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phone.

LIFE'S LOVELINESS.

Sometimes the abundant beauty of the
world
Makes my heart tremble and ache.
Sometimes, when summer's banners are
unfurled,
Or autumn's glory on the winds is
tossed and whirled,
I think my heart will break.
For loveliness is often too great to
bear.
Trees laced at twilight, how they lift
me up
To the far heights of heaven! And
winds that stir
At evening bid my soul with God con-
fer.
I drink the beauty of the world as
from a cup.
Why should I almost weep when I be-
hold
The quiet moon, a ship blown down
the night?
Over and over I watch the shadows
fold,
Over and over I see the star's clear
gold,
Yet never yet have I lost the new
delight.
I weep for gladness, as women weep
when Love
Tenders the heart, singing its age-old
song.
And I weep that the cloud which sails
that sea above
Will drift from my dreams and all the
hopes thereof. . . .
And I weep that life is short when I
thought it long.

SILENCE.

What singer yet hath ever fully strung
On straining lyre
The loveliness of love, the pain of pain?
Howe'er the poet 'plain
His passionate paeon, mingling glass
and fire,
The inmost will remain
Unsung, unsung.
Perhaps, on some far pinnacle of song,
Beyond his bound,
One ultimate word lies, strangely hold-
ing all;
But though its mystic aell
Throb through the shining sequences of
sound,
It doth not yet befall
In any tongue.
And I have found, when baffled from
the quest
Of some supreme
Unclouded utterance of my visioning,
A far more wondrous Thing:
Silence alone can give the golden
dream
A clear interpreting:
Silence is best.

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THE Choicest of every housewife who
"knows"—

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The Conklin, Crescent Self-filler, 20/-
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Of WIDE-END TIES all being cleared
now at 2/6 each. Worth nearly
double.

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A FRIEND INDEED.

"The fact is," said Clarence Hathaway, taking off his large, circular, horn-rimmed spectacles and carefully wiping them with his pocket-handkerchief—"the fact is, my dear Henry, hitherto I have not paid any special regard towards young women. But Miss Webling is—"

"Different," suggested his companion a plump, well-fed man of twenty-nine whose name was Henry Fox.

"Exactly," said Clarence. "There's something about Miss Webling that raises her far, far above all other young women. Something—poetical, ethereal, transcendental."

"Oh, cut it out!" growled Henry. "Talk English."

"I know perfectly well what you mean without all those fireworks. This girl you're talking about—of course, she's different from all other girls in the world. They always are. Of course, she possesses wonderful powers of sympathy, marvellous tact, extraordinary and rare beauty of face and figure—they always do."

"Yes, but—"

"Clarence," continued Henry, interrupting, "the plain truth is you're in love with the girl. Isn't that so?"

Clarence flushed.

"Well—" he began.

"Quite so," said Henry. "I understand, say no more."

"But I want to ask your advice," said Clarence.

"Ah, so that's it. Well, carry on, my lad."

Henry Fox settled himself comfortably in his armchair, and prepared to dispense good advice. He was an easy-mannered young man of a cheerful and confident disposition. He liked Clarence, but secretly despised him. At times, he was almost inclined to pity him. He thought Clarence was soft.

There he was wrong. It is true that Clarence Hathaway did not possess the demeanour of a bold and desperate buccar. His big spectacles gave him a very mild and benevolent appearance, and he was, moreover, quiet of voice and manner. But, physically, Clarence wasn't at all soft. Like many shy and retiring people, he had a punch which upon the very rare occasions when he exerted it considerably surprised the unfortunate man who stopped it.

Again, his name told against him. A man of twenty-six who wears glasses and is afflicted with the name of Clarence is handicapped at the outset.

The two were in the sitting-room at Clarence's "digs." It was a small and unattractive room, the only decently comfortable chair being the one at the moment occupied by Henry Fox.

Clarence coughed nervously before unburdening himself.

"The trouble is, Henry," he began slowly, "that though I—er—admire Miss Webling so very much, I fear that she scarcely reciprocates my sentiments."

That was Clarence all over. He invariably talked in the language of a member of Parliament addressing an audience composed of schoolmasters. It was a standing joke amongst his friends.

Henry wondered if he talked to Miss Webling in that manner. He tried to picture the effect upon any average modern girl. It was funny, and yet almost pathetic. He began to feel quite sorry for Clarence.

"In other words, Clarence," remarked Henry, in his coarse, direct fashion, "she's been giving you the bird."

Clarence sighed.

"I try to please her," he said sadly, "but my efforts are singularly unsuccessful." The other day whilst I was describing a recent visit of mine to the Geological Museum, she yawned and said she wasn't interested in fossils—not even human ones.

I lent her a book on 'The Evolution of Tadpoles,' and she never even read it."

"You astonish me," observed Henry drily.

"So I thought, Henry, that with your wide knowledge of women you could advise me. Tell me what to do to catch Miss Webling's interest, put me right as to my correct procedure."

"My dear Clarence," said Henry, in patronising tones. "I shall be delighted. I think I can say without boasting that you couldn't have come to anyone for advice better qualified than myself. What I

don't know about girls, you can take from me isn't worth knowing. I know them from A to Z."

Clarence gazed at his friend with modest admiring eyes.

"It's quite clear," continued Henry, "you're on the wrong track altogether. You're too timid. What attracts women is boldness, resolution, and all that sort of thing. Then again, you're not sufficiently careful about your personal appearance. You're not dressy enough." Henry fingered his neat, coloured tie as he spoke.

"Now, tell me, Clarence," Henry went on, "is this lady friend of yours really pretty? I mean does everyone think so?"

"She's beautiful," murmured Clarence reverently.

"Um; Well, the best thing you can do is to take me along next time you call, and introduce me."

"Certainly."

"Then I'll just keep my eye open for any special characteristics she may possess, so that you can watch me and study my methods."

Clarence coughed.

"Is that absolutely necessary?" he asked doubtfully.

"Just as you like," replied Henry, with a haughty note in his voice.

"All right," said Clarence. "Do what you think best, Henry."

It was then arranged that Henry Fox should put in an appearance on the following evening, and accompany Clarence when the latter called on the Weblings.

Shortly afterwards Henry took his departure. As he traced his footsteps homewards, something must have amused him, for he smiled to himself several times, and once broke into a little, contemptuous laugh.

II.

Nella Webling was a tall, pretty girl with curly black hair that was cut short and "bobbed" in the prevailing fashion.

The next evening she was sitting alone in the drawing-room of her home, and it may be safely assumed that her thoughts were far away, because the book she was supposed to have been reading for the last half-hour was upside down.

But in the novel was a well-built, handsome young man with a square jaw and straight legs. He was the hero. A regular goer, too, he was. He was always "spotlessly clad" (usually in "immaculate evening dress"), and whenever he spoke his voice vibrated with passion even if he only said "It's a nice day, to-day but—his voice still went on vibrating with passion."

Nella sighed.

She was wondering why it was that young men like the hero in the novel never came her way. All the men she met seemed so ordinary, so human. About the only time their voices vibrated with passion was when they were arguing about football, or describing why it was the horse they had backed was just beaten by a short head.

In the midst of her meditation, the maid came in and announced Clarence and "a friend."

Clarence and Henry entered the room.

"This is a friend of mine, Mr Fox," explained Clarence timidly, "whom I've taken the liberty of bringing with me."

"How do you do," said Henry, looking deep into Nella's eyes with a gaze of undisguised admiration in his own.

Nella smiled sweetly, and Henry smiled sweetly. They shook hands like quite old friends. Indeed, it seemed to Clarence that they took far too long shaking hands.

The three composed themselves in arm-chairs.

The conversation which ensued was carried on almost exclusively by Nella and Henry. Clarence's share was very small. As time went on the other two seemed to forget him altogether, it was as much as he could do to get a word in at all.

It went on like this:

Henry: "Are you fond of theatres, Miss Webling?"

Nella: "I adore them. If I could I'd go every night, wouldn't you? I'm specially fond of musical pieces."

Henry: "I expect you've seen 'The Maid of the Mountains?' That's a good show, isn't it?"

Nella: "Oh, I think it's topping! I've seen it three times. I could see it again."

Henry: "They say 'Monsieur Beaucaire' is good, too. I haven't seen it myself yet, but lots of my friends have said they liked it. They tell me the music is good."

Nella: "No, I haven't seen it yet, either. I'd love to. I've got the music of it."

Henry: "Have you really? I'd like to hear you play it, awfully."

Nella (smiling): "I can't play very well."

Henry: "I refuse to believe that. Absolutely. As a matter of fact—I believe you would succeed at anything you took up."

Nella (still smiling): "Oh, you're much too kind. Besides—how do you know? Why, you've only just met me."

Henry (looking into her eyes): "I feel as though I had known you for years!"

Clarence: "Talking music, I was at a concert at the Queen's Hall the other day, when—"

Nella (to Henry): "Are you fond of reading, Mr Fox?"

Henry: "I dote on it. You've got a book there, I see."

Nella: "Yes. It's one of 'Childs Garbage's. It's called 'My Heart's Desire.' Have you read it?"

Henry: "Oh, yes. I think it's very good, don't you?"

Nella: "Topping! I've read lots by him. He's frightfully clever, don't you think?"

Henry: "I think he's one of the leading novelists of the day. I read every book he writes as soon as it is published."

Clarence: "I noticed this morning in an article in 'Science Sifting'—"

Nella (to Henry): "Do you play tennis, Mr Fox?"

Henry: "Yes, do you?"

Nella (modestly): "Oh, a little you know. I expect you're awfully good."

Henry (letting himself go rather): "Not at all. Not all. Just average. I belong to a good mixed club, though."

Clarence: "There was some very good tennis at Wimbledon last—"

Henry (to Nella): "I wonder if one day you'd care to—"

Nella: "To what?"

Henry: "To come down to my club and play a 'set' or two with me. 'Singles,' you know? What?"

Nella: "I'd love to. But do you think I should be good enough?"

Henry: "Of course. What a foolish question. Perhaps you'll come along on Saturday afternoon, will you?"

Nella (after a slight pause): "Yes, I'd like to very much."

Clarence (desperately): "Talking about tennis—"

Henry: "We shall be able to get some tea at the Club House. Topping ices they have there. There are some jolly nice people that belong to the club, too. Suppose I call for you about three. Will that suit you?"

Nella: "Yes, that will suit me very well."

After this sort of thing had been going on for about an hour, Clarence felt his spirits sinking lower and lower. He relapsed into silence, saying not a word, but just listening sadly to the animated dialogue carried on by Nella and Henry.

At length he rose to his feet in desperation.

"I'm afraid we must be going now, Miss Webling," he said, with a slight emphasis on the word "we."

"Must you go, old man?" said Henry.

"Oh, well, Good-night."

Before Clarence realised what was happening, Henry had arisen, shaken him by the hand, and dropped comfortably back again into his chair.

"Good-night, Mr Hathaway," said Nella coldly.

Clarence stumbled dazedly out of the room. A minute later he had rammed on his hat and quitted the house, deep in a fit of black despair.

III.

Several days elapsed before Clarence saw Henry again. He chanced to run against the latter in the street. Henry was rather off-hand.

"Sorry I can't stop now old man," he said, "but I've got an appointment. I'm in a hurry."

"I wanted to talk to you about Miss Webling—" began Clarence.

"Nella? Oh, yes. Well, I can't stop now. But if I were you, I'd try to forget all about her. The truth is—I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I don't—well, I don't think she likes you very much, old chap. I'd give her a miss for a bit. So long. See you in a day or two."

Henry walked quickly away and soon had disappeared out of sight.

Twice Clarence had called at Nella's home, but each time she had been out.

"She's playing tennis with Mr Fox," Nella's mother had told him. "What a charming man he is, don't you think?"

"Oo—yes," Clarence murmured, striving to hide his discomfiture, and took his departure at the first opportunity.

After meeting Henry, he once more tried his luck. This time chance favoured him. Nella was in and alone.

She greeted Clarence coldly. It occurred to her how badly he contrasted with Henry Fox. His clothes, though good, were not of the same fashionable cut. His manner was nervous and diffident, whereas Henry was self-confident and assured. She thought how much more of a man was Henry.

Clarence did not stay long. There was too much Henry in their conversation to his liking. After Nella had asked him a lot of questions concerning his friend, he treated him to a little lecture on Henry's astonishing excellence. What a good tennis player he was. How graceful. How calm and collected. What an interesting talker he was. How well-read. How good-looking. Such eyes. And how distinguished.

Clarence was both good-natured and polite. He stuck it as long as he could. But there is an end to all things. Even the camel's back is not built on the everlasting principle. The longest worm has a turning.

So, after forty-five minutes, Clarence retired.

"Good-bye, Miss Webling," he said, with a trace of bitterness in his voice, and added, "I'm sorry I bore you so much."

Nella stared pensively before her when he had gone. She did not dislike Clarence. There was something genuine about him, and he was as straight as a die; her heart told her that. But, beside Henry—it was like a candle beside an electric lamp. She left sorry for Clarence.

IV.

It was Henry's idea. A quiet picnic in the woods, he said, would be delightful. Nella and Mrs Webling agreed enthusiastically. Then it was that he suggested that Clarence should come to complete the party. It was a brilliant scheme. He would leave Clarence to look after Mrs Webling, thus leaving Nella to himself.

They hired a motor car to run down to Popping Forest. Or, rather, Clarence did. At any rate, Clarence paid. When they got there, they lifted their little hamper of provisions, and dispatched the car to a village a mile back along the road, where it was to wait until they picked it up later on.

They left the road and plunged into the forest. It was a charming afternoon of early autumn. Even Clarence (who was carrying the hamper) felt gay and cheerful, despite the fact that Henry and Nella displayed a tendency to become a little separated from Mrs Webling and himself. At length, they came across a delightful glade where they opened their hamper and settled themselves down to enjoy the alfresco meal.

They were a jolly party. Nella was in high spirits, whilst as for Henry, he was positively surpassing himself in the art of sparkling conversation. He made a number of extremely witty remarks at the expense of Clarence, who laughed good-naturedly.

So intent, indeed, were they that they did not observe the approach upon the scene of two strangers.

The strangers were men. And they were not at all nice men. They were large, dirty, unshaven, and vicious-looking. They were dressed in greasy clothes; and around each of their necks was knotted a filthy scarf. Incidentally, they carried short, heavy sticks.

They slouched up to the little party.

Henry was in the midst of a jolly funny story. He was just arriving at the cream of the joke. Then he happened to look up.

Abruptly he broke off.

"Good afternoon, guv'nor," said one of the men in insolent, familiar tones.

"Er—good afternoon," said Henry turning rather pale.

Whilst his companion was speaking, the second man leered unpleasantly at Nella. Clarence, without haste, rose quietly to his feet.

"Guv'nor," continued the man to Henry, "me and my mate is starving. We been out of work fer—fer—"

"Years," said the other.

"And we're walking to London from where are we walking from, Bill?"

"Glasgow," said the other, with a laugh.

"So we'd like a bit er money to get night's lodging wi', guv'nor."

"Er—how much do you want?"

Henry, trembling.

"All you've got, mate," said the man with a snarl. "And quick about it too."

Nella uttered a little gasp and clung to her mother. Henry began to fumble in his pockets.

Clarence took a step forward.

"Henry," he observed mildly, "you're surely not going to be so weak as to give these hooligans money?"

The two men stared at Clarence in astonishment.

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WE CAN FILL IT.

When you have a prescription to be compounded—remember, it is your right to take it to any chemist you like. A large share of the prescriptions in this locality are brought to us, and our reputation as Reliable Dispensaries is established.

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

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

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Small Profits,
Quick Returns.

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STORE IS FULL OF WARM
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Our BOXED SUITS in the Famous—
ALL-WOOL COLONIAL TWEED
are far the nicest Tweed seen to-day.

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FOR COUGHS, ETC.,

—Use—

KIWI COUGH DROPS.

EUCALYPTUS TABLETS.

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.

Tremble, ye tailors, that erst profited, Having the hapless New Poor upon toast!

Lambs that once sadly flocked in to be sheared

Thanks to our newest crusaders shall boast

Durable garments of excellent quality

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,

Land's End to John o' Groats, Dundee to Dover, all

Clad in the neat, economical overall! Touchstone.

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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

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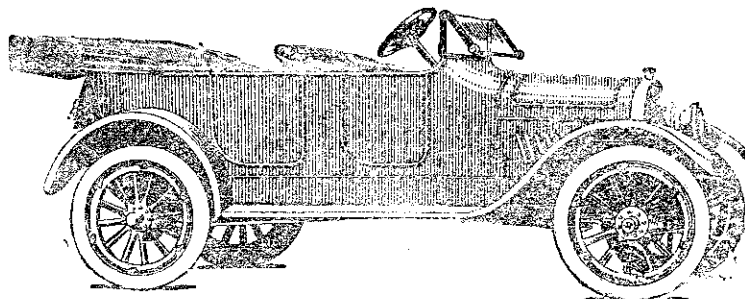
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forests many miles behind the line. "You having the good time up here?" I remarked to one sturdy warrior with the name P. B. Te Pohatu printed with an indelible pencil on his gas respirator. "No fear," he replied, and when I asked him the reason he did not mince his words. "Too much plummy Boche shell," he said, with a grin that revealed a set of teeth which would make light work of breaking up even an army biscuit.

"Along the line of route, men from the Signal Company were still looking to the communications. In a battle, when things go wrong, signallers particularly are cursed. And in a battle things generally do go wrong with signals, so that at times human flesh and blood have to do the work of the wires. That is often the case in the forward positions. The running of lines from cable head to Brigade forward stations is no sinecure, and the maintaining of lines, once they have been laid, is not easy when a fierce battle is raging. In one section in this battle three hundred yards of line was broken in thirty places, and men worked sixteen hours out of twenty-four endeavouring to maintain the connection. One lance-corporal was, in this battle, blown up by shell fire for the fourth time. On the first occasion he escaped with the loss of his shirt; the second time he was blown out of a trench and suffered slightly from shock; while his third experience left him with some slight wounds."

Pushing mule tracks under shell fire was an enlivening occupation. Reconnoissances had to be made for the forward mule and infantry tracks across the wilderness of the shell-holes, and material was carried up under the enemy barrages.

Along these roads and tracks the D.A.C. did splendid work. One watches them admiringly in daylight and darkness splashing along. Sometimes exploding shells would blow men and mules off the tracks altogether. Pathetic little groups lay huddled in strange shapes—men and animals that had died in the strenuous work of feeding the guns and the troops. There was not time as yet to trouble about burying them—the living and not the dead were the chief concern.

Captain Ross tells of the fine action of a transport corporal who stopped a team which had bolted along a road full of transport and troops. Returning, he soon had the team clear, although one horse had been killed and the driver wounded. Wounded himself at this stage, he carried on, attending first to the driver and then continuing his work with the column.

THE TERRIBLE CONDITIONS IN THE LAST BATTLE.

The capture of the ridges beyond the Ypres salient was the natural corollary to the taking of the Messines Ridge. After a considerable advance had been made in the battle of the Ridges by troops from the Motherland, the New Zealanders on October 4th entered the fight, with troops from the Old Country on their left, and Australian troops on their right. The New Zealanders were successful in capturing the Gravenstafel Ridge, Abraham Heights, and positions immediately beyond. The "pill-box" problem had been grappled with, and found not to be insoluble. The dead that lay just behind our front showed how hard the fighting had been in the storming of these strong points. But stormed they were.

The weather had been going from bad to worse, and frequently the whole battlefield was shrouded in mist and rain. Bringing up ammunition and the working of the guns became more and more difficult. Vast quantities of material were being gathered at railheads and dumps, and feverish activity reigned everywhere. In clear glimpses between rain-storms and fogs, the enemy shelled and bombed from aeroplanes. Sometimes he got his target, but failed to hinder the great war machine. The artillery struggled forward with their pieces, overcoming almost superhuman difficulties. Storms of gunfire swept the German positions, ploughed the lands and roads, and interfered with their communications.

On the night of the 11th of October the New Zealanders were ready once more at their starting place, Australians again on their right, British, as before, on their left. During the night a cold rain fell, and dawn came through mist and drizzle. The divisions previously holding this ground had made little headway, for rain and mud were heavy odds against them. Our jumping-off place was consequently only a short distance beyond our former outposts. It ran from a point near Adler House, past Peter Pan, and on through Marsh Bottom to the Ravebeek—a front of about 1,600 yards. Away on the right, on the crest of the ridge a little less than 2000

yards off, loomed the ruined buildings of Passchendaele.

First to be attacked, with nest of pill-boxes and machine-guns, were the Cemetery, Wolf Farm, Wolf Copse, and Bellevue. Thick across the whole of Bellevue Spur was uncut wire of the low picket pattern, 2 feet 6 inches high, and varying from 20 to 40 yards in depth. It had been part of the damaged wire in the Staden-Zonnebeke defences, but, having been repaired, it was again formidable. The ground between Wolf Farm and Wolf Copse and about Marsh Bottom, farther on the right, was very marshy.

Before our men lay the most adverse conditions for an attack—greasy mud, waterlogged shell-holes, concrete redoubts fronted with wire and crammed full with machine-guns. The greatest impediment to success was the inefficiency of the artillery. It had been impossible to bring many guns up, and accurate shooting was considerably hindered by the constant slipping of the gun trails. The sum total of this was that the infantry had not the splendid barrage essential for the thorough cutting of the wire and the shocking of the pill-boxes.

Following the thin barrage, the advancing waves of infantry found themselves raked with machine-gun fire, sniped with rifles, and even shot at by machine-guns perched on little platforms in the almost branchless trees.

In the early morning, when I viewed the attack from Hill 37, there was not the usual intensity of fire, and progress was clearly slow. Later in the morning, the mists lifting, the Passchendaele Ridge revealed itself above the shell and bullet-swept slope. In one hollow away on the left there was an inferno of shell-fire, and the black smoke of the German crumps rose at intervals along the line and farther back.

The whole line was being held up by masses of barbed wire and with a withering machine-gun fire, against which further advance, without increased artillery preparation, was impossible. In spite of this, wave after wave went forward. Numbers were shot down, but still they persevered. Of individual heroism there were many examples, but dozens and scores of brave deeds must pass unrecorded.

In the afternoon the attack was broken off.

The walking wounded were struggling back. Mud-stained and blood-stained, some smiling and cheerful, others thoughtful and with wan faces, often leaning on a comrade's shoulder or arm, the little stream came trickling down. Hot food and drink bucked them up wonderfully.

The Medical Corps and a host of stretcher-bearers toiled all day and night.

The infantry fought till they were exhausted, and the stretcher-bearers toiled until they were in the last stages of fatigue. For two days and two nights, under fire, through sodden, shell-torn ground and vicious weather, they carried the wounded. There was mud on the battlefield often four feet deep. The weariness of the work was beyond description. The ground was almost impassable. By day they were under observation of the enemy; by night they trusted to their luck in the darkness. Infantry, Artillerymen and Army Service Corps men assisted in this work, and by 10.30 a.m. on the 14th the whole of the New Zealand sector was clear of wounded.

Captain Ross describes the splendid work of a signalling sergeant who, when the colonel of a Canterbury Battalion was killed, had a long and arduous time finding the next senior officer to command. One after another he found them casualties, but eventually found the Lieutenant whom the succession of casualties had made O.C. In doing so he passed over considerable distances of the fire-swept desolation, and went to headquarters twice before he finally ran his man to earth.

There were two nasty "pill-boxes" close to the little Ravebeek stream, and an Ottago platoon, swinging round to fill a gap, found itself under their fire. It also suffered from rifle fire which came from a trench near the "pill-boxes." The officer in charge immediately led his men forward and captured it. The "pill-boxes," however, continued to hold out, for the Germans were now fighting well. Holding the garrison with a frontal attack by a Lewis gun and working round the flanks, some of them eventually succeeded in capturing both "pill-boxes" and about 80 prisoners. By this time the platoon was reduced to two—the officer and his batman. He constituted himself the garrison of the "pill-boxes," and remained in one while his batman was sent to report to battalion headquarters. The batman was killed before he had gone far. Some Australians then appeared on the scene, and the New Zealander took them into the "pill-box." He repeatedly endeavoured to get messages back, and had no fewer than five runners shot in the attempt. He held on till evening, and then in com-

pliance with instructions, rejoined his company, of which he was by this time the commander. He reorganised his men under shell fire, consolidated the position chosen, and established part of a new line.

Captain Ross records many other fine deeds, but, alas, there is not the space in these pages for them. They were mostly performed in splendid attempts to force passages in the uncut wire and reorganising shattered units, and in consolidating some sort of a line. In one dark, wet night the depleted brigades worked strenuously, attempting to form a respectable line in the morass of mud and shell holes.

The following excellent description of the terrible conditions under which our fellows attacked on the 12th are given in the "Bystander" of October 24th:—

"... Such areas as are not actual lagoons are a standing marsh of deep craters, separated only by narrow, shelving banks of mud, and it is across such land that our men went to the attack after days of storm and bitter cold, where heavy rain had added to the floods, and they themselves were soaked and chill and weary."

"They went in the grey of dawn and in the teeth of machine-gun and rifle fire. The men waded ankle-deep and knee-deep, they went up to their waists in shell-holes and struggled through or they sank to their necks and were helped out by comrades. But they kept on unflinchingly, through one great crater after another, and the stretcher-bearers (especially picked out by the German snipers) went forward and back over the battlefield without a thought of their own fatigue."

"As for the wounded, who lay for hours, days, hidden in deep craters, who had to be carried from two to three miles through the morass, and sometimes were so completely embedded in the mud that the bearers had to dig them out (in the case of the seriously wounded a long and delicate operation)." Ah, well! as the eye-witnesses say, perhaps it were better not to paint too plain a picture of the lurid scene of war.

A WHITE NEW ZEALAND.

RETURNED SOLDIERS TO DISCUSS QUESTION.

Questions affecting the influx of Asiatics into New Zealand are to be considered by the Wellington Returned Soldiers' Association shortly. Mr J. McKenzie has given notice to introduce a motion dealing with the invasion of coloured people, alien in race, language, and religion, and one of the propositions to be discussed will be a suggestion that the number of Hindus allowed to remain in New Zealand shall not exceed the number of New Zealanders who settle in India.

Another motion, to be proposed by Mr John I. Fox, is as follows:—"Whilst in thorough agreement with the policy of a 'White New Zealand,' this association is of the strong opinion that in order to maintain such a principle, a vigorous policy of immigration must be prosecuted, and a sound scheme of national defence established on the lines of a citizens' defence force."

NEW ZEALAND PERMANENT FORCE.

The provisions of the financial instructions and allowance regulations relating to medical attendance and sick leave have been extended to cover the whole of the personnel of the New Zealand Permanent Force, including those temporarily employed. Returned soldiers suffering from a recrudescence of disabilities contracted on active service shall be deemed to be "first class" sick, and reduction to half-pay will be automatically effected. In the cases of temporarily employed personnel placed on sick leave on account of disabilities caused by wounds or sickness contracted in the late war, normal sick leave should not usually exceed one month, the soldier being discharged at the end of that period, and his case thus brought into its proper status under the Commissioner of Pensions. If, however, recovery is likely within a short period a recommendation should be made to the general officer commanding for continuance of full pay.

When a Japanese girl is born, a pair of dolls are presented to her, and she plays with them until she is quite grown up. Then, if she marries, she takes care that the dolls are eventually given to her daughters (if any), and she adds to the number of dolls in accordance with the numbers of her daughters! Consequently, in some cases, a large number of dolls are collected.

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SIR JOHN MILLBANK, a successful, but stern judge, quarrels with his only son,

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, unbeknown 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 Wimmerleigh; 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 Wimmerleigh. 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 unbeknown 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.

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 to 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."

THE JUDGE REPLIES.

Dick Foster's self-accusation, so calmly made, had a startling effect upon all present.

Beaumont Chase, who had his back turned, swung sharply round, dropped his newly lighted cigarette, and stared fixedly at the young man, a new interest in his sleepy, dark eyes.

Sir John Millbank, who had sunk into a chair apparently on the verge of physical and mental collapse, sat up as though galvanised. The colour returned to his pallid cheeks, and the fire to his weary eyes.

Once more the grim, fighting expression gave strength and virility to the lined and haggard old face.

But he did not speak. With a steady-searching gaze, his lips tightly compressed, he surveyed his son in silence.

"The Millbank blood!" The words formed themselves in his brain, though he did not utter them. "My son! And he knows the truth! He is lying, he is condemning himself to the lifelong torture of a prison-cell, and he is doing it to save me. He knows! And to think I drove such a son from my roof by a mad and cruel blow. I have been blind, blind!"

His thoughts went back to that scene when the schoolboy, proud and defiant, stood before him with the livid mark of the whip-lash on his face.

But still he did not speak, nor did his grim, hard face, so long schooled to impassivity, betray by a single tremor the agony and remorse that seethed within his breast.

It was Kitty who broke the spell that seemed to have fallen upon them all. She gave one startled look at Dick, and then flew to him, her eyes sparkling and her face aglow.

He tried not to meet her gaze and made an effort to pass out of the room, but she clung to him, detaining him and looked up eagerly into his pale, agitated face.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried. "You killed him! You really killed him! And it was to save me. You know I hated him, and rather than let him have me and make me miserable you killed him. Oh, Dick, how—how splendid!"

The climax was so unexpected that everyone gave a jump, and Beaumont Chase uttered a sound that had a deplorable resemblance to a laugh.

"Take me away," he said, in a low voice, to the officer by his side. "I can stand no more of this. Take me away."

Inspector Fenn, bewildered and confused by the turn of events, was grateful for a definite suggestion, and was quick to act upon it.

Gently, but with great firmness and decision, he drew Kitty aside.

"Please be calm, miss. You are doing no good. You can do nothing," he said gently.

Kitty flung out her arms desperately in the direction of her lover, who was moving towards the door.

"Oh, Dick! Is that true? Can I do nothing?" she cried wildly.

He had reached the door now, but he paused for a moment, and, turning his head, looked at her gravely.

"Nothing, dear," he said, in a low but clear voice. "There is a barrier between us that nothing can break down. If I were a free man, I could not marry you. Fate has been very cruel to us, my darling, but we must each face what lies before us with courage. You must put me out of

your life. I never ought to have come into it. Try and be happy. Time cures all things, they say. God bless you! I—" His voice faltered, and then, burying his face in his hands, he staggered out of the room.

Kitty darted forward, a pitiful cry on her lips, but on reaching the door, she found it locked on the outside.

Swiftly she turned and faced them all. Her bosom was heaving, and her eyes ablaze.

"Can none of you help him? Can none of you save him?" she cried scornfully. "You know he is a better man than any of you. What he did for me. Would you do as much for any woman? Would any one of you? He shall not spend his life in prison. Daddy, you will do something!"

The old judge moved to her side, and taking her hand, patted it soothingly.

"Yes, child, of course, everything will be done," he said quietly. "But now you must be calm. Say nothing more. It is so easy to say too much."

Still holding her hand, he turned his eyes upon Jacob Jole.

There was mockery as well as contempt in his cold, steely gaze.

Mr Jole had so far remained dumb with consternation and dismay.

With infinite pains, he had collected a number of remarkable facts and built up a strong circumstantial case against Sir John Millbank.

The evidence he had so laboriously acquired satisfied his own mind that the old judge was closely concerned with the death of the late Lord Haverham. Dick's confession, however, had staggered him, and all his elaborate theories began to topple about his ears.

He was utterly bewildered, and could see no explanation of the mystery anywhere.

Then the judge addressed him in that cold judicial tone which frequenters of the Old Bailey knew so well.

"You have made a serious charge against me, Mr Jole. Of course, you know that having made that charge before witnesses, you must now go on with it and give me the opportunity of refuting it in open court. Unless you commence proceedings forthwith—let us say within the next three days—I shall take action against you for attempted blackmail, and, incidentally, your name will be removed from the rolls. You may now go."

Mr Jole's puffy face grew very red, and he began to splutter excitedly and angrily, but meeting the judge's cold, merciless gaze, his courage failed him, and he collapsed.

"This isn't the last word, my lord," he contrived to say, but his voice sounded thin and hysterical.

Then he took a step towards the door, but suddenly remembering it was locked, he swung round with an almost ridiculous petulance, and strode out through the still open French window into the garden.

Sir John Millbank gave an involuntary sigh of relief, his stern expression relaxed, and the look of weariness returned to his eyes.

"I am tired," he said, almost in the tone of a child as he looked down at Kitty. "Let me go to bed."

"One minute, Sir John, I will not detain you longer. But there is one thing I must know before we go to bed to-night."

It was the quiet voice of Beaumont Chase.

His presence had almost been forgotten by the other two, but now they both looked at him.

In his quiet, self-possessed demeanour there was something which somehow inspired fear.

Kitty felt it, and so did the judge. The old man's grip tightened on the girl's hand.

The millionaire took a step towards them, but without looking at Kitty, fixed his eyes upon the judge's careworn face.

"Sir John," he said quietly, "your daughter has consented to marry me, and she has asked me to fix the date. I have done so. All arrangements are made for the ceremony to take place to-morrow. I wish to know to-night—now—whether she is prepared to keep her promise."

Kitty stared, her mind recalled to matters which had been blotted out by the events of the evening; but before she could say anything the judge answered for her.

Once again the bowed figure stiffened, and the fighting look returned to the old eyes.

(Continued on page 6.)

FURNITURE!

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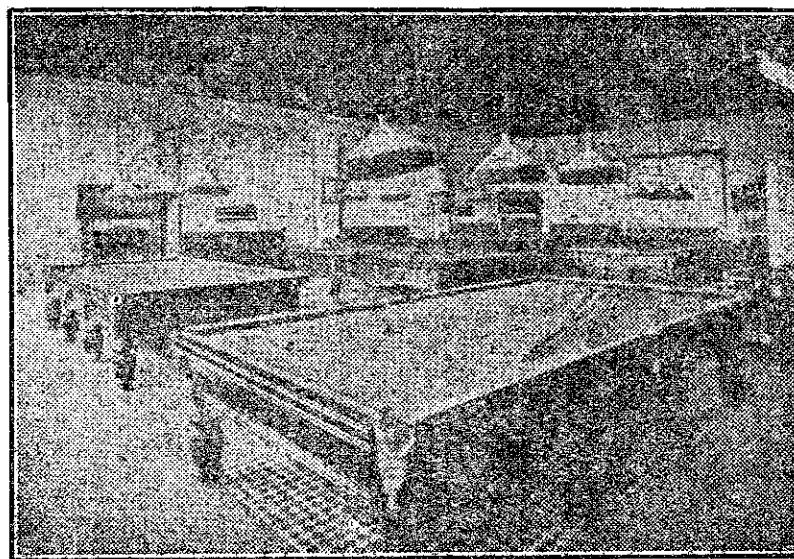
(Next Price and Bulleid.)

CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

VARIOUS IN-OFFS, CHIEFLY WITH THE WHITE AS THE OBJECT-BALL.

An in-off from baulk when the white is situated on the lower angle of a centre pocket. Such a stroke is always very uncertain even with the very best players, and for ordinary players it would be nothing more or less than a fancy stroke with long odds against its coming off. The stroke played in exactly the same way in every detail as regards line of aim, strength of stroke, side used, etc., would in all probability vary in result if attempted on two different tables owing to the difference that would most likely exist between the cushions and even on the same table a difference in strength or the unintentional use of a slight amount of side would show a considerable difference in results between two strokes that to all appearances were identical.

I have simply given the stroke as an example of what is on the way of an in-off and I have more than once seen a good amateur increase a big break by getting this stroke when nothing else except potting the white was at all on. In the ordinary way, however, such a stroke is not worth going for.

A STRONG RUN-THROUGH IN-OFF.

A position for a run-through, the object white being dead on the cushion, and the cue-ball only an inch or two away from the cushion. Were the cue-ball a few inches farther away from the cushion, the stroke would be the ordinary run-through, correctness of hitting being the only essential. There would be no possibility of a kiss marring the stroke, for owing to the

object-ball being hit full, or nearly full, it would always come well away from the cushion. When, however, the cue-ball is much behind the object-ball, the full contact that the stroke demands will naturally cause the object-ball to travel towards the pocket in a line so close to the cushion that it will always strike the lower angle of the pocket, and at a point very near the fall of the slate. If the run-through were played in the ordinary way—that is, with only medium strength, one of two things would happen. Either the object-ball, after striking the angle, would fall into the pocket, or else it would rebound from the angle and be met by the oncoming cue-ball, and the kiss would, of course, make the stroke a failure.

Instead, therefore, the stroke should be played with considerable strength, so that the speed at which the object-ball strikes the opposing angle will not only prevent it from falling into the pocket, but will also cause it to be thrown from the lower on to the upper angle whence it will run down the table, leaving the oncoming cue-ball free ingress to the pocket. The cue-ball should be struck above the centre with pocket side, and it will run along the cushion either straight into the pocket or, should it strike the lower angle, the side—which, though check side at the moment of striking the object-ball will be running side when the ball strikes the opposing angle—will carry it into the pocket. When playing the stroke into a top pocket, the object-ball should be kept out of baulk, but if the stroke be played with even more strength than is necessary, and on a table with fast cushions, the ball will often go into baulk and remain there.

Clocks to the number of 260,884 were exported to England by Germany in the first two months of this year.

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FOOTBALL NOTES.

SATURDAY'S GAMES.

BANKS AND LAW (9) v. UNION (3).
(Blue and Black) (Red and Black).

The teams were:—

Banks and Law—Backs: Christophers; Prawn Gilmour, Lopdell, St. George, Stead; Dykes; forwards: Todd, Broughton, Wilcox, Pryde, Knox, Kirkland, Irving and Delargey.

Union—Backs: Middlemiss, Kelly, Roberts, Eanson; Bindley, Ashley; Kelly; forwards: Mills, Murray, Cockroft, Galbraith, Smith, Deegan, Leete, and Stewart.

The ground was not too slippery for back play as Banks and Law proved. Union kicked off, and a back waited for the bounce, the Reds coming into attack from the scrum after the mull, and passing to be checked at second five through the men not giving themselves enough ground to work in. The drive continued, but a free relieved Blues when they were right on their own line. Talk was audible from the teams—an unsportsmanlike and demoralising practice. Prawn relieved to more than 25, the Reds receiving a penalty from Broughton who was very dashy. Cockroft kicked high from Gilmour to send across the field, merely altering the line and not the distance. St. George missed a poor pass and Union came to the 25 where they pressed Blues until a whistle relieved, no change of distance coming to them from the kick. However, a heel relieved them slightly and the up-to-this football-less game went on. Union heeled for a pass to break down, but their first five always went his full distance and delivered the ball when his second was a stride away from his marker; so how could poor two do anything but take his dump? And the Banks and Law love possessions such as he. Stead found a hole in the field and booted to it, the Reds' back waiting for the bounce. Still, as the oncoming forwards did not spread, Union lost no ground. Lines were Union's, but Blues managed to do a couple of scrum screws and gain by them. Union forwards controlled the next set-scrum, heeled, the backs instituting transfers which failed at the old spot, the centre not being able to take the bad pass. Union made some territory, got a penalty and forced Law. Stead's drop was returned to 30 yards, when from the parallels Union forwards proved too strong, a whistle checking them. There was too much whistle—some one must have been pointing and losing his side good attack and hard-won ground. Gilmour sent the ball to half of half-way. Blue forwards kept the movement going ten yards rewarding them. Scrums and scrambles with much whistling followed, a free going to Blues, Union at last clearing to over 25. There was not much football up to this. A scrum saw Banks and Law break into a dribble, Union checking an over-kick to thirty yards, and Cockroft sent a free to half-way. The line put Blues going for twelve yards back; but Union second five booted the hard one back past half-way. A Union lash went to Gilmour who fell on his knees and propelled the ball forwards, the Union bustles getting it down to the corner, their heeling proving good and their passing futile, Lopdell clearing smartly to half-way with Gilmour up to the falling ball. Unfortunately he fell though he helped in the gaining of another twenty yards. Banks and Law as well as Service got relief with kicks, Union and Athletic do solid forward work for most of their territory. Few packs can stand such grueling for two long spells. Cockroft headed a great rush, but lost his men, Christophers relieving at the 25. Union passed from the line scrum but mucks drove them back, Middlemiss checking, and Union bettering further with a mark to half-way flag. Another Red wave swept over Blues, Stewart and Cockroft being prominent. A checking whistle sent Delargey through the Red ranks; there was another whistle, and Blues cleared further, Stead received, but Eanson very smartly took and kicked out at about 15 yards from Banks and Law north-west corner where a free came to Union from the line break. Union 3. The kick from middle and two small movements brought Blues to the Union 25, Dykes bettering. Blues attacked for the first time, Lopdell being handed one from scrum, the effort merely lining al-

most at once. Dykes again fed Lopdell, but a free resulted for an off-side take, and Gilmour and Prawn did good combined defence, Cockroft marking. St. George nullified the big forward's effort Prawn scrambling up. A scramble came and Eanson made some ground; and Cockroft and Eanson were in another gaining movement immediately afterwards, the ball getting to Blues' full. Then Union kicked to seven yards from the Law corner, the ball being heeled by the defenders and kicked to Eanson who potted as resultlessly as his backs had passed. A successful appeal gave the Reds a free, and then a free charge came for a bad shot at goal. Blues at once clearing to half-way. An exchange of kicks, Christophers to Eanson to Gilmour followed in sickening slowness, Union gaining slightly. Blues received a free sending the ball out about half-way for the whistle to call half-time. Union 3—a penalty, Banks and Law nil.

The sky brightened up in the interval and things looked more cheerful when the second spell opened. At once Stead gained 5 yards on the kick-off, and a Blue passing rush, which stopped when St. George met Eanson, the Reds managed to get to their own 25. Another Blue pass stopped at St. George, a gain of 5 yards having been effected with a well-judged transfer, Gilmour coming in again after feeding Lopdell, the double-handler being pushed out at the corner. Then there was an accident. On resumption Reds at once cleared to the 25, where the line heel caused Dykes to feed Stead who ran out to Gilmour, cutting out the Union centre, Gilmour feinting beautifully and cutting in when five yards from the posts, Dykes failing miserably with the kick. Union 3, Law 3. Eanson took the 25 kick which Stead anticipated, marking safely; but Cockroft received and sent back to half of half-way, a scrum following, with the Reds dashing and with a marvellous mark by Stewart. Cockroft kicked to Gilmour who returned with a great kick to five yards from the coveted Union line. Reds moved out of trouble and gained further ground on the next line, but still were in their own 25. Another line and they were five yards from half-way when a whistle stopped them, the scrum feeding Union half, the ball being transferred across the field for a gain of five yards. Dykes then made ten yards for his side and some vigorous poor football was seen from the three-alls. Christophers took a high one and sent to half-way line, when a Red rush gave Lopdell a speculation out. Reds were off-side next, but Prawn didn't gain, Red forwards dashing into attack, Galbraith showing; but Cockroft missed a pass and the Reds were five yards from Blues' line. Scrambles and many nulls followed in a long period of Union attack and a whistle went probably for rotten play, and Stead relieved to about the 25. The blind side was used by Kelly, but a knock on and a miss by Stewart brought a free, and Stead sent to Eanson, Broughton coming through gallantly for a thirty yards' gain. St. George got a catch but muddled, only about six yards coming off his late kick. The line heel allowed Dykes to set his men going—St. George to Stead—who cut out the second five of Union and sent Gilmour away with room, but the last named was slow and a scrum came, Blues again possessing, Dykes kicking to 25. Lopdell was fed from the line scrum, but he mis-kicked, losing ground to over the middle of the 25. However, Gilmour came through, Lopdell continuing, and Eanson checking with a boot to Gilmour who centred well, a force following. Cockroft made a great dribble, but Gilmour turned defence into attack and Union had to kick a free from behind their own line, 20 yards of relief coming. Union continued the move, but St. George stopped the rush and sent them back to the 25 flag, where Dykes fed Stead, a knock-on letting Union through to five yards over their 25. On they went with two grand forward rushes to well over half-way; but the line scrum fed Dykes—Stead—St. George—Lopdell—St. George for something to go wrong and a free to be sent to Stead the ubiquitous, Kelly returning to over half-way. The scrum feed saw Stead send to Eanson, and Blues were 5 yards in Reds' last 25. Middlemiss responded well to a defence call and Lopdell returned with Stead right on the dropping ball, but an appeal was fruitful and Reds got a free, Dykes giving a defence pass to Gilmour; but neither he nor Stead managed to clear, Union forwards gaining a stretch of seven yards. Another free to Union merely shifted play across to the opposite side, not a yard being gained or lost. The line brought a gain to Blues, but the Blues' forwards seemed fitter now with the Union scrummers tired through working hard for backs with no scoring powers, and they ran back to ten yards from Union's line. Reds cleared a pace or two with their strong liners. The scrum heel Dykes sent to Stead, who this time ran to the centre and transferred to Gilmour, who sent a lob to Lopdell, who got over after jumping over full Middlemiss's outstretched hands. Banks and Law

6, Union 3. The 25 came to St. George who returned to near the missed-goal kick-off line. Blues got on a fine dribble, but were unlucky in giving Middlemiss a couple of yards of space, and he cleared. The ball was sent out long, for a Union lash to relieve to nearly half-way. Union kicked to nimble St. George who darted in, beat Middlemiss but fell short, Middlemiss picking up and sending to the line, where swift Lopdell secured and scored. Banks and Law 9, Union 3. Then the whistle was heard for the last time. Banks and Law 9 (3 tries)—Union 3 (penalty). If Union had any way of scoring with their backs, they would be a great team.

BLUFF (14) v. PUBLIC SERVICE (5).
(Maroon and gold) (Black)

The teams were: Bluff—Backs, Percival, Long, Phillipson, Murphy, Latimer, Galbraith, Finnerty; forwards, Winter, McQuarrie, Budd, Trembath, Wroblensky, Tall, Gilroy, Potter.

Public Service: Backs, O'Connell, Morgan, Fortune, McKenzie, J. Dalgleish, Sligo, L. Dalgleish; forwards, Cameron, Sprout, Anderson, McDermott, Galt, Langbein, Sellars, Stobo.

Bluff won the toss and played with the wind. From the kick-off Service backs brought play into Bluff 25, but were foiled by Latimer's tackling. Bluff forwards then asserted themselves bringing into the opposing 25, where despite a free kick against them the forwards pressed hard, and McQuarrie scored. The kick failed. Bluff kept pressing and only once did Service look dangerous, when their forwards broke away, only to be stopped by Latimer. Bluff backs then put in a good rush, but Murphy spoilt by a hard kick; Service forcing down. Service now asserted themselves and were close upon Bluff line when Potter and Gilroy broke away, closely followed by the rest of the Bluff forwards, right down the field, thus giving Tall the chance to score well out. Budd failed to goal. Play ranged up and down the field, Service continually relieving by free kicks and line kicks. Then Phillipson for Bluff, after a passing rush, potted at goal but failed. From the kick-off a break away by Cameron brought play to half-way. The Service backs attempted a pass, but Latimer intercepted J. Dalgleish's pass and after a brilliant run scored between the posts. Phillipson converted. Half-time then sounded, Bluff 11, Service nil.

In the beginning of the second spell, play was in Service 25 until from a scrum Service forwards broke away. After this a series of line kicks ensued; Long (Bluff) caught one of these, broke away and looked like scoring, but was grassed by Fortune. Potter then broke away but in turn was stopped by a good tackle by O'Connell. Service were then relieved by a free kick. Bluff pressed hard, and after good scrum work, Tall scored. The kick failed. Bluff continued to press hard, but Service backs brought play into Bluff 25 where Service all but potted a penalty goal. For the rest of the spell play ranged up and down the field; but for the most part Bluff were defending. From a tight scrum, close on time, Sprout secured and scored well out. McKenzie goaled. From then on Service attacked but without result. The game ended. Bluff 14, Service 5.

The game was very interesting to watch. Bluff had improved a great deal from last Saturday. Both forward packs were in condition, but Bluff's weight told against Service. Service were a little slow in forming on the line-outs, with the result that the Bluff forwards secured the ball and broke away. The pick of the forwards were Potter, Gilroy, and Stobo. They were continually on the ball and did not miss a tackle. The backs did not show the same science as the forwards. Latimer and Finnerty put up a good game for Bluff. Latimer's tackling is worthy of note. J. Dalgleish and Fortune showed up well for Service. Taking all together the game was a good one to watch, no funk, no collaring high, and the members of both teams worked in unity.

A system of road-making is under way in England to last 100 years. Concrete, wooden blocks, and tar are the materials used.

Motor lorries shipped by American manufacturers to Norway have been refused admission into that country because they were not in conformity with the new wheel and type specification. Norway is the first country in the world to propose national legislation enacting that motor lorries up to two tons capacity be equipped with pneumatic tyres so as to prevent damage to the roads and to cut down the excessive cost of highway repairs due to the use of solid tyres. The Act is to become operative this month.

DRAUGHTS.

(By F. Hutchins.)

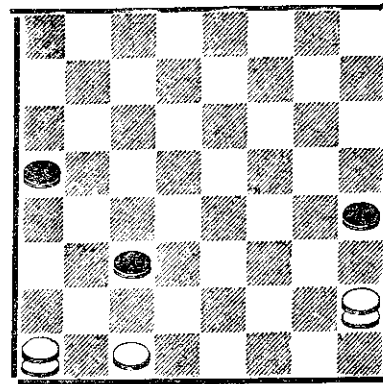
Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

PROBLEM 19

(Author Unknown.)

Black 13, 20, 22.

White 30, Kings 28, 29.



White to play and win.

Per favour of the Rev. J. Collie.

Very neat.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM 18.

Black 15, 17, 21, Kings 10, 32.

White 20, 30, Kings 9, 16.

White to play and draw. 9.13, 17.22, 13.17, 22.25, 17.22, 25.29, 16.11.

Game played between Messrs S. E. Cousins and W. Simeon, Northampton, in a local League match.—

WATERLOO.

(From "Draughts World.")

Black—Simeon.		White—Cousins.	
11.15	25.22	19.16a	16.12
23.18	5.9	12.19	19.24
8.11	21.17	23.16	12.8
18.14	19.23	5.9	24.27
9.18	26.10a	16.12	8.4
24.19	7.21	10.14	27.32
15.24	28.24	12.8	4.8
22.8	2.7	14.23	32.27
4.11	24.19	26.19c	7.2
27.20	7.10	9.14	10.15
10.15	32.27	8.3	8.11
22.18	1.5	11.15	19.23
6.10	31.26	19.16	22.18
29.25	3.7	15.19b	13.17
10.15			Drawn.

(A) White seems powerful here.

(B) 7.2 is very strong.

(C) 8.11, 14.17.—B. wins.

(D) An interesting game.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

I learn from the "Glasgow Herald" that a reply has been received from Mr N. W. Banks, the American champion, expressing satisfaction that arrangements are in progress for a match between himself and Mr Stewart. He says: "I will meet Mr Stewart in a 40 game match on the two-more restriction style to be played in Scotland or England, the American Checker Association, in conjunction with the British Association, to raise a purse to be played for, I to receive 500 dollars expense money and the purse to be divided either 70 per cent, to winner, 30 per cent, loser or winner take all. You will note I have not set any specified purse to be raised but feel sure the purse will be 1000 dollars, after my expenses are paid, as I hear the American players will respond."

The editor says: "It is evident that Mr Banks means business, and as Mr Stewart, I understand, is equally keen, there does not appear to be anything in the way to prevent this international contest from coming off. With regard to the purse Mr Banks hopes there will be at least £200 to divide. We think an effort should be made to increase the amount to £300, after allowing the American's expenses. Probably a decision will be arrived at shortly."

TRAPS TO BE AVOIDED.

The following beautiful trap occurred in a game between Messrs G. Reid and J. Marshall.—Kelso Exchange.

10.15	10.15	1.6	2.6	13.22
22.18	29.25	18.14	27.24	30.26
15.22	9.13	6.9	16.20	White
25.18	24.19	22.18	14.10	Wins.
6.10	15.24	11.16	7.14	
26.22	28.19	25.22	22.17	

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page five.)

"She is not," said the old man firmly. "The ceremony will not take place. Miss Millbank will not marry you to-morrow."

"If not to-morrow, then when?"

"Never!"

The judge uttered the word quietly, but with a grim emphasis in his tone.

Kitty uttered a little gasp, the colour came to her cheeks, and her eyes shone.

At last she had a friend. Daddy was on her side. She had the sensation of a fighter hard pressed, who suddenly discovers a powerful ally standing by her side.

Beaumont Chase for a moment made no reply, but his brows narrowed, and an ugly look came into his sleepy eyes.

When he did speak, his pleasant, quiet voice remained unchanged.

"Very well, Sir John, we will discuss this matter another time, I think we are all tired to-night."

He crossed the room, and rang the bell. Mr Underwood, the millionaire's personal servant, arrived and unlocked the door.

"Good-night, Sir John! Good-night, Miss Millbank!" said Chase, with a bow, and there was a little smile upon his lips.

Kitty led the old man out of the room. "Do you want me any more to-night, sir?" said Underwood.

"Yes, That solicitor chap, has he gone yet?"

"No, sir; he is packing."

"Send him here."

A few minutes later, Mr Jacob Jole entered the presence of the millionaire.

As soon as they were alone together, Beaumont Chase laughed.

The solicitor flushed angrily, but before he could speak the other said pleasantly:

"Have a drink?"

In a few moments the two men were seated opposite one another in comfortable armchairs, with the whisky and soda on a small table between them.

"You made a hash of your job to-night," Mr Jole nodded gloomily.

"But, of course, you are right!"

"Eh?"

Jacob Jole nearly dropped his glass.

"Foster did not kill Lord Haverham," proceeded the millionaire. "I never doubted he was guilty till he confessed it. Then I knew he was lying. He accused himself to save someone else."

"You think that?" exclaimed Jole eagerly.

"I am sure of it. Now why did he make that confession and who is he trying to shield?"

"Judge Millbank," declared Jole sagely.

"But why?"

"Heaven knows!"

Beaumont Chase remained seriously thoughtful for a while. Then he smiled again.

"Look here, Mr Jole," he said quietly, "I am a plain man, and I always put my cards on the table, face upwards. For reasons of my own, I want to get a hold over Sir John Millbank. You have certain documents, certain evidence you have collected. That evidence now appears to be worthless. So it is to you. You can't fight a man like Millbank. He is too big for you. Still, you have certain evidence which appears to incriminate him."

"I have evidence which, if properly used, will hang him!" cried Jole.

"Good! What do you want for it?"

(To be continued.)

BIRDIE YARNS.

'Twas when Birdie came along in 1917, early in 1916 to inspect the latest arrivals from Australia that he bumped up against a company of the finest stalwarts, a good many over the 6ft mark. It was not in a whisper that he remarked what a fine lot of Australians they were, and he casually stopped before a bunch of the best and asked one:

"What part of Australia do you come from?"

"South Coast, New South Wales, sir," was the reply.

"And you?" (to the next).

"Kilkenny, Oireland, sor."

General Birdwood: "I congratulate the Fifth Brigade on the success of the recent operations. It is quite up to all the splendid traditions of the other brigades of the Second Division. In fact, I have no hesitation in saying that the Second Division is the finest in the Australian army. When the lads had finished cheering Birdie, an old staff-sergeant grunted: 'It's very nice, but he says the same thing to all the other divisions.'"

An ox is considered to have two-thirds the strength of a horse, a mule about one-half, and a man between one-fifth and one-sixth.



Racing Notes.

DATES OF MEETINGS.
SEASON 1920-21.

September 11.—Otago Hunt Club (Wingatui).
October 3, 9.—Dunedin Spring Meeting.
October 23, 25.—Gore Spring Meeting.
November 6, 8, 10, 13.—N.Z. Cup Meeting.
November 17, 18.—Winton Jockey Club.
November 25, 27.—Forbury Jockey Club.
December 15, 16.—Lake County Jockey Club.
December 27.—Gore Trotting Club.
December 27, 28.—Dunedin Summer Meeting.
January 1.—Wyndham Annual Meeting.
January 3, 4.—Invercargill Summer Meeting.
January 19.—Wairio Annual Meeting.
January 26.—Tapanui Annual Meeting.
February 2.—Winton Trotting Club.
February 5, 7.—Forbury Park Trotting Club.
February 9, 12.—Dunedin Cup Meeting.
February 23.—Clifden Racing Club.
March 9, 10.—Gore Autumn Meeting.
March 16, 17.—Southland Autumn Meeting.
March 26, 28.—Riverton Annual Meeting.
March 26.—Lawrence Annual Meeting.
March 28.—Beaumont Annual Meeting.
May 5, 7.—Forbury Park Trotting Club.
June 1, 3, 4.—Dunedin Winter Meeting.

Winton Jockey Club had a very successful season, and secretary Harry Price presented a good account of the year's working to the annual meeting last night.

The seven stone minimum advocated by the Dunedin Jockey Club was again thrown out by the Racing Conference. It really doesn't matter because every club has the right of fixing its own minimum when drawing up its programme.

The Birchwood Hunt Club had a nice little spree after their steeplechase on Wednesday evening, but the Digger bloke wasn't on the list of invitations. Bad luck when one drinks so much that it is too costly to invite him to a smoke on.

For the first time for seven years Marton has lost pride of place in the winning sires list this season. Demosthenos with £27,756 heads him off, his stock having won £24,466. Each had forty-four winners of place money going for them.

Josh Lewis who should know, writes in this week's "Referee" that Silverpeak is not the short-pedigreed mare on her dam's side that many would make her out to be. Short pedigree or not she can make fast times over a short course, and has won £2130 for Bill Stone this season.

President Hazlett was known on the Racing Conference a year of two ago as "the stormy petrel from the South," but he has quietened down with the experience he is getting each year on this body, and was only heard enough last week to be reported two or three times.

What sort of a job will bookmaking be when Mataura Anderson has fixed up his bill? The fine business don't cut much ice, but the "cooler" is quite another matter. It is reported that the leading man in Dunedin is packing up his traps for the other side, where the law allows the game. But still it will be carried on throughout New Zealand until the end.

Despite Curry and Co's strong recommendations, the question of licensing jockeys by the Conference was again thrown out. Representative Hazlett was a strong opponent to the motion, and made strong representations for another chance being given to repentant sinners. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind!

Jockeys are to get more money for their work and so they should. They had only to ask for it, or almost anything else in reason in a nice manner and they would get it. There is no more generous employer in the world than an owner, and he is always open to receive suggestions that will improve the conditions of the sport and its followers. But one does like to be asked in a nice way, and not demanded as a highway-man would have done in the bad old days.

A good crowd witnessed the flag steeplechases at Otatau on Wednesday afternoon. Martin O'Brien (a brother of Te Tui Mick), won the heavy-weight race with Lady Betty, and J. Flynn's Miss Trixie with Digger Joe Taylor astride was first home in the light-weights. H. Marshall's good little pony Glenisla had a couple of spills in the heavy division but ran two good races finishing second on each occasion.

The Nature Column.

Rain, the source of water supply, has come into prominence of late owing to the activity in connection with hydro-electric undertakings.

The lack of sufficient rainfall data must handicap our hydro engineers, in that they have either to under-develop the powers or run a risk of failure during exceptional periods of drought. No lake control system can fully safeguard a power supply unless the amount of water entering the lake for a series of years can be foretold with some accuracy. If the average annual draw-off amounts to more than the average annual inflow there must inevitably come a time of stringency. This presupposes that all the water entering the lake is impounded. But where great seasonal changes take place in the rainfall it may not be economical to construct a dam to hold all the inflow. This makes it all the more necessary to ascertain the inflow during the longest likely dry period. It is held by some authorities that the gauging of a stream over a short period, without taking the rainfall at the same time, and comparing it with long period rainfall statistics is unsafe. Unfortunately it is not possible to make this comparison properly in the Dominion, for the water-powers are mostly in inaccessible places, with sparse population, and the Government with a not unusual lack of foresight has not encouraged scientific investigations. We should not wait for the Government so far as our own system is concerned. For less than £200 five or six automatic rain gauges could be installed round Lake Monowai and would afford most valuable information. The gauges would need to be read once a year and the work could probably be done for nothing if the Board invited the assistance of the right people. These gauges would only afford close approximation, as rainfall varies enormously between stations only a short distance apart, and greatly from month to month. In the Sudbury watershed, Boston, which is comparable to the Monowai in size and is hilly, the maximum run-off in July, the dry month, was 20.9in. and the minimum 3.6, and many other months showed similar differences. The average rainfall in England is 25 inches, yet in one place it averages nearly 139 inches. The world's record rainfall is held by Cherra Poonjee, in Assam, with an average of 459 inches. If the figures given by Mr Fowler in a lecture previously published in this paper are correct, some places round Monowai must approach this record. Fortunately for us, the rainfall of New Zealand, owing to its configuration, is very steady, but even so there is a great discrepancy between the amount of rain on the West Coast and on the Canterbury plains. The cause of this is as follows:—

Rain is generally preceded by cloud formation, being the condensation of the invisible water vapour in the air. The only process in nature by which this condensation can occur to produce rainfall, is the cooling involved by transfer of air from a lower to a higher level. We are all aware that air compressed in a bike pump gets hot, conversely when it is expanded it becomes cooler. Air at different temperatures has the power of holding a certain amount of water vapour. The hotter it is the more vapour it can hold. As we ascend through each 180 feet the temperature of the air, owing to its expansion, will fall about 1 degree. If the ascent of the air be sufficient it will be cooled to the dewpoint. The dewpoint is that degree of temperature (varying with the amount of moisture) at which the water vapour can no longer exist as such. The dewpoint having been reached small drops of rain are formed, and it is necessary for this formation that minute particles of dust shall exist in the air. As the process goes on more water is thrown out and the droplets grow until they ultimately become large enough to fall to the ground as rain. While the droplets are small they float like so much thistledown. Now we can see why the rainfall in the Fjord country and on the West Coast is heavy. The wind sweeping over the ocean becomes saturated with moisture, on striking the Southern Alps or other mountains it is forced abruptly upwards, a lowering of temperature takes place and heavy precipitation follows. A large amount of what is known as latent heat is locked up in water vapour and the condensation of this vapour releases the heat.

Systematic weather records would do much to boom Southland, and stations should be established all over the province as they are in England. Most of the observations in the Old Country are made by unpaid enthusiasts who vie with one another in producing the best sunshine and rainfall records. We have a longer day in summer than Auckland and we should endeavour to prove by records that this end of the Dominion is not the cold bleak spot pictured by our northern neighbours.

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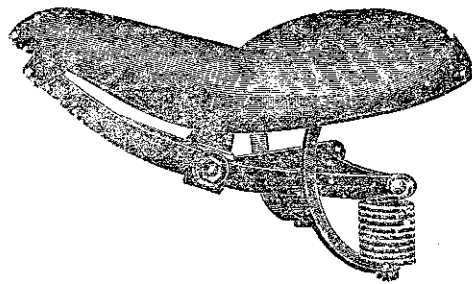
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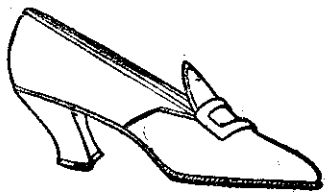
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FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

BUTLER.—In loving remembrance of Private Francis Joseph, of Round Hill, who was killed in action, somewhere in France, on July 18, 1918. R.I.P.

With aching hearts we shook his hand,
Tears glistening in our eyes;
We wished him luck, but never thought
it was our last good-bye.
The war is really over, to some these
words sound nice
But, oh, the sad hearts of those whose
loved ones paid the price.
Could we have stood beside his grave
and seen him laid to rest,
The blow would not have been so hard,
For those who loved him best.
—Inserted by his mother and sisters.

GIBBS.—In loving memory of Lance-Corporal J. Gibbs, killed in France, on July 22, 1917, beloved eldest son of Mr and Mrs H. Gibbs, Centre Bush.

Far away from those who loved him,
Comrades laid him down to rest.
In a hero's grave he's sleeping,
One of God's bravest and best.
We who love you sadly miss you,
As it dawns another year;
In the lonely hours of thinking
Thoughts of you are ever dear.
We are thinking of you often,
In that grave not far away;
How we wish that you were with us,
For we miss you day by day.
—Inserted by his loving father, mother,
brothers, and sisters. 3175

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1920.

T.B. MEN.

The treatment meted out to T.B. men does not seem to be all that is desired, despite ministerial assurances. Our minds are still fresh with the circumstances of the travelling Medical Board which toured the country, and discharged men who required treatment for some time to come. Their wings were to some extent clipped by the widespread disapproval of returned soldiers, backed by public opinion. It would seem, from the position of men who have received treatment at the Cashmere Hills Sanatorium, that men are still discharged who should be under treatment. The assurance of Mr Guthrie that everything possible was being done for these men does not satisfactorily explain the unsatisfactory set of conditions existing. The statement that men in sanatoria were being treated by the medical staff under the Defence Department is all very well, but where we complain is that the department seem too anxious to get these men off their hands. The "after care" officers, that the Minister assures us are distributed throughout the length and

breadth of the country, have certainly become more prominent since the R.S.A. Conference entered its emphatic disapproval of the treatment of T.B. men. Prior to that, it is very questionable if the majority of men knew of these officers. Mr Guthrie's explanation of the special areas of land set aside for these men is beside the question, and the question is purely one of treatment of soldiers whilst in sanatoria, and also the question of pension when they are discharged. No doubt some of the uninitiated will charge the R.S.A. of grousing, and here is a sample of what we are grousing about:—

A man returned to New Zealand certified T.B., admitted Cambridge Sanatorium. Discharged, pension 100 per cent. for six months. Re-examined by Pensions Board doctor; pension reduced to £1 10s per week, and told to go to work. Patient states could hardly walk at time. Takes to bed within two months. Admitted to Cashmere Military Sanatorium as an incurable. Later, died at Cashmere on the 28th June, 1920.

Returned to N.Z. in June 1919. Discharged fit A. Undertook farming under Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act. After six months was medically examined (Dr. Woodward), diagnosed T.B. Doctor opined lack of thoroughness in examination by army medical officer.

Returned to N.Z. in February, 1919. Out-patient for three months. Admitted Cashmere Civilian Sanatorium. Five months' treatment; pension 87½ per cent. for six months. Undertook farm work; relapse; pension 100 per cent. six months from May, 1920. Admitted Cashmere Sanatorium in June 1920.

Returned to N.Z. certified T.B. positive. Admitted to Cashmere Sanatorium, then transferred to Cambridge Sanatorium; discharged, marked improvement. Two months after pension expires. Re-examined by Pensions Board doctor and reduced to £1 per week pension. Tries farm work and breaks down. Tries gardening with same result. Gets position as sculleryman in boarding house; is discovered ill by medical officer in charge Cashmere Military Sanatorium, who happens to be boarding there. Admitted Cashmere Military Sanatorium, and has been in the institution ten months to date.

These are the wrongs the R.S.A. are continually striving to adjust and yet we find returned soldiers who do not seem to have their comrades interest sufficiently at heart to link up with the Association and assist in bringing pressure to bear upon the authorities to provide a remedy for them. In not one sphere of R.S.A. activity has the Government moved until the utmost pressure was brought to bear upon it. This haphazard method of dealing with T.B. men can only involve the country in needless expense as the cost will be infinitely greater than had they received adequate treatment in the beginning.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

The first annual ball of the Commercial Travellers and Warehousemen's Association was held in the Victoria Hall, on Friday July 16. The function, which was undoubtedly the success of the season, reflects great credit on those who promoted and organised it.

The hall was tastefully decorated with native ferns and greenery and the stairway with its arch was a work of art.

At 8.15 p.m. fully 200 couples took the floor to music supplied by Messrs Aldridge's full orchestra.

Everything went along with a swing and the writer could not suggest any improvement in the arrangements. The catering was left in the capable hands of Mr T. Dyer, while Mr W. J. Boyce had charge of the liquid refreshments.

The programme catered alike for old and young and it was delightful to see so many of the old timers coming back to the ballroom. The gaily decorated hall and the pretty dresses added a wealth of charm to the evening's amusements.

Among those whom I noticed present were Messdames Wood, Macauley, Nicholson, Foster, Freeby, Sherriffs, Boyce, Penman, McGill, Mitchell, Barry, Fleming, Patton, Aitken, Rice, Vickery, Owen, Blackie, Gamble, Raines, O'Neil, Tattersfield, Brokenshire, Leck, Nisbet, Misses Brown, Thompson, Raeside, Strang, Thomson, McChesney H., McChesney M., Miller, Ashley A., Penman, Washer, Fleming, McKay, Godward, Brooks, Gerard, Dykes (2), Oughton, Spiers, Rein, Whitaker, Lenihan, Wade, Metzger, Brown, England; Messrs Baird, Barnsdale, Brokenshire, Connor, Dennison, Domigan, Edwards, Geddes, Grace, Hall, Hobbs, Ives, Macauley, McGill, Nisbet, Porteous, Pay, O'Neil, Rice, Roys, Sheehan, Sherriffs, Springford, Tattersfield, Treby, Torrance, Washer, Wood, Woodward, Boyce, Gilmour, Hadfield, Miller (2) Ashley, Raines, Owen, Vickery, Rice, Blackie, and many others.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

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AN EPISTLE TO THE "GROPER."

Dear Groper,—There is a wise old saying anent the advisability of cobblers "sticking to their lasts." I am moved to recall it to your mind on reading your paragraph on Joseph McCabe. That you should differ from me in your estimate of that gentleman's abilities matters nothing, but that you should indulge in disparaging remarks without offering any reasons or evidence for your statements matters a good deal. You refer to McCabe as a "bubble," the type of all that is evanescent and unstable. It will probably therefore, be news to you to learn that the gentleman has been doing more lecturing and literary work during the past year than ever before. He has recently concluded a series of addresses on evolution at the People's Palace, London, the audiences at which averaged 1200. And this after nearly twenty years' platform activity! Verily, your simile of "bubble" seems ill-chosen. Again, you hint that his "Bible in Europe" has been discredited by a reply from Arthur H. Tabrum. If you mean the Rev. A. H. Tabrum your statement is simply grotesque. Tabrum has been the stock joke among rationalistic circles for many years and periodically comes to light with some weird and wonderful statement or other, only to be promptly snuffed out by the exact knowledge and wide culture of his opponent. The "Bible in Europe" was among the earliest of McCabe's forty or fifty volumes. I don't know how many editions it has gone through, but it is still selling well. Hardly a "bubble" reputation!

No, no, "Groper," stick to Burns. You're at home on "Holy Wullie," and I am prepared to trust you implicitly on the pedigree of Tam o' Shanter's mare, but on certain other subjects you're a "fish out of water," a groper, so to speak, out of his element.—I am, etc., "A."

Secretary, R.S.A., Balclutha.—In reference to your enquiry as to what led up to our interview with the Hon. J. G. Coates, during his recent visit to Invercargill, it may be briefly stated that it was due to the capacity and initiative of our staff. A soldier's "cause" is our "cause," wherever he may be, and we will always take his case up and endeavour to secure him justice through the medium of "The Digger." We are not affected by a parochial atmosphere but exist to propagate the "universal cause of the soldier," his widow and dependents. It was this attitude which enabled us to take up the cause of the soldiers on the Clifden settlement, the result of which we published for general information. The Hon. J. G. Coates, was Minister of Public Works, and it shows a good spirit for him to interest himself in matters which do not fall directly under his department. Regarding other particulars we have none except what has been published, and a private report on the situation which did not come from the settlers themselves.—Editor, "The Digger."

THE LAST TRIBUTE.

A very sad death occurred in Dipton, on the 30th June, when Private John Ross, late 27th Reinforcements, died after a very long illness from after effects of active service. He being a member of the Dipton R.S.A. was accorded a military funeral on Saturday, July 3rd, which was taken part in by all the members of the local branch.

The firing party consisted of Corporals Gerrard, Evans, Privates W. Nevin, T. Nevin, H. Sparks, F. Hogarth and R. Morton, under the supervision of Staff-Sgt. Major Kynaston.

The pall-bearers were Privates W. Anderson, J. Crawford, E. Devery and W. Cassin; artillery drivers were Sgt. O'Callaghan and Private McCurdy, the gun-carriage being attended by two N.C.O.'s from Invercargill. The burial service was conducted both at the house and the graveside by the Rev. F. J. Lylee.

The late Private J. Ross was well known in sporting circles, and always took a keen interest in athletics of all kinds. He was a very much esteemed member of the local branch of the R.S.A., and it is with regret that we report his untimely death.

Linked in peril, pride and pain,
Australians staunch and bold;
What we've done we'd do again,
And what we've won we'll hold.
In the heart of grateful France
The memory shall endure,
Of Anzac rifle, sword, and lance,
And Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

NAVIGATION OF THE WAIAU

REPORTS ON THE PROPOSAL.

The following is an extract from the report of Messrs Hay and Vickerman, consulting engineers, to the Southland Electric Power Board:—

BOAT UP WAIAU RIVER.

In order to test this method a trip was made up the Waiau in February in a launch of the ordinary type. The progress was very slow. This was attributed by Captain Allen (of Messrs Hatrick and Co., Wanganui River Station) to the unsuitability of the launch, his statement being that with one of the launch type and good power the trip could be made in eight hours, and down in two hours. To gain experience of what is done on the Wanganui river, a trip was made from Wanganui to Taumarunui on 20th, 21st and 22nd May. Mr Hinchey of the Power Board being present. The river was in slight flood, the quantity of water being comparable with the ordinary flow of the Waiau. The grade is only half as steep, but owing to the rise being virtually by steps at the rapids, some of these are practically the same as those on the Waiau, the difference being that the Waiau had a constant succession of which would be called, had rapids on the Wanganui.

The stages up the river were done as follows: (1).—Wanganui—Pipiriki, 55 miles per s.s. Waione, 250 H.P., dep. 7 a.m., arrived 4 p.m. on 20th May. (2).—Pipiriki houseboat, 59 miles, per oil launch Otumui, 75 H.P., dep. 5 a.m., arrived 7.45 p.m. 21st May; (3).—Houseboat Taumarunui per oil launch Ongarue, 50 H.P., dep. 6 a.m., arrived 3.30 p.m. on 22nd May.

It was quite evident that the boat of the "tunnel" type can be successfully handled and could be used on the Waiau, but they must have ample power, being proportioned to the speed of the river and to the load to be carried, the crest of transport thus rising with the grade.

The Waione, the vessel offered by Hatrick and Co., is steam driven, 150 ft. long, 14 ft. wide, and draws 12 in light and 20 in loaded. She was rated at 250 H.P. per hour 18 years ago, but now probably does not more than 11 miles per hour. By taking the deck-house off she could carry 30 tons. She is too big for the Waiau river, and for her condition much too dear at £7,500, this being probably several times her original cost. She is employed between Pipiriki and Wanganui, owing to the insufficiency of water above and during her trip carried a captain, two deck hands, two firemen, an engineer and a fitter; this being, it was said, a five-man and fitter more than usual.

The size of boat suggested by Captain Allen, viz., 85 ft. long, 10 ft. wide, to carry 20 tons and engine with two Thompsoncroft kerosene engines, each 75 H.P., is the most suitable. The engines are quoted at £1284 each f.o.b., London. The hull should be of steel plate to stand wear on the shingle, the experience on the Wanganui river being that timber is too easily damaged, and too liable to leak. A boat would thus cost from £2300 to £4000. Engines are said to be obtainable without much delay, but the hull could not be supplied at once from England and would have to be made in New Zealand or Australia.

WAIUAU RIVER NAVIGATION.

(Report by Mr W. Hinchey.)

In compliance with the wishes of the Board I accompanied Mr H. Vickerman on a visit to the Wanganui river on May 20th, 21st, and 22nd, for the purpose of comparing it with the Waiau river with the view to the possibilities of navigating the latter.

For the first twenty miles the Wanganui flows slowly and the influence of the tide is felt for that distance, consequently navigation is easy.

Light draft steam boats of the "tunnel" type are used up to Pipiriki—a distance of sixty miles. The "Waione" (250 H.P.) the boat we travelled by—carries about forty tons, and averaged seven miles per hour, including stops. A rapid called "Matahiwi," below Pipiriki, with a fall of nine feet in fifteen chains, was taken by this boat without a rope.

At Pipiriki we transferred to a motor boat 75 ft. long, 7 ft. beam, and 75 H.P. using kerosene. On this reach of the river rapids are more frequent and the current generally is much faster. This boat averages five miles per hour with the engine in good condition. Many of the rapids on this reach appeared to me equally as

Waiau rapids, and they were rated, with one exception, without assistance of ropes. The exception was "Tairepokiri," or "Hell's Gates." The river is narrow at this place, with a bend resembling the bend below the proposed bridge site on the Waiau, and the rapid is very steep, so difficulty was experienced in getting the boat over it with little delay. At the boathouse we transferred to a smaller motor boat of the same type, averaging four miles per hour, with H.P. engine. This reach of the river is much swifter than the lower reaches, and consequently many more boats are run, and the captain of the boat assumes that the current on many of the rapids was from seven to eight miles per hour. On only one of them was a rope used, where the fall was said to be ten feet in one and a half chains.

Wanganui differs from the Waiau in that it has less than half the fall per mile, and has long runs of moderate current, and then a rapid, or comes down by a series of rapids, whereas the Waiau with much greater fall sweeps along with a faster average current all the way.

I was much impressed with the manner in which the boats were handled. The "tunnel" system of construction with double rudders gives perfect control in swift currents, and they appeared to answer to the movements of the wheel with the ease and safety of motor cars. Some of the worst rapids on the river were navigated in the darkness, and without lights of any kind outside of the engine-room, which is a tribute to the keen eyesight and perfect knowledge of the river possessed by the men in charge.

After having seen what is being done on the Wanganui, I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion the navigation of the Waiau river is a proposition capable of practical accomplishment, and the most suitable boats would be high speed twin-engine motor boats of the type recommended by Captain Allen.

I wish to express my appreciation of the courtesy and hospitality extended to Mr. Vickerman and myself by Messrs. Rutland and Co., and by Captain Allen and the river staff, every facility having been afforded us for obtaining information concerning their system of river transport.

MARKET NOTES.

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

Produce.—Potatoes are in heavy supply and are slow selling at 25 to 25 10s per ton. Seed Potatoes are in demand at up to 10s per cwt. Onions are plentiful and are selling at up to 12s per cwt. Cabbages (for feed) 5s 4d to 5s 9d per bushel. Chaff.—Prime quality to 25 10s per ton; discoloured 25. Caten Straw, 25 10s per ton; damaged, 2s 6d per bale. Mop's Linseed Meal, 30s per bag. Mop's Oil Good, 30s per bag. Calfskin, 6s per bag. Bran, 10s per bag. Pollard, 12s per bag. Barley Food, 12s per bag. Molasses, 11s 6d per cwt.

Fruit.—Apples are in heavy supply, and prices show a decrease. Choice Desert Apples are selling at from 3d to 4d per lb first grade. Cooking Apples, 7s to 8s per case. Pears.—Choice Desert are selling at up to 4d per lb; secondary, 2 1/2d to 3d lb. Cooking Pears, 2d to 2 1/2d per lb. Vegetables.—Cabbage, 5s to 6s each. Swedes, 2s to 3s 6d per bag. Carrots, 4s per bag. Parsnips, to 2d per lb.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick, 2s 3d per brick, 2s wholesale. Horse Covers (best American Duck) £2 15s to £3 each. Cow Covers, 22s 6d to 30s. Boots, 35s per pair. Hoses, 10s per tin. Tea, 12s per packet. Jam, 2s 6d per pot. Mutton Birds, 1s per bird.

Motor Cars.—One Buick, five-seater, £250; one Halliday five-seater, £175; One late model Studebaker, £430; One Douglas Motor Cycle, £35; 1 Triumph, late model kick start, 4 h.p. £100. These motors are guaranteed in tip-top order and any trial will be given.

Furniture.—We have supplies of new pattern Linoleums, and invite your inspection of same at our Spey street, warehouse. We stock all classes of furniture and bedding, and also have Pianos and Sewing Machines for sale.

Land Department.—532 acres flat rich land, 1/2 mile from school and post office, situated in the Mossburn district. The property includes a seven-roomed dwelling, a two-roomed cottage, an eight stalled stable and loft, chaff house, implement shed, loose box, and shearing shed. About 70 acres ploughed and 160 acres in new grass. Price £13 per acre.

Mr. Chas. Duerden whose advertisement appears in our professional columns is now prepared to supply a full orchestra for parties, dances, or other functions requiring same. All inquiries should be directed to Mr. Duerden, direct to his residence, 25 Princess street, Georgetown, Invercargill.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

WEDNESDAY GAMES.

STAR (8) v. WAIKIWI (8).

Waikiwi's showing against Western District had pointed to the suburbanites as an improving team, while Star's defeat at Gore, and its succession of losses gave rise to conjecture of some falling off in standard of play for the team that once held its head so high. The above result speaks for itself. Waikiwi showed bustling tactics from the opening, the Star full being caught. A free and several judiciously kicked lines sent Star into fair position, where a shot failed, Waikiwi forcing. Changes of territory came through forward efforts, Whyte leading his pack, and Leggatt that of Star. Star put up fair defence against Waikiwi. A break in the suburban placing allowed the Star centre, Brown, to score well out. Star 3. A long Waikiwi attack was resultless except for forces, Star finally getting into position by clever work by C. Oughton on the wing, his anticipation and in kicking being good. The second spell Star opened with attack, but the tackling was good, and two more attempts to transfer a try failed, Waikiwi opening the Star lines with a great kick which finally forced Star. A series of handling efforts were attempted by Waikiwi, Darragh and Dawson and Sloan, being prominent. At length a forward came through and passed in instead of out, Dallas, with a support, receiving to score close to the posts amid the vociferous cheering of the spectators of the other game. Darragh made it. Waikiwi 5, Star 3. The Waikiwi continued attack a new man on scoring in a race in which he beat a solitary Star for the corner flag. Waikiwi 8, Star 3. The Star then tried passing, and did well, making one wonder why they have so neglected it. From about 40 yards out from the middle of Waikiwi north-east line, a Star set-scrum feed saw Agnew transfer to Brown who cut in and ran straight to the full, most unselfishly passing out with two men to spare, when he might easily have had the honour himself. This was as fine a try as has been scored this season. Lily goal. Waikiwi 8, Star 8. Star kept passing, but were not awarded another try. Waikiwi came back to Star line to force, but neither side bettered, the game being a draw, 8 each.

INVERCARGILL (2) v. ATHLETIC (2).

Great interest centred around this match which would decide the team to meet the Star, no one giving Waikiwi much hope of even drawing with the redoubtable. Those who watched the game certainly received their money's worth in thrills and in excitement, the closeness of the scores indicating the determined character of one of the best fought, seen here for years, and if our representatives strive with the determination and perseverance of the 30 in this game, Southland need have no fear that its trained side will do it other than honour, however the scores go. Blues were well lined out for their kick-off, Midland overruling it high to north-east, and Roche returning to within five yards from mid-flag, the first line scrum feeding Cleland, who gained 10 yards with a side-line punt. The second line went to Blues, as did the third, their wing attempting a short side pass. The next line was in Green's favour, their wing, Mapletop, being fed from the scrum, his kick being good. The line full returned it well to about half-way. The parallels brought Green possession and five yards' gain, which was further improved by Coakley's booting to 12 yards over middle line, Gilroy immediately gaining 10 yards more with a clever left from a weak Blue kick. The ball was then possessed by Shepherd, who sent it to the Blues' corner. The Athletic tactics made the game look neat and workmanlike. There had been little wasted effort up to this point, and Greens were in excellent position for attack. What did they do? They carried the line and fed full Fraser with an over-kick, a slight relief to Blues' condors. Then Greens drove over the line and kicked a force. The 25 kick was returned to O'Byrne, who made his own 25 line, the movement being followed by a Blue dash of the forwards, with a passing attempt, when O'Byrne was pushed out several yards past mid-field. Greens at once cleared the line to the middle, O'Byrne missing and Vial speculating. Athletics kicked to Fraser who made the 25 well. From the line break by Blues, Green speculated back, Irving missed, another Blue lashed, and the Green wing, Mapletop, came up with the ball to be well tackled by O'Byrne. The Green forwards were too strong on this line which was fairly long, but a Blue lash went to Gilroy, who missed, and the Blue forward moved on to over-kick a mark to Coakley, the ball flying at half of half-way in Greens' half. The line kick of

Athletics went to Fraser, who failing to take, footed, his side losing about 20 yards on the exchange. Green secured from the line scrum, but Cleland intercepted and Gilroy returned the kick to half-way flag. A Green mark and a speculator did not alter the position, though Mapletop gained a yard or two later. A Blue free lost ground, Vial at once relieving, O'Byrne carrying on, his forwards coming through in a thick crowd, much hacking from the mixed forwards occurring. Then a great passing effort of I.F.C. failed, with the ball across the line. The scrum fed the backs and Irving was handed one by Vial, but fell short twice. Scrums on the line and lines near the corner ended with Greens clearing 20 yards, a free battering them further, Miller returning well and Davidson carrying on to the 25. The scrum let Greens centre kick and Fraser came up well to the take and mark, play going back to the 25. Green forwards moved, were checked, and the Blue scrummers at once came back at them; but a good pass from Gilroy to Mapletop allowed wing to clear what looked a deadly attack, or at least a penalty, near the goal. Blues dribbled again to distance, where O'Byrne marked and sent across the goal face, a great forward struggle resulting, the Greens clearing to well from home. The movement continued and Blues were clumsily forced. Coakley was slow in the return, and Miller and company smothered him to his 25. The Blues passed, wing Irving being at last blocked. He centred, but Gilroy forced. Play kept at Greens on defence, and Little and Irving shone in another handling. A pass came to Cleland, who slipped and cut in, the kick sending Blues to the Green corner. Again Blues passed, Vial jinking to lose the ball, which O'Byrne moved on with, a scrum resulting. The feed was instantaneous. Cleland came across from the blind side, took the ball from Davidson, the movement ending with Irving at the corner. I.F.C. 3. The 25 kick saw too many Blues near the ball, and they were driven to their last stretch. Greens moved on, O'Byrne checking. Roche headed a good rush, but Blues stayed off and though Greens got two marks, they cleared slightly. Greens tried passing, but it was poor, several attacks failing, the forwards all the time controlling. The spell ended Invercargill 5, Athletic nil. Then followed one of the most strenuous 45 minutes of football seen here for many a day. Athletic clear lines and I.F.C. lost rushes. Green backs kicking and line backs handling for tries, Roche, Keith, and Timpany, doing yeoman service for their side, and Whitaker, Garrett, Blawie, Todd, and Miller, battling against the big pack. Coakley did great footwork for his side, Vial, Cleland, Little, and Irving, struggled hard for scores, but none came. 11. Athletic forwards had much of the spell on attack, but their backs did not look like scoring except before Coakley hung on during a better transfer short. The intense excitement of the game roused to enthusiasm supporters, every bit of play being punctuated with cheers. The game ended with Greens attacking, and the score: Invercargill 3, Athletic nil.

This makes eleven games each team has played: I.F.C. have 14 points, Star 13, Athletic 11, Waikiwi 8. The 12th game will decide the premiership.

REP. MATCH FIXTURES.

The dates for the representative games are:—Canterbury, August 11th; Otago, August 25th; Waikato, September 1st (provisional); Wanganui, September 5th; Wellington, September 15th; South Canterbury, September 22nd; and a return match with Otago, at Dunedin, on September 25th.

Eighty-one years have elapsed since the first photographic portrait of a living person was taken. The process was then so slow that the sitter's face was covered with white powder, the exposure being about thirty minutes, and in bright sunshine!

A big showing and a final clearance of coats, fur costumes, millinery, and blouses at the huge reliability sale. We have gone carefully over our stocks and have decided on a speedy clearance—hence the big cut in prices. All these goods are of our usual high grade quality. Make a personal visit of inspection. Ladies' tweed coats sale prices 55/-, 70/-, 84/-; Fur in endless variety 19/6, 27/6, 45/-; Ladies' costumes in tweed, navy, and black, serges and gabardine, sale prices 59/6, 69/6, 85/- to 190/-; Models to clear, all one price, 19/6. Shades and ready-to-wears, 1/-, 1/11, 5/11, 12/11. Five dozen ladies blouses, sale price 4/6, 7/6, 10/6. A special line of white silk blouses to clear, 17/6. Coloured silk blouses and many other splendid offerings at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Stores, Tay street, Invercargill, and Main street, Gore.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Casual Advertisements—One insertion, 4/- per inch; 3/- per inch for each subsequent 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 one insertion of sixteen words.

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

My courtiers, I find this issue, takes exception to the McCabe paragraph of a fortnight ago. We always had letters of the "A." type fair and without spleen. Our regret is that the paragraphs don't bring forth more adverse comment. You are quite right "A." the name is "Tabrum." The "Groper" is not concerned with the abilities in general of this scribe, but says, in effect, that "Christianity and Slavery," by Tabrum, makes McCabe look silly—which it does. Read the book. Even Achilles was fatally weak in the heel tendon and Goliath not proof against the brook pebble in the sling of the stripling David. McCabe cannot expect to win all his bouts any more than Napoleon could. McCabe's chief fault is a too sweeping dogmatism. This fault is noticeable in more than one churchman who has gone to the other extreme.

To "A." the "Groper" will frankly confess the daily weakness of "Holy Wullie"; but if "A." is prepared to accept the "Groper" as an authority on the pedigree of "Tam o' Shanter's Maro," the "Groper" will not accept McCabe's (and incidentally "A.'s") opinion on the origin of man. When the "Groper" sits down over the fire and attempts to solve the eternal question from the books of the clever chaps he is convinced that the inquisitive and tireless tongue of the wife had its origin not in dumb, inarticulate protoplasmic mud but in the clarion blast of Gabriel's horn!

"Well, Mac, and what are you going to give the wife for her birthday?"

Mac: "I canna really say, but the last eleven birthday's she's had she's been wantin' a piano."

"Noo, Mistress Cameron, I'm shure ye'll be a drappie—ye're no strict teetotal?" Mrs Cameron: "O' yes, Mistress Brown, I'm a person o' principle and strictly teetotal, but my conscience winna hurt me if I tak' it free a tea-cup."

An Invercargill schoolboy's description of the County Council: "The County Council consists of a number of men, mostly Scotchmen, who run the affairs of the town headed by the Mayor."

Tonald: "I'm rale sorry she pit the sovereign in the plate on Sabbath in place o' the shillin'. I'd get her back and gie' them the shillin' she intendit."

Tongal: "No, no, she's gien her tae the Lord, so tae Hell wi' her."

The Rev. A. A. Murray, of Auckland, is not allowed all the freedom we could desire by his irate brethren of the cloth. We'd expect the treatment Murray is receiving from the church whose priests are automotons chanting a cast iron creed—not from the enlightened kirk of Scotland.

Professor Reinke (Lincoln University, U.S.A.), in a letter published in a contemporary N.Z. journal, says: "I note with interest the discussions on baptism that are going on in N.Z. That the N.Z. Presbyterian Church now far down on the toboggan, is showing itself intolerant, is not at all surprising to me. The truth is there is nothing under the heavens more intolerant than our modern honey-sweet liberalism. It is a smiler with a knife hidden under its cloak, if one may quote the phrase of Smiler Russell Lowell."

Surely it is apparent to all intelligent beings that the essence of true Christianity is charity. The injunctions of holy writ are "Above all these things put on charity," and yet again "And to brotherly kindness charity."

A beautifully docile and meek follower of the greatest one who ever trod the earth is Mannix—Archbishop Mannix. We wonder whether Christ or St. Peter gave him authority to preach the Gospel of hate. We hardly think that the Church of Savonarola and Damien can be proud of Mannix.

Archbishop Mannix, addressing the Clifton Catholic Summer school at Plattsburg, declared himself a Sinn Feiner. He said that Australian Catholics were solid for De Valera and affirmed that England was the greatest hypocrite in the world. He expressed the hope that Ireland would fight England, the same as the Americans did. Ireland has the same grievances against England which the American revolutionaries had, only they are ten times greater. England was your enemy, is your enemy, and shall be your enemy for all time.

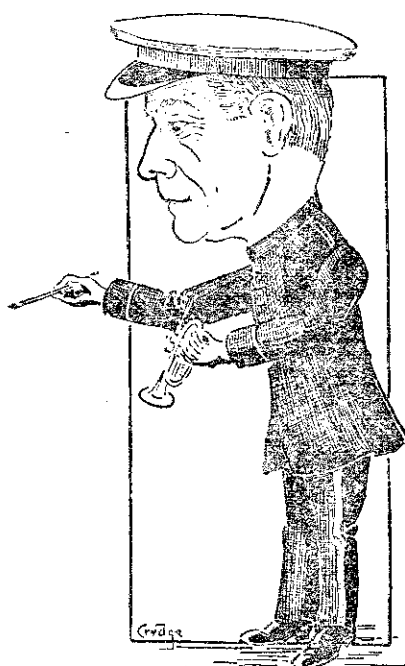
Poor fellow. For the time being he has left the spiritual order for the militant, and is shaping badly as a politician, much less a statesman. He has not even the

horse sense necessary to see that historic, political, and geographical considerations make an independent Ireland (for her own sake) impossible.

One man in this town "The Groper" frankly admires. He is David Scott the sword-arm, so as to speak, of the Labour party. He may have his faults, but with a heart in the right place he is busy writing and fighting for the cause of the bottom, or labour, dog. Most New Zealanders are workers. Here there is neither a "submerged tenth" nor an "upper ten." There is nevertheless room for improvement. Dave Scott doesn't propose to bring about the change by cutting the throat of every chap possessed of five bob more than he. Consequently "The Groper" proposes to help on the good work. The Editor has kindly granted space for a "Labour Carnival Subscription." "The Groper" kicks off with £2 2s. Send along your donations—Dave takes from a bob upwards.

Holland, M.P., is detracting from his other good qualities by sneering at the Prince of Wales. New Zealand says to Holland, "Hands off." We like the Prince for his own sake. If we didn't we would still show him respect. People of the Holland type fail to see that in honouring the Crown and all that pertains to it we honour ourselves, our institutions, our laws, our freedom, our Nation.

Councillor Baird has forfeited his seat by neglect. Bill did good work for the town. We thank him for it, but nevertheless agree that he should go. Could not one of our medical men be persuaded to devote a few hours a week to the town's service. Ewart, Pottinger, and Ritchie Crawford have been a while in our midst. It's up to one of them to stand or find a substitute from the medical ranks—with a proviso that he be a Scot.



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He Beats Time Easy

A man of parts is little Bob;
At acting and at music too,
He puts his soul into the job,
And does well, what he has to do.
He leads the bold Hibernian Band,
His progeny a credit are—
As soloists throughout the land,
Their names are known both near and far,
With Rex and Arthur, Bud and Bill,
No wonder that his band's in line,
With them he makes old time stand still,
For he beats time.

WAR TROPHIES.

In addition to asking the loyal co-operation of all soldiers for transport publications for the public library, we are anxious to receive on behalf of the Southland War Museum a collection of trophies. It is very important that nothing be lost that will be in any way a war trophy. Southland soldiers have played an important part in the war and we must preserve, for the benefit of those who follow, something of a tangible character.

Every part of the Dominion is seeking a collection of trophies and we must not be behind. Numbers of articles which have been brought from the battle front are being lost sight of, and we would be glad to receive anything at all. Name and address must be sent, also full particulars of article, where found, stant, etc. Articles can also be displayed in the museum and remain the property of the sender, but can be, as representing Southland soldiers, make a direct gift to the people. Trophies can be sent to "The Digger" office direct, box 310, Invercargill; or to Mr Crosby Smith, Atheneum Buildings, Dee street, Invercargill.

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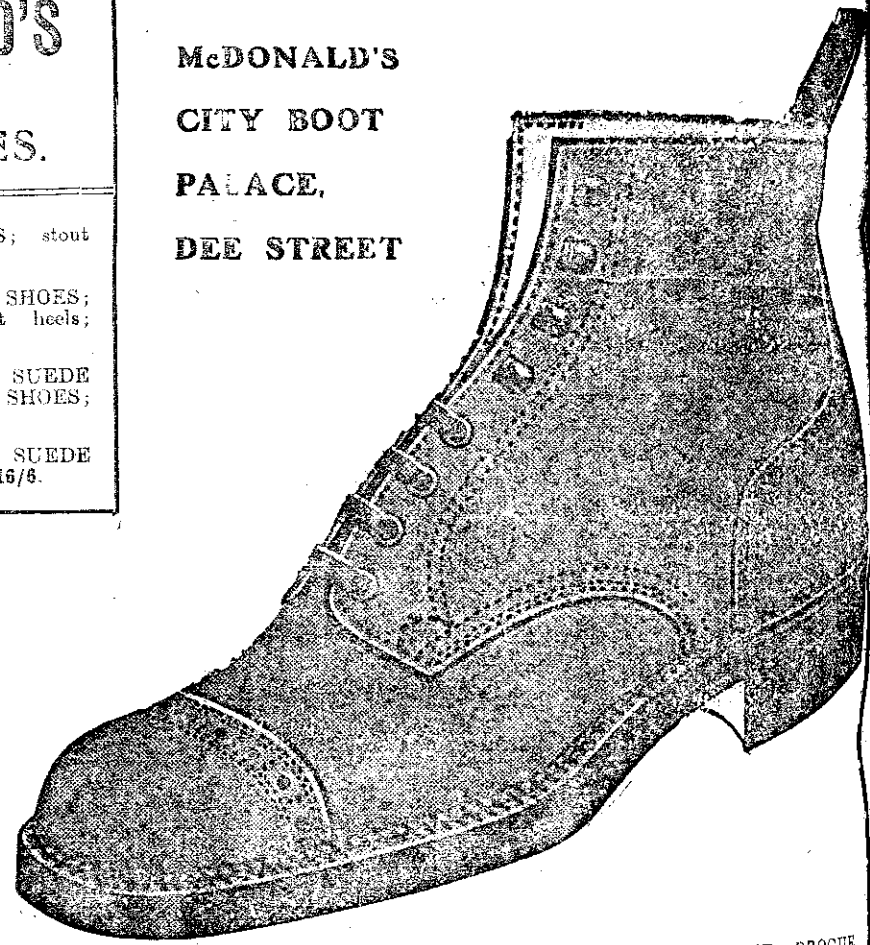
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LADIES' GLACE KID DERBY BOOTS; smart heels. Pug toes; 28/6, 32/6.

GENTS' BOX STOUT BROGUE SHOES; Standard; 33/6.

GENTS' BOX CALF DERBY BOOTS; Welted; leather lined; full round toe; 42/6.

GENTS' LIGHT GLACE DERBY BALMORALS; M.S.; 33/6.

GENTS' BOX DERBY COOKHAMS; Double Sole; leather lined; wide fitting. Value—32/9.

GENTS' TAN DERBY BALMORALS; light sole, pug toe; 56/6.

McDonald's City Boot Palace.

SOLDIERS!

The Invercargill Municipal Library are anxious to have a complete file of all publications on transports, or others published by the soldiers. It is fitting and in the interest of all concerned that this file should be obtained, and copies from soldiers will be greatly appreciated. All copies should be accompanied by the sender's full name and address, and will be acknowledged through the columns of "The Digger." We have undertaken to help the librarian in this matter and would appreciate the action of returned men in helping to bring it to a successful issue. Copies can be forwarded to "The Digger," Box 310, Invercargill, or to the Public Library direct.

SOCIAL NOTES.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Macdonald to Mr Robin Williams.

Mrs J. G. Macdonald, Don street, gave a most enjoyable birdge party last Thursday evening.

The Civil Service held their annual ball in the Victoria Hall, on Monday evening. It was a most successful function.

The Commercial Travellers' and Warehousemen's Association held their first annual ball in the Victoria Hall, on Friday evening last. The ball was a brilliant success, over three hundred guests being present.

MISSING.

23/2108 TURNBULL G. P.

The above named left New Zealand with "E." Company, 10th Reinforcements, and returned to New Zealand by "Remora," October 1919.

Any information regarding present whereabouts of the above-named will be gratefully received by his relatives. Reply to: General Secretary, N.Z.R.S.A., Wellington.

Wood for tennis rackets requires at least five years' seasoning—that is to say, it requires to be kept for five years in the rough timber state before being cut up for use.

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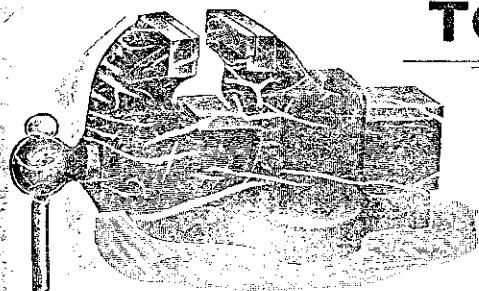
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TRIUMPH—All chain cushion drive and chain and belt drive.

DOUGLAS—In two models: 4 h.p. and 2½ h.p.

A.B.C.—Made by the Sopwith Aviation Co.

Each of these machines are the CHAMPIONS of their class and are unequalled for quality and good workmanship.

Side Cars stocked for all Models.

We can give prompt delivery from stock.

We carry the largest stocks of spare parts, tyres, and motor cycle accessories in Southland and have the best equipped Motor Cycle Garage in the Dominion.

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That is strikingly handsome
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YARROW ST., INVERCARGILL

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET.

EMPEROR O'BYRNE.

I had heard so many strange and disquieting reports of the vagaries of this powerful ruler, that it was with some trepidation that I hesitated outside his palace, and gazed on the imperial coat-of-arms emblazoned on the window—a fallen log, with a go-slow axe suggestively embedded therein, the whole surmounted by the motto: "Aut O'Byrne, aut nullus." I dreaded the ordeal before me, but my diplomatic mission must be discharged, so hiding my fears under an assumption of respectful nonchalance, I won my way to the august presence of this famous autocrat. When my eyes had recovered from the first dazzling effects of the brilliant splendour of his court, I saw before me a man of commanding physique, weighing probably a quarter of a ton or so, and whose massive chest had expanded until it reached below the bottom of his vest. His face, to my surprise, rather expressed benevolence, though there was a lurking something in his eye that hinted at awful possibilities if the imperial fur were rubbed the wrong way. His manner was extremely gracious, and (to put me at my ease, no doubt) he murmured something talismanic about "a spot"—to which I readily acquiesced, and in a few moments we were engaged in quite an amicable conversation, the Emperor showing such compliance and condescension as to seem, for the nonce, just an ordinary, natural man. At first the conversation took a genealogical turn, my imperial host assuring me of his descent from the illustrious Brian Boru, who, as everyone knows, was king of the whole world a few years back. "If you take his name and mine," said the Emperor, "and shake 'em up a bit, alter a few letters, look at 'em upside down and sideways, and give your imagination free play, you will detect a resemblance that will convince you of our relationship." Then after touching lightly but sadly on certain more intimate details of the family history—such as the lamentably sudden and violent deaths of some of its members through wearin' of the green, and other similar incidents—the Emperor confided to me that for some time past his realm had been agitated by violent factional wars. The two most powerful factions he designates the Employers and Employees. The latter, it seems, are moderately loyal to his person and throne, and therefore stand fairly high in the imperial favour—except such as neglect to pay their taxes, or "dues," as he calls them. The Employers have, however, of late displayed marked Bolshevik tendencies, and have complained bitterly and rebelliously of the Emperor's arbitrary laws. To check the spread of this revolutionary spirit it had been necessary to adopt Draconian measures, such as taking the control of their properties and industries into his own Imperial hands, fixing salaries and wages, limiting working hours, closely defining other conditions, and otherwise making life as nearly like hell to the Employers as was possible. Other minor regulations—such as compelling Employers to raise their hats when addressing Employees, and to refrain from "back talk" when the Employees abused them the right to breathe God's air to the Employers' recalcitrancy. Still, his natural inclination, he assured me, was towards mercy; this had been shown by his permission to the Employers to retain for themselves a living profit—though without any H.C.L. bonus. But they must not construe his mercy into weakness; if they did he would bring them to their knees, even if he had to obliterate the rest of their profits, and withhold from them the right to breathe God's air to do so. "Rebellion," he said "must be strangled with a firm foot." He hoped, however, that the wiser heads would recognise the position, and that their sane counsels would result in a general submission to his authority on the part of the Employers. In such an event, he was prepared to extend their privileges (they had no rights, he explained), to a point that would make life tolerable. Later, when their loyalty was thoroughly established, he might even go to the length of permitting them to go to a picture show now and then—though this must not be inter-

preted as a definite promise. But if they remained obdurate, well—and here his eye glittered ominously as he quoted—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

While he was quoting this I made my escape, thanking God that I was not among the Employers.

Position affects disposition. The worker, as an employer, is a far worse skinflint than the tyrant capitalist. Let us consider the sawmill workers, for instance. Some little time ago Mr O'Byrne, their secretary, succeeded in obtaining for them a H.C.L. bonus on the minimum wage of 1/8 per diem, or, roughly, 10/- per week. This was just as it should be, and filled them with gladness. But when, at one meeting of the same sawmill workers, it was proposed that, as an act of common justice, and an expression of their appreciation of the secretary's efforts on their behalf, his salary should be increased by the same amount, there was quite a storm of indignant protest, and the proposal was turned down with really unnecessary enthusiasm.

Mr Statham has verified the proverbial difficulty of catching a weasel asleep. His plans had been carefully made; and with a fighting platform of most excellent principles—including the electoral executive—he had hopes of leading his "Progressives"—with the aid of the Opposition—to victory over the reactionaries. Alas! he was badly outgeneralled from the start. The wily William forestalled the move, and by judicious bribery, I mean arrangement of portfolios, reduced his rival to impotence. Mr Statham, made the tactical blunder of pinning his faith to principles and pledges. But what are principles and promises compared with portfolios? Mr Massey held in his hands the means of luring the wandering sheep back to the fold. Some of the excuses and explanations put forward by the deserters do not make nice reading. Said Mr Anderson: "Before I went to Samoa I wrote to Mr Statham and told him that the whole thing was over and everyone should take what he could get. . . . I urged Mr Statham to attend the first caucus and to accept a position if offered it, and I urged Mr Massey to offer him one." Sauve qui peut, with a vengeance. Mr Anderson's solicitude for Mr Statham looks as though it were prompted by a desire to save his own face. Anyway, the squabble revealed something of political method, and served to justify old Walpole's cynical dictum that all men have their price.

One of the most sinister signs of the times is the growing habit of organised labour in all countries, to "down tools" to force governments and communities to its own sweet will. Quite a number of instances have occurred near at hand within the last few months, the most noteworthy, perhaps, being the refusal of the Union Company's firemen to work the boat on which Sir George Clifford was an intending passenger. We may leave aside the question of the justice or otherwise of the jockeys' claims and the employers' attitude towards them; what most concerns the general public is the rapidly increasing tendency towards irresponsible mob rule. Had not Sir George Clifford generously foregone his undoubted right to take a passage for which he had paid, the action of the firemen in refusing to take the ship out might easily have resulted in considerable loss and grave inconvenience to scores of people utterly innocent of any part or parcel in the dispute, but who would be penalised to the same extent as the supposed culprit. The position is becoming altogether intolerable. That there is a proper place and purpose for industrial unionism in our social scheme none will deny; but when the unions step outside their legitimate sphere and usurp the powers and functions of Government, they become a menace to the common weal, and, as such, should be fought tooth and nail. There is a healthy old legal maximum it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer. The unions—at least those that act as the Union Company's firemen did—seem bent on reversing this, and belabouring ninety-nine innocent men rather than let one sinner go unpunished.

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A TRIAL SOLICITED.

Of Interest to Women.

ON TRUTHFULNESS.

Truthfulness is a virtue of whose value and rarity we have no doubt. It is fundamentally valuable; without it, we can have no right dealings with our fellows. As the first feat of creation was "Let there be Light," so the first rule of character must be "Let there be Truth."

Unfortunately this virtue is as rare as it is precious. There is hardly a human being, male or female, old or young, that will not ruffle up a protest with vehemence against being called a liar; but there are very few—and those possibly the least protestive—who are really truthful. It is not the thing most folk dislike; they are as a matter of fact so used to fibs and prevarications, and reservations, and equivocations of various degrees, that in nine cases out of ten, they do not realise that they utter them. What they do object to one and all, is the plain name for these things. You must not give them "the lie direct."

Those who have dealings with children and young people, must know how difficult it is to get the truth from a child, and that even among adolescents, truthfulness is comparatively rare, in the case at any rate when confession of wrong-doing is required. The majority of girls from sixteen or seventeen, upwards, are perfectly trustworthy in most matters; they have as a rule a high sense of honour and feel deeply the unfairness of cheating, its shame, and that of all other dishonourable practices. I believe too that the tradition of truthfulness is growing among girls as well as the tradition of fair-play, and the practice of keeping the mind with open doors and windows. Among them, lying, as a moral weakness, is due generally to fear; as among children it undoubtedly is, fear of censure, of scolding, of punishment, of pain.

Thinking over my experience with people of various ages, I am inclined to the opinion that young persons between fifteen and twenty are more generally truthful than either children or grown-ups. They are at the stage when noble sentiments and high ideals make the most powerful appeal; they have in part learned the real nature of punishment as the effect of wrong-doing and if carefully dealt with, may become bravely truthful. Kept under a system of rigid restraint, however, ruled over by an arbitrary authority and threatened with arbitrary punishment for breach of rules which they have never been taught to look upon save as captious restraints upon their liberty, they will develop into prime little deceivers, with an idea that to evade and flout authority is an evidence of genius and high spirit.

Younger children are very often untruthful; because fear is stronger in them and authority less seldom in their case, condescends to explain itself.

Grown-up people are sophisticated and think the smaller kinds of lies quite venial matters. Self-interest with them takes the place of fear. Lack of judgment and accuracy leads them into mis-statements of all kinds, often just as injurious as wilful perversion of the truth. They are unable to see themselves; their acts, their relations to others, clearly or in true proportion. They deceive themselves; they are led away by illusion. How else can one account for the fact that if two persons are at loggerheads over a matter, their accounts of the affair never agree.

And there are some who delight in the half-truth, the coloured statement, the judicious insinuation that sets them in a favourable light while it puts others in the wrong. There are even women who make a constant practice of these arts to gain their ends. I have met some choice specimens and studied them. Very likely there are men who do so too.

The question now arises for us women, many of whom are teachers and most of whom are mothers, how can we train those under our charge to be truthful. I am going to give a few of my ideas, and if yours do not agree, it will be your turn to advise next week.

The normal child is fairly docile and inclined to good; loving, it responds to love; sensitive, it fears shame and rebuke. If some particular child is abnormally wilful, or violent, or prone to mischief, special study and care are required in dealing with it. Above all things constancy is needed. To be severe to-day and lax to-morrow is to invite failure—to press him to come in.

While still too young to understand the true nature of punishment, children need most and especially and altogether, to be watched and led to form good habits. As early as possible, however, they should be taught to understand that wrong-doing is wrong-doing, because it brings ill effects; that to tramp into the house with muddy boots is to make work for tired mothers; that to paddle in the gutter is to spoil boots and bring on colds; that to shout and screech is to ruin the voice, and annoy other people; that to reach for the butter,

eat with one's knife, to be greedy, and ill-tempered are all to make oneself disgusting instead of pleasing to one's companions. I believe that if we were patiently trying to teach our children on these lines instead of just administering punishments and unexplained slaps and abuse, we should achieve very different and much better results. Only how can we teach what we have never taken the trouble to understand?

And children should rarely or never be asked whether they have been guilty of wrong-doing. It is to court untruthfulness to ask them such a question, especially when experience has taught them to expect slaps and shakings and abuse, as the result of confession. What more natural than to take refuge in "I didn't do it."

And above all, grown-up people in charge of children should remember that examples goes further than precept. Are you careful to tell the truth always to your children? Do you never get in a passion or a pet before them; do you try always to be just, polite, unselfish, sweet-mannered, quiet as you want your girls and boys to be? When parents and teachers learn to watch themselves first, remembering always the power of example, they will have solved three-quarters of the problem of dealing with the young.

Children's Column.

MATER'S LETTER BOX.

Mater invites children to send in stories for this column, or correspondence which will be replied to through these columns. All matter to be clearly written in ink and on one side of the paper only. Name, age, and address must always be given, and correspondence directed to "Mater," care of Editor, "The Digger," Box 310, Invercargill.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Many years ago there lived two brothers called Tony and Roger. Tony was a year younger than his brother, Roger. He was loved by everybody, because of his kind and sympathetic nature. Roger was not at all popular. He was far from being kind-natured, and was a good deal of a bully into the bargain.

One afternoon whilst the two brothers were taking a walk by the side of a stream they came across a small, deformed old man sitting on a large stone.

"Good day to you, young gentlemen," he croaked. "I wonder if one of you would care to do me a favour?"

"If it is within our power we shall be delighted," replied Tony.

"You speak for yourself," growled Roger. "Do you think I'm going to waste my time with this old man? We shall be late for tea as it is."

"Please be quiet, Roger," said Tony, then turning to the old man, he added, "What is this favour you ask?"

"I want one of you to carry me across this stream to the castle yonder. I cannot swim myself, and the water is too deep for me to wade. You are both tall, and in the deepest part the water would only reach your waists."

"Why, of course, I'll carry you over," said Tony.

"What! are you going to be silly enough to get your clothes ruined for the sake of carrying out that ugly dwarf's foolish whim?" asked Roger in tones of deep disgust.

"Most certainly I am," replied Tony. "I shall be doing the poor old man a kindness."

"Well, more fool you," said Roger as he walked away, leaving the old man and Tony together.

When Roger had gone Tony hoisted the old man on to his shoulders. "Now, you hold tight," he said, "and we shall soon reach the other side."

"I am, indeed, grateful," replied the dwarf.

Tony then waded into the water, and a few minutes later they were both safely across the stream.

When Tony put the old man down on the ground again a wonderful thing happened. The ugly old dwarf suddenly changed into a handsome young prince.

You can quite imagine what a surprise it was for Tony.

Then the prince explained the mystery. "Many years ago," he said, "a wicked witch cast a spell over me. She changed me into an ugly dwarf and left me on the stone where you found me to-day. The only way in which the spell could be broken was for someone to carry me across the stream to my castle here. I asked many who passed by, but they one and all treated me with contempt, as did your brother, Roger. You, however, listened to my pleadings, and now, thanks to your goodness, I am myself again."

Then Tony spoke. "I am, indeed, glad

to have been able to render your highness this service," he said.

"Yes, and I shall not forget it," replied the prince. "I am a wealthy man, and you shall live with me in my castle, and have everything that money can buy. Had your brother been like you, he would also have reaped the Reward of Kindness."

The Home.

CITRON MELON JAM.

Citron melons, the writer is informed, are round with a white stripe, whilst pie melons are oval shaped.

To every pound of melon allow $\frac{1}{2}$ of a lb of sugar, to a 10lb melon allow 1lb of preserved ginger and one large pineapple. Skin and cut up finely the melon and pineapple, and let it stand in the sugar overnight. Next day boil slowly for about five hours, or till a nice colour. This is a delicious jam, as the melon absorbs the pineapple flavour. Some add lemon rind and juice, but this the writer thinks destroys the pineapple flavour.

PIE MELON JAM.

Peel and cut up the melon finely. Use pound for pound of sugar. Stand the melon in half its weight of sugar over-night. To eleven pounds of melon allow three oranges and two large lemons, or more if liked of both. Remove the pips and cut the fruit up finely and cover with water and let stand over-night. In the morning boil them in the same water for an hour. Strain and add to the melon and boil together for three hours. After one hour's boiling add the remainder of the sugar.

DRESSING FOR OILSKIN.

1.—To one pint of boiled linseed oil add a teaspoonful of white zinc; powder very finely a piece of black lead the size of a walnut, which add to the oil. Keep well stirred while using. Wash the oilskin well with hot water, and dry before using the preparation, which should be well rubbed in with a piece of flannel. Oilskins prepared in this way have the appearance of a piece of kid, and never stick, no matter how folded. 2.—Dissolve over a gentle fire 1oz beeswax in one pint of the best boiled linseed oil, and apply to the coat when cold with a piece of rag. Then hang the coat up to dry. To prevent the parts sticking together when folded, rub the coat when properly dry with pure beeswax, and pass over it a hot iron brush well whilst still warm.

TO CLEAN PAINT.

Damp a clean cloth in hot water, dip it in whitening, and rub the paint until the dirt is removed. Rinse well in clean water, dry with a soft cloth, and polish with a chamois leather. Paint cleaned in this way looks like new, and even the most delicate colours are not injured.

DRY CLEANING GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES.

1.—Take about twopennyworth of fuller's earth; make it into a medium paste with water, then cover the clothes all over with it. When quite dry brush off, and you will find they will be equal in appearance to new. 2.—If light material, first brush them thoroughly, and rub with a clean cloth lightly, after which rub with prepared chalk thickly, and leave them with the chalk to work in. Hang them out in the open air for two days then brush them well, and rub lightly with a clean cloth and press them. For dark garments, use ammonia diluted with water, dry well, and press.

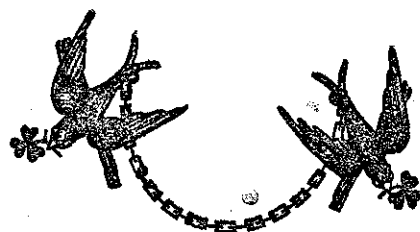
T.B. MEN.

With reference to the announcement recently made by the Defence Department authorising the issue on loan of furniture for shelters of patients suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, the following is the procedure for obtaining the articles:—The patient will forward his application for the furniture to the A.D.M.S. of the district, who will certify that the patient has been provided with a shelter by the Department, and that he has not previously been supplied with the articles. The foregoing application and certificate will be forwarded to the district ordnance officer, who will arrange for supply, and take a receipt (in duplicate) from the patient. One copy of receipt will be forwarded by the ordnance officer to the A.D.M.S., to be placed on the patient's medical file, for reference purposes.

During the war Germany required 2,000,000 pounds of nitric acid daily, for military purposes alone.

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Is the place to buy your GROCERIES—where you get the best value for cash. Established nearly a quarter of a century; still going strong. Send your orders by post or 'phone, and you will receive them promptly for cash on delivery. Pay cash and save booking charges.

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

THE COLOSSAL.

Colossal.—That is the name applied to the half-yearly clearing sales engineered by Messrs Price and Bullied, Ltd., Tay street. They have one now in progress, and in passing we might incidentally mention that it will terminate on Saturday of next week, the 31st.

These sales are now so well established in favour with the buyers from town and country alike, that it is not surprising that they have positively assumed "colossal" dimensions. To the ordinary individual initiated into the secrets, and we presume there are secrets, of successfully running a cheap sale, the work involved is certainly not apparent. Messrs Price and Bullied's system and method is unquestionably up-to-date. They prepare most thoroughly and display their wares in such a manner that to do business is a matter of the slightest trouble. A review of the various departments and sections will bear this out. While not wishing to unduly lengthen this article it would not be amiss to make some slight reference to the class of goods supplied by Messrs Price and Bullied, Ltd., and the sources from which these same supplies are obtained. The standing instructions to all buyers include, amongst others, the important one of quality. There is a stamp of quality apparent in all stocks selected by the departmental buyers. Now as to the sources of supply, the very best markets at Home and abroad are open to this firm. They have a London representative looking after their interests on the other side of the world, and the colonial manufactured goods are selected from the Dominion's leading mills and factories. Under these conditions it is not therefore surprising that the firm do a large and remunerative business over a wide area of this Dominion, and that when such goods as they stock generally are offered, as in the present instance, at sale prices that "Colossal" sales assume such dimensions.

BIRDIE YARNS.

Birdie always had a cheerful word for a wounded Digger. One morning the bearers were carrying a chap who had come off second-best in an argument with a German bomb, and whose face was hidden by bandages. As he was being carried away the General said, "Well, my man, are you wounded?" "Naw," replied the casualty, "I don't look it, do I? I'm going for a joy-ride."

Between the water-tanks and the entrance to the "sap" was an open space of about 50ft, and "Jacko" had the range to a nicety. Whilst a fatigue party were waiting their turn at the tanks, along came a small party, well ornamented with red tabs and gold braid. The "tabs" lost no time in getting past the danger spot but one, a small chap with a fair moustache and no ornaments, paused to have a gaze round. This indiscretion caused a burly Anzac to roar:—

"Get out of that, you silly—dope! Do yer want a — bullet in your — lump of lead!"—(head).

Birdie turned round with a smile and

MISS BREY,

THE PARAMOUNT,
THE PARAMOUNT,

SALE! SALE!

ALL THIS SEASON'S GOODS

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

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

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

THE PARAMOUNT,
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INVERCARGILL MILK SUPPLY

Phone 556. 53 Yarrow street.

MILK MILK MILK

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CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

From the finest pastures in Southland

Clean, pure, sweet, wholesome, and scientifically pastured.

A BOON FOR BABIES.

Our Motto: "Purity."

MILK MILK MILK

and and and

CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

Invercargill Milk Supply,

53 YARROW STREET.

replied: "Thanks, old man; I'll take your advice."

When some thousands of Diggers, 1914 men, were leaving France, General Birdwood came to his car to Braydon Somme to say good-bye. An Aussie corporal asked him for his crossed sword and his shoulder. When the General handed them over the mob rushed him and his badges and buttons before he could get to his car. Just before he went to his car, one wrote in the dust on the car, "Boss Digger." One of the staff went to rub it off, but Birdie stopped him, and smiles, was driven away amidst cheers from the Diggers.

ABRAHAM WACHNER

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**FURS! FURS!
FURS!**

END OF SEASON.

MUST BE SOLD.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY.

**SHOES! SHOES!
SHOES!**

New Court Shoes 20/6.

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AND MANY OTHER LINES WORTH
INSPECTION.**ABRAHAM WACHNER**

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140 DEE STREET (Side Entrance Only).
Top Floor.**THE DAINTY MARBLE BAR.**

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DEE AND YARROW STREETS.

Under New Management.

**FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, AND TEA
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RAZOR SETTING A SPECIALITY.

Every one guaranteed.

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Pasture Notes.**UNDERFEEDING THE DAIRY COW IS
UNPROFITABLE.**

Underfeeding a dairy cow is a waste of feed, effort and money invested; yet this is one of the most common mistakes that dairymen make. Some dairymen are born poor feeders. Some acquire the practice of stinting their cows, thinking it is economy, while others have this misfortune thrust upon them because of the shortage and high prices of feed. But when we consider that dairying is primarily a matter of converting feed into milk the fallacy of such a course is apparent.

To enable her to produce to full capacity a dairy cow should have, not only a sufficient amount of feed, but a ration meats necessary to produce milk and but-terfat. There is less danger of loss in overfeeding a dairy cow than any other animal because one of the chief characteristics of the dairy cow of quality is to make use of all the feed given her. If conditions are such that immediate returns are not possible she stores it up in the form of bodily strength and fat which will be accounted for in her next lactation period. This applies not only to the producing cow, but to the dry cow as well. If she is well-fed while dry and she begins her year's work in good condition that extra feed will show up on the cream check.

Underfed, impoverished cows are always unprofitable. The less number of cows kept to produce a given amount of milk, the greater the profit there will be for the owner. In other words, why keep two cows when the same amount of feed given to one will produce as much as both. By proper feeding two cows can be kept in one hide.

This is illustrated by a two years' record of a herd that changed owners at the end of the first year. The herd consisted of nine cows which produced 1,409 pounds of butterfat the first year. The second year they produced 2,717 pounds of fat—the same cows, but a different owner. The records do not show the difference in profits, but without doubt an increased production brought increased profits and greater satisfaction to the owner.

MILKING SHED.

If possible, a dry level piece of ground with sufficient elevation to provide fall for drainage should be chosen. Should it be necessary to build the shed on a slope it is best to have fall from the back of the shed to the yard, but abrupt slopes should be avoided if possible. Where the slope is from the shed to the yard it is best to excavate the shed-site to a firm bottom. Fillings are liable to sink and crack the concrete floor. A drain must be provided at the foot of the bank formed by the excavation, to carry off surface and storm water and prevent it running through the shed. Where the slope is in the opposite direction—that is, from the yard to the shed—a gutter will be required along the front of the building, otherwise the dirt from the yard will work down into the shed, especially if the yard is not concreted.

The practice of discharging drainage into a creek has several objectionable features. It is a waste of valuable manure, and, further it will contaminate the water, which is probably being used by some one lower down. The water-supply of many dairy factories is drawn from open streams, so that a serious position might easily arise from this cause. A liquid-manure tank of concrete, or portable one on a sledge, is much better.

An adequate and permanent water-supply is an absolute necessity in a dairy, and consequently this point must be considered in choosing a site. Where a gravitation supply is available it can be piped to the site which has the most advantages in other respects, but where the supply depends on pumping its source is of first importance. Defects in other respects can usually be got over, though it may cost a little more money, but a defective water-supply is a never-ending cause of expense and annoyance. A shed with a poor supply of water is usually a dirty one, and the milk received from it is consequently defective. A rain-water supply is seldom satisfactory, as it usually gives out just when it is most needed. Well-water is best, on account of its suitability for cooling milk and cream, but, failing that, a running stream is a good substitute.

In laying out the building the shed should be placed so that the prevailing wind will come from the back, or at an angle over the far corner of the separator-room. This will blow any smell from the shed or engine-exhaust away from the separator-room.

GARDEN NOTES.**THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.**

Seed sowing should be done with caution during these few weeks, unless in warm situations, in which such things as radish, onion, lettuce, carrot, spinach, and cabbage may be sown, as being early is a great point here, and indeed one cannot well be too early with these.

Rhubarb should be got in as expeditiously as possible on favourable occasions. Plant on well-prepared and well-manured ground. As this crop is a permanent one, it pays to be liberal at the outset. Use good crowns and plant just deep enough to see the crown above the surface. An important point to bear in mind is not to pick any stalks the first season. This will pay in the long run, for they cannot make growth so long as their stems are picked off.

Artichokes may be planted at any time now, weather permitting.

Asparagus beds should have a good coat of manure, if this has not already been done. A good dusting of salt over the manure is a valuable assistance, as asparagus is particularly fond of salt, but this should not be overdone—10lb should do a bed 40ft by 4ft.

Cabbage may be planted out as weather permits.

THE VINERY.

Lose no time in getting vines pruned and cleaned up so that the house or vinery may get a good cleansing and fumigating with sulphur, to clear away insect pests. Remember that starting time is approaching rapidly, this being about five weeks hence, so the sooner this work is completed the better, to give the wounds time to heal before the sap rises, or the vines may be troubled with bleeding. If sulphur be used for a fumigant, see that no pot plants or green plants of any description are left in the vinery whilst fumigating, or they will be destroyed.

Generally about the first week in September is a good time to start off the vines; then close up the house, tie up the canes, give the border a good dressing with manure and a good watering, and ventilate only when required. Advice upon this will be given later on.

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE N.Z.R.S.A.**PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THE
DOMINION CONFERENCE.**

At the commencement of another year may I send a personal message to all local associations and to every individual member of the association?

The Association needs some shaking-up and I believe there should go forth a clarion call pointing to where our real duty lies in future national usefulness and reconstruction.

The Returned Soldiers' Association is to-day a power for good in the land. Our beginning was in small things, and was buried in small things, but there are wider spheres of usefulness ahead of us all. It has been suggested that the Association will die a natural death. I do not believe it; and on the contrary, I believe it will rise, Phoenix-like, out of the ashes of internal dissension to a greater and higher level of national usefulness after the settlement of all the problems immediately before us is accomplished.

We have won the position we hold to-day by the strength of our minds and our purposes, and by the right of those who have borne arms. The future of the Association lies in our hands, to make or to mar. I personally do not regard my responsibility lightly—rather do I hold it as a very sacred trust, a trust held for ex-soldiers as such, and also for the Dominion; a trust that should occupy one's very best endeavours and engage one's best hopes.

I would impress upon all members of the Association that the future usefulness of the Association is in the hands of each individual, and the purport of my message is summed up in that ideal: "The greatest good for the greatest number."

Individual members may desire to take a strong, and perhaps head-strong course in certain directions, but we must all realise that it is necessary to look upon our actions and desires in the light of how the Dominion as a whole would view our ideas and intentions.

THINK IMPERIALLY.

Learn to think imperially, study history with the map spread before you, and realise the greatness of the Empire of which we are a co-ordinated part. Above all, realise that we—you and I—are taking part in the World's progress.

In past eras of our history the cry was, "For God and Merrie England," but now

I would urge, rather, that our prayer should be, "For God and the World."

It is for the realisation of this ideal that we must all ultimately strive, else all would be but failure.

In the travail of the past years of war—the travail of the soul of the world—we all hoped that a child of best intentions would have been born and known as Peace—a League of Nations that should insist on peace between the nations, and that there should no longer exist the rights of man to slay his fellows. But that stupendous birth was stillborn, and we can to-day sense the sorrow of the nations that the travail of the world should have been of no avail. There is a nation that made all useless—a nation which will accept no mandate to govern and reconstruct after war's awful blight, which has retired within its own borders and forgets the cry of the stricken.

So it comes about that, for the future, whether we wish it or not, we shall have to see to it that we do not relax from the position of being able to defend both ourselves and the lesser and weaker nations.

On whom fall the mandates of the world, if not upon those who have already borne the stress and strain of five years of world-war? Our Empire is the policeman of the world! There is no escape. Dare we refuse the trust which God has given? to be prepared to go through that which

As parents of the future we will have our parents went through when they yielded us into the King's keeping, and gave us to the Empire, and all which that Empire stands for. This will be our greatest personal sacrifice, but I take it that there will be no sacrifice that we shall refuse for the sake of the Empire.

Our parents did not falter, and are we of lesser stuff than they? Seventeen thousand of our comrades are missing to-day, and we, in the future, must be prepared, if need be, to yield our sons of to-day to the Destroyer, in defence of home and Empire, and for the good of humanity.

War may not come—pray God it never will—but the only way to prevent it coming is for each member of the Empire to think imperially and so prepare that it will be impossible for another to attack us again. Alone, on the very borders of the Empire, and comparatively defenceless, the military forces of the Dominion are known as "Defence." Our object is defence, not offence, and for defence we have striven, and for defence the Empire stands.

THINK NATIONALLY.

Turning from the wider viewpoint to New Zealand itself, I would urge members to think nationally. Remember that all of us are once more civilians, and that it is 'up to us' to do our best in construction on wider lines, just as it was 'up to us' to go to all lengths when our nationhood was attacked. Remember that, having yielded willing service with the forces of the Crown, we did not do one iota more than our obvious duty. Remember that, if we served, others wept—that the duty required of us as men did but vary in detail and degree with the duty required of all. Remember that we returned soldiers are but ten per cent. of the population of this land and that the remaining ninety per cent. have to bear the burden of the repatriation of that ten per cent.

THINK ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

Think enthusiastically of the work of our Association in the past, the present and for the future. We have created something to be entirely proud of. I believe that if there were more enthusiasm, more would be done. The basic idea should be, not "How much good can I get out of the Association and its activities?" but rather, "How much good can I do for the incapacitated and stricken soldier and his dependents."

There has been self-seeking amongst our members—let us see to it that we seek others' good and not our own. The past has been more than justified, and it is for us to justify the future.

Lift up your eyes to the ranges of future generations and see that from those high levels comes the salvation of the generations born and still unborn. Make it our religion to live and strive for others, for the stricken and their dependents. So will you find your own souls and learn the true joy of life.

(Signed) ERNEST BOXER,
President.

Hunger-striking is not the modern development most people think. In the seventeenth century, Evelyn, the diarist, discovered cases, and made notes of them. "I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here in prison," he wrote of a visit he made to Ipswich in July, 1656, "a new fanatic set, of dangerous principles, who show no respect to any man, magistrate or other. . . . One of these was said to have fasted twenty days; but another, endeavouring to do the like, perished on the tenth, when he would have eaten, but could not."

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MOTORING NOTES.

CAUSE OF SQUEAKING BRAKES.

Worn brake linings may cause the heads of the rivets holding the linings to the bands to strike the drum. This brings the squeak when you apply the brakes. To correct this, remove the bands and sink the rivet heads below the linings, or, if the linings are too thin, renew them.

SQUEAKING WHEELS

The creak and squeak of a wheel going around a corner, or when a car comes to a sudden stop presages danger. Few drivers realise the seriousness of loose spokes. When spokes work loose at the hub, and sudden strain on the wheel, such as turning a corner rapidly, or hitting an obstruction in the road, may cause the total collapse of the wheel, placing the occupants of the car in a very precarious position. To drive a car with creaking wheels is to court disaster. If the trouble is remedied as soon as the squeak develops, the job is usually of no serious nature, and of little expense.

WORKING INTO A SMALL SPACE.

Not one driver in a hundred knows how to work a car into a small space to get near a wall or curb when it is necessary to wedge in between two cars not more than sixteen or twenty feet apart. As a general practice the driver attempts to go into the space head first. It is impossible to work into a place by this method, particularly if the space is limited. The direction of the movement of the car should be a swing to the left and alongside the forward car. This will set your car in a position heading slightly out, making it possible to begin backing into the space between the two stationary cars. The final operation comes in pulling the front end of the car around and getting the front wheels as close to the curb as possible, yet permitting room for swinging out, and then turned out slightly, followed by a straightening movement. Otherwise the body of the car will not come parallel with the curbing.

A NEW USE FOR MOTOR-TRUCKS.

The motor-truck has won new laurels. This time it has scored in the field of motive power for shops and factories which would otherwise be rendered inoperative by the shortage of coal. Two standard 1½-ton truck power plants operated an air compressor in a motor truck factory. The two engines driving the air compressor were taken out of stock and were not limbered up or adjusted in any way. They were rigged up on test stands and belted to the air compressor. They ran at a speed of about 1200 revolutions per minute. The same motor-truck plant made use of its standard five-ton trucks for driving other machinery during the coal famine. These trucks were installed in various parts of the plant, with their front wheels blocked, rear wheels and axles jacked up, and belts attached to the rear wheels. These trucks furnished power to big lathes and heavy milling machines; in fact, it was found that the trucks delivered more power than the regular motive power equipment.

A TANDEM MOTOR-CYCLE.

Details of a striking new design are given in a recent issue of the "Motor Cycle," the salient features of which mark a further step in motor cycle construction which will help to make the two-wheeled vehicle a comfortable and clean mode of transport for two persons. The object of the designer has been to provide a machine equipped with an engine of adequate horse-power to carry two persons and luggage in comfort without reducing the handiness of the machine for use as a solo mount. As the provision of an additional seat forms one of the principal features, stability has received considerable attention. The improvised pillion seat placed on the carrier of a solo machine often necessitates very cautious control, because the passenger's weight is largely in the rear of the back axle. This disadvantage has been rectified in this machine, and, moreover, the lateral stiffness of the rear suspension system forms one of the most striking features. The enclosing of the power unit and transmission has been effected quite satisfactorily by means of metal shields. During the trial run on this machine the absence of rattle was noticeable.

SCIENCE NOTES.

FIREPROOF PAINT.

There has recently been placed on the market a form of paint, two coats of which applied to woodwork, render it, for all practical purposes, non-inflammable. It can be had ready for use in a variety of colours, and admits of the application of varnish or enamel as a final coat without lessening in any way its fire-resisting qualities. The favourable impression made by experiments is confirmed by the offer of at least one English insurance company to make a substantial reduction in its fire insurance premiums where wooden buildings are protected by this paint.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC INVENTION.

A new invention, greatly accelerating speed at which cinematograph films may be taken, has been demonstrated. By means of special electrical apparatus producing 50,000 sparks per second, it is possible to obtain 50,000 different positions of a projectile in the course of its passage through the air. Experts stated hitherto, 2000 photographs per second had been the record. The new discovery means a revolution in experimental science and in medicine, especially in radiography. It will be possible to study circulation of blood, the play of muscles, and everything moving in the body with much greater exactitude.

THE WIRELESS UMBRELLA.

Another stepping-stone along the steady march of wireless progress was disclosed at a meeting of the Wireless Society of London, when Captain Donisthorpe exhibited a new pocket-book wireless receiver. By using this new receiver, it will soon be practicable to walk about in the street, and pick up wireless messages as we go along. To all appearances this pocket-book resembles an ordinary note-book, except that it is rather larger and heavier. If we clip a wire from a small aerial on to one metal corner, and another from a convenient waterpipe on to the other, and push the plug of a pair of telephones into the hinge of the book, we have a wireless receiver complete, which will give us a message from friends across the ocean. The windings of the receiver are concealed in the covers of the book. To use our umbrella as the aerial and our boots as the earth connection is but one more step forward, so that if we carry one of these books with us we need not fear if our watch stops; we shall put up our umbrella, open the book, and pick up the time from the Eiffel Tower.

THE NOISELESS TYPEWRITER.

Few sounds are more nerve-racking than the clatter of typewriters, and it is not surprising, therefore, that many efforts have been made to eliminate this drawback. As a result, a machine has been evolved known as the "Noiseless Typewriter." This appliance is almost silent, only a faint clicking noise being audible. What makes the ordinary typewriter so noisy is the constant succession of hammer-blows given by the type upon the platen roller. When a key is pressed down the type and the sliding frame carrying it shoot out with constantly increasing speed until pulled up with a snap on the paper. In the noiseless typewriter this rate of motion is reversed, the sliding frame travelling fast to begin with, and more and more slowly during the remainder of the stroke, until it has almost stopped by the time the surface of the paper is reached. Just at this point, a tiny weight, which, brought into action automatically, has been gathering momentum during the stroke, comes into play, and presses the type forward. The effect of its working is to produce a strong pressure and to ensure perfect registration on either one or more copies.

OFFICERS N.Z.E.F.

An instruction issued by General Headquarters states that it is noticed that a number of officers on being struck off the strength of the N.Z.E.F. have failed to carry out the instructions laid down, and have omitted to notify the officer commanding the district in which they reside whether they wish to continue their service in the Territorial Force, or be placed on the reserve, etc. Unless the instructions on the point are complied with by September 30, 1920, the officers will be deemed to have resigned their commissions, and will be struck off the strength accordingly.

Nutmegs are kernels of the fruit of a tree cultivated in Sumatra, Java, and the West Indies.

T.B. FACTS.

A short time ago we ("The Digger") had a leading article on T.B. men. What does T.B. mean? T.B. is simply an abbreviation for the words "Tubercular Bacilli," and when used in connection with returned soldiers simply means "men suffering from consumption."

Dr G. J. Blackmore, medical superintendent of the North Canterbury Sanatorium, has evinced a great interest in "T.B." cases among returned soldiers, and, being a specialist in tubercular troubles, a pamphlet he has prepared on "Consumption—How to Prevent It," is of especial value.

Pointing out that the cause of consumption is a germ, Dr. Blackmore states that the disease is not inherited, and the germ may attack any part of the body, but is found most commonly in the lungs. This germ is the sole cause of consumption, and can gain entrance to the body by being inhaled in the form of dust, from contaminated hands, or articles placed on the mouth, by kissing a consumptive person on the mouth, and by drinking milk from tuberculous cows.

— How the Germs are Scattered. —

The germs are scattered by boots and shoes (through sputum adhering to them), by skirts, by dusty air (especially indoors), by coughing with uncovered mouth, by soiled handkerchiefs, by public drinking cups, by flies. "The germ of consumption cannot live in the perfectly healthy body," says Dr. Blackmore, "and some of the things which weaken the body and enable the germ to gain a foothold are:—(1) Living and working in badly ventilated places; (2) inhaling irritating particles or fumes; (3) over-fatigue; (4) over-indulgence in alcohol; (5) unwholesome or insufficient food; (6) decayed teeth; (7) weakening diseases. Sunlight and fresh air kill the germs of consumption in a very short time, but they can live for months in dark, damp badly ventilated places. Consumption is not a highly infectious disease. It is not contracted by casual contact with a consumptive person, nor is it carried through the air from person to person. To treat a consumptive person like a leper—if that person is taking precautions—is unjustifiable cruelty. If all the sputum of consumptive persons were destroyed before it became dry the chief source of consumption would be abolished. To avoid contracting the disease: (1) Live, work, and sleep in pure fresh air; (2) keep the windows open night and day; (3) take good food and reasonable exercise; (4) have decayed teeth attended to; (5) be temperate; (6) wash the hands before meals; (7) breathe through the nose. The nose is capable of destroying germs of all kinds; (8) see that flies do not gain access to food and drink; (9) do not sleep in the same room with a consumptive person; (10) do not live in a house which has been occupied by a consumptive until the house has been thoroughly disinfected.

— Simple Precautions. —

"No consumptive need be a danger to other persons if these simple precautions are observed: A consumptive person (1) should not spit anywhere excepting into a spitting cup or flask; (2) should not cough in the direction of another person or over food; (3) should not kiss anyone—especially a child, on the mouth; (4) should sleep alone and, if possible, in a separate room or out of doors; (5) should never sleep in the same room with a child; (6) should use separate table utensils; (7) should not allow rooms he occupies to be dry swept or dusted; (8) should have his bedding put out in the sun frequently; (9) should keep his rooms thoroughly ventilated by night and day, so that they may not become infected and a danger to others. . . . The dust in public houses, schools, public buildings, the churches, theatre, etc., and railway waiting-rooms, has frequently been found to contain the living germs of consumption. Such places should never be cleaned by dry sweeping and dry dusting. In sweeping the floors a damp broom may be used as stated above, or sawdust dampened with a disinfectant should be spread on the floor before sweeping.

— "Delay is Dangerous." —

"Consumption is curable in most cases if treated early. It may be arrested in the more advanced condition, but every day's delay in beginning treatment lessens the chance of recovery. The early symptoms are often very indefinite. The following symptoms may point to the commencement of consumption:— Cough, however slight, if persistent, and especially morning cough; spitting of blood,

whatever the amount or supposed source; loss of flesh; shortness of breath on slight exertion; pain in the chest or side, if persistent; loss of energy, becoming easily tired, feeling "run down"; loss of appetite, especially in the morning; anaemia, bloodlessness, huskiness, if persistent. Any person with one or more of these symptoms should have the chest examined by a doctor, especially if there is consumption in the family or among fellow workers. If you have even the earliest signs of consumption it is better to know it at once. Delay is dangerous.

LAND FOR SETTLEMENT.

AREAS FOR IMMIGRANTS.

CLAIMS OF RETURNED MEN.

FARMERS' UNION OPINION.

The action of the Government in holding all land for returned soldiers was criticised by members of the executive of the Auckland Farmers' Union recently.

In reference to the suggestion that provision should be made for settling some of the immigrants on the land on the block system, together with discharged soldiers, the Under-Secretary for Lands Mr T. N. Brodick, stated in a letter in reply to a communication from the union, that this system had already been tried but had proved very unpopular with returned men. Two large suitable blocks in North Auckland, aggregating about 10,000 acres, were offered for settlement on the block system, but after lying available for about two years without finding any soldiers who were willing to work on them as proposed the scheme had to be abandoned. The selections were allotted to the soldiers in the usual manner, and were immediately selected. The Department had a similar experience in Canterbury. All suitable Crown and settlement lands were set apart for selection by discharged New Zealand soldiers only, and until the wants of these were satisfied it was not likely that any lands would be made available for parties of immigrants.

Mr J. E. Makgill said the reply was most unsatisfactory. Many of the immigrants had to keep themselves until they found employment. If they were given the work of roading these blocks they would be enabled to maintain themselves, and also assist in opening up the land. The Under-Secretary for Lands had mentioned that the land was tied up for New Zealand soldiers. He was satisfied that was an exceedingly bad policy, for the Government was hampering settlement. It was only right for them to look after their soldiers, but to tie up the whole of the land for soldiers was a mistake, for there was a great deal of land that would not be taken up by them. Speaking from memory, he said the Commissioner of Crown Lands for Auckland, in a report, had stated that this policy was hampering settlement, for the board had had to pass over suitable civilian applicants. Why should the Government reject suitable immigrants who required land when the whole country was crying out for settlers and the need for increased production was self-evident? The union should take a strong stand in the matter. He thought that immigrants would be quite prepared to do pioneering work, and the union should urge the Government to put these people on the land. There was far more land than the New Zealand soldiers would take up. The Government was hampering New Zealand getting its fair proportion of immigration from Britain. He moved that the executive affirm the principle that the Government should provide employment for immigrants in opening up the land.

Mr S. C. Jounneaux seconded the motion. He said they all advocated that New Zealand soldiers should have first say, but in many cases they would not take up certain classes of land, which was still being retained for them. That should not be the case. Canada and other countries offered land free to immigrants, and New Zealand, if soldiers did not want the land, should throw it open to other people.

Colonel R. C. Allen said that as a matter of practical politics it would be hard to throw land open to immigrants, for they would never convince the public that the soldiers would not take it up. There would be too much of an outcry.

The chairman, Mr Ross, said that when the idea of settling soldiers on the land was started the union went to a great deal of trouble to ascertain what it would cost. They started with modest views, and now the Government had run into millions. To a very great extent it was of no benefit to the country at all. The Government had bought out the small settler and given him a great price. If it had spent a quarter of the money it would have got the land much cheaper.

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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 113 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 Crozy.

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 Querrills," 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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SHORT STORIES.

CHEAP.

It is the invariable custom in a certain part of the country for each guest at a golden wedding to give the old people something made of gold.

The custom was explained to a Hebrew gentleman there, who proposed to attend the golden wedding of a couple he had known for many years.

"Ah, yes," said the Jew, "very good, very good. I think I gif a goldfish."

EASILY IDENTIFIED.

The old gentleman from Slocombe-on-the-Mud was glad to meet an acquaintance in the Strand.

"Old Josiah Loganberry came up to town with me this morning, but we've missed each other somehow," he said, after a few minutes' chat. "If you happen to see him just tell him I've gone to the city, and will meet him at the station at five o'clock."

"But I do not know him," replied the other man. "How shall I identify him?"

"If you see a red-headed old chap at Trafalgar Square, or Piccadilly Circus, or one of the other busy places, running out into the street to get across and then running back again, and starting and stopping, and jumping sideways and hopping round like a frog on a hot brick, that's Josiah!"

VANITY VANQUISHED.

A soldier, recently demobilised, was rather vain, and had several photographs taken of himself in different poses while he was in uniform. He showed these photographs to a friend.

"Which of these do you consider best, Jack?"

"Well," said his friend, who was rather disgusted at his vanity, "personally, I think the best one of you is the one in which you are wearing the gas mask."

THE ALARM.

"Ah," said the head clerk, "I'm glad to notice that you're arriving punctually now, Mr Slocombe."

"Yes, sir. I've bought a parrot."

"A parrot? What on earth for? I told you to get an alarm clock."

"Yes, I did; but after a day or two I got used to it, and it didn't wake me. So I got the parrot, and now, when I go to bed, I fix the alarm clock, and put the parrot cage on top of it. When the alarm goes off it startles the parrot, and what that bird says would wake up anybody."

JAM ALSO SOARS.

The family were discussing the high prices of provisions generally, when a small boy butted into the conversation.

"Jam has gone up, too," he remarked. "Ma keeps it on the top shelf now."

And then it suddenly dawned on his youthful perceptions that he had injured his case by talking too much.

CAUGHT.

A young bridegroom after the wedding was all over and the bride's old father had gone off to the club, began to search anxiously among the wedding gifts.

"What are you looking for, dear?" said the bride.

"That three-hundred-pound cheque of your father's," he said anxiously. "I don't see it anywhere."

"Poor pope is so absent-minded," said the bride. "He lit his cigar with it."

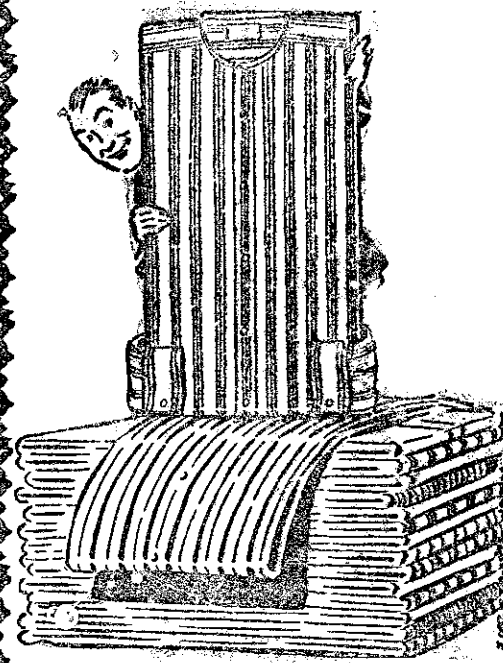
WAITING.

Chatty Waiter (glancing out of window)—The rain'll be 'ere in a minute or two now, sir.

Customer—Well, I didn't order it; I'm waiting for a chop.—Boston Transcript.



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