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**MARKETS.**

The stock market throughout Southland has been much easier during the past three weeks, principally on account of turnip feed going off, and the spring feed not being sufficiently advanced. The market had previously been at a high level and reaction has set in. The uncertainty of the coming season's wool market has also had a tendency to make buyers cautious, although the last few days' reports have been more encouraging and we can anticipate that this, with the advance of the spring growth, will soon re-organise the market. It is anticipated that prices will soon be back to the prices ruling this last two months. The Wallacetown sale which is the metropolitan market of Southland, had an abnormally large yarding which exceeded the local butcher's requirements; but satisfactory prices were obtained for all good quality. This is likely to remain so until well on to the New Year when we must get back to freezing limits again. The prospects for the next season's meat and lambs are very encouraging and producers are assured of very satisfactory returns in this line, provided the Government can take efficient control over our freezing works and rolling stock, and can see their way clear to safely permit Armour and Co., or any other outside capitalist to operate here in the frozen meat industry. Armour and Co., are prepared to operate here on a very satisfactory basis for producers. The Government have full power to safeguard the producer's interest and a license can be issued from year to year and cancelled at any time for an infringement.

**WOOL.**

Prospects for the coming season look rather uncertain, but if one class of produce is high other lines generally move in sympathy. The stringent shipping regulations, and the enormous quantity of government-owned wool at Home, must tend to ease our prices. The manufacture of articles from the coarser grades of our crossbred wool is practically at a standstill and we must anticipate a reduction in prices for this grade of wool. The finer qualities of good sound wool as is grown in the South Island are at present realising high prices and we must expect that the prices ruling during the past two years will be fully maintained during the season. The tendency has been, during the war period, for growers to produce the stronger classes of wool. Fashions have changed in such a manner as to cause this class of wool, to be neglected. An alteration in fashion, from the finer grades to the stronger, would automatically create a demand for the stronger grades of wool.

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**

The prices in this line of produce have reached the highest level ever obtained in this country. It seems probable that the dairying industry will be assured remunerative prices for a number of years to come. A number of the dairy factories throughout the province have sold their output to representatives of the Tooley street purchasers. This places them on a sound basis as regards the high figure paid to suppliers for the butter-fat of the coming season. With cheese at 10½d last year factories were able to pay 1s 10d to 2s per lb. for butter-fat, and with the increased value of produce this season, suppliers should be receiving anywhere from 2s 9d to 3s per lb.

**LAND.**

Land still continues to change hands, but the demand is slightly quieter. The demand for good land suitable for dairying is still keen. The same applies to heavy grass country able to carry two sheep or more to the acre. Stations with a satisfactory tenure, more especially those carrying fine woolled sheep, are also in demand.

**DAIRY FARMS.**

Demand for these is very keen. Small places with the necessary outbuildings are readily sold. In many cases in the £40 and £50 per acre land, small deposits have been accepted; but with the continuance of the high prices for produce, purchasers will probably manage to pull through.

The following is the list of prices ruling during the week:—Fat cattle, extra prime, medium weight bullocks up to £31; good prime quality £25 to £29; lighter sorts £15 to £20; extra prime cows and heifers £18 to £20; good, £15 to £18; lighter sorts £10 to £13.

Store cattle, good forward 3yr old bullocks £12 to £15; 2yr-olds, £9 to £11; yearlings £4 to £6. Good sound dairy cows, £17 to £25, according to appearance. Heifers (factory calves) £10 to £16 according to quality. Empty cows and heifers from £6 to £8. Two-year-old heifers £5 to £6; yearlings £2 10s to £4.

Fat sheep.—extra prime wethers up to 57s 6d; good, 42s to 46s; lighter sorts 35s to 40s. Prime ewes up to 38s, medium and good, 25s to 30s.

Store sheep.—Good forward wethers up to 40s. Medium, suitable for shearing 33s to 35s; small, 29s to 32s; extra good hog-

gets up to 35s; good, 27s to 31s; small and inferior, 16s to 21s

Good sound breeding ewes up to 45s, for small lots and extra quality, 4, 6, 8-tooth ewes from 31s to 35s.

**NIBBLES FROM JUTLAND.**

In this war the navy suffered from no unseen hand, but from an unseeing brain.

In the times to come, Jutland will be looked upon by our people as a day of tremendous opportunity and monumental failure.

"Nelson was no seaman," said Codrington. "His ship was always in bad order," said St. Vincent. The answer is that he was the greatest leader the sea has ever produced.

During the whole war, Germany lost in big ships only one battleship and one battle-cruiser, both at Jutland. We lost thirteen battleships and three battle-cruisers. The thirteen battleships were none of them lost in the fights of fleets versus fleets, but in the attrition of war, which shows the overwhelming importance of gaining decisive results when the one opportunity came.

As Admiral Mathew's failure at Toulon brought out Hawke, so Lord Jellicoe's failure at Jutland brought out Beatty.

The enemy escaped. What matter. Routine! discipline! the rigid line! in half an hour Lord Jellicoe signalled the King George V. to follow the battle-cruisers, but they were out of sight, for they had followed the enemy. We had lost the enemy, but the inexorable "imponderabilia" or rules were satisfied as they had been satisfied by past indecisive actions which add to the lessons but not to the laurels of the British Navy. We remained in command of the sea. Therefore we had won a victory! In less than twelve months the communications were tottering to the onslaught of the submarine showing that the preservation of one's ships is not a substitute for the destruction of the enemy.

Lord Jellicoe only mentions Nelson's name once in his book.

The Battle of Jutland has been one of the war's great mysteries. Mr Balfour issued an explanation. We all issued explanations; but, as Mr Balfour somewhere remarked in his "Foundations of Belief," it is not explanations which survive, but the thing itself. Certainly the thing has outlived the explanations, and the consequences are with the world today.

The proud record of the British navy is a wonderful one of magnificent fighting, and this war is no exception; it is that of a bad starter, though a good stayer and a sure winner.

If vitally false principles of war are held by the navy, nothing can prevent its defeat by a materially inferior foe animated by a true doctrine of war.

There is nothing so detrimental as criticism of a command, if it does not achieve its object at once. It undermines the prestige and authority of the leader both with the country and his comrades, and it heartens the enemy.

Success is apt to blind men to the need of adaptation to changed conditions, and to cause the command at the Admiralty, and in the fleets, to rely on experience rather than on well-directed studies. The latter are generally more important, for, as Frederick the Great pointed out, he had a couple of mules which had been through twenty campaigns and were mules still.

Trust the man on the spot. If you do not trust him, change him.

In England, the navy has hitherto treated the past, except for the voluntary efforts of young officers who work under an almost offensive official discouragement, as though it were negligible wreckage at the bottom of the sea.

One has only to read Foch's "Principles of War" to see that all his war staff training aimed at promoting independence of judgment by discussion, for it is only by constant examination and straight challenging that truth is set upon her throne.

The real training of a navy for war takes place during peace.

In the practice of a profession such as the navy, a man needs to be a student all his days if he is to get out of the ordered grooves of that profession.—"The Battle of Jutland," by Commander Carlyon Belairs, M.P.

**IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.**

"Did you ever notice the difference between a German picnic and an Irish picnic? The Germans meet at the hall and march right out to the picnic. Do the Irish do that? Not on your life. They've got to march around town about three hours. Every man in the procession wants to pass his own house."

Patsy.—"Mom, won't yer gimme me candy now?"

Mrs Casey.—"Didn't oi tell ye oi wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still?"

Patsy.—"Yes'm, but—"

Mrs Casey.—"Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it."

Wealthy Citizen.—"But I said distinctly in my advertisement that I wanted 'a reliable coloured coachman,' and you are a redfaced Irishman."

Applicant.—"But shure, sor, isn't red as reliable a colour as black?"

Visitor.—"No, I won't come in. Could I see Mr Jones for two minutes?"

Pat.—"What name shall I say, sor?"

Visitor.—"Mr Vandersplinkentootleheimer."

Pat.—"Och! sure, ye'd better step in an' bring it wid ye."

An Irish sergeant in a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed rifles to all the men, called out: "All of ye that are without arms hold up your hands!"

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously round and saw that no one was near, then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time, the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation.

Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes, and good-naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow of anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.

Cassidy.—"Brace up, man! Troth, ye luk as if ye didn't hov a frind in th' whole wurld."

Hogan.—"Oi hovn't."

Cassidy.—"G'wan. If it ain't money ye want t' borry oi'm as good a frind as iver ye had."

Mistress.—"Oh, Bridget, Bridget! What an awful numbskull you are! You've put the potatoes on the table with the skins on, right in front of our visitors too. You—you—what shall I call you?"

Bridget (affably).—"Call me Agnes, if you loike mum, 'tis me the other name."

An Irishman and a clergyman were travelling together in a railroad car one day when the son of Erin, to the consternation of his companion, produced a flask of Irish whisky and proceeded to quench his thirst.

"My good man," ventured the clergyman, "are you aware that drink is your worst enemy?"

"An faith I am, sor," replied Pat, with a smile.

"Then why do you take it?" appealingly inquired the astonished parson.

"Shure, because the Beible tells me to love my enemies," was the reply.

Police Magistrate.—"With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your face and head?"

Michael.—"Wid a motty, yer anner."

Police Magistrate.—"A—what?"

Michael.—"A motty—wan o' these frame wil 'Happy Be Our Home,' in it."

An Irishman being asked what he came to America for, replied, "Arrah! 'e the powers! you may be sure it was not for want, for I had plenty of that at home!"

Reassuring Irish surgeon, to patient whose legs he has just amputated: "And now, my good fellow, cheer up. Keep a stiff upper lip, and remain calm, and in six weeks, I pledge you my word, I'll have you on your feet again."

His Honour.—"What made you steal this gentleman's door mat?"

Pat.—"Shure, yer honour, isn't 'welcome' on it in letters as long as yer a-r-m?"

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**ANOTHER OF 155 ACRES,**

Divided into seven paddocks; 40 acres 1 years grass, 46 acres limed. No waste land on the farm. Buildings: Six-roomed house, cowbyre for 20 cows; 5-stalled stable, shed, windmill. Price £28. Terms.

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