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## MY LAST WORDS.

PRIOR TO THE CARPENTIER-BECKETT FIGHT.

BY JOE BECKETT.

Carpentier does not talk much English, but quite enough for our purpose. We had not a great deal to say, and did not talk politics. As nearly as I can reproduce our little, very little, chat, I shall do so for the edification of your readers. But don't expect much, please, we boxers don't waste wind in that way.

We shook hands, and Carpentier said: "Well, Joe, I hope the best man wins!" I returned the compliment by saying: "Good luck to you, boy!"

All boxers are "boys." It's a way we've got in the business, and not a bad way, either.

Before we left the building we shook hands again. I thought at that moment we should shake "gloves" next time we met.

"Don't forget" December 4th," said Carpentier.

"I shan't forget," said I, adding: "Look out and be careful!"

Carpentier smiled, and that was all. You wouldn't have expected us to ask each other what the result of the fight would be.

I tell you, boxing men have no time for humbug and mutual compliments. We leave sort of thing to Members of Parliament and other small fry.

Now then, what shall I say next? This writing business takes more out of me than boxing. The pen is heavier than the glove. I would rather fight twenty rounds than write two thousand words. Words! I don't talk fifty words a day on the most trivial subjects. There is so little to talk about.

Why do I confidently expect to beat Carpentier? In general terms, because I should never undertake to fight any man unless I knew absolutely that I could beat him.

There is only one fellow I fear—and I don't fear him yet—Daddy Time. He gets on the track of boxers a bit quickly. It is only a Mace of a Fitzsimmons who can keep him off after thirty-five at the latest, so far as championship form is concerned.

### WHY I EXPECT TO BEAT HIM.

But never mind about that. Carpentier and I are in our fighting prime, and I hope he is enjoying life as well as I am. At the moment of writing, I am putting down my pen, or, rather my pencil, to go and revel in the raptures of a Turkish bath. There is no fun in life like feeling fit, and a Turkish bath is bliss beyond compare to me.

But come down to a few more material facts.

Why do I expect to beat Carpentier? What solid grounds have I for my faith in myself?

Take the following. You will remember if you have followed fighting form, that Carpentier was beaten by Billy Papke. I do not think Papke was any stronger than I am, or as strong. I could say more than this, but I am not out to brag. Papke did not know more about the game than I know, if he knew as much.

Frank Klans also beat Carpentier, and he certainly was not a stronger fellow than I am. In fact, I think I can safely say that I am much stronger than ever he was. So much for that. Of course, strength is not everything, though it counts for much.

The other thing is ringcraft, cunning brains, or what you like to call it. How do I stand here? All right, thank you!

But we don't want to say too much about it. Only this much. Carpentier has not got all the brains. Some others of us can use the "knowledge box," and still say good luck to him.

If I had all the brawn and all the brains ever given to any one man, I should never take any opponent cheaply in the ring.

Do you think I have got where I am by taking opponents cheaply?

When I fight Carpentier, I shall take him just as seriously as if I were fighting Dempsey—and let there be no mistake about it, I shall fight Jack Dempsey one day, unless he refuses to meet me.

### FIT TO FIGHT AT TOP SPEED

I never take a man cheaply. They are all alike to me.

When I go into the ring with Carpentier I shall be fit to fight at top speed for twenty rounds.

If the fight is over before this, so much the better for me. You know what that means for him.

When Carpentier gets into the ring he

has got to fight a man with two hands and a head, the same as himself.

Whatever he knows of ringcraft more than I am supposed to know this fact remains—he cannot take my two arms away from me.

Some men have drifted into the fighting business who never expected to find themselves there. It is different with me. I never expected to be anywhere else.

As you may know, I was a boy boxer in my mother's travelling booth. As early as eight I used to put on the gloves and do pretty good work. From that age on hardly a day, except Sundays, passed without my taking on boys and men, to whom I had to give weight.

I rather imagine Carpentier will require to be a very wonderful or miraculous boxer to spring any serious surprises on me. I have had some in my time, as I used to stand up to all comers, offering a pound of my mother's money to anyone who should keep on his feet after three rounds.

And so all this talk of Carpentier's amazing craftiness, and so forth, does not interest me in the very least. It is all very pretty, no doubt, but it cuts no ice with me. The young Frenchman has got to fight me in the ring, and nowhere else. I shall be ready for him—readier than ever before.

### MONEY AND HONOUR.

Do you imagine for one moment that anything on earth can matter to me but the winning of this fight, on which so much money and honour depends? Carpentier's training methods are his own affair. It is his business to lick himself into perfect condition to beat me, and I think he can be trusted to do this.

Some sentences back I returned from my Turkish bath, and now I go to sleep. In less than a minute I shall be in the land of Nod, but not in dreamland. I never dream, awake or asleep.

Depend upon it, I can sleep as soundly the night before a fight as at any other time. When I cannot do this, farewell to fighting. The man who cannot sleep in a bad way; and the man who cannot sleep so that his brain sleeps also—well, he is not a good sleeper.

Perhaps the fact that I am a life-abstainer from tobacco and alcohol has something to do with my ability to sleep the sleep of the healthy. I know nothing about the reasons, and have long since passed asking questions on the subject. Habit, they say, is second nature. Perhaps men train to fight on much stricter lines than they train for anything else. All the more credit to fighting men, and all the less credit to the others who have quite as good reasons for keeping themselves in condition.

The last five or six sentences were written after I had got up and taken breakfast, the same sort of common or garden breakfast as you. I am not the least fussy or finical about food. I eat what I like, and when I like, bothering about nothing else.

### HOW I REGARD MYSELF.

And I am not bothering my head in the least about this great fight. If Carpentier can beat me he must be a world-beater, for that is how I regard myself.

If I beat Carpentier—well, I don't think there can be any doubt as to who is the man to beat Jack Dempsey. I can certainly name the fellow who will challenge him. His name is yours truly,

Joe Beckett,

British Heavy-weight Champion, and after Wednesday —?

P.S.—Winter is more pleasant to train in than summer. The air is more exhilarating. Between 9.30 and 10.30 each morning I run from Southampton to Clump, a distance of eight miles there and back. My sparring partners for weeks have been by brother George, Jack Curhey, and Eddie Feathers, who is boxing in the eliminating contest for the middle-weight championship and the Lonsdale belt.

P.S.S.—Remember December 4th, Carpentier! Look out, and be careful!

Joe Beckett.

Joe Beckett started his boxing career in a lough at an age when other boys were at school.

He was once challenged by a young officer to a friendly bout. As the officer put up a good show, he was given the usual £1.

"I'll keep this as a memento, Beckett," said the young soldier, as he marked the coin with his knife, "and perhaps I'll show it you some day when you are a world's champion."

Will the officer in question have to keep his word?

## THE LITTLE DIGGER.

Prosper little "Digger," more power to you I say,  
You're sure to grow some bigger if you just peg away;  
Many enterprises have but small beginnings,  
Many a one capsizes during its first innings,

So never be down-hearted but push your threepence worth.

Your journey's only started so put your best foot forth,

Get "ads." from business folk, from dustman up to mayor;

It's always a good stroke to advertise their ware.

The village blacksmith mends, and makes what we require,

From bars of iron which he bends when heated in his fire;

The joiner and the plumber, too, are useful out and out,

Of all professions few could really be cut out.

But how were we to learn whom we should patronise,

What streets and lanes to turn if they don't advertise;

And if we want to sell a farm with steading snug,

We can't tell very well where we can find the "mug."

But study out the ads. in dozens in the "Digger"

And make our prices, lads, a good substantial figure;

A small deposit down and confident I feel,

That any shark in town can execute the deal.

Prosper little "Digger," and may your list expand

To some substantial figure throughout this fertile land;

And may your newsy columns penetrate at least

To Clutha's mighty columns of water in the east.

Let Waian on the other hand, though mighty be her power,

Not stop your progress through the land, not for a single hour.

Let all beyond the Lake, who would be up-to-date,

Each week the "Digger" take and not be desolate.

And read the news, and ads. likewise,

And study the views that it supplies.

And without fail let agents too increase your sale all they can do,

And may the eager little blokes who sell the "Digger" to the folks

Out on the street and right of ways, in rain and sleet and sunny days,

Continue still in fame to figure, and with will increase the "Digger."

### SCHOOLROOM HUMOUR.

The life of a schoolmaster—particularly that of a country schoolmaster—is ever full of incidents of a more or less humorous character, one of the chief mediums being the numerous notes which fond parents so love to pen. Those related below are culled from a huge collection of such relics gathered by one whose whole life has been spent in the training of the young idea.

"Please excuse William Henry for being absent from school this morning as we had strained relations. I was too busy to get him ready as I had too twins, but it shan't occur again. You have feeling and you know what it is."

"Don't set John those head-aching sums because he can't do them and it keeps us away from the picture shows. The last lot you set him about 'if a man walks ten miles in an hour how soon would he walk to London' caused his farther to be off work for three days and when he'd walked it to see what the answer was, you said it was wrong. I'd like to see you walk it. Please don't do it again."

"What do you mean by saying my children's heads hain't clean? There as clean as yourn and don't yer fergit it. Knew yer mother afore she married Jack Robinson, and everybody said he'd find his mistake after fust week. Remember you've sprung up from nothin'. I'd like to look in your head to see if it's clear as theirs."

"I must ask you not to put please wrong ideas into my Jane's head because her father's a Socialist and he knows what's what and what he don't know what's what isn't worth knowing. I'd like yer to know that the chief aim of us is for all to have two houses apiece—one to live in and one to let. We bring Jane up according to our own ideas, understand us, and we don't want you to put false ideas in her head because you hav'n't one."

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BERNARD TREVES' BOOTS (Lawrence Clarke)

THE BROKEN FANG (Vel Key).

HON. ALGERNON KNOX (E. Philip Oppenheim).

THE HOUSE OF DANGER (Guy Thrine).

GUILE (Headon Hill).

THE LOST MR LINTHWAITE (J. S. Fletcher).

THE CAMP OF FEAR (Leslie Howard Gordon).

KATE PLUS TEN (Edgar Wallace).

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