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THE MOUNTED RIFLEMAN.

IN SINAI AND PALESTINE.

We have received from Messrs Hyndman and Co., a copy of the above book, written by A. Briscoe Moore, late Lieut., Auckland Mounted Rifles, and published by Whitcombe and Tombs. In this respect it needs no further recommendation. The numerous illustrations are well reproduced and the general arrangement and printing is good. The book itself will revive many memories, especially amongst those who served in the campaign. The writer is a keen observer, in many cases keenly observing items associated with the flora and fauna of the country. His facts are well arranged and written in a manner which will maintain the interest of all readers. The writer has truly stated that most people have no conception of the work done by the New Zealanders in this field of operation. After reading this book we feel sure that every reader will agree that the New Zealanders played their part well both in minor and major operations, and we can confidently recommend it to all.

An interesting feature is the new light thrown upon General Allenby's attitude during a certain part of the campaign and afterwards, but suffice it to say that the New Zealanders' glorious achievements are not affected by General Allenby's preferential treatment to other troops, nor need his words of praise to give them reality.

To biblical students it is full of interest as the writer traverses the various actions fought in places well known. It is wonderful how time changes the old order. Two thousand years ago we read of the Messiah and his activities in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and other places. At this time we have these sacred places defiled by German intrigue, and in many instances used for the opposite conditions of "Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men." The writer gives ample detail of the trials and hardships encountered and which were always met with a smile. The following extracts will speak for themselves:

"The water ration was most precious, this consisting of but one water-bottle per man per day. This was the sole issue of fresh water, which could only be supplemented for ablution purposes at times by a trickle of the bitter brackish desert water often collected most laboriously over long hours in jam tins or other small receptacles.

"In the heat of the blazing desert the temptation to drink freely was well-nigh irresistible, but every man, had to exercise the greatest care, and no more than sip at his water-bottle. Water supplies were uncertain, no one knowing definitely how long it would be before more was available on these desert adventures.

"On these night marches it was common occurrence for a man to fall asleep in his saddle. With head sunk on chest and moving automatically with his horse, he would be carried on by his faithful plodding steed. A man would ride for long distances like this, only waking up when his horse wandered from his companions, and, passing the troop-leader, collided with the troop in front. Then would the sleeper dazedly pull himself together thickened the air with a few choice imprecations, and resume his original place in the column, often to repeat the performance again during the night.

"The regiment had to journey back to Oghratina in the heat of the day from which place word was sent in for the camel trains. Ninety men were struck down with sunstroke, the heat being 118 degrees in the shade.

"The men's rations were often indifferent, consisting largely of "bully" beef and "hard tack." Many men were afflicted with a form of sand colic, which made it almost impossible for them to eat during the heat of the day without immediately vomiting.

"It is interesting to record, that, in their passages across the Sinai Desert, the New Zealanders traversed the ancient caravan route between Egypt and Palestine, over which in biblical times Joseph and Mary travelled with the infant Christ. This way was also taken by Napoleon in 1799, the New Zealand Brigade watering at Katia, at Napoleon's wells.

"After the August fighting, a patrol scouring the desert near the coast came suddenly upon a patch of water-melons growing in the sand. These were eagerly consumed by many, but the sudden change from the hard diet they had been used to had a disastrous effect on hardened "tummies" all round, and resulted in many bad pains under the belt."

There are signs that whiskers are being cultivated again. It is a remarkable thing that, although both King George and his father, King Edward, were bearded, very few of their subjects followed their lead.

OF INTEREST TO SOLDIERS.

REPATRIATION.

INSTRUCTION IN SEED RAISING
AND FARMING ON THE MOA
SEED FARM.

Towards the close of 1919 the Repatriation Department was authorised to proceed with their scheme for establishment of a commercial seed raising farm. About 450 acres have been selected and secured in the Roxburgh district and it is considered that the land and the climatic conditions are the most suitable in New Zealand for seed raising purposes.

During the past nine months the land has been prepared, and by August or September seed raising will be in full swing. The Repatriation Department announces that Mr J. W. Hadfield has been appointed manager, and will assume duties early in July. Mr Hadfield comes to this district with high qualifications. He holds a diploma in agriculture and for some years was instructor to the Hawkesbury Agricultural College, New South Wales, and in that position made a speciality of plant breeding. Mr Hadfield has latterly been in charge of agricultural instruction to the Seddon Memorial Technical College, Auckland, and leaves that position for his present post.

It is admitted that seed raising has been much neglected in New Zealand, and the establishment of the Moa Seed Farm fills a much needed want, both from the national and repatriation point of view. New Zealand has been a large importer of agricultural and horticultural seeds and there is a big future awaiting those who take up this industry on scientific lines, and under the auspices of the Moa Seed Farm. In addition to commercial seed raising a certain amount of experimental work will be done, the management will at all times be prepared to give advice and assistance to any growers in the district.

A course of lectures will be undertaken and these will be open to both students and trainees on the property as well as to any settlers in the district.

Mr A. J. Cockayne, who has recently returned from America, where he made a special study of seed raising is very enthusiastic about the prospects, and, in conjunction with other experts, is of opinion that seed raising will be more beneficial and productive to settlers in the Roxburgh district than fruit growing. The principal advantages to a settler are that a small outlay of capital is needed and early returns are assured, while the occupation is a healthy and congenial one.

The work for the coming season includes 7½ acres of main vegetables, and 2½ acres of a wide range of flowers in addition to general farm crops of potatoes, peas, lucerne, barley, etc., for seed purposes. A course in general farming as well as seed raising will be given to all the students, and the ministerial board of the Repatriation Department has authorised the expenditure of the necessary funds to put the buildings in thorough order and to supply the new buildings necessary.

In the meantime returned soldiers only are eligible for training on this farm, and they will be comfortably housed, with regard given to the social side. The opportunity is an excellent one for those desirous of instruction as outlined, as no fees will be charged and all trainees accepted for the farm will be paid at the rate of £2 10s per week, less £1 per week for board. All agricultural colleges of instruction in New Zealand are full and there is a waiting list. As, however, the Moa Seed Farm is now ready to accept trainees there is room for a limited number of students, and early application should be made by those desirous of taking advantage of the training offered.

The course of instruction will cover from four to twelve months, and trainees can determine whether their instruction will be in agricultural or horticultural seeds, or both. The Repatriation Department will assist students who have completed the course to obtain land suitable for seed raising, and the object of the Department in taking such a large area as 450 acres is to enable the Department to cut up a section of the farm for settlers if it is found desirable.

Applications for admission to the farm should be addressed to the secretary, Repatriation Department, Invercargill, and trainees will be admitted to the farm in rotation to their application.

French wedding ceremonies, even among the poorest, are occasions for reckless extravagance. In Brittany they are said to be more gorgeous than in Paris. At a pre-war wedding in the former place, we are told that three bullocks, thirty-six calves, and five sheep were slaughtered, and, in addition, to wines and liqueurs, over forty barrels of cider were emptied.

NIBBLES FROM NEW BOOKS.

She was good-looking enough to upset any man—"Panther," by R. A. Foster-Melliar.

"Well spoken, my lord," Mr Betterton rejoined, pleasantly. "But you must remember that but few of His Majesty's servants have a line of glorious ancestry behind them. In that way they differ from many Gentlemen who, having nothing but their Ancestry to boast of, are very like a Turnip—the best of them is under the ground."—"His Majesty's Well-Beloved," by Baroness Orozy.

Where love is concerned, nobody can tell what may happen—"The Gods Decide," by Richard Bagot.

Married life is a wonderful system of give and take; but until you get married you never know which is to give and which is to take.

If a woman likes a man a little, it is his own fault if he cannot make her like him a lot.

Women generally, it would seem, derive much happiness from their faculty of living in the moment. They possess this faculty in a much higher degree than men. They do not think that they might be elsewhere, differently employed in other company half their time, as men do. Even in moments of pleasure men are inclined to look forwards or backwards. That phrase, "How happy I was then, if I had only known it," is used ten times by men for once by women. A woman knows when she is happy, and if at such times she speaks of the future, it is nearly always in recognition of the present fact—"Let us do this again some time. Bring me back here one day. We shall never have a greater treat than this."—"A Man and His Lesson," by W. B. Maxwell.

"That's always the way, I suppose," said The Freak—"turn a cold shoulder on a man, and he wants to kiss it."—"The Girl in Love," by Charles Service.

Gerald was not dangerous! It is the man who applies himself to one woman at a time who is to be watched.—"His Secretary," by Bernard Gilbert.

"What weird people you know, Billy! Where on earth do you pick them up? There's Edith Morris, for instance. A sausage, dressed by Paquin."—"Diana Falls in Love," by Maria Albanesi.

As a good hostess, Lady Stoneborough made a hurried tour through the rooms before her guests arrived. "I hope Tom won't make any mistakes," she said. "Dickie calls us 'Ma and Faux Pas,' I'm sure I trust he won't say it broadcast."—"The Dean," by Lady Charnwood.

"It's a real good institution, this British institution of hanging out your boots," said Tony. "It's like nailing your colours to the mast. When I go along the corridor of an hotel, and see outside a door a large pair of man's boots, and next to it a dainty pair of girl's boots, I always get a peculiar kind of thrill. I feel I want to tap on the door and call out, 'Say, are you comfy?'"—"The Querrils," by Stacy Aumonier.

For Gracie was not interested in practical love—that is the stark statement of an astonishing fact. But it must not therefore be surmised that she was one of those phenomenal creatures—common enough in Ireland, where they are esteemed the chief glory of the exclusively religious culture of the country—who preserve into womanhood a chaste ignorance of what are euphemistically termed the material facts of life. Gracie's mind was not innocent in this way; it is a pity to explode a pleasant legend, but the minds of convent-schoolgirls rarely are.

I have never felt much real enmity towards poor benighted sects of Christianity, whether Anglicanism, or Lutheranism, or Methodism, or Presbyterianism, even. But I dread the Devil. He is the enemy not only of Holy Church, but of all mankind. He is overlooked these days, for he has taken to himself a disguise that cheats the best of us. We are out hunting or tall gentleman in red tights, with a feather in his cap, and cloven feet, and a forked tail protruding through a slit in his nether garments. That's a mistake, and we are more likely to discern him in Machinery, or Militarism, or Capitalism, or Art Faith. I think it is as an artist the Devil is now roaming the world with his attendant imps!—"A Pair of Idols," by Stewart Cavan.

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