



No. 18.

FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1920.

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business in these lines we've mentioned.
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'phone.

SHAMEFUL DEATH.

There were four of us about that bed;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit pass'd away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here,
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinion'd fast;
Sir John the Knight off the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turn'd grey,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment
when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and then,
And my strength is mostly pass'd,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of
the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

William Morris, "The Defence of Gue-
never and other Poems."

The oldest love-letter proposing mar-
riage, was written on a brick; this was
3500 years ago, when the hand of an
Egyptian princess was sought, and this
substantial specimen is said to be the
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CLOTHIERS AND MERCERS

94 Deo St.

FIRES OF FATE.

The great moment in the lives of Guy Allenby and his chum, Paul Panting, was at hand, and both men were looking more than usually pale as they stood facing each other in the studio which they rented. Both were artists, and both had made a hard struggle to find Fame, and with it Fortune. So far, however, neither had had any appreciable success.

But the next five minutes would decide which of them Fortune was to favour.

Side by side at one end of the studio stood two easels, and upon each a newly finished picture. The subject of the two paintings was the same—a three-quarter study of a young and very beautiful girl.

These two pictures represented the best efforts of the two artists, and in five minutes' time the studies were to be critically examined by Harvey Levine, the millionaire collector, whose knowledge of art was generally agreed to be the soundest in the world.

He owned some of the greatest art treasures, and had presented to the nation some of the world's famous paintings.

Under these circumstances it was scarcely to be wondered at that the two artists were feeling acutely nervous as they waited the coming of the millionaire, for his verdict, whichever way it went, would mean the making of the man whose painting was decided to be the best.

The portrait was that of the millionaire's daughter, Patricia Levine, and in both cases the likeness was striking.

It was because Harvey Levine realised the wonderful beauty of his child that he had caused her to be the subject of the picture, knowing that her features would give exceptional opportunities to a clever artist and bring out the best in him.

He had seen a little of the work of both men, and, believing they showed promise had invited them to paint his daughter's picture. He had stated that when they were ready he would judge both.

For the picture which he thought the better he was to pay five thousand pounds while to the unsuccessful artist he had promised a hundred pounds for his labour.

His decision naturally meant a great deal to the man whose picture was selected, for, apart from the prize money, the artist would be made for life. Backed by Harvey Levine, a totally unknown man would become famous in a day.

Guy Allenby cast a strange, lingering glance at his picture, and then, turning to his friend, gripped his hand.

"We both hope to win, of course, Paul, old man," he said; "and the decision means even more to me than to you. But whichever way it is, it shall make no difference to our friendship."

"Of course not," he said, a little uncomfortably. "But at the same time, I don't see that the business means any more to you than to me. After all, it would only be fair if I won, because you have already won a prize. Patricia loves you, and I would have sacrificed everything else if that could have been my fate."

"It is because she loves me that I want to make a name for myself, Paul," returned Guy. "As a poor, struggling artist, existing on a few pounds a year, I could not and, of course, would not, ask her to marry me. I—"

He stopped suddenly at the sound of a motor car outside the house.

"Mr Levine," he said. "Good luck, Paul, old man!"

Two minutes later Harvey Levine entered the studio. He greeted both men cordially, and smiled as he noticed their nervous agitation. He knew well enough what his verdict of the next few minutes meant to them.

He followed the two artists over to the end of the studio, and a moment later forgot all about them as he submitted the two pictures to a most critical examination.

He missed no point, and while he continued his silent criticism the young men waited breathless.

At last he turned away from the two canvases.

"I am pleased with the efforts of both of you," he announced, "but it has not been so difficult to make my choice as I imagined it might be. Actually there is no comparison between the two works. As a portrait one is excellent, but the other is a work of a master of his craft. One of you, of course, was foredoomed to dis-

appointment, but so it must always be in competitions of this sort."

So far he had given no hint as to which of the two men had won his praise, and their hearts seemed to cease their beating as they waited for him to say the word which would make one of them and mar the other.

The millionaire looked again at the two pictures and then, coming forward, he placed his hand upon Guy Allenby's shoulder.

"Mr Allenby, I have no hesitation whatever in awarding my decision to you. Your picture of my daughter is beyond my wildest anticipations, and I do not know, even amongst our famous men, one capable of such a work of artistic genius. I congratulate you, my lad. From this moment you may consider yourself a made man!"

Guy Allenby could scarcely believe his good fortune, whilst Paul Panting staggered back as though he had been struck in the face. Every vestige of blood drained from his countenance, and his lips trembled under the stress of great emotion.

Harvey Levine was quick to notice the effect which his decision had had upon the disappointed man, and he lost no time in doing his best to console him.

"I am sorry for you, Panting," he said in a kindly tone. "It is the fortune of war, and there is no reason why you should be discouraged. Your picture is excellent, but Allenby's is so obviously the work of a master that yours is overshadowed by it."

Paul Panting did not reply, for he could not at the moment trust himself to speak. The great art critic seemed to understand this, and, moving away, took up his hat.

"At eleven o'clock to-morrow morning I want you to bring both pictures to me," he told the two artists. "I will then hand over the cheques. And Panting, as you have done so well, I will increase the consolation prize to three hundred pounds, to compensate you for the time which you have spent on the work."

And without another word he passed from the studio.

For some moments after he had gone neither of the two artists spoke, and the silence was broken at last by Guy Allenby, who moved towards his chum with outstretched hand.

"I—I am sorry we could not share the honours, Paul," he said earnestly. "I know how disappointed you must be, for we have both built all our hopes on this. Shake hands, old man!"

With some reluctance Paul Panting returned the grip.

"I suppose old Levine's opinion counts for something," he said grudgingly, "but I'm hanged if I can see such a difference in the two portraits. As far as the likeness is concerned, mine is every bit as good as yours, and there are probably many who would consider the execution better. Still, the luck is yours instead of mine, and I shall have to put up with it."

"You will get over the disappointment, Paul," said Guy soothingly, "and in any case, it must not make any difference to our friendship. After all, if I do succeed in becoming known, I shall be able to help to bring you to notice also. In the end we shall both emerge from obscurity, and you will get the success which you deserve."

It was a generous, manly speech, but it was lost upon Paul Panting, who received it in sullen silence.

"Now cheer up," advised Guy. "We'll go out to dinner together and do a show afterwards, if you feel up to it. I am sure that we both deserve a little recreation after our hard work of the past weeks, and the nervous strain of the day."

Panting did not receive the suggestion with great enthusiasm, but after further pressure, agreed to accompany his friend.

"I think I'll pack up the picture before I go," announced Guy, when both men had changed and were on the point of leaving the studio. "and I advise you to do the same. It is not wise to leave them in a lock-up studio all night, and if we get the mready, we can call for them on our way home."

To this proposal Paul Panting agreed, and the two men proceeded to wrap up their ready, we can call for them on our packages were placed against the wall together, and a little later the two men went from the studio.

II.

Guy Allenby and Paul Panting dined at the Celestial Restaurant, but the dinner proved a more or less dismal affair. Panting could not overcome his gloom, and Guy did not care to show unduly high spirits in view of the disappointment which his friend had suffered.

But he did his best to cheer him up, a task which was not rewarded with any success.

When the time came for them to leave the restaurant and proceed to the theatre at which Allenby had booked seats, Panting made his excuses.

"I think you'll have to let me off to-night, Guy," he said. "I can't help feeling down in the dumps, and I think I'd better be off at home."

"Just as you like," agreed his friend. "I don't want to press you to come out against your will, and perhaps after all you are right."

Outside the restaurant they parted. "Good-night," said Allenby. "I will see you to-morrow morning at Mr Levine's!"

Panting nodded, and then set off in the direction of the studio, intending to call there for his picture, and to take it to his lodgings with him.

And as he walked, his mind was filled with many strange thoughts, thoughts which grew upon him as he went upon his way.

So deeply thinking was he that he did not go straight to his destination, and it was more than an hour later when he at last reached the studio and let himself in with a key.

He switched on the light, and, dropping into a wicker chair, stared at the two wrapped up canvases standing against the wall.

"Cure him!" he muttered savagely. "He is destined to have all the luck. It was bad enough that the girl should fall in love with him, without winning the prize as well. By Heaven, I don't think it would be possible for any man to hate another as I hate Allenby to-night."

He rose from his seat and paced the studio.

"If anything were to happen to his picture, he would never be able to paint it again. Such a piece of work cannot be done twice, and then, if I did not receive the five thousand pounds, my picture would gain more prominence, and old Levine would probably pay me well for it. I wonder?"

The idea obsessed him, and he knew that he would carry it out. But how?

To cut Allenby's canvas, or to disfigure it in any other way would be too apparent, and suspicion would be certain to fall upon him. Was there no other way?

"Ah!" The exclamation burst from his lips as the solution came to him. "If the studio is destroyed by fire, it will seem to be an accident, and no one will ever know."

With his mind fixed upon his evil plan, Paul Panting crossed to some papers piled up in a further corner of the room, and, striking a match, he deliberately lighted them.

We watched only to see that the pile was well alight, then, crossing to where the two pictures stood, took up his own and left the studio, locking the door behind him.

Thus it was, when Guy Allenby arrived at the studio that night to collect his picture, he found the firemen still fighting the flames, which had completely gutted out the entire building.

He watched only to see that the pile man who had lost something more precious than life itself.

III.

With a large, flat packet held under his arm, Paul Panting mounted the steps of the Park Lane mansion of Harvey Levine.

He was looking very pale, but he mastered his emotions skilfully. The success of his evil scheme filled him with gratification, and he felt quite ready for the ordeal which was now before him.

When the door was opened, he was ushered into Levine's library, where three people were already waiting. One was the millionaire, another his daughter, whilst the last was Guy Allenby, who was standing upright against the desk, his pale face bearing evident traces of the blow which he had suffered.

Paul Panting set his picture down, and walked straight to where Guy stood.

"Guy, old chap, how can I tell you how sorry I am!" he began, appearing to be deeply affected. "I only read of the business in the paper this morning, and I could scarcely credit it. I would not have believed that Fate could be so bitterly cruel to any man."

Guy Allenby took his proffered hand readily.

"Thank you, Paul," he said unsteadily. "I knew that I should have your sympathy, and I am grateful to you for it."

"It is a bad business!" commented Harvey Levine with a thoughtful frown. "The loss can never be replaced, for I am sure

that we shall never see the like of that picture again."

A low sob broke from the lips of Patricia Levine.

"Oh, it is too terrible," she said, "and I cannot believe that it was an accident. I don't know why, but some intuition seems to tell me that this has been done by somebody who has a grudge against Mr Allenby."

Levine turned upon his daughter impatiently.

"Nonsense!" he said. "Get such silly ideas out of your young head. We are all naturally upset, but the thing is sheer bad luck. It can't be helped now, and if I have not misjudged him, Allenby will bear it like a man. The pity of it all is, that the picture would have made his reputation and the shock he has received will probably make it impossible to do anything so good again."

He paused, and turned to Paul Panting. "However, Allenby's misfortune is your good luck!" he said. "I must have a portrait of my daughter, and, since I cannot have the one, I will have the other. I will not, of course, pay you for your work, but I will be quite fair. I suggest a thousand pounds."

It required a great effort on the part of Paul Panting to conceal the elation which the other man's words had caused him.

His cowardly scheme had succeeded even better than he had dared to hope. However, he considered it in good taste to make a protest.

"I could not accept so generous an offer, sir," he said heroically. "Allenby is my chum, and I do not wish to profit by his loss."

His words had the desired effect upon the old man.

"It is very splendid of you to take that, Panting," he said, "and I shall thank you for it. But I shall insist upon your sum. I have mentioned, and, in addition, I give you my word that I will endeavour, as far as lies in my power, to compensate Allenby."

"Thank you, sir," said Panting quietly. "Now let us see the picture," went on the old man. "I am sure that my daughter would like to give her opinion on the finished painting."

The fingers of Paul Panting trembled slightly as he unfasted the packet. Very slowly he drew it from the wrapper and placed it upon an easel which was waiting to receive it.

Harvey Levine took his daughter's arm, and advanced towards the picture.

"Look, child!" he said. "You will find that the likeness is very striking."

He stopped suddenly and stared at the painting.

The other three also stood looking at it in blank amazement.

It was the picture of Patricia Levine, but Paul Panting staggered back in horror at the sight of it—for it was not the portrait which he had painted!

It bore the signature of Guy Allenby!

Stricken dumb with rage and mortification, he stared at the beautiful face with starting eyes.

A tense silence was broken suddenly by the voice of Guy Allenby.

"Great powers, this is my picture, old man!" he cried. "You must have taken it away in mistake for your own last night, Paul!"

Paul Panting turned upon him with a snarl. His passion was quite beyond control now, and his eyes blazed with venomous hate.

Upon the desk within reach lay a heavy paper-knife of Eastern pattern.

Panting caught sight of it, and his mad fury got the better of him. He snatched it up, and, with a fierce oath, rushed forward and aimed one savage blow at the canvas.

Patricia Levine was the first to realise his intention.

With a cry she sprang forward, and, with all her strength, caught at his arm to stay its downward course. The next moment Harvey Levine had snatched the knife from Panting's grip.

The hate-maddened wretch quailed before the millionaire's gaze.

"Your action has made everything quite clear," said the old man, in a cold, deliberate voice. "I am getting on in years, but I find it hard to prevent myself from giving you the horse-whipping you deserve. Disappointed because your friend had beaten you in fair contest you thought to destroy his work by setting fire to the studio. Fate, however, played you a strange trick, and you succeeded only in destroying your own."

Cowering before this cold recital of his perfidy, Paul Panting, all the fire now gone out of his nature, could only mutter incoherently.

"There is the door!" went on the millionaire. "If you are wise, you will pass out through it within five seconds. After that period of grace, I will have you flung out; and I warn you that, for your own sake, it will be better that you should never let me see or hear of you again."

Paul Panting took the first alternative.

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and was out of the room within the time limit. Levine followed him, and from the front door watched him steal away.

When Harvey Levine returned to the library, he received another severe shock, for, on opening the door he saw his daughter Pat sobbing quietly in the arms of Guy Allenby, who was kissing her hair, and murmuring soothingly to her.

They were too much wrapped up in themselves to notice the entrance of the millionaire, who, being a man of common sense, with a shrewd knowledge of human nature, stepped back into the hall again and lighted a cigar.

Five minutes later, after a severe fit of coughing upon the threshold he re-entered the library.

The young couple had profited by the warning of his coming, but their faces betrayed them only too well what had passed between them.

The millionaire placed a hand upon the shoulder of each of them, and looked into the face of the young artist.

There was a catch in his voice when he spoke.

"You have given me a wonderful picture of my little Pat, Allenby," he said. "And now, in return, you are going to steal the original of it from me. But I think I can understand now the inspiration which prompted your masterpiece. God bless you both!"

The end.

N.Z.R.S.A.

LAND COMMITTEE MINUTES.

A meeting of the Lands Committee of the New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association was held in the office, 292 Lambton Quay, Wellington, on June 28th, 1920, at 7.30 p.m.

PRESENT:

Lt.-Col. Geo. Mitchell, M.P. (chairman), and Mr A. P. Whatman. The general and assistant secretaries were in attendance.

LAND POLICY POINTS.

No. 1.

1.—That all large estates in the Dominion be tabulated according to their size and suitability for settlement.

2.—That such large estates as are necessary for the settlement of soldiers, be compulsorily acquired under the provisions of the Act of 1908 (it was found that there was a flaw in the Act of 1908 therefore it was decided that this resolution be re-drafted by Col. Mitchell, Messrs Stat-ham and Downie Stewart).

3.—That the estates of £100,000 and over in value be reduced to £75,000, after those in this category are exhausted, those of £75,000 be reduced to £50,000, and if required from £50,000 to £35,000 such a system to be continued until all soldiers are settled.

4.—To expedite the settlement of these estates after acquisition, we suggest that the peg system of survey as suggested by Mr Jardine be adopted.

The above is Mr A. P. Whatman's scheme and has been adopted at the Wellington Farmers' Provincial Conference at Marton, and later unanimously by the Dominion Farmers' Conference held on 24th and 29th July, 1917, at Wellington, forty delegates being present farmers themselves and representatives of the farming community of the whole of New Zealand.

(a)—It will minimise competition in the purchase of land.

(b) It will stimulate (instead of reducing) production.

(c)—It will provide sufficient land for settlement of all soldiers.

The committee recommends further that:—

5.—The principal of communal settlements (fruits farms and similar branches of activity) for T.B. and P.D.I. soldiers, be approved and the Government be urged to extend the system at once.

That Colonel Mitchell's scheme for the settlement by fit men of bush and native lands be approved, and the Government be urged to put it into operation at once in the Urewera lands or other suitable country.

7.—It is proposed that the amount of advances for the purchase of stock and implements be increased to £1250.

8.—That the loan to settlers for building a home (now £250) be increased as under: Single man, £250; man and wife, £400; for each child £50 extra.

9.—To protest against the power of discrimination vested in the Land Boards and to affirm that all soldiers be given equal opportunities to acquire sections of land, providing they have the ability and experience to work it.

10.—That the Government be urged to transfer the administration of advances to returned soldiers for purchasing and build-

ing houses from the Land Boards to the Repatriation Boards.

11.—That no section be loaded with cost of roading, draining, etc., and interest be charged to settler until the money has actually been spent.

12.—That in all cases where a soldier is placed on land after its productive period of the year, the half year's rent be remitted.

SCHEDULE No. 2.

1.—That the N.Z.R.S.A. considers that the delay on the part of the Government Lands Department in settling the liabilities of soldier settlers to private firms is detrimental to the soldiers' interest and recommends that a more expeditious method in dealing with these accounts be adopted.

2.—This N.Z.R.S.A. recommends that the Government be urged to remit the stamp duty on transfers to soldiers who obtain loans under the D.S.S. Act.

3.—That the N.Z.R.S.A. views with regret that the Government has not given effect to the resolution with regard to the supply of fencing wire and building material at cost price to the soldier settlers, and the same remit is again urged this year.

4.—That the N.Z.R.S.A. strongly urge that the R.S.A. district secretaries be supplied by the Land Department with a list of all Government leases falling due within the next three years.

5.—N.Z.R.S.A. recommends that the maximum sum advanced by the Government for the purpose of felling bush on soldier sections should be increased in all cases to cover the actual cost of felling the bush, the maximum advance of £2 10s being insufficient to cover the cost of felling the bush in a good many cases.

6.—That Land Boards should be empowered to appoint local sub-committees to deal with returned soldiers' applications for land.

7.—That in order to expedite business the Land Boards and District Purchase Board should have power to make final decisions without reference to the Minister excepting in cases of difficulty.

8.—That the Minister of Lands be requested to make a clear statement regarding the duties and powers of the Land Purchase Boards throughout the country.

9.—That the regulation regarding the balloting of lands to Pakeha and Maori ex-soldiers is hereby strongly endorsed, and that same be adhered to especially in connection with the Hoskins estate.

10.—That the Government be strongly urged for a reply as to when the Hoskins estate is to be made available for selection, upon selection to be asked for. (Referred to headquarters by Conference).

11.—That the attention be drawn to the great demand by returned soldiers for grazing leases and pastoral runs, and urged that this class of land be thrown open for such, and that where the leases of grazing and pastoral runs expire, no renewals be granted provided returned soldiers are prepared to take them up and that all such leases falling in be advertised at least three months before becoming available.

12.—That such areas of any section with fern, scrub, manuka, shall be free from all or part rent, based on its carrying capacity until such areas are made productive, but such remission shall not exceed three years.

13.—That the Government be urged to make provision for a representative nominated by the Executive of the N.Z.R.S.A. to sit upon the various Land Boards throughout the Dominion.

14.—That the valuation fee under the D.S.S. Act be reduced.

15.—That the Minister of Lands be urged to give more prompt effect to the six weeks option obtained to purchase lands and houses in view of the numerous complaints received of options running out before the purchase is completed.

The remaining resolutions in the report were dealt with as follows:—

1.—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.

It was reported that such is the case. Providing that the application is genuine there is no difficulty in obtaining a refund of valuation fee in respect of an unsuccessful application, but the refund must be applied for to the Lands Department concerned.

2.—That the election of all members to represent Crown tenants on the Land Boards be by secret ballot.

The method of voting as set out in an extract from the N.Z. Gazette of the 13th February, 1913, was considered, and it was decided that the ballot could not be made any more secret than at present.

3.—That the incoming Executive be instructed in conjunction with the Standing Lands Committee to prepare a Land Bill to be introduced during the next session of Parliament embodying the proposals laid down in the report of the Lands

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Committee at the last meeting of the Dominion Executive. This resolution was deferred.

4.—That the Government be urged to give discretionary powers to Land Boards to grant applications for sale after the expiry of five years.

It was considered that as the aim of the association was to settle the men, this resolution was against the policy and therefore should not be proceeded with in the meantime.

5.—That the Government be urged, in Land Ballots to give preference to men who have proceeded overseas against those those who have not.

According to the regulations governing admission to ballots under the D.S.S. Act, the only men who, having not proceeded overseas, are entitled to participate in the D.S.S. Act ballots, are men retained in the N.Z. military camps as instructors. Therefore it was decided that the resolution be not proceeded with. (Note:—Men in camp at armistice time are not entitled to participate in ballots).

6.—The committee recommends that the Government be urged to bring down legislation forthwith with a view to obtaining an intermediate classification of lands and in the meantime to provide a further special grant for improvements, including buildings for the Wairere block, and the blocks similarly situated. This resolution was deferred for further discussion.

7.—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 2nd next.

It was reported that this resolution had been placed before the Prime Minister and a reply was being awaited. Lt.-Col. Mitchell undertook to interview the Prime Minister regarding this matter on the following day.

8.—The question of mining rights was referred to the incoming Executive. This resolution was not discussed.

TE KURI ESTATE.

The case of D. Ferguson was considered, Ferguson, after being advised that he had been successful in the ballot for a section of the Te Kuri estate, was refused the section on pretext that there was a quantity of gum on the property. It was reported that the Minister of Lands had been communicated with on this case and a reply was being awaited.

HOUSES FOR SOLDIERS.

POLICY OF ASSOCIATION.

The policy favoured in dealing with the claims of permanently disabled soldiers is set forth by the executive of the Auckland Patriotic Association in its annual report. This states that the executive has been opposed to assisting in the purchase of houses for the disabled men, and would have preferred to advance the money to enable the applicant to erect a new building, but it was found that the Government offers of assistance to acquire properties was being taken full advantage of, and the committee was unable to insist upon the erection of new buildings. The policy was, of course, wrong, as the finding by the Government of large sums of money to assist in acquiring existing houses could have no other result than the raising of values all round, and, what was worse, causing the eviction of persons occupying such houses without any corresponding provision to meet their requirements. The association, recognising the difficulties attaching to the procuring of timber and other materials to erect new houses, was inquiring into the question of erecting homes of earth, which was apparently being carried out with some measures of success in England. The committee would be glad of any information which would throw light upon what was a very serious question, not only to the disabled soldier, but to the whole community.

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FOOTBALL NOTES.

SATURDAY'S GAMES.

SPORTS PROTECTION GAMES.

BANKS AND LAW (7) v. PUBLIC SERVICE (6).

(Black) (Blue and Black).
Teams.—Service: Backs: McKenzie, Saunders, Fortune, MacDonald, McGregor, Dalgleish (2). Forwards: Hunter, Cameron, Anderson, McDermott, Langbein, Sproat, Stobo and Doogue.

Banks and Law: Backs: Christophers, Prain, Lopdell, Gilmour, St. George, Stead, Dykes, Delargey, Pryde, Todd, Wilcox, Knox, Kirkland, Broughton and Lambeth.

Service opened with a kick which did not reach the ten yards' limit, their black-jerseyed men being well placed for the venture. A forward dashed up, knocked on, and a free resulted, Sproat ending with a kick to the Saturday "Blues" 25. Blacks set up a pass but the half found the ball greasy, and J. Dalgleish sent high to McDonald at wing, the ball coming back to half-way with the Blues on rush. Lopdell sent to Saunders, and the ball went across the field, no gain or loss of territory resulting. So then, from the last two sentences one gathers that all the play was to no purpose, and that, if the high pass hadn't gone to McDonald, all the energy exerted would have been conserved. A flash of speculation came, McKenzie feeding St. George, the latter's effort ending a mark by J. Dalgleish, the knock on costing Blues more than 25 yards. The line saw the ball go to McDonald at short-side wing, and instead of one-knee taking, he stooped his elongation to knock-on. McGregor then took part in a transfer movement which he checked through not having been trained in two-handed transfer. He should watch his opponent Stead. Gilmour appeared from the opening left and tried to centre, but the exchange of kicks was to the advantage of Service, later a hard kick allowing McKenzie to force—25 yards lost to Blues. From the kick Prain failed to secure, and Langbein was on him, kicking well into Law lines. The parallels gave a Service movement which McGregor checked with a high pass. Another Black passing effort stopped at the wing, Saunders getting a pass over-high for a slippery ball, and relief coming to Blues up to the 25 flag. Delargey further improved with a fine dash, McKenzie stopping him with a lucky speculator. Blacks then had a good passing bout and gained ground; but Banks kicked, the balance of exchanges going to them, some Black backs being out of place, Fortune ending at the 25. Service were better on lines and at this stage were dominant, clearing readily and heeling excellently. Delargey again broke away, but this good forward was not supported adequately and the ruck resultant on his check gave Service heel feed, McDonald getting to the corner, with J. Dalgleish on his left to take another pass, which he didn't get. Prain cleared well to nearly half-way, and the Service half had a cross speculation which Lopdell sent across the other line, no ground made. The Black attack continued, and a mark was kicked by J. Dalgleish to the line opposite which the ball had come from. There, on the short-side, Lopdell dribbled well to half-way. Another mark gave the same two players similar efforts, this time Lopdell coming well through and supported, J. Dalgleish having to end the matter with a fearless dive on the ball, several players sprawling over his black back. Dykes ran into the scrum in possession, the free relieving Service to about middle. Blues came up slightly, Broughton, Pryde, Todd, and Delargey, showing a free sending the side to Service 25. The ruck that followed the checked return gave Langbein and Sproat chances, Service risking two off-sides to clear slightly, full relief coming with a spoiling dash by McDonald who kicked on receipt, Broughton sending to his own 25. From the line feed to Service Stead returned to the same spot. Dykes fed St. George, but McDonald kicked back and a free went to Blues. The ball was heavy and the ground treacherous, so it was of little use. A scrum gave Law possession, but they lost points through their half being slow in whipping it out, the smart little man standing with his feet wide apart and his head down. Blacks moved into attack, a fine pass and a kick changing the play to the other side of the field where a passing attempt allowed McGregor to jink cleverly and pass to Fortune, who centred the ball going over the line and Blues clearing. The play went from west to east in the Banks and Law 25, and a heel permitted L. Dalgleish to pass to J. Dalgleish, who scored on the oriental side, one half-hour after the beginning of the game. The kick was a mere formality. Service 3. The first-flag kick brought Cameron and then Sproat into prominence to mid-field, St. George cleverly marking to check. Wilcox shone on a spoiling rush and finished with a great tackle of J. Dalgleish. Dykes stopped a scrum-heel passing rush of Blacks, but Saunders, dribbled cleverly back to half-way, the line feeding McDonald who presented to Fortune who booted well over the Blue 25. Black forwards carried the line, and Cameron headed, a knock-on checking, and a free further relieving the rush on the Banks. J. Dalgleish kicked across and McDonald bettered matters, Sproat vainly endeavouring to get into the movement, and failing through lack of anticipation. The halt fed the Service half, the pass to his brother not moving past Fortune who missed a soapy transferred ball. However, the veteran kicked to the corner, when St. George cleared to McKenzie, the fumble allowing Blues to get to half-way. The line gave Dykes ball, and he made forty yards of territory from the heel and kick. The scrum let Blues secure, but Dykes slipped and Stead received late. Blues, however, continued to attack, a free coming to Service, the weak kick allowing Lopdell to secure and put a goal. Banks and Law 4, Public Service 3. From the half-way kick McDonald invaded and Pryde failed to stop his dribble, but Prain cleared gallantly. Still Blacks moved over onward, kicks being charged, and Blues being hustled until a free relieved for a moment. Back came Blacks to the front of Blues' posts, but the ball went out at the corner from the scrum. From the line Blues worked out and Lopdell kicked well to McKenzie, who waited for the second hop and managed the 25 with a sinister kick. The scrum fed McDonald who fell to St. George's deadly dive, Gilmour marking the abandoned ball, McKenzie returning to half-way and making good his very recent slackness. A free to Blues saw an exchange of kicks, Christophers lining at middle, a waste of energy being cut off when Dykes sent McKenzie, who lined where the silly thing had begun. The heel from the line scrum saw regular transfer to McGregor who cut into the field hole, where a scrum sent ball to McGregor, to Fortune, and the Blacks moved into position. Prain relieved well, and McKenzie returned across; but the Blues came up and made big attempts to score, the efforts being foiled by their backs bunching behind the scrums, though Prain nearly got over, McDonald stopping him hard, and Fortune clearing to near the 25. Then Service showed the mettle of their men, a great clearance resulting, McDonald beginning and carrying up to Stead who foot-jabbed the ball out at Blue 25. Blues received a free, and a dribbling return and counter produced excellent ground work from each side, the play being as clean as clean could be, finally Blacks suffering penalty for dwelling on the line. Following the kick came the whistle for oranges and lemons, the points acquired being, Banks and Law 4, Public Service 3.

Sproat kicked off and Lopdell came through to half the last 25, where a heel to St. George let the ball out to the same spot, the sequent line scrum giving L. Dalgleish almost a mid-way punt to touch, when J. Dalgleish put in a strong run, a scrum and a Blue free following. Sproat received the wet ball and improved an L. Dalgleish to J. Dalgleish pass and kick being taken by Christophers. A scrum then fed Dykes to St. George who sent to the 25, a free to Fortune forcing Blues. Stead came across, the Black forwards moved in, and in a scramble McDermott nearly scored. Saunders returned from the 25 to the 25 flag, but from the line scrum Dykes handed to St. George, the effort not gaining ground. J. Dalgleish then kicked to Gilmour, the latter getting a slight advantage. Blacks dribbled well, and Stead made a good check to the 25, but Blacks' first drove in five yards further, Sproat breaking away to be stopped by Stead. Saunders made two good attempts to score, but a heel brought up Lopdell who fed McKenzie who outed at the 25. Lopdell did a long dribble through and J. Dalgleish came out of the bunch and dived, a free being kicked to Fortune who marked with Prain well on to him. A quick change of scene came, Sproat and others dribbling through splendidly for Lopdell to save and for Blue forwards to bustle back to the 25 flag. A Service break was well checked by Gilmour. Fortune passed forward, the scrum setting up a Blue attack ending in a kick. Service tried to kick out of trouble, but Christophers and Prain each sent them back, Prain's late mark going to Fortune who crossed to allow Saunders to come up and be pushed out. Blues again attacked, the ball going out at the corner. Service were defending well, but three

times were they sent back to the corner, St. George kicking the mark for the last one. Blacks made a clearance to the 25, but Gilmour kicked to Cameron who kicked in turn. Sproat gained some ground with McDonald backing, the rush coming only to his own 25, where numerous scrums were whistled. McDonald was fed, but a knock-on checked. The scrum heel gave half, first, and McDonald handling to do, Fortune cutting in and leaving Saunders, a free going to Blues. McGregor in possession moved in to near the corner, and Blues burst out, the Service first-five doing other backs' work. The game was becoming strenuous, but was very clean and fearless. Gilmour came into view with a clearing dash, but McDonald and Fortune came on, Fortune beating Dykes and McDonald scoring. A very good kick did not increase the score. Service 6, Banks 4. St. George began a great Blue rush, which was stopped by a mark, but Dykes kicked his team to the last 25 of Service, and on Blacks getting out, St. George cross-kicked, Lopdell chasing it to the same corner where McDonald cleared well. Scrums came and a free to Banks, Sproat marking to kick. Gilmour nullified Sproat's attempt, McDonald running up with the ball to Prain, whom Stead backed and securing ran to advantage out of touch. The scrum brought Langbein well out, but Stead cleared, St. George gaining more ground. J. Dalgleish relieved his full, and sent the ball to half of half-way. Fortune made an effort, and Gilmour booted high. Delargey breaking out. Fortune's defence was good, his kick going to Dykes, Stead receiving and Langbein dashing up to smother; but St. George received a pass and the half-way was kicked. Service full misjudged a take and G. Todd came down the side line at top and ran over in possession and scored in the north-west corner—a fine effort. Banks and Law 7, Public Service 6. Immediately J. Dalgleish made a fine run, passing to McDonald to Fortune, who reached the 25. Blacks attacked, the first punting high, but St. George marked well, and G. Todd went on the ball with a great dribble. A free to Blues was muddled, and McGregor did a good cross-kick, McDonald coming up to be well stopped by Gilmour. Followed a free, and Cameron received a sent across, Prain marking. A scrum came with a heel to Service, Prain again marking the cross-kick by the opposing first-five, the ball dying at about middle. Dykes secured from the line, and McKenzie made a good take. The ball went out, the whistle was blown, and Banks and Law won a great game by one point, their score being 7 to Service 6.

UNION (3) v. BLUFF (0).

The game was played in a drizzly rain, but taking this into account the class of football was miserable. Neither side's forwards played well, being out of condition, and the consequence was a slow game and plenty of line kicks. Bluff were very lucky in not having a larger score registered against them, because all the defence was left to the backs. In only one rush did their forwards show up well, Winter and Hamilton being in the fore. Union forwards were not good, but they were superior to Bluff forwards. Leete, their scorer, deserved his score, for he played a hard game throughout. The backs of both sides played good games, the tackling being good. Finnerty was the pick of the Bluff backs, but he is apt to forget that he can pass as well as cut in. Middlemiss, Union's full-back was a tower of strength to his side, not missing the ball once. He showed a marked superiority to his port opponent.

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The model, including the original cenotaph wood stand, can be purchased for six guineas and the proceeds are to be devoted to St. Dunstan's After-Care Fund for blinded soldiers and sailors. There are probably many New Zealanders who would like to possess this unique souvenir, and full particulars can be obtained from the organising secretary, St. Dunstan's After-Care Fund, 306 Regent street, London, W.I., England.

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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, unknown 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 unknown 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.

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

"The point is that the man, although convicted, was innocent. Therefore, I feel justified in assisting him. You agree with me, Chase? Very well, there is nothing further to be said."

"Pardon me, my lord!" said Jacob Jole smoothly, and there was a note of vindictiveness in his voice. "But there is just one point I consider it my duty to raise."

"Well," snapped Sir John impatiently. "Richard Foster, my late client, did not murder Lord Haverham. That is what your lordships asserts?"

"I am quite convinced of it," said the judge shortly.

"So am I, my lord. And yet, Lord Haverham was murdered."

The solicitor paused, and fixed his cunning eyes piercingly upon the other's face. "That we know for a fact," he said significantly. "What we don't know is who committed the deed. As solicitor to the accused I am anxious to get at the truth. Perhaps your lordship can assist me."

THE CONFESSION.

Some men are born fighters. However weary they may be, however crushed beneath the adverse blows of Fate or circumstance, they, nevertheless, face a new attack with undaunted spirit so long as there is an ounce of strength and a spark of vitality left in them.

Judge Millbank was a man of that sort. He was a disappointed man, broken in health and weary of life, but Jacob Jole's guarded sneer and veiled threat roused all the old fighting instincts in his nature.

His drooping figure straightened, and he turned to the man who had addressed him a face of granite, in which the eyes were as cold and hard as steel.

"Please repeat that," he said quietly. Mr Jole, somewhat taken aback, became flustered, and when he did manage to speak, said more perhaps than he intended.

"I—er—my point is, my lord, that Lord Haverham was murdered by someone. In the interests of my late client and of justice, I mean to discover who that someone is. The affair is not going to be hushed up, no matter how influential those persons may be who are anxious to prevent the truth from coming to light. I have information, and I mean to expose the real criminal. What I want to know is whether your lordship intends to help or to hinder me?"

"You have information?" said the judge slowly.

"I have!" replied the other defiantly.

"Then, my man," observed the judge, "you will go at once to the police and place that information in their hands. Otherwise, I shall make it my business to compel you to do so. It is intolerable that the murderer of Lord Haverham should still be at large while you, for some private purpose of your own, are concealing facts which may bring him to justice."

Jacob Jole contrived to smile. He realised that Mr Justice Millbank would not be an easy adversary to overcome. Nevertheless, he had some good cards to play, and he was rapidly recovering his nerve.

"I thank you, my lord," he said smoothly. "I shall certainly take your lordship's advice and communicate with the police. But—meanwhile, my concern is with the man Richard Foster. I may require him as a witness, and, therefore, I cannot permit him to be smuggled out of the country. Briefly, my lord, the matter cannot be hushed up, however much you may wish it. Foster is an escaped convict. By the world he is believed to be the murderer of Lord Haverham. He must be given up to the prison authorities. Further investigations of his case can then be made in proper and legal form. I may say that his detention is not likely to be a lengthy one, for I believe that I shall be able to prove in a very short time that Lord Haverham was killed by another person whose name—"

"Well?" said the judge, without so much as the quiver of an eyelid.

"Whose name I will not mention at present," concluded Jole, with a sleek smile. "The police are in the house," he added. "I demand that they be summoned and that man, Richard Foster, be given into their charge at once."

Before Sir John Millbank could reply, Beaumont Chase intervened.

"One moment," he drawled. "I won't deny that the reappearance of Mr Foster is decidedly inconvenient to me, but Sir John

is right, we don't want a scandal. The best thing is to get our friend quietly out of the country. As for your objection, Mr Jole, I suppose that could be removed by—er—by a reasonable money payment?"

As he spoke, he smiled sweetly into the cunning, avaricious face of the solicitor. "Quite impossible," began the latter virtuously. "I—"

And then he paused, his attention attracted by the extraordinary behaviour of Dick.

"What are you doing?" demanded the judge sharply.

Dick made no answer.

And then the door opened and a servant appeared.

"There is a police officer in the house?" said Dick.

"There are several, sir."

"Who is in charge?"

"Inspector Fenn, sir."

"Ask Inspector Fenn to come here at once."

"Yes, sir."

Not until the servant had retired did any of the others recover from their surprise sufficiently to make any remark.

Then it was Beaumont Chase who spoke. "What the deuce do you mean by that?" he demanded.

Dick stepped forward until he was within a couple of feet of the millionaire, and looked at him squarely out of a pair of steady brown eyes.

"I will take no favours at your hands," he said scornfully. "You are a black-guard and a cur, a low-down schemer who makes war upon women. Rather than owe my liberty to you, I would gladly spend the rest of my life in a prison-cell. You think your money makes you all-powerful, but it cannot buy me, and, thank God, it cannot buy my dear girl either. I have brought much sorrow into her life, but I have done one thing for her, I have saved her from you. That is what I mean, Beaumont Chase."

At the same instant the door opened and an officer wearing the uniform of an inspector of police stepped into the room.

"You are Inspector Fenn?" said Dick.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Richard Foster, the escaped convict, I wish to give myself up to you."

The officer, without speaking, at once stepped forward and placed his hand lightly on Dick's arm.

There was a pause, during which the other occupants of the room exchanged startled glances.

Jacob Jole fixed his cunning eyes on the judge.

His hands opened and closed convulsively, the muscles of his face twitched, and into his weary eyes there came a dull, heavy look of mortal agony.

And then suddenly the door opened again and Kitty herself burst into the room.

She took in the scene at a glance, and flew to the judge's side.

"Daddy!" she cried frantically. "You are not going to let them take him! Oh! you would not be so wicked!"

The old man looked down at her with dull, unseeing eyes.

The strain of the ordeal through which he was passing was almost more than he could bear.

"Quick! Take me away," said Dick in a low voice to the officer by his side.

He saw what his father was suffering, and he was desperately anxious to put an end to the scene.

The officer, still holding his prisoner by the arm, moved towards the door.

It was then that Jacob Jole, who all this time had been watching the judge like a cat, intervened.

"One minute, inspector," he said in a tone of suppressed excitement.

"Yes, sir," said the officer, turning his head.

"Are you in a position to make another arrest, should it be necessary?"

Inspector Fenn looked momentarily surprised, but his face swiftly resumed its impassive, official expression.

"Certainly, sir. I have three constables in the next room," he replied. "Have you any reason—"

"I have!" snapped Jole, who now having decided on his line of action, was going forward recklessly. "I have a charge to make, a very serious charge, and I shall presently call on you to make an arrest. As the arrest may be resisted, I expect you to be prepared."

"You can rely on me, sir."

Very deliberately Jacob Jole produced from his pocket a sheaf of papers which he tapped significantly.

(Continued on page 6.)

FURNITURE!

INSPECT OUR STOCK OF SIDEBOARDS.

SMALL SIDEBOARDS, MEDIUM SIZED SIDEBOARDS AND LARGE SIDEBOARDS, ALL AT KEENEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

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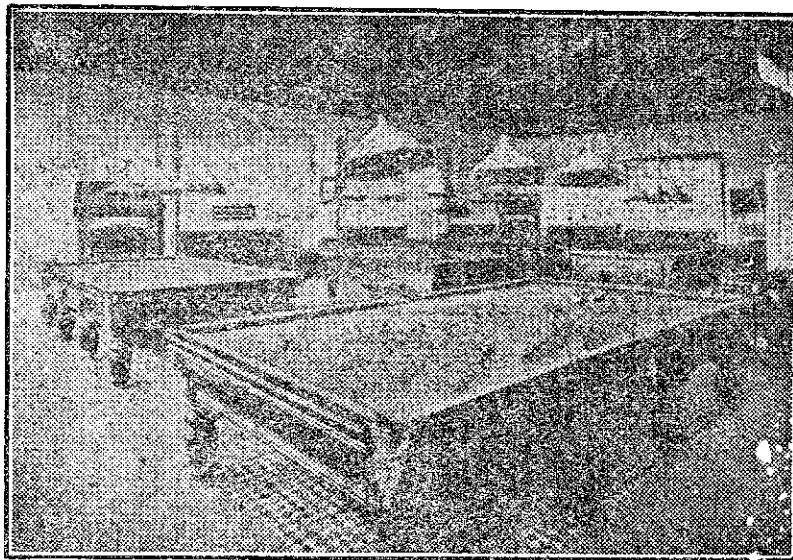
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CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

A FINE AND FAST IN-OFF.

A position from which an in-off can be made by means of a fine stroke. The object ball, is, however, in baulk, and a slow or even a medium-paced stroke will most certainly leave it there, provided that the contact between the balls has been as fine as the making of the shot demands. The in-off must therefore be played at a high pace, and by this means the object-ball will be brought out of baulk without using any side at all, for as the cue-ball must enter the pocket at a very high speed indeed, side would be of little or no assistance, inasmuch as should the ball strike either angle of the pocket to any appreciable extent, the force of the contact would cause the ball to be thrown away from the pocket, and by playing without any side it will generally be found easier to take that true and exact aim which is required for the accomplishment of all fine and fast strokes. Naturally, the finer the stroke has to be played, the higher must the pace of the cue-ball be in order to bring the object-ball out of baulk. Although strokes of this nature are by no means very easy, especially when the balls are a considerable distance apart, any moderate player should, with a little practice, get them fairly often. Played at a high speed, they are really not much more difficult than when played gently, and when the pocket is a pretty open one, it will accept a ball at lightning speed.

SPEED TO ENSURE POSITION.

Various positions occur when fine and fast strokes should be played in order to bring the object-ball out of baulk. Of course, when the same position occurs at the top of the table, the great pace is not as a rule required; nevertheless, it will often happen that by playing the in-off at

top speed good position will be left, whereas a slow stroke would leave anything but a nice position.

CENTRE POCKET CUSHION IN-OFF.

A cushion in-off into a centre pocket, a stroke that John Roberts used to play occasionally. Strokes of this nature are always anything but easy. In fact, all cushion in-offs into a centre pocket must will tend to keep the cut-ball away from ball is some little distance above or below the pocket, as when this is the case, the though the in-off can be got without any must perforce enter the pocket at an angle that makes the pocket a very blind one, and consequently great judgment is required when playing these in-offs. Always be difficult whenever the object-side, the stroke will be found easier if played with left-hand side, as this side cue-ball, after contact with the object-ball, the lower shoulder of the pocket after striking the object-ball.

A COMPARATIVELY EASY STROKE.

Both balls are a little way from the cushion, but in a line parallel with it, and a line passing through the centres of the balls would, if continued, meet the lower angle of the pocket at a point close to the fall of the slate. The in-off is not by any means a difficult one, even for a very ordinary player. All that is required is a very full aim on the object-ball, the cue-ball being struck above the centre and with pocket side. In this stroke, if a full aim be taken, there is no possibility of losing the white, and therefore no very strong stroke is necessary. The full contact will send the object-ball on the lower angle of the pocket, whence it will be thrown on to the upper angle, and rebounding again, will travel down the table.

For your Garden Seeds,
Plants and Trees, go to

TINY DANIEL

Southland Floral, Plant
and Seed Supply.

Albion Buildings, Dee Street, Invercargill.

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 5.)

"I have here evidence in support of the charge I am about to make. I am a solicitor, and I do not speak lightly. With a full sense of responsibility, I make this charge. Sir John Millbank, judge of the High Court, I accuse you of the crime of murder. I assert that I am prepared to prove that you are guilty of the very crime for which you condemned another. Lord Haverham met his death, not at the hands of an obscure soldier creeping into the house by night, he was foully murdered by one of his own distinguished guests—and you, Sir John Millbank, are the man!"

For a second it seemed as though the solicitor with all his cunning had blundered and over-reached himself. His amazing preposterous accusation was on the point of falling flat.

Beaumont Chase began to laugh, and then quite suddenly stopped and stared at the baronet judge.

Sir John, instead of meeting the charge with cold contempt, staggered as though he had received a blow.

His face became vivid, and he put out his hands feebly, and then with a groan he sank into a chair.

"Daddy! What is the matter?" cried Kitty, clinging to him. "The wicked man is telling lies. Oh, how can anyone be so wicked! Daddy, dear daddy, look at me—answer me!"

Jacob Jole laughed grimly.

"You will please note, officer, how the accused receives the charge I have made against him!" he said excitedly.

"But surely, Millbank, you deny this ridiculous——" began Beaumont Chase in amazement, when he was interrupted by Dick.

A great wave of pity swept through the young man as he held his father, once so strong, now crushed and broken, enduring indescribable tortures at the hands of the unspeakable Jole.

With a short laugh, he stepped forward into the centre of the room.

"I am sorry to spoil this dramatic scene, gentlemen," he said, with a reckless toss of his head, "but I have had enough of this nonsense. Jole defended me at my trial, and he means well. He wants to help me, but I don't require his services any longer. The game is up. I confess all. It was I who killed Lord Haverham."

(To be continued.)

MARKET NOTES.

INVERCARGILL, 16th JULY, 1920.

Messrs Bray Bros., Ltd., Auctioneers and Fruit Salesmen, Dee street, Invercargill report as follows:—

Potatoes.—£6 10s to £7 per ton. Onions, 12s cwt. Oats (for fowl feed), 5s 4d to 5s 9d per bushel. Chaff to £8 10s per ton, for prime; discoloured £6. Oaten Straw, £5 10s ton; damaged 2s 6d per bale. Meggitt's Linseed Meal 25s per bag. Oatdust, 6s per bag. Bran, 10s per bag. Pollard, 12s per bag. Molasses 17s 6d cwt.

Fruit.—Apples. Delicious to 5½d per lb. Jonathan, 3d to 3½d lb; Sturmers to 3½d lb. Other dessert varieties from 2½d to 3d per lb. Cooking Apples, first grade from 6s 6d to 8s per case; second grade from 6s. Pears.—There is a temporary shortage of Choice Dessert which are selling at up to 4d per lb, other quality from 2½d to 3½d per lb. Vegetables.—Fair supplies available.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick, 2s 3d per brick; wholesale, 2s. Horse Covers (Best American Duck), £2 15s to £3. Boots, 35s a pair. Honey in 10lb tins, 10s. Tea, in 5lb packets, 12s. Jam in glass pots containing about 2½lbs, 2s 6d per pot. Mutton Birds, 1s per bird by the kit.

Furniture.—Our furniture warehouse in Spey street, has for sale a splendid English Piano, in first-class order and reasonable in price. We carry full stocks of furniture, linoleum, bedding and kapok.

General.—Buick Motor Car, £250. Hallday Motor Car, £175. Late model Studebaker, £400. All these cars are guaranteed in tip-top condition, and any trial will be given. One Douglas Motor Cycle, £35.

Land Department.—One six-roomed house within ten minutes of the Post Office, perfectly sound, gas cooker, and gas lighting throughout. The owner is leaving Invercargill and must sell. A snip at the price, £700. Enquire early at Bray Bros., Dee street.

She's slender and graceful and tall and fair!

The elegant lass with the delicate air; And despite her coquetry, whims and pride,

She's the girlie I've begged to be my bride,

For she's kind of heart and sweet to see And, best of all, she's so fond of me,

For lover's warm welcome in winter assure,

By gifts of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

DRAUGHTS.

(By F. Hutchins.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

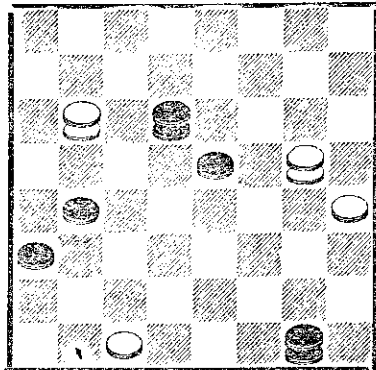
Rev. J. Collic.—Thanks very much for problems. They are good ones and I will make use of them.

"This life is but a world of care,
Man needs some recreation:
So turn ye to the chequer board,
Its many variations."

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum every Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

PROBLEM 18.

By A. Rattray, Cabrahe.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and draw.
Black 15, 17, 21, Kings 10, 32.
White 29, 30, Kings 9, 16.

Simple, but will interest the amateur. An ending from the Double Corner.
From the "Draughts World."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 17.

Black 7, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 23.
White 5, 9, 25, 29, Kings 3, 10, 12.
Black to play and win, 18, 22, 25, 18, 17, 21, 10, 17, 23, 26, 3, 10, 19, 23, 12, 19, 26, 31, 22, and Black wins.

The following is an interesting single corner game played in the New Zealand championship tourney in Auckland:—

F. C. Hilliker (Black), D. Calderwood (White).

11.15	12.16	9.14	14.18	27.32
22.18	24.20	18.9	23.14	25.22
15.22	8.12	5.14	10.17	32.27
25.18	26.24	22.18	21.14	22.17
8.11	9.13	1.5	16.23	13.22
29.25	32.28	18.9	14.9	26.17
4.8	6.9	5.14	23.27	11.15
26.22	24.19	27.24	30.26	17.13
				12.16
				20.11
				27.20

Black wins.

THIRTEENTH SCOTTISH TOURNAMENT GAMES.

SECOND ROUND.

H. HENDERSON (Muirkirk) v. A. LAMBIE (Bellshill).

Game 83—KELSO (10.15, 22.17).

Black—Lambie. White—Henderson.

10.15	8.11	16.20	3.8
22.17	27.23	31.27	12.3
11.16	11.15	5.9	2.6
23.18	24.19	22.18	3.10
15.22	15.24	9.13	6.31
25.18	28.19	17.14	32.28
9.14	4.8	13.17	31.24
18.9	29.25	30.26	28.19
6.22	8.11	12.16	20.24
26.17	25.22	19.12	Drawn.

(A) 8.11, 17.13, 16.20, 24.19, 11.16, etc., is quite safe.

(B) 11.16, 22.18, 1.16, 17.13, 7.10, 21.17, 3.7, 18.14, 6.9, 13.6, 2.18, 23.14, 16.23—Drawn.

(C) The game has been played on well-known lines.

Game 84—KELSO (10.15, 22.17).

Black—Henderson. White—Lambie.

Similar to Game 83.

Game 85—KELSO (10.15, 23.18).

Black—Lambie. White—Henderson.

10.15	9.13	12.19	6.15
23.18	26.23	32.28	18.4
12.16	6.9	4.8	9.25
21.17	25.21	27.23	29.22
16.20	1.6	8.12	7.10
17.14	30.26	23.16	22.18
8.12	11.16	12.19	5.9
24.19	19.15	31.27	4.8
15.24	16.19	3.8	2.7
28.19	23.16	15.10	18.15

(A) 17.13 is more usual and preferable.

(B) 29.25 draws here, thus:—

29.25	15.11	13.17	25.21
7.10	14.18	21.14	2.18
14.7	22.15	9.18	27.24
3.10	6.9	23.14	20.27
18.15	15.6	16.30	32.14

(C) 32.28 also leads to an interesting draw.

(D) Cutting 7.10, 14.7, & 10, seems to draw.

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.)

Clay is a material with which we are all more or less familiar, yet with all the investigations conducted by scientific men, we are still in the dark as to some of the materials which give it a plastic nature.

Clay is a popular term for a variety of substances of many origins and greatly dissimilar in their composition. It is commonly supposed that all clays are plastic, but some of the purest China clays are almost devoid of this property, while impure earths used for brick-making possess the same property to a striking extent. Shales are clearly a variety of clay, and yet as hard and like rocks. They have to be ground and mixed with water before they become plastic. Many impure clays are so plastic as to require the addition of sand before they can be used for manufacturing. All plastic earths are not clays. Clay though sometimes termed a mineral is not so, but is really a rock. This question has caused the lawyers quite a lot of bother.

Most clays can be considered as being composed of quartz grains undecomposed rock, and the products of the decomposition of certain rocks. The matter substance of clay may, however, be put down as certain hydrous aluminous silicates. Sometimes the largest part of a deposit is composed of sand.

Under a microscope clays are seen to be made up of a variety of materials in grains of different sizes, the largest usually being sand, quartz, feldspar, mica, and limestone. The smallest particles to which clay owes most of its valuable properties, are so very small as to make examination exceedingly difficult. They are usually minute crystalline plates, and a larger proportion of amorphous material. The nature of these plates and amorphous material are still largely unknown in spite of many investigations. Clays emit characteristic odour when moist, and geologists often use this test to distinguish sedimentary rocks from others.

So long as clay remains moist it is plastic. If dried with a heat not exceeding 600 deg. it may be made plastic by the addition of water. If heated to a greater extent it loses all plasticity and becomes stone like. If brick be ground and mixed with water it will not become plastic like clay. The plasticity of clays is no doubt largely due to the presence of combined water, and mechanically mixed water, for when either of these factors is removed the clay loses its plastic character. Most of the observers are of opinion that the molecular form of clay is responsible for its peculiar properties, yet strange to say the purest clays—the kaolins—are most deficient in plasticity. The word Kaolin, by the way comes from China—Kao Ling, a ridge in China from which China clay was produced. Of late years the theory has been put forward that the plasticity of clay is due to a colloidal substance in the clay, since it exhibits some of the physical features possessed by glue and other colloids. It is supposed that the colloid has a web-like form and takes up and gives off water, but when over-heated is destroyed. Unfortunately no such substance has yet been isolated from pure clay. When burned, clay may shrink as much as 50 per cent. and this bears out the colloidal theory as colloids shrink considerably on heating.

Clays are formed by weathering of granitic or felspathic rocks, and as primary clays, are found near the place of origin, being fairly pure. These are the China clays. Residual clays are those which having been subjected to pressure and become hard have lost the lime and other constituents by the solvent action of water and gases. Rivers have played a great part in the transport of clays, the particles of which being so small and taking a long time to sink have accumulated in the ocean and in lakes. Alluvial clays have probably been formed by deposits of silt during floods.

An American investigator Dr. Acheson, wondering why the Israelites mixed straw with their brick clay, decided to experiment with this mixture. On boiling some straw he found that the straw lost half its weight. The straw water being added to some clay for making crucibles, he was able to make a much stronger and finer crucible from the mixture. Later with the use of the ultra-microscope it was discovered that straw water and other vegetable extracts possessed the property of dividing matter down to particles approximating the size of molecules. He has also been able to so divide the particles of graphite, and hopes to produce an ideal lubricant. Many years ago Dr. Acheson mentioned that the addition of tannin increased the plasticity of clay and the invention of the ultra-microscope has enabled him to see what has happened.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

Mr Massey's party—the Appointed and Disappointed.

Parliament at present seems to consist of five parties—and Mr Hanan.

Mr Pryor, for the employers, suggests a fight to a finish, and Mr Arbuckle for the miners, says that like Barkis, he is willing. In such an event whichever side gets the ha'pence, the unfortunate consumer will get all the kicks—as usual.

Plain Bill's position just now is not a very enviable one. An empty money box, and everybody clamouring for a bob or two. The miracle of the loaves and fishes was a mere fleabite to what William is expected to perform.

"Why pay rent?" asks a local land agent. Well, some don't. The moonlight flit is cheaper.

Gentle—or ferocious—reader, have you ever seen fruit and vegetables exposed for sale outside shops? And have you ever noticed how dogs of all nationalities and castes show their disdain for a vegetarian or fruitarian diet? And has it never struck you that it would be far nicer and better if those dogs could not get so near to those edibles?

Harry Holland seems to receive greater deference in the present Parliament than in the last. This may be due to a sort of gratitude on the part of some of our members. Many of them, we know, having no particular policy, legislative ability, or personal merit of their own, won their seats through being able to curse Harry Holland more vehemently and satisfactorily than their opponents. In fact, "anti-Holland" may be said to have constituted a full and sufficient policy for most at last election. And, no doubt they are properly grateful to that much maligned individual for having provided in his person and views the means of their own exaltation.

The theory that our laws are somehow related to Justice is a very comforting one, but sometimes their operation sadly shocks our complacency. Take the frequent recent decisions of Justice Stringer in the matter of H.C.L. bonuses to workers, for instance. There is, of course, nothing wrong with the principle that wages should be made sufficiently elastic to meet varying conditions; it is in making such bonuses retrospective that the law shows how divine it can be when it really tries. Any business man could have told the sapient judge that the prices of commodities are based largely on cost, of which wages usually form the chief element. In fixing prices for any given period the manufacturer or merchant makes allowance, inter alia, for the wages ruling during that time, and then arranges for a certain margin—often enough, a fairly narrow one—of profit for himself. It is, therefore, something of a shock to him to find that after he has sold his goods at prices largely based on a certain wage list, he is faced with a demand for retrospective payments, which, when met, will still further narrow down his profits, or perhaps annihilate them altogether for that particular period. It is most illogical and unjust. It is exactly as though after, say, a tailor had made and sold suits for six months at prices based on the cost of the material, the warehouseman should send in a bill for increased payments on every yard of material supplied during that time, and that the law should back up the demand.

When politicians fall out, honest men hear the truth. Our only difficulty at such times is to distinguish between the truth and the other thing. During the recent Parliamentary imbroglio the air was thick with charges and counter-charges, and every form of contradiction, from the "retort courteous" to the "lie direct," was heard. Among the lot some must surely have been speaking the truth. But who? Was it Mr Hanan, when he referred to some of those who had taken office in the Reform administration as "political contortionists?" Or was it Mr Massey when he said, in effect, to Mr Hanan, "You're another?" And when Mr Massey accused Mr Hanan of expressing willingness to accept a portfolio from

him, and Mr Hanan hysterically denied that same—well which are we to believe! Mr Hanan, surely, for had we not his own solemn asseveration last election that he would at no time join forces with those children of Belial, the Reform party! And who could doubt Mr Hanan's word! As for Mr Massey's insinuation that Mr Hanan was himself a "political contortionist"—well those of us who have known that sturdy democrat throughout his Parliamentary career, will laugh such an absurd suggestion to scorn.

The "housing problem" shares with "profiteering" pride of place among newspaper topics. On every hand are heard harrowing stories of the desperate straits of our homeless ones, and, on top of his multitudinous other troubles, Mr Massey is being daily importuned to "do something." He has stated his determination to grapple with the problem, and has set machinery in motion that may succeed in erecting a hundred or a couple of hundred workers' dwelling sometime within the next few years. How it may be in other centres I know not, having nothing better than the daily press to inform me, but, so far as Invercargill is concerned, I venture the opinion that there is no actual shortage of houses at the present time. Every street has its quota of blank windows, but, unfortunately for the eager house-hunter, each is marred with the discouraging legend: "For sale." Now it strikes me that things are not as they should be when we see homeless people on the one hand, and unpeopled houses on the other. I am the last man to question the legitimate rights of individuals or of property, but all rights, I hold, are, or should be limited by considerations of public welfare. These empty houses are, for the most part, evidences of a greedy, profiteering desire to exploit the necessities of the people. The position calls for prompt and drastic action. Those who have read Henry George's works will remember the frequency of his favourite phrase, "Compulsory usufruct." His contention was everyone in possession of land should be compelled to make the fullest possible use of it, or surrender it to one who would. Well, the same principle could be beneficially applied in the case of our tenantless houses—always making provision, of course, for a fair return to the owner.

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET. KING CRUICKSHANK.

My presentation—which, curiously enough, was entirely unsolicited on my part—at the Court of this illustrious monarch, was arranged through the kind offices of Prince Euehy, officer commanding the Imperial Blues, the actual introduction being effected by Count Fitzalan Cameron and his dog. His Majesty though not quite as handsome as our late visitor, Prince Charming, proved very condescending, and affably invited me to an elevated position on a dais adjacent to his throne. He asked me, through an interpreter, various questions, some—such as how I pleaded, etc.—striking me as being somewhat irrelevant, and indicating a curious eccentricity on the part of my Royal Host. My natural embarrassment was, however, quickly relieved by the courtesy of a court attendant, one John Hop, who kindly explained that I was only then recovering from a recent attack of Roopitis, which had been so violent that, the evening before, an officer had felt constrained in the interests of law and order (what that is) to extend his Majesty's hospitality to me for the night—getting his uniform badly damaged in the process. His Majesty then asked me how I had slept, and I assured him that my rest would have been perfect but for—but there, it might have been some natural skin disease. Then, after a little kindly advice as to how to avoid Roopitis in the future, His Majesty gave further proof of his eccentricity by asking me for a pound, with costs (the latter, I understand, being something in the nature of a war bonus), with the alternative of receiving a further instalment of the Royal hospitality. I have since learned that it is his Majesty's pleasant and profitable practice to exact payment for all introductions to his court in conformity with the Royal Latin motto "Quid or Quod." I paid, and, thanking his Majesty, withdrew.

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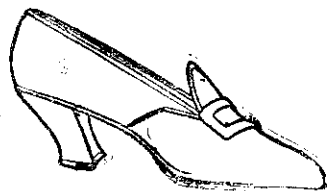
**TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:**

Hear the Town Council bleat,

What on earth is that they have upon
their feet,

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!

Repairs that can't be beat.



J. A. HAWTHORNE.

BOOT REPAIRER,
TAY STREET.

SPORTING.

The Winton Jockey Club will hold its
annual general meeting of members next
Thursday evening.

The Birchwood Hunt Club's flagged
steeplechases will be held at Strathmore
next Wednesday. A good view of the races
should be obtained from the main road.

Fortunately Sir George Clifford is too
fair-minded a man to allow even this sort
of insult to warp his judgment in the dis-
pute to come before his conference this
week, and no man in the Dominion will
be more honest in his desire, nor more
anxious in his efforts to bring about a
settlement between jockeys, that is the
better class and more reasonable members
of the profession, and the owners.

And so the great Lochella was beaten!
But, barring accidents, what a cakewalk
he would have had in the Wellington
Steeplechase had Charlie Christie decided
to start him in that race instead of in the
hurdle race. The Wellington country is
small, and as the going was good it must
have been the pace set by the early lead-
ers that brought all but the four placed
horses down.

The owners and the jockeys have always
been on good terms (of course there are
very many times when it is essential for
their own welfare that they should be),
and there are very few owners who are
not generous when it comes to winning
fees with their jockeys. Instead of a
union to protect the interests of the
younger boys it would be much wiser if
the Racing Conference would appoint
three or four good strong-minded matrons
to look after them, put them to bed early,
see they don't waste their money on flash
clothes, teach them a few good nursery
games, and give them an hour or so of
education each day. Then they would
find less time for that good old service
game, "two-up." The whole trouble has
arisen, in my mind, for the lack of sur-
veillance of these youths both by their
employers and the Racing Conference.

The stopping of Sir George Clifford
travelling on one the Union S.S. Coy's
steamers to the North Island reminds me
of a good story I heard a couple of months
ago when a well-known trainer and a sec-
retary to a labour union were discussing
the jockey's trouble and other labour mat-
ters. Each gave his opinion very freely,
and finally the trainer maintained that
the constitution of the country was all
wrong. "What's wrong with the con-
stitution anyway," demanded the labour
secretary. "It should be altered so as to
provide that Bill Massey should be pre-
mier of the North Island, Joey Hanan,
premier of the South Island, you premier
of Dog Island, and none of you allowed to
leave your own territories," snapped the
trainer, and the labour secretary was so
paralysed by this broadside that he didn't
recover in time to take up his side of the
argument again.

I saw Joe Wallis the other day in a
billiard room, hobbling round with a stick
and evidently in charge of a couple of
tables. Poor Joe still carries the effects
of a bad spill on the local course twelve
months ago last April, and I am afraid
will continue to do so for the rest of his
life. He has had a hell of a time with
operations to a leg in the local hospital,
but is always cheerful, and trying hard,
now he has been promoted to be an out-
patient, to earn a few shillings. It makes
one proud of our management of racing to
hear Joe speak of the manner the Insur-
ance Fund has and is treating him. He
is being well looked after, but many of his
old friends can help him by patronising
his tables when they want a game of bil-
liards. Joe was always a game horse-
man, and he needed to be, too, for some of
the rides he has had on the operating table
during the past fifteen months.

Talking of taxing racing clubs reminds
me of rather a good story I heard which
occurred in one of the town schools the
other day. The teacher was explaining
taxes to a class composed of boys and
girls whose ages averaged about 12 to 13,
and at the end of the lesson asked all those
children whose fathers paid income tax to

hold up their hand. All except one, the
son of a poor but honest working family,
sat tight, but this lad held up his hand
much to the astonishment of the master,
who should have known better than ask
such a question from children who were
not likely to be taken into the confidence
of their parents as to whether they were
earning enough to have to pay this very
unpopular tax. The boy saw by the mas-
ter's expression that the wealth of his
father was doubted, and still holding up
his hand exclaimed: "I've seen him pay
it, and every time he pays he gets a dog
collar." Really some of our teachers are
brainy fellows!

"Firemen's Sympathetic Action," was
the nature of the heading in the "Thund-
erer," on Tuesday morning, over the in-
formation that Sir George Clifford had
been forced by the stokers on the ferry
steamer to return ashore at Lyttelton. Sir
George was en route to Wellington to pre-
side at the annual meeting of the New
Zealand Racing Conference, where there is
a chance of the quarrel between some med-
dlesome outsiders who are trying to rig a
Jockey's Union and the Conference. As
Sir George left the steamer he truthfully
remarked that they were stopping a friend,
but those who know the president of the
Racing Conference, never for one moment
dreamed that he would not get to the
meeting. And very probably the baronet
has never enjoyed a trip to Wellington so
much as he did this year. To be treated
as he was shows that "mob rule" is still one
of the weaknesses of ignorant unionism,
and it looks very much as if the leaders
in this silly muddle are indeed ignorant.

OTAHUTI NOTES.

On Wednesday last at Drummond
ploughing match, the concluding matches
of the first round of the Central Rugby
Union's competition were played under
favourable weather conditions.

Wright's Bush met Calcium and were
defeated by 3 points to nothing, and at
2.45 p.m. Otahuti met and defeated
Drummond by 13 points to 3. Wright's
Bush were most unfortunate in not win-
ning their match, they being the attacking
side throughout the first spell. Calcium
hardly managed to cross the half-way
mark, and had the Bush backs a little
finish about them, they must have scored
on several occasions. However, a greasy
ball in the early afternoon made back
play difficult. The sun appearing during
the first match dried the ground consider-
ably for the Otahuti-Drummond contest,
and a fast game was the result, both
teams playing well, but the Otahuti com-
bination possessed more knowledge of the
scientific part of football than their op-
ponents, and as a consequence had rather
an easy day. Some good individual play
was put in by McLeod, Buckingham,
Shufflebein, Horner, and Ford (2), for
Drummond.

The Otahuti forwards played splendidly,
Steele being a constant source of annoy-
ance to the opposition. Rogers, as rover,
played his usual brilliant game. Mc-
Crostitie, McKenzie, Grieve, and Finlayson
were full of dash and with Donald and
Sim were an exceptionally good pack.

R. McLeod (half) and A. McLeod were
in fine form, especially the latter, who put
through some fine work.

The casualties for the stunt were fair-
ly light, Horner (Drummond) retiring
with a broken collar-bone, J. C. Lindsay
(Otahuti) with an injured leg, C. Donald
unfortunately had a rib broken early in
the first spell but carried on; Rogers also
received injuries to his shoulder which
will require gentle treatment for a period
as will the dislocated ankles, etc.

The official referees, Messrs Galt and
Gazzard controlled the games in an able
manner. Mr Galt's severe chastisement
to an over ardent club supporter had a
sobering effect on some of the onlookers.
There was a large attendance of the public
and there were some really first-class vocal
talent present, the solos were splendid.
"Bonnie Charlie's noo awa" and the
"Bluebells of Scotland" were very fine.

Saturday next will see the start of the
second round, Otahuti v. Calcium at Ota-
huti, Waianawa v. Drummond at Wai-
anawa. Both matches at 3 p.m.

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FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANGUS.—In fondest memory of Henry Leake, beloved son of Alex. and the late Margaret Angus, killed in action in France, on July 14, 1916. "There is a link death cannot sever. Love and remembrance last for ever."—Inserted by his loved ones. 2839

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1920.

ASIATIC IMMIGRATION.

The resolution passed by the Returned Soldiers' Conference on the immigration of Asiatics may be regarded as an accurate representation of northern opinion. In Southland our climate is not so mild, and these immigrants stay where the climate is more congenial. However, we must refrain from being apathetic upon a question which in its essence means racial decline, even if we are not directly associated with Asiatic activity. The Government must be sufficiently courageous to take the matter in hand and save any set of conditions arising which will cause a breach in our relations with India. The tide of feeling against the immigration laws enforced against them is slowly rising in India. In South Africa the problem has become acute and apparently insoluble, lasting over a number of years. There was not alone the question of restriction, but also of the treatment of British Indians domiciled in the Union; and the demand of the native leaders that British subjects should have the same right throughout the Empire had previously been met by the reply of Mr Winstone Churchill, then Under-Secretary for the Colonies: "It should be understood that His Majesty's

Government has no power to protect British Indians against the operations of a law in force in the colony." It is suggested that special difficulties arise in excluding Hindus because they are British subjects. That is not necessarily so. India has long ago admitted the right of the Dominion to exclude her Nationals more specially in a resolution moved at the Imperial War Conference in 1908, by Lord Sinha, now a member of the British Government, as follows: "It is an inherent function of the Governments of the several communities of the British Commonwealth, including India, that each should enjoy complete control of the composition of its own population, by means of restrictions on immigration from any of the other communities." The only concessions asked by India in return for this recognition of the validity of restrictions on her emigrants, were facilities for temporary residence by visiting Indians, and the admission of the wives and minor children of Indians already domiciled in other British countries. On this basis the Conference of 1918 unanimously concurred in what was practically an Empire agreement, and within its terms there is ample room for the New Zealand Government to exclude these emigrants. In the East and particularly in India, the problem has aroused an interest and intensity of feeling which has never been fully realised. There are many contributing causes to this set of conditions. The spread of western education, and the development of nationalism and political unrest has reacted on one another and helped to awaken the Indian to a pride of race. It must be admitted too, that some agitators used the grievances of the emigrating Indian for their own ends, finding it easier and more politic to direct their propaganda against other parts of the Empire than to court trouble by stirring up strife against the local laws and institutions. But the chief thing we have to consider is the fact that the Indians have become a migratory people. The coming of industrialism has loosened all roots in the East and home ties have not the same strength as a generation ago. The man who leaves his native village to work in a factory a hundred miles away, or to go to some of our colonies where indentured labour is used, has become a member of a mobile proletariat. He has cut himself adrift from a condition of life that was perhaps insufficient, and has entered one where the standards of living are higher, and ultimately acquired the impulse to wander and settle in other countries. This migratory fever is what we have to face. Sometime ago a writer estimated that within a comparatively few years 9,000,000 Chinese had migrated and while we have no actual figures regarding Indian emigration it is evident to all that the problem is one requiring satisfactory adjustment. We are faced with the problem of keeping our civilisation intact and its blood pure while a huge migratory population are knocking at our doors. Our political system is democratic, giving the same rights to every citizen, but we are not justified in making provision for an alien labouring class such as are migrating to our shores. If we allow unrestricted immigration, we will in the end become submerged by this mobile proletariat who have no acquaintance with our political institutions, and have a marked tendency to coagulate in masses that disturb the social balance. And inevitably we would have racial bitterness, and exasperations which destroy the felicity of life wherever the two races live freely side by side. No country can complacently face the prospect of being involved in the same problems which disfigure life of the Southern States of America. The Asiatic is without ties, with a wandering impulse and lives in fugitive hovels. Very often, too, he has lost hold of those traditions which kept his life right in his own country. No question of right of entry can be recognised if we are going to keep our civilisation free from the defiling influences of Asiatic immigration.

Seven million untiring British girls made good their prayer, "God save the King," by toiling incessantly for the British Tommies across the Channel to bring home the fruits of victory and save the world for democracy. Every time your watch ticks three seconds, every working day, every year, there's a pair of "Shirley Make" braces sold. Have you seen our splendid showing of braces? Men's Star braces, sale price 4s 11d. Hercules famous President make, sale price 4s 11d. Heavy Shirley make, sale price 4s 6d. Police braces, 3s 6d. Boys' braces, 1s 6d to 2s 11d. Men's suspenders, sale price 2s 3d. Just opened, our new season's stock of gents' ties in many colourings and designs, sale price 3s 11d to 6s 6d. Boys' ties, in school colours, 1s to 1s 6d. See windows and all departments at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Stores, Invercargill and Gore. Exceptional bargains at great Reliability Sale.

POULTRY CLUB.

The annual dinner and meeting of the Utility Poultry Club was held on Wednesday evening in the Efford Tea Room. The meeting was of a representative character, there being representatives from Riverton, Bluff, Winton, and a large number of apologies were read extending as far north as Auckland, which showed a wide interest in the Club's activities. The first toast of the evening "The King," which was honoured in the customary manner. Proposing the toast of the "Competitions," Mr J. Stevens said that the Club had been running now for five years. Ten years ago they had a hard struggle to get the competitions going. The Egg Circle was started by a few enthusiasts. The competitions had been the making of the poultry industry in Southland. Had it not been for the competitions, there would not have been one third of the birds in Southland, and the competitions have been an undoubted success. In the earlier stages of the Club's career there was some difficulty in getting the pens filled, but in years to come there would be no difficulty. In responding to the toast Mr Burwell, said that credit was due to Mr Stevens for introducing the competitions in Southland. He recalled the negotiations with the Charitable Aid Board which resulted in a suitable site at Kew being secured. Since then the club had been enabled to erect buildings and buy plant costing £425, and at March 31 the club owed no one anything. (Applause). This success he attributed to cheap labour and the entry fees to a great extent. It was an interesting tribute to the economy practised by the caretaker that, notwithstanding the rise in the price of feed, £8 less had been spent on it this year. The average price of eggs had shown an increase of 8d per dozen. The net surplus was now £260—an increase of over 200 per cent. As president of the Society for four and a-half years he had come into constant touch with Mr Stevens, and he could assure them that he had done a great deal for the club. The following interesting figures were given by Mr Burwell. The figures, in order are for 1917, 1918, 1919, and 1920: Cost of feed, £112, £166, £181, £173; total expenses, £195, £327, £309, and £365; eggs obtained (in dozens), 3038, 4025, 3902, 3807; average price obtained, 1s 3.3d, 1s 1.7d, 1s 6.8d, 1s 11.3d; value of eggs, £246, £263, £306, £371; total receipts, £333, £366, £388, £464; gross profits, £138, £39, £79, £99; prizes given, £24, £27, and £11; net surplus, £88, £79, £139, and £260. The plant and buildings, continued Mr Burwell, were valued at £425.

Mr C. Thompson also responded and considered that the competitions had improved the birds in Southland. Taking Mr Burwell's figures into account the club had done well and was in a very satisfactory position, and an acquisition to Southland. Mr Burwell had done a great deal towards the success of the club. The caretaker was a careful and valuable man, and helped to bring the club out on the right side of the ledger. The toast of the "Poultry Industry," was proposed by Mr S. Hill, who stated that the industry had a great future before it. The Government was now more sympathetic towards the industry. There was shortly to be a conference at the Hague, where poultrymen from all parts of the world would meet, and their deliberations would be of great benefit to the industry. In America the poultry industry was second only to that of the steel industry. Mr Millar responded to the toast and considered the poultry industry was going ahead. He was glad to see that the competitions had been a success, and an incentive to the people of Southland. It was a bad practice to overfeed the birds, and a great number of complaints could be traced to overfeeding. In Scotland there are not so many birds penned up as in New Zealand. The custom was to have a house on wheels which was taken into the fields where the grain had been cut. In addition to breeding birds for eggs they should also provide table birds. Mr Woodnorth of Winton, considered that if birds were bred for the table while sellers are at the mercy of the auction rooms, it would not be profitable. Prices are a little better now but eggs are the best for all concerned. Things were looking brighter for the industry, and although the cost of feed has been high they had had the enhanced value of eggs. The toast of the "South Invercargill Borough," was proposed by Mr Strang (president). "The manner in which we were assisted in getting new grounds was one for appreciation and in all our negotiations with the Council we have always found them ready to help us. His Worship the Mayor had shown us every consideration, and in the Town Clerk (Mr Dyson), we also had a good champion." In responding, Mr Holloway (mayor), considered the club a great acquisition, not only to Southland but especially to South Invercargill. Great improvements

had been made on the club's property, and it was satisfactory to know that the Government had made a grant of £75. Better results will be obtained from private enterprise than with Government control. Mr Dyson considered the club should have honorary members.

Mr A. Thompson proposed the toast of the "Caretaker," who had given every satisfaction.

Awards and certificates were then presented to the following winners at the last competition. First class light breed class, Mr H. T. Stratton (cup), second prize, Mr Woodnorth, third prize, Mr Paul (Riverton); fourth prize, Mrs Gorinski; first prize winter test, Mrs Gorinski; second prize, Mr Anderson; first prize heavy breeds test, Miss H. King (Riverton) (cup); first prize winter test for heavy breeds (brooch), Miss H. King; greatest weight of eggs, Mr R. H. Dempster (Wright's Bush)—gold medal; first prize autumn test, Mr Woodnorth; second prize, Mr Paul. A number of certificates for teams laying over 1200 eggs were also issued.

The enjoyment of the function was intensified by several of those present contributing musical and elecentary items.

GENERAL MEETING.

The annual general meeting was next held.

The annual report was adopted, along with the balance-sheet.

The following officers were elected:—President, Mr J. Strang (re-elected); vice-president, Mr T. E. Davis; secretary and treasurer, Mr B. H. Ayling; auditor, Mr J. E. Anderson; hon. veterinary surgeon, Mr J. Miller; trustees, Messrs J. Strang and F. Burwell; committee, Messrs A. G. Thompson, F. Gorinski, J. E. Anderson, Fairclough, C. Thomson, T. E. Stratton, Allison, and Williams.

FIANCEES ASSISTED PASSAGES.

The date for receiving nominations for assisted passages to N.Z. of the soldiers' wives and soldiers' fiancées has been extended by the Government until December 31st, 1920. (Final date).

Soldiers in the Dominion concerned should therefore communicate with the Under-Secretary, Department of Immigration, Wellington, prior to 31st December, next.

The payment by the soldier for the passage of his fiancée has been fixed as follows:—First class, £57; second class, £39; third class (cabin with two berths), £15; third class (cabin with four berths), £13.

Compared with current rates of passage there is a reduction of at least £26 per passage which is contributed by the N.Z. Government.

Applicants for assisted passages must sign a certificate declaring that the person for whom a passage is claimed is the bona fide fiancée of the applicant, such declaration to be made by both contracting parties. In the case of the fiancée the declaration is to be delivered to the High Commissioner, and in the case of the soldier to the Immigration Office, Customhouse Quay, Wellington.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

At the annual dinner of the Utility Poultry Club on Wednesday night, opportunity was taken to farewell the secretary, Mr Jno. Stevens, who leaves Invercargill soon for Timaru, where he will go into the printing business. The president (Mr J. Strang), in presenting Mr Stevens with a travelling bag, and also with a silver toast rack for Mrs Stevens, referred to him as the pioneer of the Egg Circle and the Poultry Club in Invercargill. He had, during his years of association with the Club, done such good work that much of the success that the Club enjoyed at present was due to him. Many eulogistic references to his work as secretary of the Club had been made that night, and they were all deserved. They regretted his departure but wished him every success in his new sphere of activities. The health of the recipients was then honoured enthusiastically, after which Mr Stevens responded briefly. He said that his energies in connection with the Club had been a labour of love. He regretted greatly having to sever his connection with it, but opportunity had come his way, and he was bound to make the best of it. He hoped that he would get as much happiness out of his business as he had got through his association with the poultry industry in Invercargill, and assured them all of a right royal welcome to Timaru. Concluding, Mr Stevens referred to the good work done by Mr Burwell in connection with the competitions, and thanked them most sincerely for their gifts and expressions of goodwill to himself and Mrs Stevens. Mr Stevens expects to leave Invercargill about the end of this month.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

GALBRAITH SHIELD.

INVERCARGILL (16) v. WAIKIWI (0).

On paper I.F.C. had a strong team, and a defence of the first spell, when any punt would bring Waikwi into attacking position, is a proof that their defence was sound, while the progress of the game showed that they were having a very day. From the return of opening play Waikwi passed to within 5 yards of the line, and then forces numerous and clumsy, the game lacking anything of the forward rushes were lone things. Darragh, after a run and a punt, was just beaten by Vial for possession of the line. Scrappy up and down play followed, each side clearing readily, Waikwi with forward dashes, I.F.C. with wing and short line punts against the strong wind. Several Blue passing rushes broke down, and Waikwi came through the gaps smartly, generally forcing I.F.C., being driven back by the full and the wings. Whyte's absence in the forwards, and that of Knight in the backs, was felt; I.F.C. would have had to make a more serious game of the first spell if anything like organised attack had struck them; they appeared to be waiting for the second spell. Towards the end of the first half, Blues were forced several times, generally with little risk of their opponents reverting them. The Waikwi were soon in defence. The first 45 had brought no score to either side. The Invercargill forwards settled down to work, and, their condition holding, they did not feel the loss of Vial—retired injured—except back attack, which was pitifully weak, the clusters resembling loose forward rushes, the men passing anywhere and everywhere, and Waikwi kicking relief often. The pointing on each side was glaring in this pass-you-please game, and it took Blues long time to make a score, though Millar was unlucky in not scoring before the first try came. Waikwi were showing signs of originality in footwork and in defence passing; but the wind and their youth and condition would not hold against Whitaker, Miller, and Webb, and the last-dribbled through again, this time unsupported, and Webb scored at the south-east corner. Invercargill 3, Waikwi nil. Waikwi made a great effort and reached the Blue line, but could not score, a series of lines and dashes penning them up at last for the Blues to score three more tries, two of which were converted. The game ended short of time with Invercargill 16, Waikwi nil.

ATHLETIC (5) v. STAR (3).

The bulk of the crowd was at this match, which was considered of more than ordinary interest as the Star's lead might not be maintained and other teams might come into the running. The game was singularly free from late tackles and obstructions. Kickers not being interfered with after the ball had left the toe, and jersey-holding not being resorted to. Mr. D. Stalker is to be felicitated on his excellent handling of a very difficult game, the whistling being very infrequent and the play being allowed to become as fast as possible with due observance of the advantage rule. Indeed, there was a noticeable lack of the pointing that has marred some of our senior games this year, and the wing-forwards were not intermittently pawing each other. Greens had the wind behind them in the first spell, but did not use it much in mid-field, preferring to line-kick and smother over with their strong forwards. Star attack came quickly even against the wind. C. Oughton showing nippiness and determination. What passing there was in the first spell was poor, though the Star backs kept their positions better in attack than did the Greens. A long stretch of attack came to Athletic, whose backs showed rank selfishness. Several scrums on Star eastern line penned them finally just at the flag, Lilley coming up to half and Agnew putting his weight in about eight yards from the throw-out. Ryan used the blind side when he received the "goods-train" ball, and several times he or McKenzie seemed about to score, but Murray came over and took the half's work and drove the pair out. At last Greens threw the ball out a little further than usual and Winders taking cleanly dropped over, Coakley adding the two with a remarkably judicious kick. Athletic 5, Star nil. On resumption of play some wretched waiting for bounces was seen, and Star got into an attack which they kept up for some time. Lilley dashed in and secured, but he ran across and gave a weak pass. Play fluctuated between middle and each last 25, the Greens being oftener in Star territory. They were playing a determined game for the title, though Leith frequently showed signs of lack of coaching. It was in the

loose that he appeared to be of use. Agnew received little support in his line-breaking efforts, the Star pack being generally lacking the adventurous spirit that has made their forwards play so attractive. Greens got down to Star 25 through the full rebounding a take, a fault he rarely commits, though he managed later to force with a trio right on him. Oughton got away from the scrum, sending to Murray, who kicked neatly across, a Star dribble following. Green came through to the corner, but Brown felled his man two yards from home. A Star mark went weakly to McKenzie, Ryan outing the ball without gain of ground. The line scrum fed McKenzie, but Oughton carried the ball out when the Green wing-three dropped it. Half time sounded with Athletic 5, Star nil.

Five points did not seem much of a lead when Star opened the attack from a poor kick-off to Lilley, who sent to Coakley. The bounce not favouring the Greens' centre Star attacked, but Coakley managed to line. The resultant scrum allowed Ryan leave the scrum with the ball, the passing that followed being so very weak that Ryan had to dash across his other backs and to lie on the ball to prevent a big Star rush. The reluctance evinced to rise cost his side three, Lilley making a perfect goal from about 40 yards. Athletic 5, Star 3. This occurred during the first five minutes of spell two. Lilley returned the huge 25 but Coakley failed to secure, Star coming into attack. The Green forwards stemmed, and their backs tried to run across, so the Star came further on. Then Coakley kicked judiciously, straight across to the western line. Star secured from the line, and C. Oughton flashed a pass which sent the Star over to be awarded a five-yards' scrum. Star again secured, but slow play and a knock-on checked them, Greens clearing amidst great excitement of their supporters. Jenkins got a good punt across, but Athletic managed to let the ball die for a force. Rotten play followed, Lilley not being backed up, Green forwards showing up, Lilley checking. Greens were carrying lines and scrums now, and Coakley dribbled through for Star to clear and to be sent back to the 25 by Gilroy. J. Oughton failed and Lilley did his defence, several kicks succeeding. Athletic finally moving into Star 25. A Green kicked back and Star freed themselves somewhat. Green attack became continuous, and, although C. Oughton cleared slightly, the big forwards pressed home, Roche doing great and fearless work. A Green back attack brought out a fine Star-full dive, the free failing in front of the posts, and Athletics not bothering about charging. The balance of play was with Greens, Gilroy on no occasion letting them down, when the Star high kicks brought up attack. The Star van did not seem to be vigorous or resourceful, Leggat being somewhat lame. C. Oughton made some desperate efforts to open up the game, but, though the passes from the scrum were perfect, the other Star backs failed to be aggressive, one of them even not caring to follow his own high punts. Some frees came, but Star did not materialise in goals. Towards the end Star came up several times but Gilroy's taking was excellent, if his kicking was short, and the Star backs and forwards all save O. Oughton, lacking ginger, Athletics weathered, and ran out victors by 2 points: Athletics 5, Star 3.

PUTTING THE MEN ON THE LAND

What Canada offers to her returned soldier in land and financial help.—Under the Soldiers' Settlement Act, 1917, a returned soldier has the privilege of making application for 160 acres of Dominion Government land within the areas set apart for returned men, provided he has not already exhausted his homestead rights, and in addition he can select an adjoining quarter section as his military right. In fact, any available Dominion land, no matter where located, may be applied for by the soldier settler under the Act; if the soldier does not want to enter upon Dominion lands, he can participate in the benefits of the loan on land at present owned by him, or to be acquired, provided first mortgage security is given. It is considered that the policy adopted by the Soldiers' Settlement Board to consider firstly, applications of returned soldiers who were previously engaged in farming operations, is in the best interest of soldiers' settlements.

The advance of loans indiscriminately to returned men who are not familiar with the farming industry, without first giving them an opportunity of educating themselves by farming as a life work would be unfortunate. Steps are therefore being considered to assist those who wish to participate in the facilities that will be afforded them through Provincial, as well as Federal channels, to become educated along the lines that will be of most benefit to them in this respect.—(Ministry of Pensions Statement).

NEW ZEALAND R.S.A.

The following letter from the Minister of Lands is in reply to a letter from Head-quarters asking for particulars regarding 700,000 acres mentioned by the Prime Minister, as being available for settlement.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 11th instant, I beg to advise you that the total areas of land available for settlement by discharged soldiers, as at the 31st ultimo, was 691,141 acres, distributed throughout the Dominion as follows:—This area varies from day to day, for instance since 31st ultimo an area of 100,000 acres has been ballotted for since this return was made up.

Land District.	Area (Acres).
North Auckland	61,325
Auckland	92,150
Hawke's Bay	81,922
Taranaki	39,834
Wellington	5,695
Nelson	77,440
Marlborough	5,440
Westland	3,830
Canterbury	31,724
Otago	276,798
Southland	14,913

A considerable proportion of this area is either advertised already or will be put on the market shortly.

The land suitable for farm holdings and runs, totals 673,756 acres, while an area of 17,385 acres is considered suitable for small farms, such as, poultry, fruit growing, bee keeping, etc.

I trust that this information will be sufficient for your purposes as owing to the very great amount of work thrown upon the officers of the department I regret that it is not possible to supply the information asked for in more detail, but I would remind you that the various branches of your Association are supplied with the posters and land guide, giving full particulars of all land to be placed on the market as soon as they are published, and this should, I think, be sufficient for your purposes.—Yours etc.,

(Sgd.) D. H. GUTHRIE,
Minister of Lands.

Wellington, June 25th, 1920.

THE OLDEST DIGGER.

I've read this Digger paper and every week I see, It's full of Digger ads. to sell to you and me, The Digger land shark has digger houses cheap to sell, You can dig to pay for them or die and go to —! The Digger mercer too, has wares for you to buy, He guarantees a digger fit, so Diggers have a try, The Digger shoe-maker has digger shoes for you, And the Digger photographer takes a digger view of you. Then the Digger grocer will sell you digger blue, And the Digger butcher sells digger chops to stew, But what about the Digger ironmonger, he, too, sells goods, And the Diggers out at Underwood make decent digger foods. Then the Digger taxi-driver takes a digger for a ride, When he's getting married to his little digger bride. The Digger pie shop has digger pies to sell, And if the Digger wants a feed he has to dig in well. But of all the Diggers I have met, the oldest that I know, Will be on view next week, at the local poultry show. They have dug for years and years, and no one said a word, Neither the smallest chicken nor the oldest bird, So Diggers don't forget to have a digger look, And buy a Digger ticket out of the Poultry Art Union Book.

Down slide the prices at our huge Reliability Sale. Are you going to be one of the lucky choosers? Better come early, as these splendid values are secured by wise buyers. Dainty camisoles, sale prices 2s 9d to 12s 6d. Chemises, in longcloth and flannelette, sale price 4s 11d to 9s 6d. Knickers, in longcloth, flannel, and drills, sale price 4s 11d to 11s 6d. Nightgowns, in flannelette, longcloth, win-cette, and crepe, sale price 10s 6d to 37s 6d. Nightgowns, in good striped flannelette, to clear at 12s 6d. Woven underwear: Cotton vests, sale price 2s 6d to 7s 6d. Wool and cotton vests, sale price 4s 6d to 10s 6d. Woven combinations, sale price 4s 6d to 12s 6d. Woolen combinations, sale prices 17s 6d to 22s 6d. Woven knickers, sale price 5s 6d to 8s 6d. Woven knickers, sale price 8s 6d to 14s 6d. Woven bodices, 2s 6d to 5s 6d. Bargains in corsets, size 20 and 21, all going at 4s 6d. Special line in D. and A. corsets, all sizes, sale price 11s 6d. Many other specials at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Stores, Tay street, Invercargill and Main street, Gore.

CO-OPERATIVE BONUSES.

Our Business Year Finishes
ON MONDAY, 19th July.

All Entrants for our Co-operative Bonuses
must hand in their Cash Receipts by
Tuesday, 20th July, at the latest.

Bonuses will be payable at Our Office on
Saturday, 24th, and following days.

As all bonuses are allotted as soon as date
of receipt is past, no slips can be con-
sidered that are not in by due date.

Amounts not called for by 7th August will
be posted.

Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

THE QUALITY HOUSE.

'Phone 13. P.O. Box 46. Tay Street, Invercargill.

INVERCARGILL

POULTRY, PIGEON, CANARY, AND
PET CLUB'S

ANNUAL SHOW,

To be held in

KING'S HALL,

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,

July 21 and 22.

RECORD ENTRIES.

Admission to Show by Art Union
Ticket 1/-

H. FORTUNE,
Hon. Secretary.

BOROUGH OF INVERCARGILL.

SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL.

FOLLOWING the decision at a Public Meeting that a non-utilitarian monument should be erected to the memory of our Fallen Soldiers, the Public are HEREBY INVITED to send in suggestions indicating (a) the form of the memorial desired and (b) the site on which it should be erected. Such suggestions to be sent in not later than July 20th.

F. BURWELL,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall,
7th July, 1920.

SALE! SALE!

ALL THIS SEASON'S GOODS.

NAVY, GREY AND HEATHER TWEED
COSTUMES, £7 15s for £5 15s; £6
10s for £5 10s.

1 Only NAVY in Maids, £5 15s for £4
15s.

TWEED COATS—Sale price from £3 10s
to £5 15s.

THE PARAMOUNT,

ESK STREET,

Third Door from Dee street.

NEW HATS

NOW SHOWING. Black, Brown, and
Mouse shades in

GENTS' VELOUR HATS,

Superior FUR HATS in assorted re-
liable shades.

TWEED HATS,

TWEED and CRAVENETTE CAPS.

LATEST COLLARS, WIDE-END TIES,

BOWS, and ENGLISH MADE

BRACES.

SPECIAL LINE

OF WIDE-END TIES all being cleared
now at 2/6 each. Worth nearly
double.

McNeil & Clark,

CLOTHIERS AND MERCERS

94 Dee St.

TO PRACTICE ECONOMY IS A
NATIONAL DUTY.

OUR QUALITY IS ECONOMY.

J. L. Hannon & Co

PRIME MEAT SALESMEN,

CONON STREET. TAY STREET.

'Phone—170.

'Phone—371.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Casual Advertisements—One insertion, 4/-
per inch; 3/- per inch for each sub-
sequent insertion (prepaid).

Births and Marriage Notices—3/6 one
insertion; 5/6 two insertions.

Death Notices—3/6 one insertion, 5/6 for
two, and 7/6 for three insertions.

Memorial Notices—For notice only, 3/6;
notice with verse, 3/6, plus 6d per
line for each verse.

Wanted, Lost and Found—1/- for each
insertion of sixteen words.

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to
brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

—Burns.

"A great man is this day fallen in Israel." The occasion of his passing is one for the interrogation, "When shall we see his like again?" Admiral Lord Fisher was one of the very few really big men of his time—too big to argue. His imagination and vision were almost those of a God. Of Fisher more than any other might we say he was the "organiser of victory." He transferred the iron-walls of England from the azure Mediterranean to the murky North Sea. With unerring genius he fathomed the German mind—he knew where the blow would fall and how. Those welter weights, the inflexible and invincible, that in a space of hours placed themselves in the South Atlantic, chose their own barking distance and sent the broken hulls of Von Spee to "Davey Jones," were the children of his witchery. And this master-mind controlled, in person, the fleet of his creating, there would have been a naval Armageddon—a Jutland never. Like Nelson and Wellington, he knew his mind, he liked the truth, and spoke it. His English, like Sir Ian Hamilton's, is unmistakable. It is that of the autocrat. God save England when the hearts of democratic autocrats, like Fisher, cease to beat. One "Jackey" Fisher is worth a nation of peck-sniffing little Englands, and the whole cut-throat pack of ignorant, misguided Sin Feinn. Here you are:

"I was born in 1841, the same year as King Edward VII. There never was such a healthy couple as my father and mother. They never married for money; they married for love. They married very young, and I was their first child. All the physical advantages were in my favour, so I consider I was absolutely right, when I was nine months old, in refusing to be weaned."

"I entered the navy, July 12, 1854, on board her Majesty's ship Victory after being immediately examined by the doctor on board of her, and writing out from dictation The Lord's Prayer; and I rather think I did a Rule of Three sums."

Those who run may read the secret of life's happiness in these plain words. Fisher believed in having suitable appliances handy to clip when necessary the German Eagle's wings. Presumably he was against the use of all other damnable devices for the restriction of population. Fisher, with Wilberforce and Lincoln, and the other really big men of history, was not ashamed to let the little fellows know that he looked at the Bible occasionally. Truth is his writings literally glitter with gems from the crown of literature.

Fisher's place in history is assured—a glorious one it is—high up on the gilded arch of fame. That he was less than Nelson is not established and he may have been greater! Who knows—but enough

"Wisdom is knowing what to do next; skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it."

ONE QUARREL.

After the sermon, which had been on "Domestic Felicity," the minister happened to meet Sandy, one of the flock, who expressed his delight with the discourse.

"Are you happy at home, Alexander?" inquired the man of cloth.

"Well, sir," responded Sandy, "the wife and me ha'e only had yin quarrel in a' oor life."

"Indeed!" said the minister, evidently quite pleased.

"Aye," continued Sandy, looking down at his feet, "of course, it's occasionally interrupted!"

To be or not to be, that is the question, Sabbath night concerts at seven-thirty.

"I'm glad there is a day of rest, one day in every seven, when worldly cares cannot molest, and we may dream of heaven. The week day labour that we do, is highly necessary, but if our tasks were never through, if they should never vary, we'd soon be covered o'er with mould, from bridle-bits to breeching; so let the Sabbath bells be tolled, and let us hear the preaching!"

The editor of the Dee street daily flivver speaks!

"I use my trenchant, fertile pen to help along the cause of men and make the

sad world brighter, to give all good ambitions wings, to help the poor to better things, and make their burdens lighter. The page wherein my screeds appear enjoys a sacred atmosphere, it's helpful and uplifting; it hands out morals by the ton, and shows the people how to shun the rocks to which they're drifting."

Prices are coming down with a run. Newspapers will soon be quoted at "one!"

Sandy had been staying with some friends for about a month and while he and his host were out for a walk one day they called at a wayside inn for a drink. As his host was about to pay for the same, Sandy stopped him.

"No, no," he said. "I'll not allow it. Ye've been keeping me in everything at yer hoose for a month, and ye've treated me to the theatres, and cab fares, and paid for all the drinks. I tell ye, I'll hae na mair of it; we'll hae to toss for this one."

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,

Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,

I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,

Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,

But man is a sodger and life is a faught; My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,

And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

—Burns.

Of Interest to Women.

BY THE WAY.

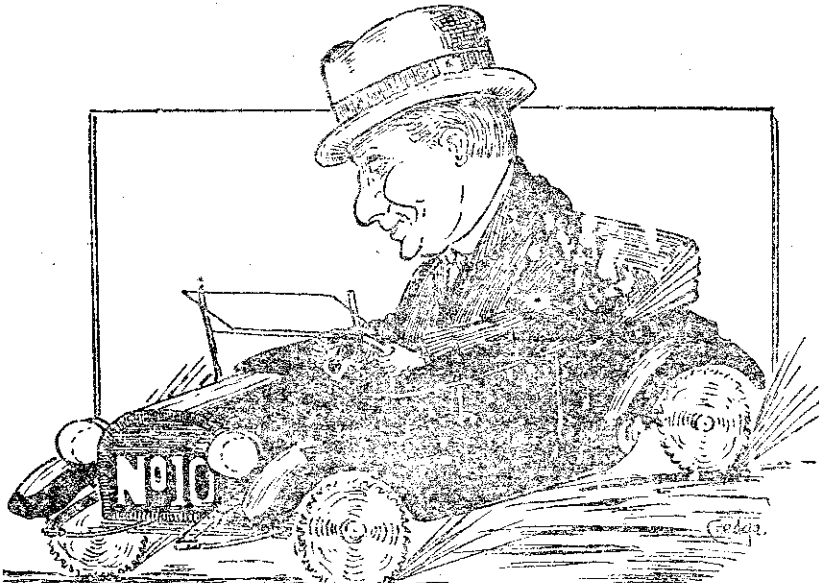
There are times when one grows tired of one's mission in life, ebb-tides when the energies flow backwards and leave you high and dry on the sands. Whatever your mission, these times always come. If you are a reformer, the world seems very old and beset with bad habits; if you are a housewife, the dishes seem unending—and the making of meals there is no end, and much cooking is a weariness to the flesh."

Every woman must know what it is to grow tired, in mind as well as in body, and this article is for tired women. So all you gay, easy, cheerful folks may turn aside and pass on till it comes to your turn; for even if your mission is to do nothing, you will get more tired of that than anything else—and then it will be "your turn."

The first and commonest form of tiredness is physical—exhaustion of nerve and muscle. If not excessive it is a good thing and easily removed. Bed, food, fresh air, sunshine, even a change of work, will set it right. Every woman owes it to herself, to her work, and to those dependent on her, not to let physical weariness go to excess so as to impair her health and usefulness. Ill-health is the greatest nuisance in the world and that is very short-sighted devotion which courts ill-health by over-work. Busy wives and

mothers ought to have time for rest and recreation. They ought to be able to go out for a walk or a visit nearly every day; they need an occasional concert or evening at the pictures; if you ask how they are to get these things, let me refer you to their husbands. Some day when I am not tired of trying to reform the world, I am going to write on the education of boys and the making of husbands. These same husbands if they are anyway worth their salt, will see to it; and the wives too should learn to economize time and energy. I imagine that an hour's rest in the afternoon with the pleasing consciousness that work is over for the day, is much better than an extra hour in bed in the morning. Early rising is a prime secret of efficiency and contentment; but it means also early retiring. Late hours are a curse. "Early to bed and early to rise," still makes both man and woman "healthy and wealthy and wise."

A far worse and more subtle weariness is the fatigue of mind that springs out of the monotony of existence. "The daily round, the common task," should furnish all we ought to ask; but somehow they don't. If life is to be worth living we must have diversions. Very often a little thing will suffice, some change, an evening

GOOD SPIRITS
OLD TOM & NIO.

The sound of the saw, is the sound for me,
And the crack of the axe, says Tom O.B.,
They keep me in oof, and plenty to do;
Collecting the subs of the timber-crews.
I whizz through the cities and into the bush,
I'm always in best of good spirits when I'm shifting along on No. 10,
And I love the song of the saw you see,
For the song of the saw is the song for me.

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.

Special Sale Reductions.

REDUCED PRICES THAT TELL AT TULLY'S DRAPERY SUPPLY, DEE STREET.

Big Sale Bargains:

30 Dozen LADIES' GOOD QUALITY COTTON SINGLETS. Sale price 3/11.

10 Dozen LADIES' COLOURED GLOVES. Usual price 2/6. Sale price 1/6.

Take this opportunity of buy a Good HAT at our Sale CHEAP.

Our 42/- HATS reduced to 30/-

Our 25/- HATS reduced to 17/6.

Our 30/- HATS reduced to 20/-

Our 19/6 HATS reduced to 6/11.

(And all Good Goods).

30 Dozen LADIES' COLOURED UNDERSKIRTS. Special value. Sale price 3/11.

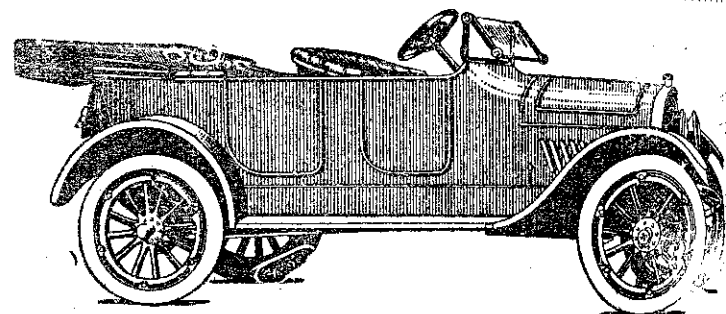
20 Dozen GIRLS' AND MAIDS' VELVET PADDY HATS. Usual price 7/6. Sale price 1/11.

6 Only Left LADIES' VELVET PADDY HATS. Usual price 12/6. Sale price 3/5.

100 Dozen LADIES' WHITE LINEN FINISH HANDKERCHIEFS. Sale price 3 for 2/3.

TULLY'S DRAPERY SUPPLY SALE,

NEXT NEWS OFFICE, DEE STREET.



Car Owners, Farmers & Others.

Now is the TIME to PAINT
YOUR CAR and YOUR GIG.

Expert WORKMANSHIP and FINISH Guaranteed
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

J. BATH & SONS,

BATH'S GARAGE,

YARROW STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Painting Department—Phone 747.

Office—401.

out, a picnic, a short holiday, a new pair of gloves, a book or picture, or even something nice for tea. The best safeguard against monotony, however, is an enthusiasm. That is why people with hobbies are never tired of life. Whoever heard of the enthusiastic amateur gardener expiring with dullness? The only time he feels really unhappy is when "it's too wet to water the garden."

So what hobbies are there that a woman can take up? Many go in for crochet and knitting and embroidery as so forth, and I once read a complaint from a mere man, that custom unkindly debarr'd his sex from these fascinating pursuits. Music requires time and talent and training. It is a rare and expensive hobby. Photography is fascinating for a time but loses its hold. Moreover it is too watery. Golf and tennis and croquet are not much good to the really busy woman with a family and small means. Reading is all very well, but unless directed by a set purpose, it becomes a stale, and the persistent reading of novels grows into a kind of mental debauchery. For those who can take it up—and they are many if they will only try—gardening is the hobby, par excellence. It takes you into the fresh air and gives you healthful exercise in change of work and postures; it keeps you in close relation with the wonders of old mother earth. It keeps you continually young,

with the perpetual renewal of one with what is fairest and freshest Nature. "Gardening is the purest human pleasures." The lover of flowers is never without an inspiration.

Such people must have a secret potent than any yet offered for "tired feeling." Perhaps it is that they are stronger and finer to begin with than most of us; perhaps it is that they are open inwardly to the out-flowing of life that in and above all life. Probably it is both; but wherever they come, they bring an atmosphere and influence as potent and health-giving as the sunlight. Their presence is a tonic to the weary. To be one of them is perhaps the highest ambition any mere mortal can cherish. And it is an ambition not only possible and feasible to all. If you want to be positive, not negative, if you want to discharge energy instead of absorbing it, if you want to be the sunshine and the air and the beauty of the world. I think you must begin to do all these things unto yourself; and when you are tired, instead of feeling weary for yourself, lay open your mind to the healing and enlivening of Nature, and of God. If you do this, a little and then more and more, you find that vital energy possesses you and all smaller enthusiasms will be in a grand enthusiasm for life.

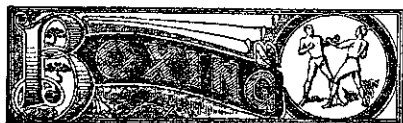
"HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

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

HIGHLANDER BRAND

Is a guarantee of quality and nation-
ality.

It can always be depended upon.



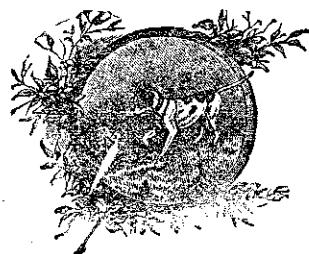
By "X.Y.Z."

Ted Lewis and Johnny Basham were fixed up to meet each other according to the last files from Blighty. This has been Lewis's ambition for a long time, and boxing patrons are sure to turn out in full force that night for this scrap. Lewis says, "If I succeed in beating Basham I shall know that I have accomplished one of the best performances of my career, outside beating Jack Britton for the world's welter-weight championship." Just read what A. G. Hales says re Lewis in a home sporting paper: "Lewis is, in my estimation, the finest fighter for his weight and inches Great Britain has turned out since Charlie Mitchell was in his prime. Born in London, of English parents in 1894 he is now at his zenith, and I am of opinion that fit and well he can whip any man his size of any kind or colour in the world. What is more, I am confident that, he can give away stones in weight and beat most of the much advertised middle-weights, light heavy-weights, and even heavy-weights, now basking in the sunshine of super-advertisement. He may yet have a shot at the heavy weight championship. Why not? He is heavier to-day than Charlie Mitchell was when the 'Lion of England' crossed the Atlantic to do battle with John L. Sullivan, in America, and there is something about Lewis that reminds me very forcibly of Mitchell. He has the same dauntless never-say-die spirit, the same contempt for mere size and weight, the same punching power with both hands, and a good deal of the same speed of head, hand, and foot. Is he as good a general as Mitchell? No, I do not think so, for Mitchell was fearless in that respect, but Lewis is no mean tactician. He is not Mitchell's equal, but he has more brains than most men. He is a savage punisher when he thinks the moment has arrived for him to open his batteries, and the way he hurls his punches into body and head of an opponent is a caution to see. He rips the left hand up the belly as George Dixon used to do, and sends in pile-driving rights under the heart in the real Fitzsimmons style, whilst his 'inside cross' for the point of the chin reminds me of Jim Hall at his best.

Amongst the multitude of present fighters I think few will live in ring history as Kid Lewis, of London, will live. He is great. Lewis won the feather weight championship at Home and then sailed for America, and there he cut a wide swathe in the ranks of the American fighters, giving away all kinds of weight to all sorts of men. His American record is dazzling. He does not only beat his men but makes hacks of them, for he has all the cunning and skill that came to him when a feather-weight. Ring tradition says that any man, who has been a crack "feather" in boyhood and has grown too big for that class is always dangerous, for a real top-notch feather-weight has almost invariably to be a great ring craftsman and master of tactics, and Lewis was all that when quite a little fellow. Had Lewis done as so many other fighters did, had he forsworn his nationality and become a citizen of the great U.S.A., as he could easily have done, the Yankee press would doubtless have acclaimed him the greatest fighter of his size anywhere. Lewis was British and proud of it and stood by his guns. It is refreshing to know that for so many British fighters have become American citizens. In Lewis's career the figures six and ten seem to be very much in demand, for he has knocked out a small army of fighters in either the sixth or the tenth round. When a "feather" his fancy seemed to run a good deal towards the third or the fifth round. Now and again in his wonderful career his fights have run twelve rounds. Twice Johnny Coudon made him travel the full distance of 20 rounds, as also did Young Brooks. Alex. Lambert lasted seventeen rounds before Lewis found Alex's chin, and Duke Lynch and Joe Starnier, both made him go all out for fifteen rounds before he won from them. He was more brilliant in America than in Britain, and the way he trounced those Yanks who could be coaxed into the ring with him must have been a real eye opener to them, and to those critics who averred that the British are a played out breed as far as fighting is concerned.

I was asked the other day if Charles Ledoux, the European champion bantam, had ever been beaten. Sid Smith, Digger Stanley, and Galliard, beat him, and in a brief American tour he lost to Eddie Campi and Kid Williams. When Jim Driscoll lost to him several months back at the N.S.C., the Welsh-Irishman was not strictly beaten by the Frenchman,

rather was it Anni Domini who intervened. For ten rounds Driscoll made Ledoux appear an absolute novice, and if the Cardiff boxer had only managed to have the necessary stamina Ledoux would never have found a spot to upset the retired champion. In fact, Driscoll seemed to collapse in a most unaccountable manner. Driscoll as a boxer was fearless.



Kennel Notes.

(By "Rover.")

"Glenmore Bristler" was made the best dog in the show at Ashburton. We extend to Mrs Bittell our sincere congratulations on her success. "Bristler" is a wise terror of more than ordinary merit possessing many of the good points which go to make up a good foxie. The same owner's Waisiki Wise Wench was also a winner. Contrary to her usual mood on this occasion she was showing herself to advantage. This Airedale is a good specimen, being fairly hard to fault and has a very good general appearance when taking things quietly.

The Ladies' Bracelets were not a large competition, both being won by cocker spaniels.

Mrs T. W. Richmond's "Edenvalde Zoe," winning the one, while Miss Spedding's "Millwood Blue Rose" won the other. "Edenvalde Zoe" is one of the best black bitches in the South Island at present. Mr Richmond having persuaded Mr H. A. Taylor to put a price on her after the last Wellington show, where she was a winner. So far she has not met the best in the south, but the meeting of the good ones should eventuate during Christchurch Carnival Week.

"Millwood Blue Rose" is a tip-top blue roan. On her first appearance as a pup she had a great win at Dunedin. Age has made her a very desirable cocker.

Mr Edgar introduced some new blood and had a good win. His stock is from the most recent importations. In the near future we expect to see him with some of the best cockers in the land around him.

Mrs Geo. Lewis exhibited a very nice Pom but competition is not so keen at shows in the South Island, as it might be.

The Irish terriers were few in number and though one or two new faces appeared there was nothing ahead of the older exhibits.

The Wellington schedule is to hand and the show dates are Friday and Saturday, August 6 and 7, 1920. Entries close July 23, 1920.

The Club has been rather fortunate in securing a good building for its exhibition, having secured one of the Harbour Board's sheds adjoining the ferry wharf.

Five different judges have been appointed, Mr C. A. Hutton of Dunedin, being the adjudicator of the bull-dog section. We anticipate a good entry of bull-dogs on that account.

Mr J. D. Graham, who judged Otago Kennel Club show in February, has the honour of deciding the winner of the Grand Challenge Stakes and Breeders' Puppy Stakes, the former class winner being declared the best dog in the show.

In all fourteen challenge classes have been offered, so competition should be very keen.

Special prizes are very numerous and embrace all breeds.

The following is an extract from Passing Notes, from page six, by "Jacques":— I see that the National Bank of New Zealand, with a subscribed capital of £3,000,000, and a paid-up capital of only £1,000,000, has paid a dividend of 14 per cent. for the year just ended. These figures, my masters, to leave a sweet taste in the mouths of shareholders. Even if the dividend is only on the paid up capital it has a very fat, comfortable appearance; but if, as is usually the case, and is so, I believe in the present one, the dividend is payable on the subscribed capital, then it meant that every pound paid in by the investors is yielding 42 per cent. profit, besides a fair wad put into the reserve fund—which will also come to the shareholders in one form or another later on. Those lucky ones must wear wide smiles these times. Young man, start a bank.

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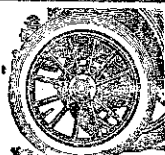
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Children's Column.

"BAD BOY."

(By Florence E. Lee.)

Bad Boy was a little pup, who looked forward very much to the day when he would be a real grown-up dog, because he thought to be a puppy was one of the worst things in the world. But, then, Bad Boy didn't know very much, although he would have told you he knew everything.

There were two things in the world he hated very, very much indeed. One was his name, and the other was Ruff, the collie dog, but of the two things Bad Boy hated his name the most, because as he said, it was always there, but he could get away from Ruff now and again.

One day Bad Boy sat down in the middle of a bed of pansies, and he thought, and thought, and thought.

"I know what I'll do," he said, after a long time. "I won't answer to my name. When they call me Bad Boy, I'll have to change my name," and feeling that all his troubles were over, he wagged his tail very hard, beating down three little pansies, and then scampered away.

That evening Bad Boy saw the cook standing in the doorway with his supper.

"Bad Boy! Bad Boy!" she called.

Bad Boy took no notice.

Cook called again, more loudly.

Bad Boy walked away, but he looked round once or twice, wondering what there was for his supper that night.

"Oh, all right," cook said, "If you don't want it Ruff might as well have it," and she put down his supper in front of Ruff, who quickly ate it up.

"You should come when you're called," cook shouted to Bad Boy.

Bad Boy sat down and began to think again.

"Cook's quite right," he said, after a while. "I think as soon as she calls me for breakfast, I will go to her. But, oh! dear, it seems a long time to breakfast."

THE TWO SISTERS.

(By "Ethel," Tibbury.)

One day Mary and Daisy were playing in the backyard. Mary had a pretty frock on, and her step-sister wanted it. Now Daisy's mother liked her best, because she was her own daughter and Mary was not. Daisy ran to her mother and told her she must and will have it, but her mother only told her to be quiet. When Mary came in her mother told her to go and take off her frock and put another one on. Mary did this and took the jug her mother handed her and went to draw the water. When she was at the well she saw a little old lady trying to draw some water. Mary asked the old lady if she might draw the water for her. So Mary drew the water and carried it to the lady's home. When the dame reached home, she told Mary that every word she spoke pearls, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, opals, and many other precious stones would drop out of her mouth. When Mary went home her mother scolded her. When Mary opened her mouth to speak all the precious stones dropped out. Her mother was quite surprised and asked how the stones lay on the floor. Mary told her all that had happened and she sent her own daughter for some water. She thought her daughter would be able to speak jewels too, but she made a mistake, for when her daughter was walking along the road to the well she was wild, and when she reached the well the same old lady was leaning over trying to draw some water, and looked up. She asked Daisy to draw some water for her. When Daisy heard this she said, "I did not come here to draw your water." She drew some water for herself and as she was turning away the lady said, "Every word you speak, toads, eels, frogs and snakes, will come out of your mouth." When Daisy got home her mother asked her what the old lady had said. When she heard the story she was quite shocked at the eels, toads, and things that crawled about the floor. Mary got her sister and they had a beautiful home and kept their mother. Her mother loved them better now and they lived happily till the end of their days.

BLUEBELL'S ADVENTURE.

(By Olga, Teviot street, Invercargill.)

All Fairyland was steeped in sorrow. Even the bees had forgotten to make their daily call on the flowers. The fairy queen, herself, had forgotten to chide Puck for his mischievous pranks of yesterday, and the fairy guards had forgotten to polish their green grass spears. The wicked ogre could have destroyed all Fairyland; but he was occupied elsewhere. Why were the fairies so sad? Ah! little Bluebell, the merriest and prettiest little

sprite in all Fairyland was lost, and this is how it came about.

Early that morning, Bluebell had started out from the Queen's palace, to do her daily work. As she walked along, she was so deep in thought that she walked straight into a large spider-web which stretched across the path, and in her surprise dropped her fairy ring.

"Oh! Mr Spider," she cried, "please pick up my ring, so that I may wish myself free of your web."

Before the spider could do so, however, a loud, rumbling sound was heard, and Bluebell instantly knew that the wicked ogre was approaching.

"Step in front of me and hide me," she cried to the spider, who instantly did as he was bidden.

The ogre, however, was not looking for fairies, for he was gazing intently at a glittering object which lay on the ground. When he reached it, he stooped and picked it up, crying out, "A fairy ring! Now will I be truly great, for I will have power over all fairies!" and he went on his way rejoicing loudly.

Poor Bluebell's heart was nearly broken but she was not beaten yet. "Set me free quickly," she said to the spider. "I have a plan."

When she was free, she hurried after the ogre, and when she was as near to him as she had anticipated, he saw her, and stopped in amazement, saying, "So you are the fairy who lost her fairy ring, are you? But you shall not get it back, and I think you would make a dainty dinner," saying which he picked her up, and carried her away.

It was a hard thing for Bluebell to put herself in the way of the ogre, like this, for she knew that in the ogre's castle were deep, dark dungeons, in which he kept his captives. But she would suffer anything, if she could only get her ring back, and so save the fairies.

It all turned out as she had expected. She was thrown into the deepest dungeon, where she was to be kept until next day.

All that day she racked her brains to try to find some plan by which to get back her ring; but no idea came. At night she sat and listened to the gambolling of the rats and mice, and cried, "I am a fairy, could any of you carry me through your passages into the ogre's bedroom?"

Silence fell for a moment, then a little mouse said: "My passage leads to the room, and I shall carry you there on my back."

Then was Bluebell happy, and she set out on her journey through the mouse's passage with a light heart.

When she reached the bed-room, she stepped lightly off the mouse's back, and hurried across the room to where the ogre lay asleep; there also lay the ring, shining brightly on the pillow, and Bluebell stretched forth her hand with a glad cry.

Unluckily the cry awoke the ogre who seized Bluebell's hand before she could reach the ring, and cried, "You have escaped out of the dungeon, but you shall not escape me," saying this he raised his hand to kill her. He had not, however, seen the little mouse, who, seeing Bluebell's danger, ran up to the bed, and bit the ogre in the leg, causing him to drop his captive.

Seeing her opportunity, Bluebell picked up the ring, and quickly turned the ogre into a pillar of stone. Then, after rewarding the brave little mouse, she hurried back to Fairyland.

Ah! I cannot describe her welcome there, so I shall leave it to the reader's imagination; but it is sufficient to say that she was amply rewarded for her brave deed.

The Home.

REMEDY FOR PERSPIRING HANDS.

1.—Wash frequently in weak alum and water, and well rub into the skin the pure juice of a lemon. At night, after washing as above, smear the hands with vaseline or cold cream, and powder rather thickly with flower of sulphur. Put on a pair of old gloves (from which the palms have been cut) to prevent soiling the bed-clothes. This done twice a week will bring about a permanent cure. 2.—Wash in tepid water in which club moss has been mixed.

STOPPING CRACKS IN WOODWORK.

1.—Melt two parts beeswax and one part resin, colour with any kind of amber or ochre to desired shade to match wood, run on to cracks by means of a hot knife, scrape of residue, and finish with fine sandpaper, and they will be hardly discernible. 2.—Make a paste of slaked lime one part rye meal two parts, with a sufficient quantity of linseed oil, or dissolve one part of glue in 16 parts of water, and when almost cool stir in sawdust and prepared chalk or varnish thickened with a mixture of equal parts of white lead, red lead, litharge, and chalk. In using these cements take as small a quantity as possible

and bring the cement itself into intimate contact with the surfaces. If glue is employed the surface should be made warm so that the melted glue is not chilled before it has time to effect a thorough adhesion. Cements that are used in a fused state, as resin or shellac, will not adhere unless the parts are heated to the fusing point of the cement.

A SPLENDID USE FOR CELERY TOPS

1.—A most valuable medicine can be made from celery tops by boiling about a dozen in a quart of water until quite tender, then strain and add to the liquid 1lb of prunes, and 1oz of senna leaves (tied in a muslin bag). Stew these well together, then remove the muslin bag, and leave till cold. Dose, two or three prunes with a tablespoonful of the syrup. 2.—To make a decoction of celery tops. This can be done by macerating for an hour the celery tops fresh or dried, in hot water sufficient to cover them. Then pour off the liquor for use. It is very prone to fermentation, and special precautions are required to prevent this. It is better to prepare it in small quantities as required.

BACON.

Bacon should be steamed, not boiled. Put it in a steamer over a pan of boiling water, and steam, allowing twenty minutes to each pound of bacon.

MELON JAM.

Ingredients:—20lb of melon, 12lb of sugar, 6 lemons, 3oz of dry ginger, a teaspoonful of pounded citric acid.

Method:—Peel the melon and remove the seeds, or use only the outer part where there are no seeds. Cut into inch pieces. Grate the lemons or cut the rind up very finely; squeeze out the juice and place all in a basin. Cover with the sugar and let it stand all night. Keep the lemon pips and place them with the ginger (crushed) in a muslin bag and boil with the jam. Boil the melon slowly for three or four hours; on no account let it boil quickly. Add the citric acid before dishing up the jam. The more it is stirred the better the jam will be.

THE NURSE.

A RETROSPECT.

(By W. A. Crawford.)

Here in this hospital I have seen innumerable patients passing to and fro. For four years I have watched a constant stream of people coming and going. All kinds and conditions of humanity, some with kind faces and glad hearts, cheering up others whenever they could, casting sunshine around them on every side, and whenever possible doing good. Others with sorrow upon their faces, weighed down with a great heaviness under the yoke of sickness.

Day after day, year after year, they come and go. Men and maidens, young and old, pass through here, and I see and know them all. And it often happens that in some serious cases, when there does not seem any particle of hope and no offer of comfort could be given, that the patient would quite suddenly recover and go home again, well and hearty. While others, where the symptoms seemed not at all dangerous, with little or no need for alarm, there occurred a sudden collapse and all is over! "Out, out, brief candle."

I can remember a returned soldier, a really splendid fellow, who was very lame at first. He could walk just a little, but he was always very lively and cheery, and most grateful for all we did to help him. "Number 33," he always liked to be called. That was his cot number and he said his mates always called him by his other official number all through the war. He liked to deal in numbers in preference to names, they were shorter and saved time. He looked so happy and well the day he was discharged and said, "Good-bye, Nurse, I'm going to make a bit and come back and marry you some day," at which I only laughed and said, "Well, keep well now whatever you do." And how much we missed him after he had left. Like ships that pass in the night, with us a while and then go into silence.

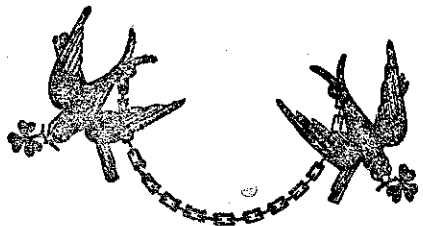
And I recall the young mother of three little girls. She was very ill and her children used to come to see her, sometimes when she was so bad she hardly knew them and they would look with round, earnest eyes at everything, and wonder what was going to happen! We were all glad when she recovered swiftly and went back home again to her little girls.

Yes! I often think I could write an interesting story of all the different sights

I have seen, and the different people I have met here, some of the noblest characters amongst them were those who have gone beyond recall. As Dante, says, "Natural death is, as it were, a haven and a rest to us after long navigation, and the

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noble soul is like a good mariner; for her, when he draws near the port, lowers his sail and enters in softly, with gentle steering.

And it is strange to-night as I sit here, after so long a time, that my thoughts go back to "Number 33." I think I have almost forgotten his name but not himself. I wonder if he will ever come back again? Yes! Somehow I think he will.

The Italian child is never permitted to rub its eyes. If it bursts into tears, it is not repressed, but permitted to have the cry out. This, it is claimed, beautifies the eyes and makes them clear, while rubbing the eyes injures them in many ways.

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FURS!

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SHOES!

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Pasture Notes.

SELECTING THE HEIFERS.

There is an old saying that a cow cannot produce both "milk and beef." It may, to a certain extent, be correct, although there are many animals scattered about the country that come very near to upsetting the truth of that saying. In selecting the heifers we are generally on the look-out for what we hope will eventually become a "general purpose" cow. To the man who holds the opinion that if a cow milks well during her life it matters not what her end these remarks will not apply, as the majority of farmers do not hold that opinion. What is required is an animal that will give a good account of herself all through her life, and will finish up something more than a bag of bones; also, we require an animal that will breed a good calf, which will pay if kept for rearing, or will readily sell for that purpose. In selecting the animals, perhaps the chief point to obtain is a good constitution, and therein a breeder has a distinct advantage over a buyer who does not know the percentage of the animals he selects. There are certain points which indicate robustness or otherwise.

To judge a heifer correctly she should be seen a few days after calving, when her udder is at its best, and shows its capabilities, for as milk is her principal product, the size and shape of this is naturally important. It should be large, square, and well set. The teats, which should be moderately long enough to allow full-handed milking, should be well set apart, though it should be remembered that the teats get bigger by using, and therefore smaller teats are to be preferred to very large ones in a heifer. They should be set square on the udder, and should be of even thickness; thick or thin-necked teats should be avoided. Whilst lying well forward under the belly, it is of equal importance that the udder should show well behind, filling up between the thighs and extending upwards.

There ought to be plenty of loose skin at the back part; this is an indication of greater possibilities in the future. The milk veins, which run on each side of the belly to supply blood to the udder, should be moderately developed, and not too thick; the best milkers by no means have the most prominent veins. The udder should be covered with fine, soft hair, not too thick or coarse, as this, whilst showing robustness, often indicates coarseness.

In general appearance a heifer should certainly be feminine-looking, with a broad head across the eyes and forehead, eyes prominent and mild in expression. Beware of an animal that has a very wild, seared look, fine muzzle, and horns medium thickness, fine and tapering. The masculine-headed cow is not advised as she is not always to be relied upon as being a regular breeder, and very rarely gives very great satisfaction in the milk pail. The neck should be fairly long, and should taper from the shoulders, running in a direct line down the back and carrying the head level and firm. The shoulders should be well built and sloping, rather narrower at the top, but with plenty of width below, forelegs well apart, showing an expansive chest. Narrow-chested, weak animals should not be kept; well-sprung ribs, and a capacious stomach to digest plenty of food, and supply the other parts of the body with nutriment.

The back long and straight, with strong loins, hind legs well set apart, so as to leave plenty of room for the udder, and the skin should be fairly thick, soft, and loose, and should feel mellow to the touch, with plenty of fine, silky hair covering it.

Beware of thin, hard skins; they usually denote a bad constitution. The tail should be fairly long and tapering, with plenty of hair at the end. One great point to remember when buying heifers is that if one wishes to purchase good stock one must not expect to go into the sale-yard and purchase all that are wanted straight away.

BOOM IN PIGS.

In our notes in this issue we record prices realised at sales of pedigree pigs held recently in England. Commenting on this boom, the "Mark Lane Express" remarks that it almost looks that one way of making money in England just now is to work up a herd of pedigree pigs and then arrange a sale for them. It doesn't seem to matter whether they are Gloucester Old Sports, Large Blacks, Berkshires, or any other breed, so long as they claim the distinction of being pedigree. Recent events seem to show that they will find a ready sale, and there appears to be a kind of competition between purchasers for the post of honour

in paying the highest prices for choice animals. Our London contemporary does not venture to anticipate just how long this will last, but pigs increase quickly; breeders of pedigree animals, seeing what others have done, follow their examples in organising sales, and it may be assumed that in paying record prices for sows and boars buyers do it with the object of forming still more herds. By increasing the number of pedigree pigs in the country, the standard of the average pigs kept not for breeding purposes, but consumption, is raised, because all the progeny of pedigree pigs do not figure in the Herd Book, and the influence of breed is seen in the pigs that go to the butcher.



HORTICULTURE.

In the past it was the practice to grow a much greater variety of annuals than is usual now as growers have got more into the way of specialising and thus take greater interest in having good collections of a few kinds rather than a great many kinds. The result of this is that many things quite common in the past are rarely seen now and even the catalogues of the large seed firms are found to contain fewer kinds, but more and improved varieties of the popular kinds such as stock Asters, Phlox, Drummondii, Sweet Peas, etc. Even Mignonette, once seen in every garden, seems now but little grown, and such things as Nemophila, Candytuft, etc., are rarely seen.

Asters.—These are divided now into quite a number of sections of shades and colours almost without number. Both double and single. The giant single varieties give great satisfaction as they are easily grown and useful for cutting, as well as giving extremely beautiful shades and tints of colour, and also on account of their branching habit give a comparatively long season of bloom. The Comet and Ostrich plume varieties are especially graceful and attractive on account of their large loose wavy blooms and are good growers. The Chrysanthemum flowered varieties are also excellent both in form and colour and grow well; and many other sections such as Victoria, Anemone, flowered etc., will be found in seed lists.

As a dwarf garden annual, Phlox Drummondii reigns supreme, easily grown, almost every colour, and continuing in bloom for a very long period. The best effect is obtained by keeping the colours separate, and growing in good clumps although on account of its trailing habit it is extremely useful for filling up between taller growing plants.

Salpiglossis is rather tall growing and thus is better in fairly good shelter, but the up-to-date varieties with their large velvety, richly pencilled and veined flowers are superb, the colours including rich deep purples and blues, and crimsons, as well as both dark and pale yellows. The seed may be sown outside and with fairly rich soil it will thrive with very little trouble given to it.

Bartonia Aurea is a fine dwarf with large open flowers of a rich golden yellow, in profusion, and with a long season of bloom. Sow outside and let it look after itself.

Brachycome or Swan River Daisy—blue, white and rose. The blue is especially worth growing, and with its feathery green foliage makes a lovely clump six to nine inches high with a mass of bright blue flowers like small Cinerarias, and continues a long time in bloom. Sow where it is to grow.

Eschscholtzias have been greatly improved and some of the new varieties are worthy of any garden, especially the orange and crimson shades, the bright crimson being especially striking.

Dimorphsteca, with its many coloured hybrids, is an especially showy annual with large Marguerite-like flowers in dense masses about a foot high. Sow outside and simply let it grow.

Dianthus (or Japanese pinks), deserve to be grown more than they are as they are easy to grow, useful for cutting, and give charming and brilliant effects. There are many shades of colour from pure white to scarlet.

Godetia.—This is an extremely showy hardy annual of great variety both in form and colour, and varying in height from the little edging varieties of six inches to the tall border varieties up to three feet with flowers, white, pink, crimson and mottled. Sow outside where it is to bloom.

GARDEN NOTES.

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

There can be no question as to the efficacy of the lime, sulphur, and salt mixture as a winter wash for spraying fruit trees, more especially for trees that are very badly affected with mussel and San Jose or oyster scale, etc. Many mixtures have been tried and experiments carried out with them in the Homeland and in America, but nearly all agree that for a winter spraying nothing is more effectual than this mixture. It originally was a sheep dip used in California by a large sheep farmer, and it was a mere accident that it was used at all for gardening. A neighbour's fruit trees were so bad with San Jose scale that he was almost despairing, when this farmer persuaded the orchardist to try the sheep dip upon the trees. To the astonishment of all concerned, after the spraying had been tried not a living scale could be found, unless upon places that the solution had not touched. No doubt the trouble of making it is the great drawback to its becoming very popular, but bad cases need strong measures, and strong measures at the first often save a deal of worry and anxiety afterwards. Some will say: "What about Scalecide, Montauk, and Blytorph?" These are good; I have tried them all, and they are first-rate for early spring spraying just before the buds burst. They are of the oily nature, and are very much easier made into a wash. Scalecide and Blytorph mix readily in cold water. But I have found Montauk much more effectual and safer to use if made hot with soapy water, it then mixes more freely, and it not so liable to be too strong or too weak by separating. These washes are to be mixed according to the directions upon the tins, varying from one gallon of the liquid to 20, 30, and as high as 50 gallons of water, the latter amount for a second spraying.

Now we will proceed with the lime, sulphur, and salt. To prepare it take 50lb of best unslaked lime, flower of sulphur 100lb, water to make 55 gallons. Put 10 gallons of water into an iron boiler; bring it to the boil; then add 10lb of the fine slaked lime, next the sulphur. This is best mixed into a thick paste with hot water before placing in the boiler. When all is in, boil for 30 or 40 minutes, until the liquid becomes a blood or deep bronze colour. Thoroughly stir, and add sufficient water to make 55 gallons; then add 10lb salt, and bring the whole to a vigorous boil for about fifty minutes; strain off and keep in a barrel. If the barrel is not quite full pour in a small quantity of kerosene to prevent a crust forming. Then this liquid may be drawn off as required, adding one part liquid to 12 parts of water for winter use, or 1 part of the liquid to 30 parts of water for summer use. Small quantities can be made proportionately. Copper boilers must not on any account be used, and care should be taken not to stir up the lime or sediment when drawing off for use, or it may get into the nozzle of the spray. If only small quantities are required it need not be put into barrels, but used straight away; but care must be taken to add the proper amount of water, and hot water is preferred. It is then more effective if the solution is used hot.

The old boiled lime, and sulphur wash may be made successfully in kerosene tins for a few trees or a small fruit garden. In this case take 7½lb unslaked lime, 7½lb powdered sulphur, 7½lb salt, and 20 gallons of water. First boil one gallon of the water adding the sulphur and half the lime, after being slaked, and half the salt. Boil this, as with the larger lot, 40 or 50 minutes; then have a large tub, and mix the whole of the remainder of the lime and salt, stirring briskly, and adding the extra amount of boiling water required to make the 25 gallons. Then let it settle, and strain and use as required. This is for a winter wash only.

This makes a good wash for red spider and red brodia, those very troublesome pests that attack the foliage of apple trees in summer, and also apple scab, etc., but for this summer wash it must be diluted to 1 in 20 and sprayed well in and all over the foliage.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

The work in this department during this month and for a few weeks will entirely depend upon the weather. When the ground will bear treading upon without sticking to one's feet take advantage of every favourable hour, for much may be done. Collect rubbish, hedge clippings, etc., and make a slow fire and burn them. If the weather is open and dry trench spare plots, and make ready well-manured ground for the sowing of peas and broad beans. Push on all preparatory work as speedily as possible.

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STORIES OF ALL MOODS.

SOME CLERICAL STORIES.

There is much talk to-day, as indeed there has always been, at any rate for the last couple of centuries, about the reluctance of the contemporary church-goer. No one, however, has suggested a return to the structural amenities which church-goers enjoyed in previous centuries, such as a Berkshire dame naively expressed it—"these old-fashioned pews, wherein a body might sleep comfortable without all the parish knowin' on it."

Many amusing stories of this period are told by Mr P. H. Ditchfield, in his very entertaining book, "The Parish Clerk."

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

"The squire's pew was a wondrous structure, with its own special fireplace, the fire which the old gentleman used to poke vigorously when the parson was too long in preaching. It was amply furnished with this squire's pew, with arm-chairs and comfortable seats and stools and books. Such a pew all furnished and adorned did a worthy clerk point out to the witty Bishop of Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce, with much pride and satisfaction.

"If there be ought your Lordship can mention to mak' it better, I'm sure Squire will no mind gettin' on it."

"The Bishop, with a merry twinkle in his eye, turned round to the vicar, who was standing near, and maliciously whispered—

"A card table."

IF THERE WAS A CONGREGATION.

The clergy themselves did not always take their services quite so seriously as is considered decent to-day.

"An old clergyman, named Field, lived at Cambridge and served three country parishes—Hauxton, Newton, and Barnington. On Sunday morning he used to ride to Hauxton, which he could see from the high road to Newton. If there was a congregation, the clerk used to waggle his hat on the top of a long pole kept in the church porch and Field had to turn down the road and take the service. If there was no congregation he went on straight to Newton, where there was always a congregation, as two old ladies were always present. Field used to turn his pony loose in the churchyard, and as he entered the church began the Exhortation, so that by the time he was robed he had progressed well through the service. The Rev. M. J. Bacon was curate at Newton, and remembers well the old surplice turned up and shortened at the bottom, where the old parson's spurs had frayed it."

THE SLEEP OF THE JUST.

Many stories are told of dull and sleepy clerks. A canon of a northern cathedral tells of one such clerk, whose duty it was, when the rector finished his sermon, to say "Amen." One summer afternoon, this aged official was overtaken with drowsiness, and as soon as the clergyman had given out his text, slept the sleep of the just. Sermons in former years were remarkable for their length and many divisions.

"After the 'firstly' was concluded, the preacher paused. The clerk, suddenly awaking, thought that the discourse was concluded and pronounced his usual 'Amen.' The congregation rose, and the service came to a close. As the gathering dispersed, the squire slipped half a crown into the clerk's hand, and whispered: 'Thomas, you managed that very well, and deserve a little present. I will give you the same the next time.'"

AT THE ITALIAN COURT.

That Courts and diplomacy are not all ceremonial and dignity is made quite clear in these fascinating reminiscences. The book is packed with good stories. Here is one more of the batch: A string of grand functionaries were taking leave of Queen Margherita of Italy. "A hugely obese minister, buttoned into the tightest of frock-coats, approached the Queen. With immense difficulty he lowered himself on one knee and kissed the Royal hand; but no power on earth seemed equal to raising him to his feet again. The corpulent minister grew purple in the face; the most ominous sounds of the rending of cloth and linen re-echoed through the room; but still he could not manage to rise." Eventually, but not before the Queen was shaking with laughter, the unhappy man was dragged to his feet, when "a perfect Niagara of oddments of apparel, of tags and scraps of his most private undergarments, rained upon the floor."

Velvet comes from the old English word "vellet," and was first woven in Italy. The French, quickly learned the art from their neighbours, and some, who were expelled from their homes by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, established the art in England.

MOTORING NOTES.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE PASTEBOARD SLIPS.

We are all familiar with the slips of cardboard now issued by all railway booking-offices, but not so the travellers on the first railways. In the old days a would-be passenger, when he applied at a booking-office, got a slip of paper on which the clerk entered the name of the station, the traveller's name, and the number of his seat on the train. One railway, Leicester and Swannington (the oldest line of the modern Midland system) issued bronze tickets, about the size of half-a-crown, and octagonal in shape.

The paper tickets were easily lost, and the filling in of the necessary items was extremely tedious—especially when the clerk mislaid his pencil! The bronze tickets were expensive, and liable to be confused with coin, so both types were supplanted by the well-known cardboard slips.

Thomas Edmondson, a station-master on the Newcastle and Carlisle railway, introduced the modern railway ticket about 70 years ago. He knew well the inconvenience of the paper tickets, and conceived the idea of printing tickets and numbering them in succession.

SIDE-CARS.

I wonder how many drivers of a combination are running with their side-cars out of line?

It is very easy to tell—there is a terrific pull to the left all the time the machine is in motion, and it is very difficult indeed to pull the machine around to the right.

Even if the side-car is correctly lined up when first fitted, various things may tend to set it out of line later on—rough roads, strain through taking corners too fast, and so on.

Not only is such a machine very tiring to drive for any distance, but various things may result from running a combination in that condition.

The tyres will be found to wear away much too rapidly, and in time there may be a permanent "set" in the frame of the cycle—usually at the steering head.

So, if your side-car has got out of line, it behoves you to set it true once more.

LINING UP.

There are several ways of doing this, and it all depends on what you have.

If you have a garage with boarded floor, it is quite easy.

Set the wheels of the machine along one "crack," and with a long lath held against the side-car tyre, see whether this wheel is pointing along another "crack" parallel to the first.

If not, the various clips are slackened until the wheel is in line with the other two.

If anything, a very slight inclination towards the front wheel may be allowed, as then it will tend to pull straight.

The question of fuel economy is of vital interest to the users of cars, both because of its affecting, as it does, the pocket-book, and the ability of the car to cover great distances on a moderate load of fuel. A survey of this field by Dr T. Blackwood Murray, president of the Institution of Engineers (Scotland) shows that the brake thermal efficiencies of the various types of engines place this automobile motor in a "fairly satisfactory position." The locomotive stands at the bottom with an average efficiency of 6 per cent.; the compound non-condensing engine, 10 per cent.; the compound condensing engine, including boiler, 13 per cent.; the Parsons turbine, including the boiler, 17 per cent. Then follows the automobile motor with 23 per cent., the aeroplane motor with 27 per cent., the coal gas stationary engine with 30 per cent., and the average Diesel engine with 34 per cent. On reaching that modern development in which the internal combustion and the steam engine are combined—namely, the Still type of engine, it was demonstrated to have an efficiency (actually obtained) of 41 per cent.; and the engineers who have been trying out these various types of power units set down the probable efficiency of the Still-Diesel combination at 44.5 per cent. In the Still-Diesel engine steam pressure is applied to force back the piston after its being driven forward by the petrol engine internal combustion.

A dog either from old age or suffering from an incurable malady will leap into the sea. Especially is this true of collie dogs. A kind of melancholy seems to take possession of them when their activities and usefulness are impaired.

THE SAINT AND THE SINNER.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate With a solemn mien and air sedate, When up to the top of the golden stair A man and a woman, ascending there, Applied for admission. They came and stood

Before St. Peter, so great and good, In hope the City of Peace to win. And asked St. Peter to let them in. The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,

With a scraggy beardlet on her chin. The man was short, and thick, and stout His stomach was built so it rounded out, His face was pleasant, and all the while He wore a kindly and genial smile. The choirs in the distance the echoes awoke, And the man kept still while the woman spoke:

"Oh, thou who guardest the gate," said she,

"We come hither beseeching thee To let us enter the heavenly land And play your harps with the angel band,

O! me, St. Peter, there is no doubt, There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out;

I've been to meeting three times a week, And almost always'd rise and speak. I've told the sinners about the day When they'd repent of their evil way.

I've told my neighbours—I've told 'em all 'Bout Adam and Eve and the Primal Fall.

I've shown them what they'd have to do If they'd pass in with the chosen few. I've marked their path of duty clear, Laid out the plan for their whole career.

I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long, For my lungs are good and my voice is strong.

So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see The gate of Heaven is open for me; But my old man, I regret to say, Hasn't walked exactly the narrow way.

He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got, And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

He never would pray with an earnest vim, Or go to revival, or join in a hymn, But preferred to sit in his easy chair, So I had to leave him in sorrow there.

He ate what the pantry chose to afford, While I, in my purity sang to the Lord, And if cucumbers were all he got, It's a chance if he merited them or not.

But, oh, St. Peter, I love him so, To the pleasures of Heaven please let him go!

I've done enough—a saint I've been: Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?

But in my grim gospel I know 'tis so, That the unrepentant must fry below; But isn't there some way you can see That he may enter who's dear to me?

It's a narrow gospel by which I pray; But the chosen expect to find a way Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you So that their relations can amble through;

And, say, St. Peter, it seems to me This gate isn't kept as it ought to be. You ought to stand right by the opening there,

And never sit down in that easy chair. And, say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed, But I don't, I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed;

They're cut too wide, and outward toss; They'd look better narrow, and straight across.

Well, we must be going, our crown to win, So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

St. Peter sat quiet, stroked his staff, But spite of his office he had to laugh. Then he said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,

"Who's tending this gate, you or I?" And then he rose, in his stature tall, And pressed the button upon the wall, And said to the imp who answered the bell,

"Escort this lady around to—Hades." The man stood still as a piece of stone—Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone, A life-long settled idea he had

That his wife was good and he was bad; He thought if the woman went down below That he would certainly have to go;

That if she went to the regions dim There wasn't the ghost of a show for him. Slowly he turned by habit bent, To follow wherever the woman went.

St. Peter, standing on duty there, Observed that the top of his head was bare.

He called the gentleman back and said: "Friend, how long have you been wed?" "Thirty years" (with a weary sigh), And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down,

He raised his hand and scratched his crown; Then, seeming a different thought to take,

Slowly, half to himself, he spoke: "Thirty years with that woman there! No wonder the poor man has no hair! Swearing is wicked—smoke's not good! He smoked and swore—I should think he would!

Thirty years with a tongue so sharp! Ho! Angel Gabriel, give him a harp! A jewelled harp, with a golden string! Gabriel, give him a seat alone—

One with a cushion—up near the throne. Call up some angels to play their lutes! Let him enjoy the music and rest! See that on the finest ambrosia he feeds! He's had about all the Hades he needs! It isn't hardly the thing to do, To roast him on earth and the future too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings, A glittering robe and a pair of wings, And he said as he entered the Realm of Day,

"Well, this beats cucumbers, any way! And so the Scriptures had come to pass That 'the last shall be first, and the first shall be last!'"

NIBBLES FROM NEW BOOKS.

It was an "uplift" book where the heroine receives whacks with rubber smiles. Fate boots her from pillar to post and she blesses Fate and is much obliged. That most deadly reproach to degenerate human nature—the accidental fact of sex—had been so fully extirpated from those pages like chaste amoeba, the characters multiplied by immaculate subdivision. "The Dark Star," by R. W. Chambers.

Clocks have personalities. They resemble the well-meaning individual who can never endure a silence, who must fill the gaps in a serious conversation with stupefying load of words.—"The Inscrutable Lovers," by A. Macfarlan.

A person accustomed to live under a roof and suddenly condemned to live in the open, suffers nothing for the first few hours. Then there gradually comes upon him a weariness and distress almost unimaginable to those who have not experienced it. He craves not only for a roof, but for walls around him to protect him from the great open spaces that seem sucking away his individuality. A man living absolutely in the open, without tent or cave or house wherein to concentrate himself, would surely and without either become mad or descend to the level of the beasts.—"The Beach of Dreams," by H. de Vere Stacpole.

And what was marriage after all? An excuse for unlimited self-indulgence under the patronage of law and convention. And afterwards a dreary bond of habit and mutual interest. Marriage was nothing but a prison which its inmates preferred to freedom because it was safe and comfortable.—"The Will to Love," by Hugh Lunn.

To Wyndham's house with Squillings and to see Sir J. Barrie's play, "The Brutus," a most excellent comedy of fancy and wit. The humour of it is to give all manner of wedded people a bad chance, which they do by their going to magic wood. But, Lord! having got that chance, their condition is found no better (save only du Maurier's). Which is, I know, a thing conceivable, and do in a manner reconcile me to my own condition of being wedded; so as, coming home and my wife in bed, asleep, I did wake her with kissing her; my first time of doing it in a great while.—"A Last Day of the Great War," by Samuel Pepys junior.

When you get a great artist and a lover combined—ah! then there is practically no limit to his power.—"Start of Sand," by Farren le Breton.

She left off crying, and went to the mirror with her vanity-bag, and made pretty play with a handkerchief and powder-puff. Women should be grateful to the person who invented powder-puffs. They are cheaper than whiskies and even cigarettes, and seem to have quite as good effect.—"The Peculiar Major," by Keble Howard.

"Then I am not rational!" pouted Jeune. "You are charming, modern, which is much better." "Many thanks, but the age of chivalry, when women were treated as children or pets, is dead. Just as Austen's heroines were the last of the type. This is the age of Meredith and Wells." "Never heard of the firm in Oxford street!" he asked.—"The Leopard's Leap," by Boxwallah.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Tetumutu Station has changed hands at £45 per acre.

The New Zealand Alliance has concluded its 34th annual meeting in Wellington.

The no-confidence amendment of the Labour party was defeated by 39 votes to 16.

Mr Bonar Law stated that the suggestion to establish an Allied Court in Holland to try the ex-Kaiser was impracticable.

The British and American tobacco interests are negotiating for the purchase of French interests, thereby creating a monopoly of the tobacco trade.

A Melbourne message states that the Northern Territory officials who were asked to resign are replying by letters of protest. The Government will shortly appoint new officials.

At a public meeting held in Cromwell recently it was decided to extend to Sir William Fraser some recognition of his long period of service as member for Wakatipu.

A very pleasant evening was spent in the Otautau Town Hall recently. The Junior Bible Class and Senior Sunday School classes of the Presbyterian Church held a social.

A recent paragraph in the Clutha "Leader" states "It is a peculiar thing that in all countries which tried PROPORTIONAL representation, it failed to give complete satisfaction." Then why not call it distortional representation and be done with it?

N. J. Howard, Labour member, said in the House: "We shall alter the Parliamentary oath when the Labour party comes into power. We shall include an oath of loyalty to the people who sent us here."

In the House of Representatives Mr A. Hamilton drew attention to a letter in the "Dominion" from a former resident of Nauru in which it was stated that there was no necessity for shipping the phosphate rock for treatment to New Zealand. It could be treated on the island, where there was up-to-date machinery for that purpose. Mr Massey said he would refer this matter to the new commissioner in order to obtain the facts.

A list of 24 New Zealand soldiers who lost their sight during the war has been compiled by the Commercial Travellers' Association, of Wellington, in connection with the administration of its fund for the assistance of blind soldiers. The association collected £24300 for this purpose, and has still £2770 in hand. The expenditure comprised grants of £500 to St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind, London, of £200 to one man, and of £100 each to nine others.

A bullock which was claimed to be of record size was exhibited in Wanganui last week en route to the Hawera Show. It is stated that the animal stood 14 hands, was 14ft in girth, measured 12ft from head to tail, and weighed 3500lb. In the best condition the animal would easily weigh a few hundreds more. The bullock was rising six years, a Hereford-Shorthorn cross in breed, and was bred on the Taieri Plains in Otago. His owners intend to take him to Australia, and thence to Canada and England.

The statement by the Under-Secretary for Lands, Mr T. N. Brodrick, that the block system of settling soldiers on the land had proved very unpopular with returned soldiers, was referred to recently by the secretary to the Auckland Returned Soldiers' Association, Mr E. F. Andrews. In a letter to the Auckland Farmers' Union Mr Brodrick said that two suitable blocks in North Auckland, aggregating about 10,000 acres, were offered for settlement on the block system, but after they had been available for about two years without finding any soldiers willing to work on them as proposed, the scheme had to be abandoned. Mr Andrews states that his association had heard nothing of the two blocks, and had not been asked to find men to work them.

OTAUTAU.

The monthly meeting, held in the Board Room on Monday evening, was attended by Messrs W. J. Wesney (chairman), L. Thomson, C. N. Lawless, W. Porteous, A. N. Holmes, G. Sinclair, J. Kirk and T. A. Mooney.

It was decided that the secretary forward a list to Mr Grant to take subscriptions to erect a sheep drive at the railway sheep yards, and that the secretary also apply to the Stock Agents' Association for a further grant of £5.

The secretary was instructed to write to Winton Competitions Society asking for information re competitions held there; and that the League run competitions, the district to consist of the Wallace County. It was also decided that the competitions be held before the Fete.

It was decided to donate £25 to the school fife and drum band for uniforms.

Owing to the fact that the school children were breaking trees at the recreation ground the Town Board be asked to erect notices that persons damaging public property will be prosecuted.

That Holmes write to Mr Tannock inquiring re suitable trees to plant along the streets.

It was resolved to ask permission from the Town Board to plant trees on the main street from the railway to Chester street.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

The monthly meeting, held on Monday evening, was attended by Messrs G. H. Stevens (chairman), A. N. Holmes, E. Harrington, T. J. Walker, G. Sinclair and T. A. Mooney.

The headmaster's report, which read as follows, was adopted.—I have to report that the roll number at present is 225—123 boys and 94 girls. The average attendance for June was only 181.7 out of an average of 221. This very poor average was due to influenza and the after effects of vaccination.

During the month the Board's physical instructor, Mr Reid, spent a day at the school and expressed himself as being very pleased with the manner in which the various squads carried out their exercises and drill. Mr Bligh, the Australasian lecturer of the White Cross League, also visited the school. This visit should be productive of much good. Owing to instructions received from the Education Office, arrangements were made with Dr. Stewart to visit the school for the purpose of vaccinating those pupils whose parents wished them to be done. About 140 children and adults availed themselves of this opportunity. Owing to the height of the school fireplaces being out of proportion to their depth during certain winds, three of them smoke badly. This is very trying to both teachers and scholars. A piece of tin let in under the mantelpiece would, I think, remedy the evil. As the woodshed is about completed we are in a position to store the sawdust, sheep dip, etc., which our caretaker intends using for cleaning purposes.

Accounts amounting to £4 11s 6d were passed for payment.

The secretary was instructed to get a man to cut up the wood.

It was decided to arrange for an entertainment, to be held in November, to raise funds for prizes and improvements to grounds.

Mr Holmes reported that he had visited the school during the month and had found everything satisfactory.

Messrs Sinclair and Mooney were appointed a visiting committee for the month.

It was decided that the chimneys mentioned in the Headmaster's report be left in the hands of the chairman to have them attended to.

COUNTRY FOOTBALL.

WAIANIWA (11), WRIGHT'S BUSH (0).

On Saturday last the Waianiwa football team journeyed to Wright's Bush and in spite of the determined opposition of the latter team were again successful in defeating their opponents. In spite of a wet ground and a difficult ball the play was generally fast and open and many dashes of spectacular play were witnessed by the numerous spectators, a large proportion of whom were ladies.

In the opening stages of the game Wright's Bush were compelled to force down many times in succession owing to the vigorous attack of Waianiwa forwards and also partly to injudicious kicking near the defending line. Half way through the first spell D. Wilson smartly fielded the ball and after a strong clean run scored in good position. The play coursed up and down the field and half-time saw no alteration in the score.

Wright's Bush then attacked strongly from the jump, and Waianiwa spent an anxious fifteen minutes, just managing to

resist the vigorous rushes of their opponents. The play then shifted back to half-way and W. Townsend secured and dashing down the line scored a fine try in the corner. E. Galt narrowly missed the posts with a fine kick. The crisis was now passed and Waianiwa returned to the attack with renewed vigor. From a scrum near half-way J. Lindsay sent the ball out to D. Wilson, who transferred to McCaw. The latter after a strong run was tackled, however, and D. Galt securing dashed over and scored near the posts. J. Ewart goaled with a well-judged kick. Waianiwa 11, Wright's Bush nil. Shortly after time was called with no further alteration in the score.

G. Carter, Ryan and McDougall, in the forwards, and Rogers, Cameron and Slaughter, in the backs, were conspicuous amongst the Wright's Bush players; while Eric Galt, W. Wilson, J. Ewart, D. Wilson, and J. Brown at full-back, were the outstanding members of a doughty combination. Mr A. McLeod controlled the game in a very impartial manner.

After the game both teams adjourned to the hall and did ample justice to the good things provided by the hospitable Wright's Bush ladies, who deserve great credit for the large share they took in the afternoon's entertainment.

WAIKAKA VALLEY NOTES.

The Farm.—Since last writing the atmospheric conditions have continued unusually favourable, and apart from an occasional heavy burst, the rainfall has been considerably less than last season, and ploughing operations are well advanced for this period of the year. As far as can be ascertained at present, there will be an increased area under the plough this season. During the war period the scarcity of labour and other conditions compelled the farmer to lessen the area under the plough, with the consequent result that the depletion of grass on many farms has, with the coming of normal times, caused farmers to plough up and lay down more land in order to renew the pastures and increase production.

Mutual Improvement.—The local Mutual Improvement Society, which has lain dormant since 1915, has been resuscitated this winter, and although the attendances have been somewhat indifferent, some successful meetings have been held. The Society has adopted the policy of procuring, if possible, contributions from returned soldiers, who have willingly acceded to the request of the Society and contributed papers. So far papers have been delivered by Mr Robt. Cumming on "A Trip to the Dardanelles after the Armistice," by Mr A. R. Johnston on "Impressions of Bonnie Scotland," and by Mr H. P. McIntyre on "A Few War Reminiscences from Camp to Egypt," and other contributions have been arranged for from returned soldiers.

Farewell Socials.—Prior to their departure from the district for their new home at Roslyn, Dunedin, Mr and Mrs A. J. Nichol were entertained at a farewell social in the church, Rev. A. Gow presiding. Interspersed throughout the programme were several vocal selections by the choir and others. At a suitable period Mr Gow, on behalf of the assembled gathering, presented the departing guests with a large framed photo as a parting memento, and made eulogistic reference to Mr Nichol's great work in connection with the church. Several others followed, speaking appreciatively of Mr Nichol's faithful work in connection with religious work, Farmers' Union work, education work, and all the district organisations, to which Mr Nichol made a suitable response. Mr Nichol, who has disposed of his well-known property to his sons, left recently for his new home. Another farewell social took place in the Benio Hall on the evening of July 2, when, despite the pouring rain, there was a good gathering assembled to bid farewell to Mr and Mrs Alex. McIntyre and Mr D. R. McIntyre, of Benio, on the eve of their departure to take over their recently-acquired properties in the Wenden Valley district. A short musical programme was submitted, and during the evening presentations of a suitable nature were made to the departing residents, one and all wishing them long life and prosperity in their new sphere of life.

Wedding Bells.—Wedding bells continue to ring locally, the latest to report taking place at Gore Presbyterian Church, when Mr A. M. Johnston, son of Mr and Mrs G. P. Johnston, Maitland, was married to Miss Helen Henderson, of Motherwell, Scotland. Another wedding of local interest was that of Miss M. Donald, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Robert Donald, of Maitland, to Mr A. Henderson, of Waikaka.

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Jones: "Did you have any trouble setting it?"

Brown: "Oh, no! I soon got my hand in!"

QUITE CORRECT.

The young gentleman caller, after defailing his injuries at the football match, received the sympathy of the daughter of the house.

"You are as good as medicine," he fervently exclaimed.

"Yes," added her little brother, "Ma said she was a drug in the market."

A SURE PROOF.

"Tell me all about it," said the woman who was ill and couldn't attend the wedding.

"I wasn't much," said her husband. "There was no best man, and the bridegroom forgot the ring and had to go back home for it."

"Lucky girl!" exclaimed with woman's intuition. "She is marrying a plumber."

SAD.

It was eleven o'clock as the junior clerk sauntered into the Government office and approached his chief.

"Haw! Look here, Stevens," he said, "I want to be away a month or so."

"All right, old fellow. Leave, I suppose?"

"Haw—no—domestic affliction; someone is going to marry me!"

THE REPORTEE.

Alfred's chum was rather fond of airing his knowledge of French. On leaving his friend the other evening he said, "Well, 'bon soir,' Alfred, my boy, or rather 'Au revoir.'"

"What do you mean?" quoth his pal. "I mean 'good-bye'—'au revoir' is 'good-bye' in the French language."

"Oh, I see," said Alfred; "well 'car-bolic acid' to you."

"Oh, but that's silly," replied his friend.

"Not at all," said Alfred, "that means 'good-bye' in any language."

ENFANT TERRIBLE.

A lady who had company to tea reproved her little son several times, speaking, however, very gently. At last, out of patience with him, she said sharply: "Jimmy, if you don't keep still I'll send you away from the table."

"Yes, that's what you always do when there's company and there are not enough cakes to go round," was the reply of the gifted youth.

ROUGH ON THE M.D.

Some time ago an eminent London physician requested an equally eminent surgeon to accompany him to see a distinguished but slippery patient, which he readily acceded to.

The patient was exceedingly polite to both the medical gentleman, shaking hands with them and bowing them out of the room in the most affable manner.

Soon after this professional visit the same physician called again on the surgeon, requesting him to accompany him to see another patient.

On the way thither the surgeon observed, "I hope this patient will behave more liberally than the last did."

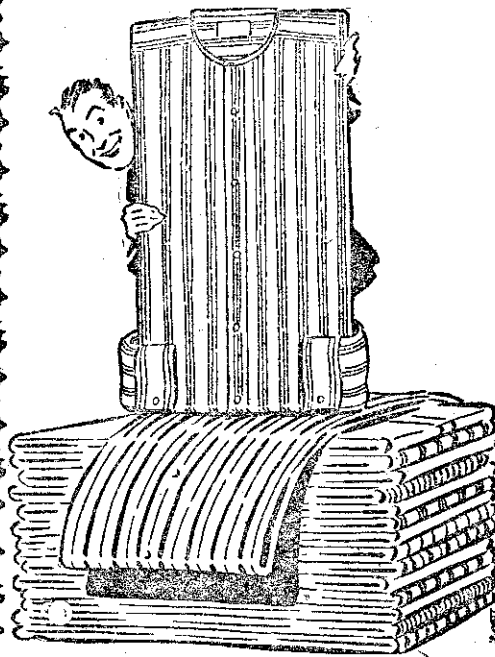
"Why?" said the M.D. "Did he not give you a fee?"

"Not a shilling," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said the eminent physician, with a toss of the head. "Why, he borrowed two guineas from me to give to you!"



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