 foot level. How recent must be the strata on which the tower stands. The wood could scarcely last as such for very many hundreds of years, say ten hundred at the outside. The tower hill is now in all probability much lower than it was when the rivers ran over it. If the gravel came, as surmised, from the direction of Stewart Island, what a change has taken place in the land surface. It is well to remember than an elevation of the land of something like 120 feet would make the Foveaux Straits dry land. The soundings down to Macquarrie Island seem to indicate that our lost continent existed in that direction. On the contrary the folding of the rocks in the Southern Alps seem to point to a land mass on the West though a great deep exists in the sea between the Dominion and Australia.

What a tremendous agency exists in the rivers in forming the contours of a country. Who would think at first glance that the valley between the Watertower and Dalrymple road had been formed by such an insignificant little stream as the Puni Creek. Yet there does not seem any reason to call in any more potent power. The creek when in floot sends down an immense amount of water turbid with the solid particles of the lands it drains. If the creek were guaged and the amount of material carried down calculated, I think we would be astonished at the amount of solid matter carried out to sea. Professor Marshall estimated that the Water of Leith, in Dunedin, carried down 65,000 tons of material in a sixday's flood. The Mississippi deposits 63,-000,000 tons annually, and the Thames, which is not much in the way of a river puts out half a million tons annually. It can be seen from these figures that it would not be a very great task for our local stream to carve out its small valley. Our watercourse is now in middle age. Streams in their first stages cut deep beds with high banks; later, as the banks get cut back, they assume sloping formations similar to our little valley, and finally the land is worn down to a flat plain.

Streams carry their load best in floods. There is a law which states that "the size of the particles varies as the sixth power of the velocity of the stream." If the velocity of a stream is doubled its suspending power is increased 64 times, and if trebled 629 times. When the stream reaches still water its velocity is checked and the sediment drops, and it is thus that the estuary mud flats have been formed. Within the last twenty years some parts of the estuary have shoaled six

At the present time boating men are bemoaning the fact that the channel at the mouth of the harbour has shifted to the north and they cannot get out because of the rough water. Just why this should have happened is hard to say, but presumably it has been caused by heavy freshes in the river, and not through any variation in the ocean current which sweeps along Riverton beach and round the Bluff. Sooner or later this current will force the channel back to the rocks unless spring floods cause another alteration.

Mr Hunter, in his lecture on fishes before the Naturalists' Society, mentioned that the native freshwater fish sometimes called New Zealand trout, thought it is not at all like trout in taste or shape, were to be commonly found in the Waikiwi stream. Mr Tapper mentioned that they were often found in ditches up country, a long way from a stream, and that they were the laziest fish he knew. In the discussion on the frest fish it was mentioned that they were always found minus the tail. Fishermen say that it always bites

its tail off before it comes ashore. It seems more likely that it come ashore because some predatory fish had bitten the tail off.

Mr Crosbie Smith lectures next on 'Have Plants any Feeling." It is to be regretted that the public do not attend in greater numbers. There is no charge or collection and any person may ask questions or take part in the after discussion.

DRAUGHTS.

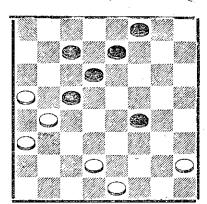
(By F. Hutchins.)

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Visitors invited.

PROBLEM 15.

By N. Wallwork, Bolton. (No. 49 in "Bolton Chronicle.")

BLACK.



WHITE.

-Black to play and win. Black 3, 6, 7, 10, 14, 19. White 13, 17, 21, 26, 28, 31. An interesting finish.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 14.

Black 4, 5, 8, 14, Kings 15, 23, 31. White 6, 9, 10, 13, 22, 24, 32. White to play and win.

31.24 23.1532.2828.3 15.6 22.18 5.14 14.232.27 White wins

Game played in recent handicap tourney n Timaru between T. Bussell (Black) and Wm. Carswell (White).

		KELSO.				
10.15	18.9	3.7	31.27	22.31		
21,17	5.14	21.14	8.12	2.7		
15.19	24.19	10.17	22.18	31.24		
23.16	4.8	27.23	10.15	28.19		
11.20	25.22	7.10	18.14			
17.13	14.17	19.16	15.18	White		
8.11	29.25	12.19	14.9	wins.		
22.18	7.10	23.7	18.22	•		
9.14 .	25 .21	2.11	9.2	4		
KELSO.						

<u> </u>						
7. Carswell	(Black).	T. Bussell	(White)			
10.15	5.14	8.11	16.23			
21.17	29.25	28.24	14.10			
11.16	8.11	1.5	7.14			
17.13	25.22	23.18	18.9			
16.20	4.8	16.23	5.4			
22.18	24.19	26.19	27.9			
15.22	11.16	17.22	White			
25.1 8	22.18	19.15	wins.			
9.14	14.17	11.16				
18.9	18.14	24.19				

THE MAKING OF A GOOD DRAUGHTS

Patience, courage, courtesy, and selfreliance are essential qualifications to the successful pursuit of draughts. Patience to investigate calmly and accurately the consequences attending each move: courage to act with promptitude and decision, and to bear with equanimity the reverses sustained in competition with a player of superior judgment; courtesy which implies forbearance to, and the recognition of equal rights and advantages for, an adversary; and self-reliance which begets independent judgment-the first practical step to mental culture and progress in this as in all other science. Even in negative features the game of draughts is entitled to our respectful admiration. Totally devoid of chance, its influences are repellent of the excesses which disfigure and militate against games in general. The abuse of intoxicating liquors cannot be associated with it, the indulgence in which being at all times preventive to its practical development. Nor can the mischievous and alluring propensity of gambling be justly laid to its charge. In contests for the championship, where the highest stakes are played for, the players, whatever be their success, are but illrequited for the labour involved and the time spent in bringing the match to a conclusion. Theirs is but the honographe ambition to excel in a mental conflict. At this game the ordinary and habitual gambler has no chance. Truly "its intellectual grasp lies far beyond his comprehension."—Hedley.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

the moral effect of the war has been to make the good better and the bad worse than before. In some respects this is very satisfactory. Hitherto the good and bad have overlapped in a most embarrassing way, so that it was often difficult to distinguish between the church elder and the ordinary sinner-especially in a horse swap, or a land deal. In fact, the simple Christian often proved a more finished and capable sinner than the other. But that is all past, thank Heaven! If the General is right, the war has sharpened and emphasised the line of cleavage between the sheep and the goats in such a way as to make it no longer a dangerous matter to engage in a business transaction with a deacon or Sunday school teacher, or to back a bill for the man with the black coat and monkey whiskers. And, forbye (as my friend "Groper" would say), the clearer definition of the boundary line between the saints and sinners should greatly simplify the separating process on the Day of Judgment.

General Birdwood, at Christchurch and elsewhere, expressed the hope that the R.S.A. would retain its non-political character to the end. This is the wish of many besides the General, but is it possible? The returned soldiers, as a class (and despite all that may be said to the contrary, they do constitute, in many respects, a separate class) have many grievances that can only be redressed, many aspirations that can only be furthered by political means. They have already had bitter experience of the spathy and Has the higher cost of living ever bothered neglect of the powers that be, and I feel that the time is not far distant when | Does Peter still retain his job as Keeper of they will tire of asking, cap in hand, as favours what they should be able to demand as rights. There are many evidences of deep and general discontent among our returned soldiers, and the step from discontent to action is but a short one. It will be a very simple matter to crystallise their aims and desires into a definite policy, and as for securing direct representation of such policy in our legislature-well, they and their friends are a numerous body, and in politics, as in war, God is always on the side of the big battalions. Personally, I could wish the organisation to remain non-political, but it looks as though circumstances may yet necessitate a change in its character and purpose.

"Bandsman," writing to the "Times," has been saying some very violent things about the Council's wowseristic restriction on Sunday band concerts. For my own part, I could wish that his remarks had been even more dynamic, especially as regards the theatre time limits. The only discoverable reason for such is the greedy fear of the effect of earlier concerts on the church plate. There could be no disturbance of devotions, since such concerts could not well be audible even in the nearest churches; nor can it be reasonably urged that there is any greater intrinsic demerit in a 7 o'clock concert than in an eight o'clock one. But this particular matter may be safely left to "Bandsman"; he seems quite capable of dealing with it. But a wider question hinges on this. We all know, from unpleasant experience, that the wowsers in Invercargill, by their impertinent meddlesomeness and their intense activity, exercise an influence on civic affairs and our private rights that is out of all proportion to their numbers and intelligence. At every turn we find our liberties narrowly limited and our national demands frustrated by this small, but restless, army of kill-joys. Racing, cards, liquor, tobacco, the drama, dancing, Sunday recreation, every form of sport, every source of rational pleasure come under the anathema of those whose chief aim in life seems to be to make everybody else as miserable as themselves. And their activity gives them a greater measure of success than is good for the rest of us. It is becoming intolerable, and the sooner an anti-wowser association is formed the better.

views on spiritualism. "From the utili-General Booth has been giving his

General Booth has been telling us that tarian point of view," he said, "it is a failure. It has told us nothing new about heaven or hell."

> When the barriers were broken-when wa bridged the Great Abyss,

> And the spirits started 'phoning from the other world to this;

or down below.

Our hearts were filled with gladness, for we thought we'd get to know More about our future dwelling up above-

Alas! Our hopes have dwindled; though on many things they speak,

The spirits can't, or won't, impart the knowledge that we seek; Though we've done our best to pump 'em,

they have nothing new to tell Of our very useful Heaven, or our necessary Hell. We've asked the spooks to tell us if ith

hard to learn to fly, If boy and girlic angels ever flirt upon

sly; If Heaven has its taverns where a soul can

get a "spot," And whether angels' pinions are detach-

able or not. If Satan's on his tether still, or free to mooch about.

If Hell is quite as horrid as the parsons make it out;

But no word of information from their lips can we compel

Of the mysteries of Heaven, or the Fahrenheit of Hell. Have they any bargain counters for the

ladies in the skies? Do Paddy and the P.P.A. together fraternise?

than of late?

the Gate? We'd like to know for certain if the angels ever tire,

Of the harping and the hymning of the Everlasting Choir;

Or if their gentle hearts are thrilled with joy to hear the yell some thirsty, tortured sinner in the

summer time in Hell. Oh! fatile is our questioning-we never

learn of them, The latitude and longitude of New Jerusalem;

many of the mansions there are ticketed "To let-"

Or hell, upon the other hand, is evercrowded vet. They are mum about the cherubs in the

realm of Endless Day, And the smoky little devils in the place across the way;

So we're forced to the conclusion that, wherever they may dwell,

They know no more than you or I d Heaven or of Hell.

A movement is afoot for the relief of

the present appalling sufferings of t^{he} women and children of Central Europe This is just as it should be, and it is " be hoped that the response throughout Empire will be a most liberal one. During the period of bitter struggle, we were compelled by the first law of nature w visit on these innocent ones such privation and miscry as our every instinct of br manity revolted against. We could not help ourselves, then. War leaves little room for the play of the finer feelings I is different now. The struggle is over but it has left a terrible legacy of was and woe, which presses most heavily a women who had no more than a sufferiel part in the war, and on children who were not born when it occurred. It is in our power to help them to some extent; and duty demands that we should do so. While we are not prepared to forgive these who plunged the world into mad, inhuman conflict, surely we will not subscribe to the barbarous decree that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children." I would like to see the Dig. gers," of all countries, take separate at tion in this matter. I am sure that the could raise an enormous fund for bread and milk and warm clothing for the famished, naked children of those stricked lands. Such would be a crowning at of chivalry, and one that would add a more glowing page to history than head