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People know we will have all the ingredients called for, that they will receive accurate service, and that the prescriptions will be compounded at the lowest price possible consistent with quality.

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H. BROWN, Prescription Chemist,
(By Exam.), Manager.



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IT is a great pity for anybody to be robbed, but that Mr Baxter, the well-known cash grocer, who takes every opportunity to reduce the cost of living by lowering the prices of

GROCERIES

should be robbed of his greatest pleasure in selling Sugar at such low rates as to protect the whole community at least seems scarcely fair.

Mr Baxter, however, we understand, intends to sell the Sweetest

HONEY

and other commodities to compensate being robbed of his former pleasure of selling Sugar much below tariff.

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DEE STREET.

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Quick Returns.

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STORE IS FULL OF WARM
WOOLLEN GARMENTS
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ALL-WOOL COLONIAL TWEED
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ACCIDULATED FRUIT DROPS.

GINGER AND BUTTER NUGGETS.

ALMOND AND BUTTER.

All 1/4 per lb.

—At—

RICE'S,

LEADING CONFECTIONERS,
DEE STREET.

"Oh, yus'e is, goggle-eyes," said the first speaker, with a sneering laugh. "I think not," he said slowly. "And what is more, I give you two blackguards two minutes to get out of my sight, or else—"

The men both gazed at Clarence and breathed heavily. There was a cold menacing note in his voice that surprised them. It surprised Nella, too. She looked at him with a new light in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Henry, finding attention taken from him, scrambled to his feet and gently eased away backwards. When he had got a few yards off, he threw appearances to the winds and took to his heels.

The sight of this heartened the two men. "Or else what?" jeered the first. "Or else I'll give you both the biggest hiding you've ever had," said Clarence calmly.

The man's answer was to rush forward at Clarence, his stick upraised in his right hand. Nella gave a little cry and covered her eyes with her hands. But the blow never fell. Clarence side-stepped neatly and landed a perfect right-hook in the fellow's face. He followed up with a straight left, then his right swung home again and the man crashed heavily to the ground, feeling as though he had been trodden on the face by an elephant.

The second man stood an amazed onlooker, as though rooted to the spot. But now Clarence's blood was up. He dashed at the man and snatched the stick from his hand.

The man closed and sought to grip Clarence by the throat. For a few seconds the two swayed to and fro.

Then Clarence broke free. With lightning left and right he performed what is known in boxing circles as the "Postman's knock." The man gasped in pain and fright. A left-arm jab nearly threw him over backwards. To recover his balance, he lurched forward.

This is what Clarence wanted. The man saw a fist flicker up and then down. A fraction of an instant later something hit him beneath the point of the jaw. He waggled his head and crumpled up upon the ground.

Clarence adjusted his spectacles firmly on his nose. They had become somewhat displaced during the fight. He then turned to Mrs Webling and Nella, who were regarding him with wide-open, wondering eyes.

"I think I'd better take you back to the car," he said quietly.

On their way back to the village they came across Henry. He seemed surprised to see them.

"I came to find a policeman," he explained to Nella.

She did not reply. Neither on their way home did she speak another word. Henry felt hurt. He adopted an air of injured innocence. He endeavoured to maintain an attitude of quiet dignity.

When they arrived at Nella's home, Henry held out his hand to her.

"Good-bye," said Henry haughtily.

"Good-bye," said Nella, and turned, ignoring the outstretched hand.

Clarence looked on. He felt awkward. He felt sorry for Henry, too. It seemed to him that Nella was being rather hard on Henry. He couldn't understand it.

Henry nodded curtly and stalked away. Mrs Webling, still overcome by the afternoon's excitement, made her way into the house. The hired motor-car departed.

Nella watched it gradually recede from sight. Then suddenly she turned to Clarence.

"I've been a silly, short-sighted little fool," she exclaimed impulsively. "I'm sorry. Forgive me, and—I'll try and make up for it!"

"Oh?" said Clarence, amazed.

Nella slipped her arm through his and led him gently towards the house.

The end.

IN OVERALLS.

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Lambs that once sadly flocked in to be sheared

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Free from suspicion of fashion's frivolity.

Tremble, ye tailors, I say it once more,

Tremble, ye prosperous weavers and bland!

Soon shall ye see them, your clients of yore,

Over the length and the breadth of the land,

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Clad in the neat, economical overall!

Touchstone.

—"Daily Mail."

New Zealanders in Action.

SOME YPRES MEMORIES.

FURTHER DETAILS OF GRAVENSTAFEL.

(Extract from N.Z.M.F. "Chronicle," November 14, 1917.)

November 5th, 1917.

He gives a short description of the attack on the right sector, which stretches between the heaps of broken brickwork that once was the little village of Gravenstafel on the left and the Abraham Heights on the right, the 38-metre contour there being the highest point. The ground gently sloping up here was the usual mass of shell-holes, scattered over with pillboxes and here and there ruined farmhouses. Beyond the little slightly rounded plateau the ground sloped to strong points at Berlin and Berlin Wood.

In the advance the men kept well in line behind the barrage going up to the crest of the ridge, except at Van Meulen, where they were held for a while by machine-gun fire.

The Otago and Wellington troops took the first objective, Wellington helping their South Island comrades in the capture, after which the former went on to the last objective. There was no great difficulty with Abraham Heights. Except for some machine-gun casualties, our men went straight over without much opposition. At Gravenstafel, farther on and more to the left, some Otagos in their keenness went forward very close to the edge of the barrage. They were very successful, capturing almost a hundred prisoners.

Further opposition was encountered at Berlin and Berlin Wood, Wellington men capturing one position and Canterbury men the other. The light trench mortars were brought to bear on one strong point, after which it was successfully rushed. At Waterloo, on the left of the line and slightly down the slope leading to a delicacy in front of Passchendaele was another strong point, which had evidently been a battalion headquarters, and soon its captors were absorbing German soda-water and smoking German cigars. The unusually large numbers of prisoners which fell to our troops was probably due to the fact that the ruined farmhouses in our line of advance were very fully occupied by the enemy, presumably in preparation for their attack, timed for an hour later than our own.

November 6.

Captain Malcolm Ross describes the scene of the battle on the following morning—a spectacle of tremendous energy struggling in the midst of a vast desolation. "Considering," he says, "the strength of the enemy position, it was marvellous that we ever moved him, but the morale of the German troops, composed, too, to a great extent of young boys and older men, was incapable of withstanding the determined and courageous onslaught of the attacking forces."

He tells of the difficulties of transport over the shattered roads and the sodden country, and of the splendid work of the Labour Battalions and the Engineers in construction and repair. Millions of feet of baulk timber were at hand to prevent the lorries and limbered waggons and mule trains from becoming one inextricable tangle in places where the metal had been blown away. Along these roads went the great streams of lumbering lorries to the farthest limit where the plank road ended for the time being, and the stream narrowed to a line of limbered waggons and mule trains splashing through the mud, in places knee deep. A light tramway already ran well forward. Enemy aeroplanes overhead directed artillery upon the transport, but the work was unhindered.

The road-makers and road-menders were busy all along the way, but were frequently interrupted by the traffic rolling by. Limbered waggons with their painted shells rattling in their wooden boxes ploughed through the mud. Mules, each with eight eighteen-pounder shells, four on each side, splashed mud over passers-by. Engineer stores, food and water and blankets, and a dozen other things were all going up. A good deal of it reached its destination on the backs of men.

Along this road the Engineers and the Maori Pioneer Battalion were doing good work. On both sides was a wilderness of shell holes, almost all of them full to the brim. On the slope on the right His Majesty's Tank "Foam, F 47" lay pathetically derelict, a reminder of a former conflict.

The Maoris were carrying on their broad shoulders great fascines that other of their fellow tribesmen had cut in French

DIGGERS!

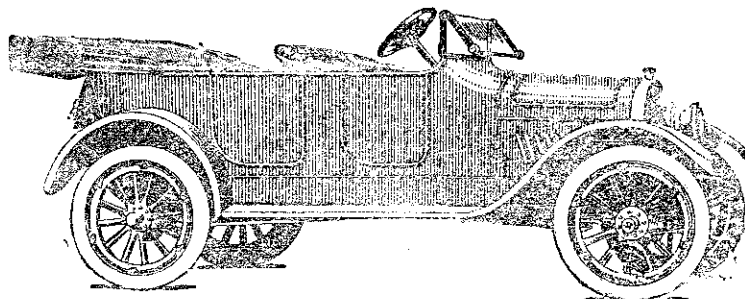
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