

No. 25. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1920. PRICE—THREEPENCE.

SPRY, LIMITED.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS,
INVERCARGILL.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING, POWER
AND COOKING APPARATUS
INSTALLED.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC AND COUNTRY
LIGHTING PLANTS, MOTOR LIGHT-
ING, AND BATTERY CHARGING A
SPECIALITY.

PRICES REASONABLE. ESTIMATES
FREE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

CONSULT US.

SCANDRETT & SONS

LIMITED,

Athenaeum Buildings,
ESK STREET.

Four-roomed Dwelling, nice section; wash-
house, coalhouse, etc., all under one
roof. Terms £100 down.

Six-roomed Dwelling, in good order; full
1-acre section, northerly aspect. No
cars required here. Price £650.

We have other tip top properties worthy
of inspection. Give us a call and we will
satisfy your requirements.

Agents—COOK'S TOURS.

Scandrett & Sons, Ltd.,

ESK STREET.

ANDREW ("SKIP") DUNLOP,

CIGAR DIVAN,
ESK STREET

(Late H. J. Riddell's)

A good stock of—
CIGARS,
CIGARETTES,
TOBACCO, and
SMOKERS' REQUISITES
ALWAYS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

Quick March, be in Line,

Take that Old Suit

to

A. MACKLAM.

Ladies' Costumes and Gents' Suits Cleaned
and Renovated.

(Opposite News Buildings.)

ALSWEILER BROS.,

HAIRDRESSERS & TOBACCONISTS,

WISH to notify the public generally that
they have always on hand a good
supply of all smokes, and other lines, such
as

RAZORS, PIPES, SOAPS, etc.,

and when a SHAVE or HAIR-CUT is re-
quired we solicit your patronage.

ALSWEILER BROS.,
Dea street,
INVERCARGILL.

LOOK UP!

W. E. Butcher's,

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISH-
MENT,

At No. 3, TAY STREET.

RETURNED MEN entrusting their or-
ders to my care may rest assured
that they will have the very best that
English Tailoring can produce.

F. Holloway & Co.,

LICENSED SECOND-HAND DEALER.

WHY THROW ANYTHING ASIDE?

WE LIVE OFF WHAT YOU DON'T
REQUIRE, AND PAY CASH
FOR SAME.

Bottles, Rags, Bones, Fat, Metals,
Gents' Clothing, Boots, Books, Old Bikes,
Go-carts, Ironwork, etc., Carts, Gigs,
Harness.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS!

Remember, it costs money to advertise
now, and its up to the people of South-
land to remember us when there's any
business in these lines we've mentioned.
Our carts will call at your home on re-
ceipt of an order or a ring to 101 on the
phone.

MICKY DOBBS' HEAVEN.

(By "Waratah.")

Yes, most of us are home again;
Some stayed—got cushy jobs.
I don't suppose you ever heard
Of Gunner Micky Dodds?

They posted him up "missing"
When the Armistice was signed.
The girl he left in N.Z.
Went nearly out her mind.

It came like this (I'll have a beer):
The night we heard the news
We all went down to Armentieres
For girls and grub and booze.

Some like the girls, Mick's hobby's wine.
He supped it up that night—
He drank the wine, both blong and roosh
'Till he was full and tight.

When we came tumbling back to camp,
Mick lay down in the street.
And when we tried to lift him up,
He hit us with his feet.

He thought that he was home in bed—
The mud was inches deep;
He pulled the mud up like a quilt:
We left him fast asleep.

A fat old maid of Armentieres,
She found him in the dirt;
She dragged him to her wine saloon,
She stripped him to his shirt.

She gave him wine, both blong and
roosh,
And soup to keep him warm;
He couldn't join his regiment—
She'd pinched his uniform.

Till every N.Z. had gone home
She kept him tucked in bed,
And then she took him to the priest,
And him and her were wed.

And now he keeps the wine saloon,
He talks the parley voo,
He drinks the wine, both blong and
roosh—
He's nothing else to do.

I heard his girl had broke her heart,
So I went out to see
And pitch some lies, how brave Mick
died—
By cripes! she married me!

And now she yaps from morn till night
About her 'ero Mick:
"He was a man"—she looks at me,
A look that turns me sick.

The bravest, truest bloke of all,
He's up in Heaven, she swears.
Micks drinking wine, both blong and
roosh
Up their—in Armentieres!

"MATHESON'S TEAS."

THE Choicest of every housewife who
"knows"—

AND THE DELIGHT

of her family.

Don't be misled regarding the shortage of
good Teas.

OUR TEA DEPARTMENT

is still as capable as ever of supplying the
big demand for our excellent blends

We are still receiving regular ship-
ments DIRECT from the growers—this
enables us to offer the

BEST TEA VALUES ON THE
MARKET.

Quality and economy considered our prices
are extremely moderate.

ONE TRIAL POUND WILL MAKE YOU
A CONSTANT PURCHASER.

MATHESON'S, LTD.

TAY STREET ... INVERCARGILL.

DEE STREET ... INVERCARGILL.

Branches at:

EDENDALE AND WAIRIO.

RABBITSKINS RABBITSKINS

SEND YOUR CONSIGNMENTS TO
US.

HIGHEST PRICES GIVEN.

WE ALSO BUY:—

WOOL

HIDES

CALESKINS

SHEEPSKINS

HORSEHAIR

TALLOW.

Brown Bros.,

SPEY STREET,

INVERCARGILL.

Telephone—192

P.O. Box—36.

LABELS ON APPLICATION.

TO PREVENT A COLD.

WEAR ONE OF OUR ALL-WOOL SWEATER COATS, IN GREY OR NAVY

24/6, 25/5.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

McGruer, Taylor & Co

TAILORED SUITS

TO
ORDER
AT
MODERATE
CHARGES.

SUPERIOR—
MATERIALS
STYLE
MAKE
FIT
FINISH.

NOTE:—Our SUITS-TO-ORDER are built in our own Workrooms and are not factory productions.

Price & Bulleid

LIMITED.

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.
AND BLUFF.

FOUNTAIN PENS.

THE kind that are always at your service; that never balk, splutter, or cultivate bad language. The tried and proved stalwarts of the pen world. You'll get them here

The Dedonne, Self-filler, 10/-
The Capitol, Lever Self-filler, 12/6.
The Conklin, Crescent Self-filler, 20/-
The Cameron Waverley, secure, Self-filler, 22/6; gold-mounted, 30/- and 35/-
The Onoto, Self Filler, 20/-
The Waterman, Lever Self Filler, 25/-

The self-filling principle saves bother and inky fingers and the quality of the above pens is beyond dispute. Post free anywhere.

HYNDMAN'S,

INVERCARGILL,
AGENTS.

—MUTTON BIRDS!—
—MUTTON BIRDS!—

LARGE SUPPLIES NEW SEASON'S
BIRDS TO HAND.

COOKED AND UNCOOKED.

Wholesale and Retail at—

LINDSAY & CO.,

TAY AND ESK STREET
SHOPS.

NEW HATS

NOW SHOWING. Black, Brown, and
Mouse shades in

GENTS' VELOUR HATS,

Superior FUR HATS in assorted reliable shades.

TWEED HATS,

TWEED and CRAVENETTE CAPS.

LATEST COLLARS, WIDE-END TIES,
BOWS, and ENGLISH MADE
BRACES.

SPECIAL LINE

Of WIDE-END TIES all being cleared now at 2/6 each. Worth nearly double.

McNeil & Clark,

CLOTHIERS AND MERCERS

94 Dee St.

READ THIS STORY, YOU WILL LIKE IT.

A Srap of Paper

Billy Maitland was feeling particularly happy. It was the first day of his holiday, and the prospect of three weeks' freedom from the cares and worries of business made him feel so light-hearted that he was fain to burst into song. Unfortunately, his singing voice was of the kind that attracted unwelcome attention—people were wont to inquire if he was in pain—so he repressed the impulse.

Billy Maitland was twenty-three. He had blue eyes and sandy hair. At the moment of which we are writing, he was striding jauntily along the platform at Waterloo, with a smile on his face and a suit-case in his hand.

The train was not full. He selected a compartment at random, and got in.

He had scarcely deposited his suit-case on the rack, when the door opened and two ladies entered the carriage.

The first was an elderly woman in black, stern-looking, sour-visaged, and spectacled. To her his eye gave scant attention. A glance was enough to cause him to divert his eye hastily to her companion.

Maitland almost gasped. Without doubt she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Age—well, eighteen or thereabouts. Fair hair, like gleaming silk, a perfect, scarlet mouth, and a complexion, he considered, comparable to the bloom on a peach—only better.

The elderly woman was clearly a dragon, probably an aunt. She looked a woman of character, too. Her mouth gave one the impression that it could, when occasion demanded give voice to remarks of considerable acidity.

As his gaze transferred itself again to the girl, their eyes met for the fraction of a second, and Maitland felt his heart pounding against his ribs like a force-pump working overtime.

Yet, as he covertly regarded her over the edge of a newspaper, which he was pretending to read, he noted that there was a look of deep sadness in her eyes. She was a little pale, too, and there clung to her an indefinable air of dejection. That she was suffering from some unhappiness, or sorrow, Maitland was convinced.

And soon he began to feel dejected himself, in silent sympathy. Unreasonably, he began to cherish a smouldering indignation towards the dragon, who remained expressionless, cold, supercilious.

Deep in his thoughts, Maitland drew his case from his pocket, carefully selected a cigarette, and tapped it pensively on the back of his hand before putting it in his mouth.

He was about to strike a match when the sound of a voice arrested him.

"Young man!" (It was the dragon, of course, speaking). "This is not a smoking carriage!"

Maitland coloured slightly, and, muttering an apology, abandoned his incendiary intentions.

"I'm awfully sorry!" he repeated. "I quite forgot!"

No answer.

"Thanks very much for reminding me," he added, clutching at the fleeting opportunity of getting into conversation with his fellow travellers.

Deep silence.

Maitland cast one last beseeching glance at the dragon, but the latter appeared to be deeply absorbed in the landscape that was flashing past the window at her side.

The girl, he noticed, presently opened a small attache case she was carrying and extracted a writing-pad. Using the case as a rest, she began to write.

Before long, the dragon addressed a question to the girl in an undertone. Maitland did not hear the words, but the girl nodded, and then he saw her colour slightly.

The train, which was a fast one, sped rapidly into the country, until at last it drew up at the little station of Asher. As it slowed down, Maitland saw his companions hastily gather their belongings together. With a wrench, he realised that the girl was going to get out and pass out of his life altogether.

When the train stopped, the two alighted.

Maitland's eyes followed the girl in an ardent gaze. To his great joy, she glanced wistfully back at him before she disappeared from view. It was nothing, merely an exchange of looks, yet how thrilling.

Then a curious thing occurred.

Maitland's gaze fell to the carriage floor, attracted by a white object reposing there. It was a piece of writing-paper. The girl must have dropped it. He sprang to his feet and picked it up.

His immediate impulse was to run after her, to restore the paper to her. Then, involuntarily, he glanced at the writing.

At that moment the porters were slamming the carriage doors. The guard blew his whistle. The engine gave a preparatory snort. Then the train began to glide forward.

But Maitland stood transfixed, his staring eyes focussed upon the paper in his trembling hands. In a large, bold, feminine hand, he read the following words:

"Dear Friend,—I am in terrible danger. Every moment my life is threatened, and, if help is not quickly forthcoming, I am condemned to die. Unless you aid me, I am without a friend in the world. I am in the clutches of a gang of desperate scoundrels, who will stick at nothing. So, although I seek your help on my behalf, I feel I must warn you to turn back if you are afraid of risking your life. If, on the other hand, you are prepared to take the risks, please do be cautious. In return, I can offer no reward other than friendship and esteem, for I am both poor and friendless. But something tells me I can trust you and rely upon your help. You seem so strong and brave and good. Else I would die rather than make this despairing appeal! Will you try to help me?"

"Blue Eyes."

"Will I try to help her!" repeated Maitland, in a ringing voice, adding resolutely, "I will move Heaven and earth to save her!"

And then, moved by a sudden emotion that sometimes makes even big, strong, silent men do things they are sorry for afterwards, Maitland kissed the scrap of paper tenderly.

"My little Blue Eyes!" he murmured, in rapturous accents.

But the train, of course, had meanwhile gathered speed, and, when Maitland frantically sprang to the carriage door, the little station of Asher was fast receding into the distance.

II.

The next station to Asher was Wilford, a matter of half an hour's run. To Maitland it seemed like months. He thought the train was never going to stop. To contain himself was a matter of considerable effort.

As the station hove in sight, he seized his suit-case, and several seconds before the train came to rest he leapt to the platform. He glanced at the station clock. It was just noon.

Wilford seemed a small and sleepy place. Apparently, the railway officials were specially selected to fit in with the general scheme, for the porter whom Maitland accosted a few moments later was the sleepest, most vacant man imaginable.

Maitland caught him as he was in the act of slowly closing a carriage door. "Next train back to Asher?" snapped Maitland.

"Eh?"

"What time can I catch a train to Asher?"

"This train don't go to Asher, guv'nor."

"I know that. I've just got out of it!"

"Other platform for Asher."

"Yes! Yes! But what time?"

"This train goes to Blkington, Farley, Downstead, Evesham, Little Sprotonfield, Haverside—"

"I don't want to know where this train goes to!" shouted Maitland impatiently.

"Can't you tell me the time of the next train to Asher?"

"Oh, Asher!" repeated the porter, scratching the back of his head.

"Yes, Asher!"

The porter meditated for a full minute.

"You'd better ask at the booking-office," he mumbled at last. "You see, guv'nor, this is my platform, and Asher trains come in at the other platform."

Maitland strode off in disgust.

At the booking-office he had better luck. After repeating his question several times, he at length elicited the fact that the next train back to Asher was the 2.25 p.m.

"Two hours wait!" he groaned.

He left his suit-case in the cloakroom, and walked into Wilford. He was hot

and flustered, and required a period of quiet thinking to restore his muffled temper. Besides, his plan of action was to be thought out.

He had quite decided to help the girl. But, how? First, he would go back to Asher. Inquiries from the station officials might put him on the scent. The striking beauty of the girl was almost sure to have been remarked.

Then, assuming he discovered where she had gone, what then? How was he to effect a rescue? He reflected that he was alone and unarmed. Should he buy a revolver? "I'll wait until I get back to Asher," he decided, after much strenuous thought. He returned to the station, and, after what seemed an age, the 2.25 puffed sedately in.

The journey back to Asher seemed to take even longer than the previous one, but there is an end to all things, and at last the train drew in the station. He alighted hastily.

Waiting until the other passengers had given up their tickets, Maitland approached the collector—a red faced man, with a fiery moustache.

"Were you on duty here about three hours ago?" he asked.

"Wot?" said the other, in a surly tone.

"Were you here when the ten o'clock train from Waterloo arrived?"

"Yes, I was 'ere, mister," he admitted.

"Now, tell me, Did you notice, by any chance, an elderly lady, dressed in black—a rather stern face, she's got—accompanied by a very pretty girl of eighteen? Both were carrying small handbags."

"Ay, I know the parties you mean. I saw 'em!"

Maitland felt a glow of excitement thrill his veins.

"Did they change into another train, or go out of the station?"

"I suppose you lost sight of them then?"

"For the moment I did; but about five minutes later, as I was a-going to the office to give up me tickets, I saw 'em outside the station 'ere. They were just goin' to take the cab, I should say."

"Good!" said Maitland. "Thanks very much!"

He quitted the station hurriedly. Now he was sure on point number one—that his quarry had not left the neighbourhood of Asher. Outside the station stood a single one-horse cab of dilapidated appearance. It was difficult to decide which was the more decrepit—the cab or the horse. Near by, leaning up against the wall, with a straw in his mouth, was a tough-looking, brown-faced, old man. On seeing Maitland, the old man slowly straightened himself.

"Cab, zur?" he asked, in funeral tones.

Without replying, Maitland produced another half-crown, and fingered it casually.

"Are you the only cab that plies here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. And a very good cab it be, sir. Comfortable as a kerriage. And safe."

"My's; I should imagine it's quite safe," replied Maitland, regarding the ancient nag between the shafts.

"Where would you want to be going, sir?"

Maitland was visited by an inspiration.

"I want you to drive me, cabby, to the same place that you drove those two ladies who came down by the eleven-thirty train from London."

"What—Digby Lodge, sir?"

"That's place," said Maitland easily.

"But I don't want to go right to the house itself. Put me down a hundred yards this side of it."

"All right, sir, I understand."

Maitland climbed into the rickety, old cab. A minute later, he was being conveyed, at a leisurely pace, towards the object of his search.

The cab drove through the quaint streets of the little town of Asher, eventually emerging into a quiet, well-kept road. On either side, each in its own grounds, and situated well back from the road itself, were a number of attractive houses, of comfortable size, suddenly, the cab pulled up with a jerk.

Maitland alighted.

"Here you are, sir!" said the cabbie.

"Digby Lodge be the third 'un on the left."

Maitland thanked him and paid the man who after persuading his steed to perform a number of complicated evolutions, succeeded in turning the cab about, and drove off.

Digby Lodge proved to be a type similar to its neighbours. As he strolled by, in a leisurely manner, Maitland scrutinised it closely. Certainly, its outward appearance gave no signs of crime and villainy.

He walked past the house a dozen yards then turned, and slowly retraced his steps. This occurred several times. When he was passing the house, for, perhaps, the tenth time, he realised, with a start that he was being watched.

Next door to Digby Lodge was a villa called The Cherries, and it was at the gate of this latter residence that Maitland discerned a small, white-haired, wizened, old man intently regarding him.

"Won't do to let the old boy get suspicious," thought Maitland to himself. "I can do nothing for the moment, anyway. Besides, I'm getting deucedly hungry."

With that, he sauntered calmly along the road, back towards the town, where half an hour later he was engaged in satisfying his hunger and thinking out his plan of action.

Yet, had he known it, scarcely was he out of sight, when the wizened, little, old man trotted out of his gate and up the drive to Digby Lodge.

Arrived at the front door, he rapped an agitated knock.

"Is Miss Bloomsbury in?" he asked the maids, in breathless tones.

"Yes, sir!"

"Please tell her I must see her at once on a matter of the greatest importance!"

Maitland sat long over his meal in the little hotel which he had discovered. When his hunger was appeased, he smoked cigarette after cigarette, whilst he deeply cogitated over his next step.

It was nearing seven o'clock when he left the hotel, and already the daylight was beginning to fade. Proceeding slowly, and taking a circuitous route, he wended his way once more towards Digby Lodge.

The road was deserted, and now it was almost dark. Walking boldly up to the gate, Maitland opened it, and quietly slipped along the drive.

Close to the house was a clump of laurel bushes. A moment later he had left the drive and concealed himself in these, in such a position that, though invisible himself, he had a good view of the house.

Inside he could see all lights were turned on, but the drawn blinds prevented him seeing actually into the rooms. Occasionally, he heard voices, and once he thought he caught the sound of her voice.

"Blue Eyes!"

From the church clock, in the town, he presently heard the hour chiming. Eight o'clock! An hour passed slowly, without event, and then another. Maitland began to feel stiff and cramped, and more than once he caught himself nodding, as his eyelids grew heavy with watching. The clock chimed the half-hour after ten.

"Click."

What was that? He glanced upwards, and saw that the lights had suddenly been switched on in one of the bedrooms upstairs. Evidently, the people in the house were preparing to retire for the night.

Then he saw the outline of a figure, silhouetted for a moment, in the act of shutting the window before drawing the blind. It was the girl!

Stooping, he hurriedly grabbed a handful of earth and pebbles, and flung them at the window. In an instant, the window was raised again.

"Who's there?"

"Hush!" replied Maitland, in subdued tones. "They might hear you!"

"Who are you?"

"A friend. I've come to help you! I got your note."

The girl paused doubtfully for a moment. She was now leaning out of the window, peering down into the darkness towards Maitland.

"Where are you?" she asked. "I can't see you."

"I'm in the laurel bushes."

"Ah!"

"Don't speak too loudly. We may be overheard," warned Maitland.

At his words, it seemed that the girl gave a little gasp. Then she said:

"Then—stop where you are for a little while!"

The next instant, the girl withdrew and closed the window. Maitland remained motionless, wondering what was going to happen next. He was now trembling violently with excitement and anticipation.

Then a footstep on the drive made his heart jump. He stared into the darkness.

The figure of a man was standing motionless a few yards from him.

Maitland kept quite still, scarcely daring to breathe. Had he been discovered? The man seemed to be looking towards the laurel bushes.

His curiosity was satisfied a moment later.

"Come out of it, you villain!" said the man, suddenly breaking the silence. "And I warn you I have you covered with a revolver. If you try to escape, I shall shoot! Come out!"

Maitland hesitated. Then his ear caught an ugly click, suggestive of a revolver hammer being drawn back to full-cock. Having no desire to be made a target, he parted the bushes and emerged.

The man with the revolver recoiled a couple of paces, keeping him covered.

OUR PRESCRIPTION!

WE CAN FILL IT.

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

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

NEIL'S DISPENSARY.

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

BAXTER'S S.P.Q.R.

DO YOU GOOD.

CUTICURA SOAP, 1s 6½d.
REXONA SOAP, 1s 4½d.
TOOTH PASTE, 1s 4½d per tube.
BEECHAM'S PILLS, 1s 4½d.
REXONA OINTMENT, 1s 4½d and 3s 3d.
CUTICURA OINTMENT, 3s 3d.
18 EPSOM SALTS, 1s.
BACKACHE PILLS, 2s 10½d.
INDIAN ROOT PILLS, 1s 4½d.
ZAMBUCK, 1s 4½d.
SCOTT'S EMULSION, 2s 3d, 4s 3d.
LANE'S EMULSION, 2s 3d, 4s 3d.
EUCALYPTUS, 4½d, 1s 4½d, 1s 10½d

BAXTERS

QUICKER THE SALES THE LOWER
THE PRICE.

COPELAND'S.

STORE IS FULL OF WARM
WOOLLEN GARMENTS
FOR SOUTHLAND WEATHER.

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

Our Motto—
"A SQUARE DEAL ALWAYS."

COPELAND'S,

36 DEE STREET.

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.
HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.
HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.
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.

"Into the house!" he commanded.
"Quick march!"

There was no help for it. Biting his lip with mortification, Maitland walked up to the front door, which was standing open, and entered the hall, closely followed by the man with the gun.

The latter closed the door behind him.

"Now go into the room on the right!"

Maitland did as he was directed. He found himself in a well-furnished room that was evidently used as a library. Inside, he found two people facing him.

"Ah!"

The two were his fellow travellers in the train from Waterloo—the dragon and the girl.

"Got him!" exclaimed the man triumphantly, still keeping Maitland carefully covered. "So old Mr Niblick was right after all! And now telephone for the police!"

"The police!" Maitland repeated the words in astonishment.

"Don't like the sound of that word, do you?" said the man, whom Maitland now perceived to be about fifty years of age and of military appearance. "You little thought a few minutes ago you were talking to my daughter, eh? Thought you were speaking to your confederate, didn't you?"

"But—but—" stammered Maitland.

He clutched his head with his hands. What was this man talking about? Was he awake or dreaming?

"What does it all mean?" he exclaimed. And, turning to the girl, went on: "I came to help you—rescue you, if possible—and yet you have betrayed me! Surely, you know me? I was in the train this morning, and I picked up your message!"

The girl regarded him.

"My message?"

Maitland extracted the scrap of paper from his pocket—closely watched by the man, who evidently suspected him of concealing a weapon—and held it out to the girl.

The latter approached him cautiously, and took the paper. Unfolding it, she read the written words with wondering eyes.

She stared at Maitland in open amazement.

"But sure—surely you didn't think that I dropped this on purpose? Oh!" Inexplicably, she broke into a laugh. "It's all right, dad! You can put up your revolver! Mr Niblick was wrong, after all. This young man isn't a burglar at all!"

"Then, who in the name of goodness, is he? And what was he doing hiding in the laurel bush?"

Instead of replying, the girl handed the scrap of paper to her father.

"What the— Who the— What the dickens is the meaning of this?" spluttered the elderly man. "Blue Eyes? who the deuce is Blue Eyes?"

There was a phrase that old-time novelists were extremely fond of using. It exactly fitted Maitland's feelings now. He wished he could "sink through the floor" so acute was his shame and mortification.

From the explanations that followed, he emerged considerably damaged. What a fool he'd been! But the girl softened her amusement with a pitying smile.

"You see," she explained, "old Mr Niblick, who lives next door, and who is in constant dread of burglars, saw you gazing at the house in a way he considered suspicious. As soon as you had gone, he came and warned us. When I was upstairs, and you spoke to me, I naturally mistook you for the burglar."

"But why—" began Maitland.

"I thought you might be a confederate of one of the maids, and had mistaken me for your accomplice."

"Oh," said Maitland, crestfallen.

"And as for this," said the girl, pointing to the scrap of paper in her father's hand, "it was just a page out of a story I am writing. I should have thought," she added, with the faintest touch of scorn in her voice, "that you would have guessed that."

Maitland groaned.

With burning ears, he apologised humbly, and sought to leave the house.

The girl came to the door to let him out.

"Good-night!" she said.

"Good-night!" he mumbled.

He stumbled ashamedly through the doorway. Then he turned.

"Good-bye!" he said. "You will never see me again!"

"Oh, don't say that!" replied the girl.

"In fact," she added softly, "if you should happen to call to-morrow afternoon, I dare say I shall be in!"

"What!" exclaimed Maitland, taking a step forward.

The girl smiled, then gently closed the door.

The End.

During a chemistry demonstration at Munster University, Germany, an explosion occurred, eight persons being killed.

CALCIUM NOTES.

War News.—Armistice on all fronts until 1921 season.

Personal.—G. Cassels, who had the misfortune to break his leg in a football match at Riverton, early in the season, is back home. He is still lame and it will be some time before he regains his usual agility.

Soldiers' Memorial.—Preliminary steps have been taken with a view to erecting a memorial to the fallen soldiers of Otahuti and Calcium districts. A strong committee has been appointed, and it is expected that something worthy of our heroes will be achieved.

Local Geography.—Q. Where is Calcium? A. Between Otahuti and Fairfax. At present, headquarters for "Scotty" Baird and T. Darragh. It possesses a post-office, a hall, school, a wee church on the hill, and also had a football team. This important place is sometimes called Isla Bank or Limestone Plains.

Football Chat.—Waianiwa v. Otahuti a hard gruelling game.

Otahuti "bantans" put up a great defensive fight.

Waianiwa pack too solid for Otahuti. Waianiwa has a very promising half-back.

Although the angle was not difficult, Ewart's penalty kick at goal, in view of wind conditions, was a masterpiece.

A. McLeod was a tower of strength to Otahuti in defence.

Amongst numerous spectators, it was good to see Messrs Cruickshank, S.M., J. Galt, Ewart, A. McKenzie, C. Lindsay, Gazzard, Brown and Dalrymple. With men like these behind the sport the future looks rosy.

Cameron, Wright's Bush, a good sport and capable delegate.

Drummond footballers' social function on Friday last a success. Digger Lilico in good voice. His rendering of "Father O'Flynn" was a treat.

Local footballers' thanks are due to the following gentlemen for transport service during the late season:—Messrs Wm. Lindsay, Jas. Johnstone, John Lindsay, Chas. McKenzie, D. Teviotdale, and Jas. Molison.

"Tiny Galt" visibly expanded as the game progressed on Saturday. A good sport this, and a prospective president of the Central Union.

Mr Brown was represented on the field by four stalwart sons, a record equalled by Mr Lindsay, of Drummond, whose four sons played for Calcium against Wright's Bush a fortnight ago. Why was a determined player like Sim overlooked by the Otahuti selectors?

Mr H. Gazzard received a presentation on Friday night from Drummond Club, to mark appreciation of his services as referee.

Rumoured.—That "Spectator" who figured in recent numbers of "The Digger," died of a stroke (of the pen), and was buried with much solemnity with a copy of "The Digger" in each hand. The service was read with much feeling by "Correspondent," who, it is freely stated, contributed to his untimely end.

That the Central Union will embrace eight clubs in 1921.

That the question of affiliation with the parent body is being discussed.

SOUTHLAND'S SOLDIERS.

To the Residents in the Counties of Southland, Wallace, Lakes, Fiord, and Stewart Island.

The Compiler of the Southland Soldiers' and their Next-of-kin Roll of Honour Book has posted a specimen copy of sixteen pages to all Head School Teachers within the aforesaid Counties known as Group Area No 14, Southland Military District for the purpose of receiving orders for the sale of 3000 books guaranteed before ordering the Printer to proceed with the whole book, this number being required by the Publisher to reach his lowest quotation of price per book ret. Copies have been placed also in the hands of all Borough Mayors and Town Board Chairmen. This book, when well circulated will prove a crowning act to the grand patriotism displayed in the Southland Queen Carnival, the funds of which are proving such a help and blessing to soldiers and their relatives. Subscribers to the book would do well to group the orders in school areas as much as possible, to make the delivery more expeditious and certain. Mr Troup purposes serving the main centres of delivery by an advertisement in each local paper, giving hour and date of delivery. The price of the book is 4s delivered.

Naval gunners are now firing ranges of more than 20,000 yards.

DIGGERS!

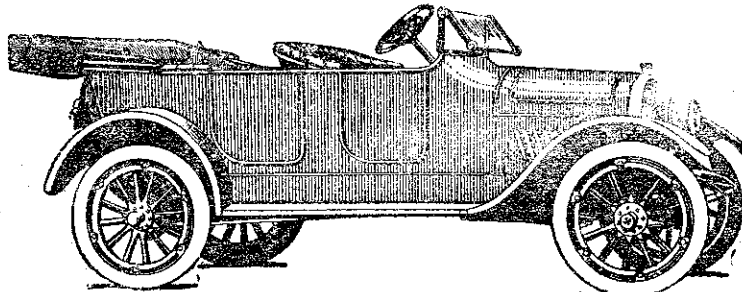
IMMEDIATE ACTION 1914.

Turn the crank handle on to the buffer spring; pull the belt to the left front and let go the crank handle.

IMMEDIATE ACTION 1920.

Grasp your opportunity. Buy a house and make your rent pay for it. Every payment is a stepping stone to prosperity. House properties are not plentiful, so make up your mind to inspect to-day. You will command our best services.

COLIN McDONALD, R. B. CAWS & CO.,
PROPERTY SALESMEN, MERCANTILE BROKERS,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS,
COLONIAL BANK CHAMBERS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.
Telephones: 736 and 1136. P.O. Box 249.



Car Owners, Farmers & Others.

Now is the TIME to PAINT
YOUR CAR and YOUR GIG.

Expert WORKMANSHIP and FINISH Guaranteed
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

J. BATH & SONS,

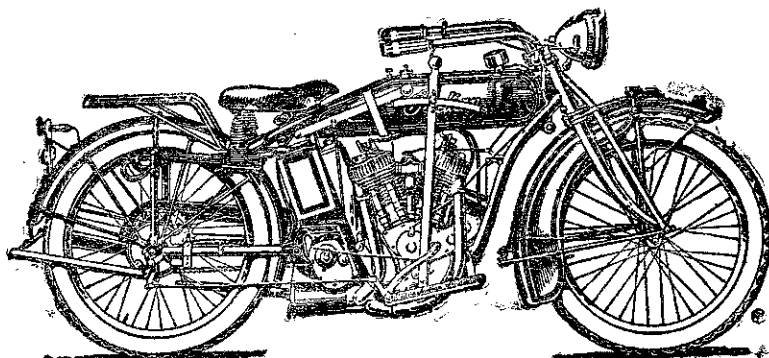
BATH'S GARAGE,
YARROW STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Painting Department—Phone 747

Office—401

The Man who rides an
INDIAN MOTOR CYCLE

CAN MAKE HIS OWN TIMETABLE, AND KEEP TO IT TOO.



HE ENJOYS ABSOLUTE PUNCTUALITY—HIS MOUNT SEES TO THAT.

POWERFUL, SPEEDY, and RELIABLE, in its service the INDIAN is the choice of every motor cyclist who wants a better mount.

SEE US TO-DAY ABOUT THE

Latest 5-6 H.P. Indian.

"This is a Beauty."

As a solo mount it leaves nothing to be desired, and at the price we ask

£130.

It represents unrivalled Motor Cycle value.

ABSOLUTELY THE CHEAPEST MOTOR CYCLE of its horse-power on the present day market.

Compare this price with that of inferior machines, and the wonderful value will impress you all the more.

Ask us to tell you all about it to-day.

Davies and Prentice, Ltd.,

(Opposite "News" Office),
DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Alex Peat & Co Ltd.,LEET STREET, INVERCARGILL.
(Alex. Peat) (Alex. Leslie)

Garage Phone—471.

LEET STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Sole Southland Agents: Allen, Maxwell,
and Oldsmobile Cars.**FOR SALE.**

1 SIX-CYLINDER 1920 Five-seater Oldsmobile (new), £650.
One five-seater 1920 Maxwell (new), £465.
One single-seater 1920 Maxwell (new), £130.
One five-seater Overland, cheap at £115.
Two 1914 five-seater Maxwell, in first-class order, £185, £200.

Full stocks of the best Tyres, etc., always on hand.

INSPECTION INVITED. THE PRICE IS RIGHT.**TYRES REPAIRED**

By the

AMERICAN**VULCANISING****PROCESS.****A BIG SAVING TO MOTORISTS.**

DO not throw your old Covers away.
The B. and F. Rubber Co. can repair any size of blow out, whether blown through canvas or not.

An expert staff of Diggers to attend to your repairs.

Address—

B. AND F. RUBBER CO.,

KELVIN STREET.

Phone—1557.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.**WHERE TO GET YOUR PRIME****JOINTS.****WHERE THE BEST OF MEAT IS****KEPT.****PRIME OX BEEF**

And

WETHER MUTTON**CHEAP FOR CASH,**At the Leading **MEAT** Suppliers.**WILLS AND METCALFE,****CASH BUTCHERS,**

Dee street.

Registered Plumber. Telephones: Shop 320.

W. K. SCRYMCEOUR,(Member R. San. Inst., London.)
Successor to Anchor and Co.,**SANITARY HEATING AND VENTILATING ENGINEER.**

ESK ST., INVERCARGILL.

Sole Agent in Southland for Ward's Patent Ventilating Skylight.

Supreme Petrol Light Installations on shortest notice.

Certif. Sanitary Science. Certif. Sanitary Inspector.

All work done by competent tradesmen.

J. ALSWEILER,**GENERAL CARRIER.**

Phones—124, 518.

INVERCARGILL.

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?"

**RABBITSKINS
RABBITSKINS
RABBITSKINS****J. K. MOONEY & CO.,**

(Geo. Stewart, Manager),

STUART STREET, DUNEDIN.

P.O. BOX 54, DUNEDIN.

CASH BUYERS—**RABBITSKINS, SHEEPSKINS,
WOOL, HIDES, ETC.**

Send us your consignments and you will receive highest market prices and prompt returns. We deal direct with the Overseas Manufacturers.

WE PAY HIGHEST MARKET PRICES.**CHARGE NO COMMISSION.
SEND PROMPT RETURNS.****A TRIAL CONSIGNMENT WILL CONVINCE YOU.**

Phone—1415.

Phone—1415.

TRILLO'S GARAGE

DEE STREET.

IS THE

DIGGER'S GARAGE.

DIGGERS, bring your REPAIRS along —"Large or Small"—and have them executed by an "Expert Digger." The more complicated it is the better I like it.

OIL, GREASE, PETROL, ACCESSORIES**AND FORD PARTS ALWAYS IN****STOCK.****ALL REPAIRS GUARANTEED.****C. S. TRILLO,****ENGINEER AND MOTOR EXPERT,**

Dee street,

INVERCARGILL.

TWO DAIRY FARMS FOR SALE

Within six miles of Invercargill.

ONE FARM 170 ACRES, subdivided into suitable paddocks. Buildings: Good three-roomed house and scullery, motor shed, cowbyre (8 stalls), milking machine, loose box, trapshed. Price £26. Terms.

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.

THE HOUSE TO SUIT RETIRED

Six large and sunny rooms with steel ceilings and heavy pannelled ceiling in dining room; electric light throughout, porcelain bath and basin, hot and cold water supply, also shower; 4-acre freehold, motor garage. This property is thoroughly sound and in handy situation. Price £1200. Terms arranged.

**MEEK & OUGHTON
LTD.**Land Agents,
ESK STREET.

GRAND SERIAL STORY.

JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

FOR NEW READERS.

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 Winnerleigh; 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 Winnerleigh. 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 readers' memories.

Dick Foster received the veiled taunt without betraying feeling of any kind. "And now?" he said quietly.

"And now I am off to London," replied Chase briskly.

"To London?" ejaculated Dick, startled. "What for?"

"What for?" retorted the other boisterously. "Why, to continue the courtship of Kitty, of course. You tell me I must make love to my wife. I am going to follow your excellent advice."

And then, with a laugh, he turned on

his heel and strode into the house, leaving Dick Foster standing alone on the terrace.

BACK IN LONDON.

Dick Foster stood alone on the terrace, gazing out at the quiet, peaceful, sunlit landscape. But in his soul there was no peace.

He was a free man, his name was cleared, the whole world was open to him; but all this counted as nothing to him now.

He was free, but Kitty was a prisoner, held fast by legal bonds which no royal clemency could put asunder. She was a prisoner for life, and her gaoler was Beaumont Chase!

It was a bitter thought, but one still more bitter came to his mind as he stood there alone.

The day might come when Kitty might be reconciled to her captivity; she might learn to love the man who had won her by trickery and force.

Beaumont Chase was fabulously rich, he was good-looking, and he was clever. His style was of the kind which fascinated women. With all his advantages, was it so improbable that he should win the heart of the innocent young girl whom he had dared so much to make his own?

Dick Foster sighed wearily.

"I ought to be glad," he muttered to himself. "I only want her to be happy. I am shut out. I can never be the one to make her happy. Why should I grudge her the happiness she may attain with another?"

He buried his face in his hands, and for a long while remained quite still, fighting a silent battle for mastery over the fierce, passionate desire which tore at his heart-strings.

He had no illusions. Too well he knew that the hour of renunciation had come. Henceforth he must think of Kitty only as a dear, far-off memory.

She would figure no more in his life.

He had rendered her this one last service—he had rescued her from the persecution of her husband and given her a brief period of liberty, during which she could make up her mind and decide upon her future.

Whatever that future was, he Dick Foster, would have no part in it.

Presently he turned and re-entered the house.

He inquired for Mr Chase.

"The master has gone to London, sir," replied the servant to whom he addressed himself. "He left word that he hoped you would remain at the Hall as long as it suited your convenience."

Dick expressed his thanks, but explained that he was also returning to London.

It was obviously impossible to stay any longer at Beaumont Hall. Indeed, it seemed to Dick that it was impossible, or, at any rate, useless, to stay any longer in England.

He decided to get to town, and as soon as possible obtain a passage back to Australia.

There was nothing else to be done. He had done all he could for Kitty. She needed him no more, and, above all, he must never see her again.

If they should meet, if he should look into her dear eyes once more—Ah, no, he could not trust himself! That must never be!

He returned to London, paid a visit to the headquarters of the Australian contingent and discovered that he would have to wait three weeks at least before a passage could be found for him.

A small sum of money was advanced to him, and he went off to find rooms.

He knew little of London, and was at a loss to know where to look for what he wanted.

After wandering about for some time, he found himself in Holborn.

He was strolling leisurely along that broad thoroughfare, gazing in at the shop windows, when someone ran into him.

He looked down, and perceived a little old man, of rather odd appearance, trying to attract his attention.

The little man was about sixty years of age. His long black hair, plentifully streaked with grey, nearly reached to his shoulders. He wore an Inverness cape, and a black wide-awake hat, and under his left arm he carried a big canvas.

"Foster!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Foster, don't you know me? My name's Pinch."

Dick stared, and then his face lit up as he recognised an old artist he had known in Australia.

"Harry Pinch, by all that's wonderful!" he cried. "What on earth brings you so far from Sydney?"

"The war, my lad—the war. Tried to join up. They wouldn't have me. Shockingly mismanaged war, sonny! No use for brains. I had to stand out. Never mind; carried on somehow! Come to my studio. We'll have a talk."

He darted down a narrow alley, dragging Dick with him, and presently they came to a big, desolate-looking square.

The artist piloted his newfound friend into the most dilapidated of them all, and up a dark and greasy staircase.

At the top, however, they came to a light and airy room, with a top-light.

It was untidy, but comfortably furnished and clean enough.

Dick dropped into a big armchair and looked about him.

"You're pretty cosy here. Doing well?" he said.

The little man nodded, with a grin.

"At last. It's been a struggle. London hasn't bothered about art these last few years. I've been close to the edge, old son, I can tell you! But the tides turned. I've found a patron."

"Good!"

"An amazing chap! Buys any blessed thing I put before him. He can't stop himself. It's almost a disease with him."

Dick laughed.

"Splendid! Hold on to him, Harry! Don't let him slip through your fingers."

"You bet! Why, only yesterday—Hush!"

The little man hopped out of his chair and stood quivering with excitement in the centre of the studio.

"He's coming!" he whispered.

Sure enough, a heavy ponderous step was heard mounting the stairs.

Then the door opened, and the patron appeared.

He was a big, burly man of fifty, with a ruddy, cheerful face, and a pair of keen, grey eyes.

The artist welcomed him warmly, with an odd mixture of dignity and deference.

Mr Dixon Drake was an Englishman by birth, but he had spent the last thirty years in Australia, where he had made a lot of money.

He was a jolly old fellow, and clearly a great admirer of Harry Pinch's work.

The artist took an early opportunity of introducing his friend.

At the name, Mr Drake gave a little start, and stared at Dick.

"Not Mr Richard Foster, of 49 Burns street, Melbourne, by any chance?" he said quickly.

Dick nodded.

"Yes," he answered, more than a little surprised, "I lived there quite a while just before the war."

Mr Drake put his hand in his pocket, drew out a small memorandum-book, and turned its pages rapidly.

"H'm! Remarkable! Remarkable coincidence! Glad to meet you, Mr Foster! Do you want to sell?"

Dick stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Sell? Sell what?" he exclaimed.

Mr Drake frowned.

"You don't know what I mean?"

"Haven't the least idea. I'm not an artist. I have nothing to sell!"

"Oh! You are a rich man maybe, Mr Foster?"

Dick laughed.

"On the contrary. When I get all that is due to me, I shall be worth about fifty pounds."

"Dear me!" remarked Mr Drake, scratching his head thoughtfully. "Ever read the papers?"

"Never. Why?"

(Continued on page 6.)

FURNITURE!

WE HAVE THE STOCK IF YOU HAVE THE DESIRE, COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF AND GET OUR PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

IF WE HAVE NOT JUST EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT WE CAN MAKE IT FOR YOU AS WELL AS ANY, AND CHEAPER THAN MOST.

GEO. MOIR & SON,

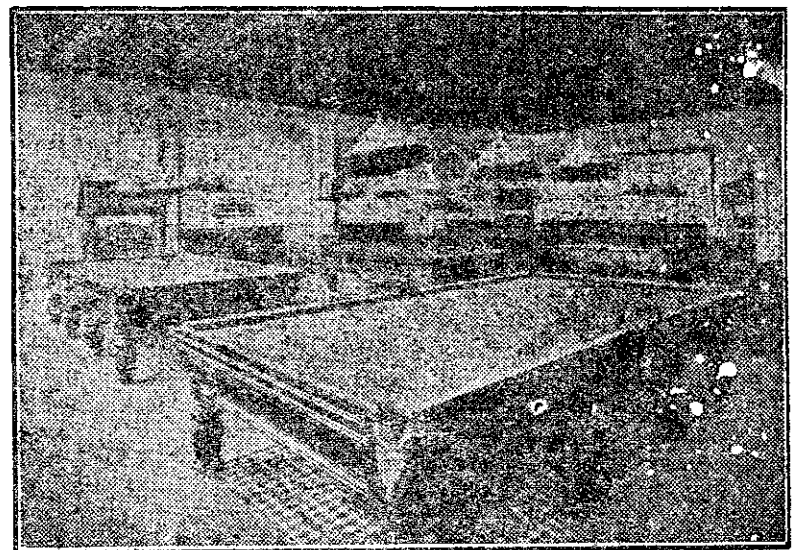
FURNITURE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
72 and 74 TAY STREET. (Next Price and Bulleid.)

CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

A DIFFICULT IN-OFF.

An example of an in-off that is often on, and while strokes of this nature are always difficult owing to the great judgment required as to where the cushion must be hit (a very slight error will cause the stroke to fail), they are not quite so difficult as they no doubt appear to the majority of players.

The white ball over a top pocket, and it is intended to be in such a position that, whilst a ball held in one's finger could be passed into the pocket, touching the end of the table, without disturbing the other ball, there is barely 1-16 of an inch to spare—this is, about 1-32 on each side as the ball is passed through. In playing an in-off with the white ball so located, especially when striking from a position a considerable distance away from the pocket, the safest way of getting the stroke is to aim straight at the pocket, as though playing to give a three miss. The reason for this is that from a distance it would be very difficult indeed to give a three miss even if facing the pocket, as the ball would have to go into the pocket, just missing both the side cushion and the object-ball by 1-32 of an inch. If it travelled only a shade to one side of this three-miss path, it would either graze the side cushion and then graze the ball, or else finely touch the ball in the first instance, in either case finding the pocket. If any player doubt this, let him try this stroke a dozen times, playing from a distance, and see how often he can give a three miss, and he will be surprised at the result. If, on the other hand, a player tried to play such a stroke by first striking the cushion, there would always be a probability of the in-off being missed owing to the object-ball being struck too full.

When the stroke is played from the D, no part of which is facing the opening of the pocket, the space between the object-ball and the opposite cushion may be slightly increased without much fear of a three miss being given. Especially will this be the case when playing from the end of the D on the same side of the table as the pocket played for.

The white ball over the top pocket—in one case on the upper angle, and in the other on the lower angle—and it is intended in each case to be in such a position that a ball held in one's fingers could not be passed between the object ball and the opposite cushion, the span between the ball and the cushion being from 1-32nd to 1-16th of an inch less than the diameter of the ball. In positions like this the in-off can be made by the poorest of players. All that is necessary is to play with a fair amount of strength straight at the pocket, just as though trying to give a three miss, and if good aim be taken, the in-off cannot very well be missed. What happens is this: the cue-ball, colliding strongly with the object-ball presses the latter into the yielding cushion, and so literally squeezes its way past the object-ball into the pocket, just as though a ball were taken in one's hand and forced by pressure in between the object-ball and the cushion.

The limitation of the space through which it is possible to squeeze a ball when playing this stroke varies slightly on different tables, depending to some extent upon the cut of the pockets, and also on the resiliency of the cushions; but the stroke is on to a greater or less degree on any table, and, moreover, when on, is never difficult.

For your Garden Seeds,
Plants and Trees, go to

TINY DANIEL

Southland Floral, Plant,
and Seed Supply,

Albion Buildings, Dee Street, Invercargill.

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from page 5.)

"Ah! Well, look here, Mr Foster, if you ever want money, you come to me! That's my address!" He drew out a card. "Never mind how much it is. You come to me! Don't listen to anyone else. Make what inquiries you like. You'll find Dixon Drake has the reputation of always giving a square deal. When you want money, come to me."

Dick was bewildered, and sought for further information, but Mr Drake would say no more, and soon afterwards he took his departure.

"Do you think your friend is mad?" asked Dick, when the patron had gone.

"Maybe. He's the only man in London who'll buy my pictures. I wish he'd go round biting people. It's the kind of madness that ought to be spread," said Pinch.

The two friends sat up late talking that night, and when Dick chanced to mention his difficulty in finding rooms, the artist soon solved the problem.

"My dear boy, you must stay here, of course! Plenty of room! We'll share ex's, and take it in turns to get up and light the fire."

So it was arranged.

The next few days were weary, desolate days for Dick Foster.

A profound depression held him in its grip. It seemed to him that all the flavour had gone out of life. There was nothing more to live for.

Try as he would, he could not keep his mind from dwelling on the dear girl now lost to him for ever.

Waking or sleeping, her sweet, gentle face rose up before his eyes. He saw it everywhere.

He felt he would go mad, and at times his thoughts even turned to suicide.

"I must get away," he muttered to himself. "I must put the ocean between us. I cannot bear to be in the same city with her. Here am I within a twopenny 'bus-ride of her door, and yet I can never—I must never—see her again!"

He called again at the offices of the Australian contingent to see if his departure could be hastened.

He received no satisfaction, however, and was told bluntly he would have to wait his turn.

Angrily he was turning away when the official called him back.

"Foster—Dick Foster, of the ——. Wait a bit! I think we have a letter for you. Ah, yes, here it is! It has been lying here some days."

Dick stared at the letter which was tossed over to him, and then picked it up almost reverently with a hand that trembled.

Somehow he staggered out into the street.

Then standing unmovable in the jostling crowd, he tore open the envelope and read:—

"Dear Mr Foster,—Daddy is very, very ill. He wants to see you. He keeps asking for you. You must please come at once.—Yours sincerely, Kitty Chase."

(To be Continued.)

OTAHUTI NOTES.

Last Saturday saw the final match for the Shield between Waianiwa and Otahuti teams.

After a hard, close game, the Waianiwa team were victorious, kicking a penalty goal shortly before time. The Otahuti forwards put up a great exhibition in defence against a considerably heavier pack, and their stubborn opposition kept the opposing forwards at bay during the greater part of the second spell. Contrary to expectations, there was little back play, it being perhaps the closest match of the season, and the forward division of both sides had a very hot time.

Dr. Ritchie Crawford controlled the game in his usual able manner.

An appreciative tea was served in the hall after the match, at which a pleasant half-hour was spent by a large gathering of the sporting community. Mr David McFarlane, as President of the Otahuti Club thanked the Waianiwa team for the splendidly clean game they had played, and for the excellent refreshments provided. Mr J. Galt for the Waianiwa Club, responded in his usual humorous and capable manner.

Later in the evening, a smoke concert was held, being attended by numerous players and supporters of the Waianiwa, Otahuti, and Wrights Bush Clubs. The usual toasts were honoured in an enthusiastic manner, and many excellent speeches made, besides vocal efforts of an extraordinary high character; the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a memorable evening to a close.

The Nature Column.

(By "Student.")

("Student" will be pleased to receive notes on any branch of Natural History. Observations on birds, insects, plants, etc., will be equally welcome. If using a pen-name, will correspondents please enclose real name and address.)

Mr R. Gibb, of Menzies Ferry, in the course of a conversation last week, said that while ploughing lately he was pleasantly surprised to see a flock of Buller's gulls (Larus Bulleri), to the number of fifty-five following the plough. He said it almost seemed as if the whole of the gulls of this species in Southland had gathered there. Mr Gibb remarked that this bird is rare in Southland and he had only seen occasional pairs about Mossburn in the river-beds. They kept together and did not mix with the black-backed Larus dominicanus. The Buller's gull is easily identified from its near relative the mackerel gull owing to the fact that the latter is always black.

Mr Gibb also told me that the stilts were breeding in numbers in the swamps and round lagoons adjacent to his homestead, and this disposed of an idea held by some local naturalists that the stilt did not breed in Southland.

Buller's gull is a rare bird pretty well throughout New Zealand, it is however, found in numbers on the Buller river. It does not usually come to the seaside, and in fact appears there very rarely. It is an inland bird frequenting the lakes and rivers. Its diet also appears to be entirely different from its seaside cousins, for it is said to feed mostly on moths and insects which are generally plentiful among tussocks. In general appearance it is very like the little mackerel gull (Larus Scopulinus) which is to be found commonly at the Bluff.

Larus Scopulinus is the little gull which may be seen any day on the small strip of beach below the Freezing Works at the Bluff. It is a never failing source of entertainment to picnickers on the beach. With its pearly grey wings and back, and red bill and feet, it is always admired. It is said that this gull is an inveterate thief and will watch an oyster catcher extracting a dainty morsel, and will thereupon chase the rightful owner until it secures the tit-bit for itself. I was much amused to see one of these gulls on one occasion cheekily abstract a sandwich laid down by a little kiddie. While the youngster indulged in a copious draught of tea the gull hopped up and decamped with the sandwich, much to the boy's chagrin.

This gull does not usually leave the seaside but occasionally it is to be found inland.

The other gull common at the Bluff, round the coasts, and inland, where it is to be seen following the plough in hundreds, is the black-backed gull. This bird is not nearly so friendly as the little mackerel gull but at the Bluff it is fairly tame. It will be noticed that some of these gulls are brown and not black. These are the young birds. It has been stated that it takes about four years before the young birds take on adult plumage.

Some years ago information relating to the habit of the black-backed gull in attacking sheep was published in a local nature column. Any notes on this and the other two gulls would be welcomed. Information as to their habits is not to be had in any quantity, and is wanted.

For the benefit of country readers who may chance on a nest of the Buller's gull it may be said that the egg is broadly oval—though they vary much in shape—is greyish white in colour and freckled with purplish brown markings. Mr T. H. Potts describes the eggs as much handsomer and bolder in marking than those of other species. One to two eggs are laid in a nest.

My statement that the rainfall of England is about 30 inches has been challenged by some of those who lately enjoyed the hospitality of that country. Some think that the Old Country is a dull wet country but meteorological records do not support this. There are some very wet places in England but the South is comparatively dry. A rainfall map of the British Isles for last March which I have before me shows that the average over a large part of England for that month was two inches. The weather of London was as follows: Rainfall a little over half an inch, thirty-three hours sunshine, eleven wet days. Sunshine is apparently a scarce commodity in London. Fort William with nineteen inches of rain is the highest shown, while of the other towns listed only Edinburgh had more than two inches. The climate of Britain cannot be so bad as some of our Diggers make out, for it must be remembered that in agriculture alone, she produces about as much as New Zealand.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

The Rev. Gibson Smith said, at the First Church Diamond Jubilee, that the hardest thing in life is preparing a "real, uplifting sermon." I dunno. Has he ever tried listening to one of the ordinary kind.

"A" is evidently a nice old gentleman, with grey whiskers, a big library, and a great admiration for himself. With what a superior air does he pat me on the head and twit me on my 'youthful inexperience and impetuosity.' And how paternal is his fear that, without corrective chastisement, I may yet grow to take myself seriously. Which goes to show that "A" is rather skilled in the gentle art of "squealing." I suppose I should wilt—but, somehow, I don't feel like it. Pure perversity on my part, no doubt. But now to get down to brass tacks re McCabe. "A" doubts some of my statements, and (quite properly) asks for references. Well, McCabe's affirmation (which "A" admits would be dogmatic) that telepathy had been scientifically established was quoted in the "Literary Guide" of July, 1910. In "The Religion of Sir Oliver Lodge" (page 54) McCabe says: "These (telepathic) experiments are to me convincing." Again (ibid, page 76) he roundly and erroneously asserts that "the one type of (spiritist) experiment from which the action of telepathy is rigorously excluded never succeeds." These are only one or two samples of many similar utterances on Joseph's part. "A" can dig out the rest for himself.

Re the £1000 offer for proof of telepathy. It appeared in the "Times" in August, 1911. "A" will find the full text of the advertisement in Mann's "Follies and Frauds of Spiritualism" (page 153). Or, if he will look up "The Religion of Sir Oliver Lodge" (page 54), he will read McCabe's own words: "It is only fair to say that a scientific electrician of my acquaintance has publicly offered many times a sum of £100 for a successful experiment. At one time £1000 was offered and advertised." So "A" will never more be able to shake his wise, grey old head and say: "I never heard of it, so don't believe it." He must believe McCabe.

The Magistrate's task is not always an easy one—as Mr McCarthy, of Christchurch, found when called on recently to adjudicate in a maintenance claim preferred by a scold against her husband. The Magistrate's sympathies were evidently with the worse half, but the Law said he must allow the claim. Still, with rare temerity, he spoke his mind to the woman, who had given abundant proof of her maddening volubility.

"I would not live with you," he said. "I don't want to live with you," retorted the virago.

"If I were your husband," concluded the Magistrate, "I would flee to the highest mountain to escape from you."

As a hint to the victim, well meant, no doubt, but weak and futile. Still it was perhaps the best thing he could think of, now that the fine old institution of the "ducking stool" is obsolete, and whipping seems temporarily unfashionable. The problem of the shrew is admittedly a difficult one. True, everybody—with certain exceptions—has an infallible recipe. The exceptions are those who are married to the vixens. I have only once in my life known an exception to these exceptions. He was a Sydney cabman who married a widow who had developed a natural gift for nagging to such a point of perfection that she had driven her first husband to suicide. ("He preferred hell to Nell," the neighbours used to say). The cabby, however, proved more than a match for her, and by a method as simple as it was effective. When the first rosy flush of marital bliss having died down, she opened on him the fire of her lingual artillery, he sat and smoked serenely, and fixing her with an "ancient mariner" sort of look, ejaculated, "Ol' Boko's the allusion being to her exceedingly large and red nose—and this he repeated every time the least pause in her tirade permitted him to slip it in. Nothing more he said, but the "damned iteration" of that one irritating epithet quickly reduced her to a state of incoherent rage and hysterical

despair. And a very short course of this treatment resulted in a perfect cure. To all husbands cursed with nagging wives I give the recipe free, asking nothing but their gratitude when they have proven its efficacy.

Since the war (and part of its dreary aftermath, no doubt) the world has experienced a strange epidemic of those good resolutions with which hell is said to be tessellated. The visitation is only temporary, of course, and we shall soon get back to normal again. Still, while it lasts, the cynically inclined may get some fun out of it. Its latest sporadic outbreak was in Sydney, where, in "inspirational, semi-religious" conference, Australasian advertisers proclaimed their resolve to henceforth strip all advertisements of their gaudy fictional plumage, and to substitute therefor the severe, Quaker-like garb of "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The proposal is a revolutionary one, and, though at first glance, it seems a thing to be desired, yet,

"Since the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat,"

it is doubtful what kind of a reception it would meet if carried into effect. We are loth to part with our illusions. Think of the disappointment of the poor wretch who knows he has a hundred and one separate and distinct complaints to learn that "Granny Goosefoot's Green Globules" can only cure ninety-seven of them, instead of the whole lot as heretofore. And would the house buyer feel at all grateful, think you, to the land agent for frankly telling him that the £750 property he is buying is only worth £500 after all? Not on your life. The man who is being taken down always loves to believe that he is taking down somebody else. And the land agent's advertisement, at present, helps him to this comfortable frame of mind. Again, just fancy the result of the ragman candidly telling the lady that the £40 grey fox cloak was the best rabbit-skin obtainable. She wouldn't thank him for his honesty—and he wouldn't sell that cloak. And so on, and so forth. It is all very well to dream dreams like these Sydney advertisers are doing, but there is a very hard row before the man who initiates the foolish endeavour to make honesty and veracity an integral part of his business.

KINGS AND PRINCES HAVE MET.

KING COAL, SURNAMED
BILANDISIDE.

It is said, on excellent authority, that this powerful and wealthy monarch can trace an unbroken lineage right down the dim corridors of history to the great King Cole the First, of jovial and immortal memory. He would seem to have inherited most, or all, of the more prominent characteristics of his illustrious forbear, excepting, perhaps, those of avoirdupois and capacity for merriment. True, it is rumoured—though the rumour is not generally credited—that once, long ago, he did essay a smile, but the effort proving too painful, he broke it off abruptly, and has never attempted it since. His life is ascetic, and his views severe, while his usual expression seems to be one of perpetual regret that the good God did not make a better job of the world. Still, he has periods of relaxation from his usually gloomy outlook on life, and men and things, and in these gentler moments we may be certain that he permits himself to regard with a lenient eye the shortcomings of the Deity. It is always pleasant to think of magnanimity in the great and powerful.

Ordinarily reserved and taciturn, His Majesty can be provoked to extreme and violent volubility by the sight or mention of any one of his special aversions. These are many, but the limits of space forbid mention of more than two or three. First (though not, perhaps, in importance) comes the motor hog. It is said that His Majesty's dignity has more than once been sadly impaired through his having to

skip precipitately from before some reckless motorist to whom speed regulations were as things that were not. However that may be, it is an undeniable fact that the royal temper becomes explosive at the bare name of a motor hog. Some years ago, it is alleged, he endeavoured to get the speed limit reduced to about two miles an hour, but his Councilors, fearing the consequences of such a drastic measure, compromised by bringing it down to forty or thereabouts. foiled in this, His Majesty has since devoted his time to the composition of a "Hymn of Hate" of the aforesaid motor swine.

Next I may place the Trade Union secretary or delegate. It is regrettably difficult to obtain His Majesty's opinion of these pests, for the mere mention of them reduces him to such a state of babbling incoherence that he is powerless to put his feelings into clear, intelligible words. We are left largely to deduction and imagination.

Another pet aversion of His Majesty are those who presumptuously dare to hold views at variance with his own. His attitude towards these, however, is not so much one of hatred as of contempt. Those who think differently are damned fools and that is all there is about it.

Other objects of his dislike are "Pro Bono Publico," "Fiat Justitia," "Paterfamilias," and the rest of that tribe who find delight in rushing into print about this or that or nothing at all. On these he keeps a watchful eye, and every now and then, as opportunity offers, he salutes out and, on general principles, gives them a swift drubbing, and then hastily retires again to the seclusion of his castle.

His monarchy may be described as a dual one. At his rural kingdom of Night, caps his black subjects supply him with certain minerals, in return for which he allows them the wherewithal to get bread and meat and a whole lot of beer. The minerals thus obtained he distributes, for the most part, among his white subjects in his urban kingdom of Invercargill, getting for them the wherewithal to buy greater quantities of bread and meat and bigger lots of beer. The difference between the two quantities of bread and meat and beer is called profit, and his belongs to His Majesty. The process is beautiful in its simplicity; anyone by adopting it can become a king.

But the course of profit-making, like the course of love, "never did run smooth." His Majesty has had much trouble with his subjects, but chiefly with the black ones. Every now and then—to pass the time, or for any other old reason—these start a revolution, or "strike," as it is colloquially termed. Then the King tears his hair, and in frenzy asks what he has done to deserve all this, wishes he had never been born, and so on. Still, although at times the outlook seemed pretty dark, His Majesty has somehow or other, by the exercise of much diplomacy and other means, managed hitherto to smooth over the difficulties and retain his sway. Latterly these open rebellions have been less frequent. But do not deduce therefrom that the royal bed has become more rosy. Quite otherwise, in fact.

For within the last year or two the blacks have contracted a mysterious and maddening malady, closely allied to sleeping sickness, and to which, for want of a better, the name of "goslopolicy" has been given. Chief among its more unpleasant symptoms are an unconquerable lethargy, loss of strength, a sort of paralysis which makes rapid movement impossible, a tendency to fall over one's own feet, dimness of vision making it hard to find the tools that are wanted, etc., etc. (in fact, a whole lot of etc.). Its effect were various and serious, but the gravest of them all was the havoc played with profits. So near were these to annihilation that at one time His Majesty was at the very verge of despair. Fortunately, at the moment when all seemed dark and hopeless, he invented, or learned, of an excellent prescription for staying the erosion of profits. It was called "Passion," and proved so efficacious that His Majesty once more enjoys untroubled rest. In fact, he says he will never again be without a bottle in the house.

"People who drive motor cars are apparently not familiar with their responsibilities," said His Honour Mr Justice Herdman, addressing the Grand Jury at Christchurch. "It is notorious that motor cars and motor bicycles are driven in a most reckless manner about the streets." The case under notice was one in which a man was charged with manslaughter as the result of a fatal motor smash. "Cases of this kind are becoming quite common," continued His Honour. "Some of the drivers of motor cars don't recognise that they have a duty to the public, and that if they commit a breach of that duty they render themselves liable to criminal as well as civil proceedings."

GORDON BROWN.

THOSE in search of houses and farm lands cannot do better than consult me. I shall at all times do my best to suit properties that are fair value and change your finance at lowest current rates of interest.

£300.—Very superior seven-roomed house; slab-tile grates, art mantels, picture gallery, and wide freizes; commodious bedroom. Full 1-acre freehold in handy position. Terms: £300 down, balance 5 per cent.

£550.—Comfortable six-roomed house; and c. water; one-eighth acre freehold city area. A handy home. Terms: £50 cash, balance 6 per cent.

£1275.—Twelve acres freehold land; early new five-roomed house, cowbyre, trap shed, etc. Close to factory and school and only 3½ miles from Invercargill Post Office.

£300.—Special new five-roomed Bungalow, with porcelain bath and panelled hall; half-acre freehold land with ample room for another house. Real good buying. See it.

GORDON BROWN.

UNION BANK CHAMBERS,
TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

H. D. PRESTON.

BUILDING CONTRACTOR.

WINDOW FITTER AND SHOW-CASE
MAKER,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

IF you require anything in the way of
woodwork please call and have your
wants attended to.

I have the staff and material to do any
work required—and do it well.

H. D. PRESTON,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Phone—472.

Private—507.

RABBIT SKINS

RABBIT SKINS WANTED IN ANY
QUANTITY.

HIGHEST PRICES. PROMPT
RETURNS.

Consign to—

ANDREW WILSON,

Corner DEE and LEET STREETS,

INVERCARGILL.

Also—

WOOL, SHEEPSKINS, HIDES,

TALLOW AND HORSEHAIR.

Tags on Application to—

BOX 143.

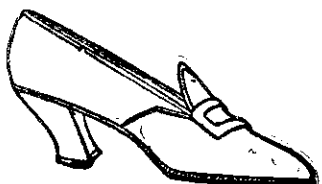
PHONE 1148

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:

Hear the Town Council bleat,
What on earth is that they have upon
their feet,

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!

Repairs that can't be beat.



J. A. HAWTHORNE.

BOOT REPAIRER,

TAY STREET.

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

Draughts Club meets in Athenaeum
smoke room on Wednesday and Satur-
day evenings.

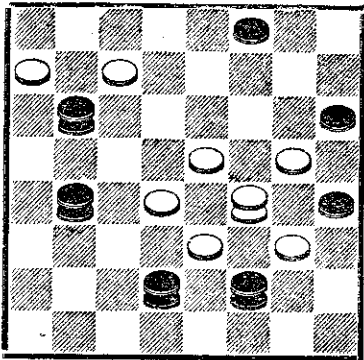
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Geo. B. Brown.—Your solution to Pro-
blem 24 is not correct. Your play, 5.1,
9.2, 18.14, 17.10 is not forced. Black
has the option of taking the two pieces
with king on 27, 27.11, etc. Try again.

PROBLEM 25.

By C. Lee, Warrington.

(From "Hobbies.")



Black to play and draw.

Black—2, 6, 16, 17, 19, 24.

White—8, 16, 26, 28, 32, king 3.

The draw is extremely critical.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 24.

Black—3, 12, 20, kings 9, 17, 26, 37.

White—5, 6, 15, 16, 18, 23, 24, king 19.

White to play and win.

15.11 20.27 12.19 3.10

9.2 10.6 15.6A 5.1

18.15 2.9 18—15 10.14

27.18 19.15 11.7 6.10

15.10 White wins.

a Taking five pieces.

CENTRE GAME.

Showing a little trap played at the
English Championship Tourney, 1891:

11.15 19.15 11.15 17.14 18.23 22.15

23.19 10.19 28.24 9.13 27.11A 13.31

8.11 24.8 12.16 32.28 20.27 Black

22.17 4.11 30.26 6.9 31.24 wins.

15.18x 26.22 16.20 21.17 9.18

a If 26.10, 9.18, 22.15, 7.30, Black wins.

b An opening not much practised, but
capable of a still greater development.

The following two games were contested
at Halifax, between Mr J. Swift, Spring-
hill, U.S.A., and Mr W. Forsyth, cham-
pion of Canada:—

GAME 2141—Bristol Cross.

Black—Forsyth. White—Swift.

11.16 22.18 9.13 21.14

23.18 1.6 18.9 10.17

8.11A 29.25 5.14 18.14

18.14 6.10 23.18c 7.10

9.18 25.22 14.23 14.7

22.8 16.20 27.18 2.11

4.11 24.19 16.23 19.15

26.23x 11.15 31.26 11.18

6.9 18.11 3.7c 28.24

25.22 7.16 26.19 20.27

10.14 22.18 13.17 32.14

Drawn.

a A good line.

b 21.17 and 25.22 draw.

c A good move.

d Throwing 23.27 also draws.

GAME 2141—CROSS.

Black—Swift. White—Forsyth.

11.15 24.19 15.24 25.22

23.18 7.14 17.13 23.26

8.11 28.24 24.27 22.17

27.23 6.10 13.6 26.31

10.14A 15.6 10.15 17.14

23.19B 1.10 6.2 15.11

14.23 32.28 27.31 14.10

19.10 8.11 2.6 12.15

7.14 25.22 14.17D 10.7

26.18 3.7 21.17 16.19

11.16 30.26 31.26 7.3

19.15 11.15 14.10 19.24

16.20 24.20 26.19 3.7

22.17 15.24 10.7 11.15

20.27 28.19 15.18 6.8

17.10 7.11 7.2 5.14

4.8 26.23 19.15 7.10

31.24C 11.15 29.25 15.6

2.7 22.17 18.23 2.18

Drawn.

a This is quite a modern line, and re-
garding strength is quite equal to 4.8.

b 22.17 draws.

c Or 32.23.

d 31.27, 6.10.—Drawn.

Racing Notes.

Roy Berry has got a big team of trotters
and gallopers to work on this season.
Berry opened his career as a trainer well
last season, but should do better in the
coming one.

Digger Percy Price and his brothers
apparently do not intend to patronise
Rorke's Drift Lodge this season. Hogan
has won a lot of money for this family
with Rorke's Drift and Tin Soldier.

The prospects for next season look
good with big teams of horses in training
at Gore, Riverton, Winton, and Invercar-
gill. Stakes may be good, but they will
be hard to catch with so many horses
about.

Otago returned soldiers lost a good
friend in Captain Allan Orbell, who went
west this week. A public-spirited man
with a fine big heart for Diggers.

If only the training tracks would dry
up a little some interesting work could be
done on the courses now. Nearly every
trainer has horses ready to shove along
in their work, but, owing to the wet state
of the tracks, it is quite impossible to do
so just now. Next month racing com-
mences in earnest in the south with the
Dunedin Spring, Gore Spring, and Otago
Hunt Club fixtures, and many of our
horses will be backward.

True Blue Dave was sufficiently recov-
ered to enable him to leave the hospital
last week, and he is now convalescing at
home in Gala street. Mr Morton has a
very large number of friends who will
congratulate him on the recovery he has
made, and will wish him the best of luck
in keeping it going.

Secretary Jack Oliver got out a very
creditable annual report and balance sheet
of the local Racing Club. By the time
the summer meeting comes round Jack
will be able to hold his own with most of
the secretaries, and as he has plenty of
go in him I expect to see several improve-
ments fathered by him.

Two "have beens," in Jimmy Lawson
(trainer) and Alex. McKenzie (jockey)
were in evidence at the Birchwood Hunt
meeting last week. Alex. is looking after
Veterinary Surgeon Chisholm's recent im-
portations, and they are reported to be
good-looking ones. Jimmy is taking
things quietly, and still talks of the good
ones the late Jimmy Miller was getting
round him before he died.

ADVOCATING THE BOOKMAKER.

An Australian writer, who has always
favoured the bookmaker, in reviewing the
position in New Zealand as he sees it from
a distance, says:—"Our New Zealand
friends are very much concerned over the
aggressive bookmaker. As the Germans
did years before them, they passed some
very drastic laws relating to betting—dras-
tic enough, seemingly, to wipe odds mer-
chants right off the map. But, instead of
packing up their books and worldly goods
and seeking more generous climes, they
stayed right there, and instead of decreas-
ing they increased a thousandfold, as they
did in Germany, and practically defied the
authorities. On the advice of the police
all over Germany, the authorities recalled
the bookmakers, and under heavy tax
allowed them to compete against the tota-
lisator. The New Zealanders followed
suit as far as recalling was concerned;
but, according to one who ought to know,
they registered all the ruffians they could
lay hands on purposely to disgust the
public. Consequently, the life of the
bookie on the New Zealand courses was
very short-lived. They returned to the
old order, and in time it became possible
to win large amounts on any race at start-
ing or stated price. Though it is a mis-
deemeanour to publish totalisator odds, as
the very wise New Zealand Parliament
reckons the publication of tote dividends
increases starting-price betting, there is
comparatively more s.p. done there than
here. Despite the law, I have learned
from a very big New Zealand bookmaker,
there is ten times more of it now in New
Zealand than there was ten years ago,
and also in every big town there are more
big firms of bookmakers doing tremendous
business at both double and straight out.
The reason for this is that a majority of
people who bet prefer a stated price to
the off-chance of the totalisator. They
want the bookmakers, and support them;
but a very small circle of big racing men,
who do not bet, but like good prizes to
race for, are against bookmaking. They,
however, have no objection to the public
coming to their courses in droves to get
on to their totalisators, and on enriching
the race clubs that way. It would be
better if they registered the best book-
makers and charged heavy fees for bet-
ting."

TO THE DIGGER IN SEARCH OF LAND,

We beg to say that we have a large selection of FARMS of all sizes
for sale, and our representatives will place themselves at your disposal to
give you the best deal possible.

289 Acres Leasehold, Four-roomed Cottage, Stable, Chaff-shed, Dip, Sheep
Yards, 259 acres grass, 30 acres turnips, carrying 400 sheep, 20 head
cattle, and 10 horses. Rent, 5s per acre. Price for goodwill, £5 per
acre. This is a real good property, and we recommend inspection.

212 Acres, Five-roomed House, Dairy Washhouse, Stable, and Cowbyre,
40 acres grass for cutting, balance older pasture; carry 500 sheep.
Price, £22 per acre; £660 cash.

We think this would suit two returned soldiers.

We shall be pleased to answer to your inquiries, whether made in
person or by letter.

CARSWELL & CO., LTD.,

LAND AGENTS, WOOD ST., INVERCARGILL.

Lewis's
ESTD 1862 LIMITED

SOUTHLAND'S SHOPPING CENTRE.

DEE & ESK STREETS. INVERCARGILL.

BRANCHES . . . GORE and WYNDHAM.

Tea Rooms — Top Floor by Elevator.

Quality - Value- Variety - Service.

Finest in the World.

WATSON'S No. 10
WHISKY.



Phone—45.

THE GRAND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS COM-
PLETE,
DEE STREET.

THOSE SLOP MADE BOY SUITS!

Why buy them

When we will make you a SUIT TO
YOUR ACCURATE MEASURE FOR
PRACTICALLY THE SAME PRICE.

You simply order in time and we
will see to it rest.

SPLENDID RANGE OF SUITINGS TO
CHOOSE FROM.

NO RISE IN PRICES—

£7, £7 10s, £8, £8 10s.

W. BIRD AND W. GEORGE.

ADVERTISERS!

We guarantee the "Digger" to penetrate the whole of Southland, Lake
District, South Otago, and to a lesser degree, a few places beyond this
sphere, including as far north as Auckland. The destiny of the "Digger"
as an effective and efficient advertising medium is assured.

We can tell you of a number who can testify to our claim and we are
always ready to discuss advertising with firms who are desirous of reaching
the purchasing public.

Remember ONE advertisement in the "Digger" covers the whole field.

We guarantee to have the largest circulation of any weekly, south of
Dunedin, and the largest circulation outside of the leading morning and
evening papers.

Failure to change your advertisement is failure to get effective service,
and no fault of the "Digger."

Seed Potatoes.

ALL THE BEST VARIETIES OF EARLY AND LATE SEED POTATOES IN STOCK AND CAN GIVE IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

If you have any Seed to dispose of consign to us. We can get you highest price going.

NEW FURNITURE.

Splendid showing of all kinds of Furniture at wholesale cash prices.

McKAY BROS.

AUCTIONEERS AND LAND AGENTS.
EXCHANGE MART.
INVERCARGILL.

Box-17. Phone-15.

CYCLES and all Cycle Sundries for The Digger.

SEWING MACHINES for Mrs Digger.

PRAMS, PUSH CARTS, and PUSH CHAIRS for The Little Diggers.

Repairs to Cycles, Prams, etc., by Expert Mechanics.

Give us a trial and we will do our best for you.

Thomas Bird,

THE PRAM AND CYCLE SHOP,

122 DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Telephone 862.

SPEND THAT £50 TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

BY spending a pound here and a pound there you cannot buy to the best advantage.

Make out a list and buy from the ONE reliable firm,

VERNON SMITH & CO.

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS,
INVERCARGILL.

Our stocks include Household Ironmongery, Glassware, Cutlery, Tools for all trades—in fact everything in the household line.

WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU AN APPETISING ARRAY

SCONES,

BUNS,

PIKELETS.

AND FOODSTUFFS OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

A. C. MILLARS LTD.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. Macalister, B.A., LL.B.; S. Morell Macalister, LL.B.; Horace J. Macalister, LL.B.; Alan B. Macalister.

MACALISTER BROS.,

Barristers and Solicitors,

INVERCARGILL.

Money to Lend on approved security at current rates.

F. G. HALL-JONES, B.A., LL.B. (late Rattray, Armistead and Murray, and late James Harvey).

P.O. Box 48. Telephone 36.

RATTRAY & HALL-JONES,

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS,
ESK STREET, INVERCARGILL, N.Z.

MR CHARLES DUERDEN, Pianist, is open for engagement at Private Parties, Dances, Socials, etc.

FULL ORCHESTRA SUPPLIED.

Address—

25 Princess Street, Georgetown, Invercargill.

ERIC M. RUSSELL, SOLICITOR,

Hallenstein's Buildings,

ESK STREET,

INVERCARGILL.

Money to lend on freehold security.

STOUT & LILLICRAP, SOLICITORS,
Esk street.

MONEY TO LEND

On Freehold Security at Current Rates of Interest.

KEDDELL & HEWAT.

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS,

72 ESK ST. (Opp. Times Office),

INVERCARGILL.

Money to Lend on approved security at current rates. Solicitors under Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act.

SOUTHLAND SCHOOL OF HIGH-

LAND AND CLASSIC DANCING.

Rooms over Wesley Brothers, Dee street.

ALEX. SUTHERLAND, Principal.

Miss Melba Lipscombe, Assistant.

Box-41. Telephone-1410.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1920.

PENSIONS.

At the recent meeting of the Dominion Executive of the R.S.A., it was decided to take steps to bring pressure to bear upon the Government to increase the scale of pensions. To carry this into effect, it is proposed to ask the local Associations throughout the Dominion to take steps which will show the Government that the R.S.A. is a united force throughout the whole Dominion. In view of the attitude of the Minister of Lands, over the strength of the R.S.A. when dealing with the Rep. area state, it is absolutely imperative that returned soldiers should make a special point of not only being a member of the R.S.A., but be a real live contributor to its effectiveness. We frequently heard that the matter of pensions would be reviewed this Session, but all hopes of any increase are entirely shattered unless united action is taken. All along the line, from the early history of the N.Z.E.F., it has been one continual fight to achieve and preserve for the more unfortunate of our comrades, the barest limits of justice. The Minister has stated that it will saddle the country with too great a financial burden. An injustice is something that will be allowed to exist unless the Government are shown that we stand together. Labour organisations throughout the Dominion would not be treated so lightly. Half a dozen firemen on the ferry service can demand attention. The Government have increased wages in a number of its departments. Every industrial concern has had to do so in order that its employees may be able to compete with the increased cost of living. The Government have admitted the necessity for so doing, and when asked to increase the disabled man's pension, or his dependents', as the case may be, it has denied these men the same right—viz., to maintain a reasonable standard of comfort. There is no man who can live decently on a pension of £3 per week, which is the maximum. The lowest paid men in the

country get £3 10s per week, the Government assess the value of a maimed soldier at a lower rate than the lowest paid man. A miserable £3, in order that he may have the privilege of a mere existence. Surely he is entitled to something for being deprived of the joys of life. Unfortunately the pressure of space on our columns this week prevents us from covering the whole field; but in the meantime, we commend the Executive's decision to the thoughtful consideration of all returned men, and we will deal more exhaustively with this matter next week.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

Mandoville notes unavoidably held over.

Caledonian Pipe Band—Report of social held over owing to column of historical matter arriving later.

"Correspondent," Isla Bank:—Notes are O.K., but you did not mention whether the proposed memorial is for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of those who fell in bringing about the "Armistice for the 1921 season."

THE CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS, SOUTHLAND ELECTRIC POWER BOARD.

Sir and Gentlemen,—In our issue of August 13th., we published an open letter to the Board. The effect of this has been to cause considerable comment and to intensify to an already existing state of uneasiness amongst the people of Southland. We drew your attention to the practice of going to Australia for men, without giving Southlanders a chance. These positions were not advertised for locally. In the "Evening Post" of August 24th., we notice that Messrs Hay and Vickerman are applying for two assistant electrical engineers at a salary of between £300 and £400 per annum. Now, will you state whether these men are for the local scheme, and if so, why are they not advertised for locally? Is it true that a committee drew up an agreement between the Board and engineers which has practically placed the scheme in the hands of the engineers, and that the Board now exists as a piece of machinery to satisfy legislative requirements? Is it not also true that the position of Public Works clerk was first offered at a salary of £12 a week, but the engineers subsequently made it £10 per week and £12 if the applicant makes good? It certainly seems like the same thing. Is it not true that a book was kept for applicants for employment to enter their names? If so, has it reached the rubbish bin, and what use was made of it?

Regarding the trip of the chairman to the Old Country, we trust you will not consider it impertinent if we ask whether it is legal to spend the Board's funds in this direction. In case this, and a few other questions are causing you some concern, we leave the matter for the consideration of the Board, and in the interests of the scheme and the Board, the time is ripe for a fearless member of the Board to resign and have the necessary freedom of action to satisfy the public uneasiness.—Editor, "Digger."

A CONTRADICTION.

(To the Editor).

Sir,—In your issue of Friday, August 27th., I note that "Spaniel," says that the owner of Paddy's Selection has not learned how to take a beating. With regard to "Spaniel's" version of the Wellington Show, who was not a spectator nor exhibitor, I presume that he is overstepping the mark when he writes such. I myself was in attendance at the show, and never saw nor heard such remarks as published in your issue. I will quote a piece that has appeared in the "Weekly Press," by an expert breeder, who was at the show and since has published the following:—"Irish terrier classes were poorly filled, but included one of two good ones. I liked J. Doe's brace, Rabymere Paddy's Selection, and Rabymere Paddy's Pride, much better than the winner, Miss Coleride (Blighly). The latter has a good harsh coat, but is quite wrong in colour, being a mahogany, with almost black ears, badly carried, his head is rather coarse, and he has not the desired racy appearance. Both of the Invercargill dogs have good coloured jackets, just a little softer and more open than is wanted, but they excel in outline, style, and Irish character. I made Paddy's Pride the best dare-devil benched. He is the right size, with good head, and ears, nice eyes, and showed well. His sire Paddy's Selection is a good type of dog. Size is much too big, head and expression are first-class, and has a fair quality jacket. Those who remember Jansen and Clark's Lurgan Lanty and Lurgan Looney,

will mark a strange resemblance in this dog."

I may state that this appeared in the "Press" on August 18th., by an expert who bred Irish terriers and has been the leading winner for years with his famous Airedales, receiving lately 200 gns. for a dog. This above should prove his worth as an authority on the Wellington Show. If "Spaniel" cannot do good, to keep the fancy together, then let well alone. I may state that Mr Taylor, of Auckland, who was the big winner, was surprised at not seeing the crack dog from the South. "Spaniel," will, I hope, in future events, give credit where it is due, or leave my dogs doings out of "The Digger."—I am, etc., J. DOE.

Our columns are not open for a personal attack on an anticipated correspondent and this portion has been excised.—Edt.

(To the Editor).

Dear "Jaques,"—I agree with you that discussion is healthy; I also agree with many of the scathing comments on current topics in your admirable column, and I always derive a considerable amount of amusement therefrom. It is a well-known defect, however, with those who write to amuse that they are often inaccurate and given to exaggerate. Your treatment of McCabe is an instance of this. After stating in reply to "A" that McCabe, in his debates "airily ascribes certain phenomena to telepathy," you now admit that he did not do so in his debate with Sir A. Conan Doyle, but you proceed at once to make another equally erroneous statement. You say that "he met them with the engagingly candid assumption that every one on the other side was either a liar or a fool." Even for one who aims at sensation and amusement this is a most outrageous statement to make, seeing that there is nothing in the debate to warrant such an assertion. Do, at least, try to be fair, "Jaques." Admit that you were wrong or quote from the debate to prove you are right. If McCabe had used language from which any such interpretation could be taken, would Sir A. C. Doyle have acknowledged the courtesy of his opponent, as he did do at the close of the debate. Mr McCabe is too much of a gentleman to descend to such methods, and is quite ready to give those on the other side credit for intelligence and honesty, as he did in the debate when he said near the close: "I stand here respecting to the uttermost the sincerity of Sir A. Conan Doyle," etc. I think you overrate men like Myers and Dr Hodgson when you refer to his crude opinions against theirs. If one reads his latest book, "Is Spiritualism Based on Fraud," without bias, the conclusion is forced on one in the words of the "Expository Times," that he "evidently knows his subject better than the most popular exponent of it." The shrewd investigators are the Dr Merciers, the Sir Ray Lankester, the Maskelynes and Devants, etc., who have exposed so many of their tricks that were once ascribed to the work of spirits.—I am, etc., JOHN.

Dear "Groper,"—You will excuse my saying so, but you appear to me more like an eel than a proper the way you wriggle. You roundly assert that the Bible wholly condemns slavery, but ask "why I did not mention that Theodore Parker was a minister"? It was not necessary; that only makes his telling indictment against the Christian Church the stronger. And, again, you say: "His vigorous campaign against slavery had Christ as its dynamic." Really, "Groper," you make me smile to see how you wriggle to get out of the net that such a young and inexperienced scribe as your humble servant has helped to weave round you. Because one Christian in a thousand preaches a humanitarian doctrine in spite of his creed you jump to the conclusion that it is the dynamic force of that creed which inspires him. Why did it not inspire others through the long centuries before the abolition movement started? Such an aged and experienced scribe as yourself should know that assertion is not proof. I quote from Scripture to prove that the Bible sanctions slavery. You reply by telling me that I "don't go far enough in my Scripture," and then, with a know-all sort of flourish, you proceed to give me your ideas as to why Jehovah permitted slavery among the Jews. If you want to convince give chapter and verse to show where the Bible condemns slavery. Your ideas or other people's ideas don't matter. I also want you to tell me why the passages therein upholding slavery were regarded as inspired and acted upon for over a thousand years, and why the Jews dealt in human flesh and blood all that time? Come to the point, Mr "Groper," and don't accuse others of not delivering the goods when you can't deliver them yourself.—I am, etc., JOHN.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Miss Peggy Penman gave a delightful dance in the Railway Library Hall last Monday. Twenty-five couples were present and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The hall was prettily decorated with greenery and showed much taste on the part of those responsible. Mr Danden supplied the music and dancing was kept up till 1 a.m. Songs were rendered during the evening by Misses Miller and Petrie, while Mr Gordon Reed gave a humorous recitation. Miss Penman who has just obtained her majority, was presented by Mr Isaacs (Christchurch), with the customary key. Those present were: Messdames Penman, King, Pedlar, Gifford, Fraser, Orr; Misses Godward, M. Clark, W. McKay, M. Kingston, Edie, J. Stuart (Oamaru), McChesney, Miller, Dunne, Nisbet, Brown, Brookes, Roscoe, Agnew, Baird, M. Strang, E. Robbins, Petrie, Fraser, Smith, Stead, Walker, Lipscombe, Wade; Messrs Penman, King, Pedlar, Gifford, Doolan (Christchurch), Orr, Colling, J. Stead, R. Ritchie, R. Stephens, C. Broad, R. Royds, E. Kennedy, G. T. Matheson, L. Dkys, G. D. Connor, M. Wilson, Rice (2), G. Reed, J. Pay, D. McKay, C. Ashley, Petrie, and Vial.

The Returned Soldier's Ball was very successfully carried out in the King's Hall on Friday night. The hall was tastefully decorated with festoons of greenery and coloured lights. About 470 couples took part in the Grand March, which was led off by Colonel and Mrs Hargest. Some of the ladies present were:—Mrs Hargest, peach satin relieved with gold lace; Mrs Macdonald, lemon-spangled net over satin; Mrs Longuet, saxe-blue nun over gold gauze; Mrs Dr Snow, black taffeta and nunon; Mrs Blakely, black crepe-de-chene; Mrs Robertson, black taffeta silk; Mrs Provan, black lace over white satin; Mrs Farrant, black taffeta and crepe-de-chene; Mrs McFarlane, black satin; Mrs Thomson, black taffeta and nunon; Mrs J. McCulloch, electric blue satin; Mrs S. Lindsay, vieux rose crepe-de-chene and overdress of grey nunon; Mrs Newton, black crepe-de-chene relieved with Oriental trimmings; Mrs R. Wills, saxe blue and grey georgette; Mrs Gibson, Egyptian pink crepe-de-chene; Miss Crofts, saxe blue taffeta silk; Miss McKay, royal blue spangled net and black nunon; Miss W. McKay, pale blue nunon over red nunon; Miss Manson, pale pink crepe-de-chene; Miss M. Manson, cream lace with touches of pale pink; Miss M. Kingston, lemon crepe-de-chene; Miss Orange, lemon silk relieved with black; Miss J. McIntosh, emerald green crepe-de-chene, with overdress of nunon; Miss M. Crowther, cerise charmeuse and nunon; Miss F. Phillips, emerald green crepe-de-chene; Miss M. Hay, cerise nunon over satin of the same shade; Miss E. Stott, emerald green crepe-de-chene and nunon; Miss J. Gerrard, apricot satin with nunon overdress; Miss Lindsay, pale blue satin; Miss F. Hamilton, lemon nunon; Miss M. O'Byrne, pale pink net over satin of same shade; Miss E. Ballantyne, pale blue satin and nunon; Miss D. Pope, cerise crepe-de-chene with black nunon overdress; Miss I. Spiers, floral nunon; Miss Stettell, pale pink satin and cream lace; Miss M. Snow, cream lace with sea blue velvet; Miss G. Thomson, cream crepe-de-chene and nunon; Miss F. Coster, cream lace; Miss B. Gilman, emerald green crepe-de-chene with overdress of lemon nunon; Miss M. Thomson, taffeta silk and georgette; Miss Bruce, black nunon over pale pink satin; Miss M. Carter, white georgette; Miss Mitchell, grey crepe-de-chene with emerald green trimmings; Miss M. Jones, lavender crepe-de-chene relieved with violet ribbon; Miss B. Lyons, vieux-rose crepe-de-chene; Miss R. Ferguson, sea-green silk with net overdress; Miss Henry, lemon crepe-de-chene; Miss M. Murray, white crepe-de-chene; Miss I. Hislop, pale blue taffeta silk; Miss K. McKenzie, biscuit coloured satin; Miss I. Connor, champagne crepe-de-chene; Miss Grant, vieux-rose crepe-de-chene; Miss J. Olsen, cream net; Miss L. Laing, pale blue crepe-de-chene and cream nunon; Miss M. McChesney, white silk; Miss M. Laytham, pale blue satin; Miss F. Ronalds, white charmeuse satin; Miss F. Ronalds, black spangled net; Miss Gunion, saxe-blue net over taffeta silk; Miss Beadle, pale blue satin and nunon; Miss Oughton, cream crepe-de-chene; Miss Kenney, saxe-blue crepe-de-chene and nunon; Miss Fisher, pale grey satin; Miss I. McNeil, grey velvet; Mrs M. Percy, grey crepe-de-chene; Miss L. Norris, saxe-blue crepe-de-chene; Miss M. de Joux, blue crepe-de-chene; Miss M. de Joux, grey crepe-de-chene and pale pink net; Miss Wills, pale pink crepe-de-chene; Miss McNeillage, black taffeta silk and cerise crepe-de-chene; Miss de Joux, black crepe-de-chene and gorgette relieved with emerald green; Miss Keeney, white charmeuse and nunon; Miss Henry, white nunon over pale satin; Miss C. Grant, saxe-blue crepe-de-chene; Miss A. Roulston, white net over

SCHOOLS FOOTBALL.

PROVINCIAL GAMES.

JUNIORS.

LAND (3) v. OTAGO (0).

Backs: Fletcher; Halpin, Stiles, Maher; Connelly; Pasco, Henley, Morrison, East, Longley and Todd.

Forwards: Miller; Holden, Crawford, Cameron, McBry, Lyders, Chase, Brugh, Mollan, Brown and Hill.

Southland opened the play and at once passed, the bunching of their forwards preventing them from gaining Otago's tackling proving effective.

The visiting youngsters packed the home forwards moved into the 25, for a Blue to break through Maroons, his pass to the wing going.

The Southland boys came with a rush and Otago were forced. From the 25 the Blues drove in a fine rush, their passing being well done, the Southland checking them and sending play to the wing, where a home rush was stopped.

Blue pack, heel, and kick. Exchange kicks brought gain to the visitors, a bettering, and Southland full clearing 50, his forwards carrying the line on well over halfway. Play swayed

as field, and Southland's ground work poor, Otago coming with a dribble and the home side. Otago continued attack, and a scrum saw them secure ball, the footwork being excellent, and passing good right to the 25. Southland cleared with a great forward rush,

which was ruled offside, Styles failing to the line on return. Play at half found Otago offside, and the Southland forwards bit hard, the visiting backs showing a tendency to avoid ground work.

Southland's centre waited for the bounce; the clash the home forwards came crepe-etter, their loss rack work showing individuality than that of Otago. The

spans replied with clever forward dribbling, their footwork showing their careful Otago's centre, Crawford, through and was well tackled by full

er; but the home team were driven back, the line going to Otago who well. A free relayed Southland,

multitasking with a punt back, two one for each, stirring up the youth-ful spectators to enthusiastic party calls.

change of kicks went to Southland, but the back let Otago heel, D. Opey, of the side clearing the kick. Southland

wed badly in ground work, and Otago into their 25, a close attack looking dangerous, and Maroon forwards lagging.

ally cleared, Otago failing to stand forwards. Southland had another tiredness, and Otago kicked them

10 yards from the line, where cleared slightly to near the and the whistle went with no

re-opened, and at the first clash and passed well to just about the 25, a free against the home

adding; but the Maroon forwards the ball over halfway, where the

swung well from a scrum and drib- back to in front of Southland's goal. home side heeled and kicked clear, a

ble bettering and crossing the half, Otago taking an over-kick, which the

full evened with a good punt, Todd lunging out with a vigorous smother at press table. Styles got in a good

k, but Otago were heeling and kicking suddenly, their lining coming too often

Maroon forwards pressed the Otago's corner, where weak pass. lost a score, and the Otago half clear-

slightly. Forwards again took charge the visitors were forced. Otago's

was monotonous on the line punt, the nothing trifling when compared with at his backs might do if fed. South-

and scrummers smashed through the Blue ks. Todd doing well but not diving

get a back who had received an over- k. The Maroons in the pack became

istable, and a great dribble, heel, and

let centre, Scott, across at the north-

corner. Southland 3, Otago nil.

ago attempted a trick kick-off but lost

ound. Two great Otago rushes were

ntered, and Southland came to the

the visitors outclassing the home boys

line break, Scott checking them at half-

ay. Otago set up a pass from the line,

d a kick from the centre put them in

sition, Todd breaking through their

oks and leading his men right back to

ago's 25. Otago passed and looked to be

oving, but Booth brought off a sound

ck, and the game was at mid-field.

Southland broke again, and the Otago centre, Crawford, put up an excellent run, short kick, and dash; but Henley marked and Southland moved in, Otago at once showing their packing, the clear ending 40 yards from home. Otago got a free and Southland returned, the visitors dash- ing to the home 25, where the ball went out and time sounded with the score: Southland 3, Otago nil. Mr Torrance refereed in a game that was delightfully free from whistling.

SENIORS.

SOUTHLAND (9) v. OTAGO (9).

(Maroon) (Blue).

The teams were:—

Otago: Backs—Niven, Robertson, Ir- vine (captain), Cunningham, McGrath, Ball and Gies.; forwards: Allen, Kind- ley, Murray, Ashby, Burns, McClusky, Dore, Churchill.

Southland: Backs—Broad, Wilson, Cal- der, Kennedy, Thomas, Padgett, Melvin; forwards: McLeod, Hamill, Hodge, Lee, McPherson, O'Neill, Graham, McNamara.

Southland kicked off and got into pass- ing, their position being better than that of the junior side in the backs; but the full was at least 20 yards too far away from his centre, the fault having much to do with many of Otago's gains, their very cleverly trained team taking full advan- tage of the big gap, and the Southland goal-keeper always coming up for the hop. But for this the lad was more than good. Otago began to throw the ball about, and the work on each side was smart, the visit- ing first-five, Ball, showing sound defence. The Blues appeared to be over-coached, their passing not being so frequent as their line work, the tendency to find the line making the play uninteresting. The

visitors showed better football, and had most of the first spell advantage, though the Southland forwards were better in loose rushes, Hamill, leading nearly all the attacks. Otago were often in the home

25 and forced Southland. A period of panic came to the Maroons, and a defence pass was muddled, Otago's first-five securing and running around, Churchill ending the movement with a score. Otago 3. Two

Maroons had failed to tackle. From the 25 the visitors set their backs going, and the second-five nearly got over, the home backs showing no inclination to defend. Again Otago passed well, and the centre

ran across to his wing, who coming at top scored wide and untouched. Otago 6. Southland kicked the 25 feebly, and the

Blues attacked demoralised backs, the Maroon forward slightly checking. Otago's half, Giles, picked up in a scramble and cleverly in-kicked, the Blue rush ending in a

score by Cunningham. Otago 9, South- land nil. Half-time came.

The Southland coaches hadn't noticed their full's position as he was farther from the play than ever. Otago got into

back attack, but failed to continue, and the Southland forwards took charge, Hamill leading. The visitors did not do ground

work, and three passing rushes by Maroons looked fair, their forwards continuing by walking over Otago, who forced. The

home lads scrummed them back and in the 25 secured well and smartly from a set-scrum, the pass going from half to

fives, a jink allowing Kennedy to score near the corner. Otago 9, Southland 3. Exchange of kicks was to Otago's advan-

tage, but a long, determined Maroon rush came to Otago's 25, where a mull lost a score. However, the forwards continued

to beat Otago, and an offside allowed Cal- der to kick a good goal. Otago 9, South- land 6. Right away, Southland passed

and kicked to nearly 30 yards from Otago's line, where the excellent packing, heeling, and kicking of the visitors cleared them to

the press table. Wilson secured an un- lined punt, and the forwards carried on the good work, dominating the game for

a time. A heel saw Melvin feeding on the short side, Wilson cannoning the cor- ner flag with his head and receiving fatherly

treatment from Mr Stalker. The re- sumption of play put Southland into at- tack, the ball moving across Otago's goal,

Hodges securing and crossing very-wide. Calder hit the post in a difficult kick. Otago 9, Southland 9. Attack continued,

and Otago were lucky to force. Then the visitors rallied, and from three lines kicked into Southland 25. There the play was

not varied, the backs lacking initiative and the half refusing to open the game, evi-

dently through fear of the deadly Maroon forward rushes. Otago's full was excellent

in take and in securing full line value for his kick. Time came with Southland in

Otago's 25, and the score Otago 9 (three tries), Southland 9 (two tries, one penalty

goal). Mr Stalker was most judicious in keeping the game fast. The draw is all

the more meritorious as Otago have a stone heavier limit in their senior competition,

and some of the Southland lads have not been available for the inter-school matches

here. An endeavour should be made to even the handicap.

WEEK OF PITY.

AN APPEAL

On Behalf of the Starving Children of Europe.

COUNTRY COLLECTIONS

NOW IN FULL SWING.

WHAT YOUR MONEY WILL DO.

2/- will provide a Daily DINNER for One Child for One Week.

£1 will Feed and Clothe a Naked Starving Child.

£100 will Feed 1000 Children for One Week.

Any further information from members of the Committee: Chairman, John Stead, Esq.; Vice-Chairmen, Messrs R. A. Ander- son and H. W. Roys; Hon. Treasurer, Mr F. Burwell (Box 51); Hon. Secretary, Mr H. J. Farrant (Box 272); Hon. Assis- tant Secretary, Mr A. S. Wallace. 4491

LAND FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

District Lands and Survey Office, Invercargill, 1st September, 1920.

NOTICE is hereby given that the under- mentioned land will be open for selection by soldiers only and applica- tions will be received up to 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 11th October, 1920.

Sections 1s to 9s, Strathvale Settlement. Areas from 71 acres to 138 acres. Half- yearly rentals from £45 to £93.

Situated from three to four miles from Otautau Railway Station, school, etc., and from one to three miles from dairy factory.

First-class dairying land. Full particu- lars, including sale plans, may be obtained on application to this office.

THOS. BROOK, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

The Diggers' Motor Car, FOR HIRE.

SPLENDIDLY UPHOLSTERED

FIVE-SEATER,

WELLYS' KNIGHT CAR—35 h.p.

R. A. BAIRD.

Ring 'Phone—744.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

SHIELDS, JENKINS & CO., LTD.

(Late Farmers' Machinery Exchange).

PROPRIETORS & MANUFACTURERS

STORRIE IMPROVED

MILKING MACHINE.

Wish to notify their Customers that they have removed to premises at rear of Club Hotel.

ENTRANCE:

DEE ST.: Club Hotel Right-of-way.

LEVEN ST.: Mackerras and Hazlett Right-of-way.

P.O. BOX—278.

TELEGRAMS: "Pulsator," Invercargill.

A Japanese internationalist states that the military are responsible for the wide- spread Anti-Japanese feeling, which is also evident in Britain and France.

We are now ready for the Spring Sea- son with all the latest novelties. Our selection of laces and embroideries cannot be excelled, while the moderate prices, and high grade quality of these goods will appeal to all thrifty shoppers. Pataty Chinese hand made laces and insertions 1 to 5 inches wide, from 10d to 5s 11d per yard. A variety of patterns in Val- enciennes torchon, imitation Maltese and filet laces from 1d to 2s 11d per yard. Real filet lace and insertion 6s 3d and 6s 6d per yard. New camisole embroideries 18 to 27 inches wide 1s 11d, 2s 3d, 2s 11d to 15s 6d per yard. Embroidery floun- cing 27 to 42in wide 5s 3d to 7s 6d. Em- broidery edgings and insertions in new patterns 1 to 6 inches wide, 7d to 5s 11d yard. See windows and fancy department for many new novelties at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Drapers, Tay street, Invercargill and Main street, Gore.

When I grow up to be a man
I'll smoke cigars! like Uncle Dan,
And flit with gulls, and own a car,
And wear long pants! like my papa.
And when the winter days are damp,
I'll have goloshes and a gamp;
But coughs and colds I'll not endure—
I'll just take Woods' Great Peppermint
Cure.

A DESCRIPTION OF STYLES

—AT—

"THE EXHIBITION."

COSTUMES.

STYLISH GREY FLANNEL COS- TUMES, featuring the new 34-inch Coat. Trimmed Self Buttons with belt high up on Coat and smart two- piece skirts. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inch. Splendid value at 130s, 147s, 150s, and 168s.

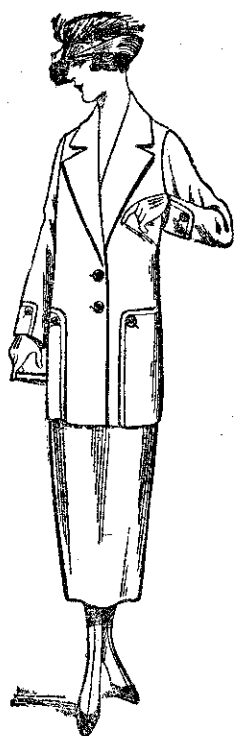
EXCEPTIONALLY SMART NAVY ALL-WOOL SERGE COSTUMES; guaranteed dyes. These are a big feature here. Bust sizes 32 to 40- inch. Splendid fitting. Featuring every new idea. Fully 100 styles to choose from. Prices 8 to 15 guineas.

HIGH-CLASS GARBARDINE COS- TUMES, in numerous stylish shapes half lined silk, etc., guaranteed clothes. Sizes 34 to 38-inch busts. Prices 8 to 12 guineas.

A very smart range of PLAIN AND CHECKED TWEED COSTUMES is shown. Prices from 5 guineas to £8 19s 6d.

BLACK SERGE COSTUMES.

We always feature a fine range of these, also in Black Gabardine. Prices 8 to 14 guineas.



Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

THE QUALITY HOUSE.

'Phone 13. P.O. Box 43. Tay Street, Invercargill.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL,

DUNEDIN.

TUAPEKA ALE AND SPEIGHT'S ALWAYS ON TAP.

P. V. STEVENS, Prop.,
19 Carrol street,
Dunedin.

ARE YOU A BOHEMIAN?

THE LAUGHTER TRIAL.

LABOUR PUTS ON A BOHEMIAN NIGHT!

LOCAL TALENT UP TO PROFESSIONAL STANDARD.

AN EVENING OF FUN, FROLIC, AND
HIGH-JINKS.

Diggers, Workers, Women, Children, and
Capitalists to roll along.

GRAND THEATRE,

SEPTEMBER 15, at 8 p.m.

2s and 1s.

Under 5 and over 70 Free.

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by the "Groper.")

"A pagan kissing for a step, of Pan,
The wild-goose's hoof print on the
loamy down,
Exceeds our modern thinker who turns
back,
The strata . . . granite, limestone,
coal and clay,

Concluding cockily with, "Here's law,
where's God?"

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The quest of the Eternal has been the quest of the choicest spirits of the races of men in all climes and in all ages. That no one of the world's teachers has succeeded in establishing a universally accepted creed signifies but little. The reward of virtue, knowledge and devotion is by implied necessity antecedent to death. If all men could but realise this and make the best of things in this beautiful and wonderful earth there would be no need for a future heaven. The fact that man does not in all cases attain the end for which he was given existence—that on occasions he becomes less than a brute—is no argument against the ideal, but strongly argues for it; "For man doth not live by bread only but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It will be perceived that we believe man to be the better of having "a star." This conclusion has been arrived at by a study of the lives of men who have "done things." The choice of the "star" is the thing that matters. We are thus obliged to conclude that the faith of such giants as Shakespeare and Milton, Newton and Kelvin, is no mean thing. But if the simple creed of Christ satisfied these departed great ones it does not please Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who have appointed themselves the "Chief Priests" of the "New Revelation" spiritualism.

Having thus preambled "The Groper" would ask: Is this Spiritualism beneficial? The great burden of evidence, medical and otherwise is emphatically against it. Spiritualism is not a "new Revelation," but an ancient heresy revived. Those who have any doubt on this point are advised to read: "Earth's Earliest Ages," by G. H. Pember, M.A., or the "Radford Lectures for 1915." Whether the mediumistic power used emanates from the subliminal self, or from disincarnate demons, the end is the same—Satanism! Here are a few opinions culled from hundreds:—

Bernard Vaughan writes:—

"I think a law should be passed forcing Spiritualists to build their own asylums. It is not fair to ask the public to pay rates for people who shut their eyes and open a door which they cannot close."

Dr Charles Mercies writes:—

"I know from my own medical experience that the pursuit of the cult leads to a morbid frame of mind, and tends to render those who are at all predisposed to insanity an easy prey of the disease."

Similarly Dr G. M. Robertson, superintendent of the Royal Asylum, Morning-side, Edinburgh, writes:—

"I desire to warn those who may possibly inherit latent tendencies to nervous disorders to have nothing to do with practical inquiries of a spiritualistic nature. Inquiries into spiritualism sometimes lead to insanity in the predisposed."

Dr Fobes Winslow:—

"I express the conviction that a large proportion of patients in lunatic asylums are cases of possession not madness."

Once again, Colonel R. H. Elliott, the eminent medical specialist and chairman of the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle, did not hesitate to say the other day that:—

"To stop the kind of thing that is going on and to get people back to sanity is a national work. Once a person gives way to temptation of thinking that he sees things he passes from illusions to the stage of delusions. That is the danger, and a very distinct danger."

Silly, stupid people who do not stand upon their own feet or think with their own minds argue that if Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are the devoted advocates of spiritualism and make it their proud boast that they can introduce their clients to the spirit world, there must be something in it.

"The Groper's" position is a simple one. We argue that man is a physical being in a physical world—placed here to do the best he can with the things he finds at hand. His mental and spiritual nature must find expansion but not at the expense of the surrender of will and personality to an unknown power. This fatal condition is not demanded by any scientific or religious necessity. We would say

then, leave "spookology" alone. "The Groper" would sooner be an "Atheist clean," to quote the immortal Roisin, than a deluded "spookite."

With gratification we notice in this week's cables Cardinal Logue's denunciation of the horrible destruction of human life so prevalent in Ireland. The prelate says: "No end, however high, no plea, however plausible could justify such an outrage. I will be told that it is an act of war, and that it is lawful to shoot anyone wearing a policeman's uniform. I prefer to call it by the sterner name of cool and deliberate murder. Anyone who plans, encourages, abets, or even sympathises in such acts participates in the guilt before God."

That's the talk Cardinal. We want more of it!

"Who can tell me," asked the Sunday school teacher, "what became of the swine that had the evil spirits cast into them?"

Little Johnny raised his hand: "Please ma'am they was all made into devilled ham."

"You Americans say we have no humor," said the loyal Britisher, "but I'll have you understand, sir, that English jokes are not to be laughed at."

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead,'" asked the Sunday school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please ma'am the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles, and the ones that don't are dead."

"Now how do you suppose Noah spent the time in the ark during the flood," the Sunday school teacher asked.

"Prayin'," suggested Willie.

"Fishin'," ventured Dick.

"Hump!" grunted Willie contemptuously. "Twould be fine fishin' wid only two worms."

COUNTRY FOOTBALL.

CENTRAL DISTRICT FINAL.

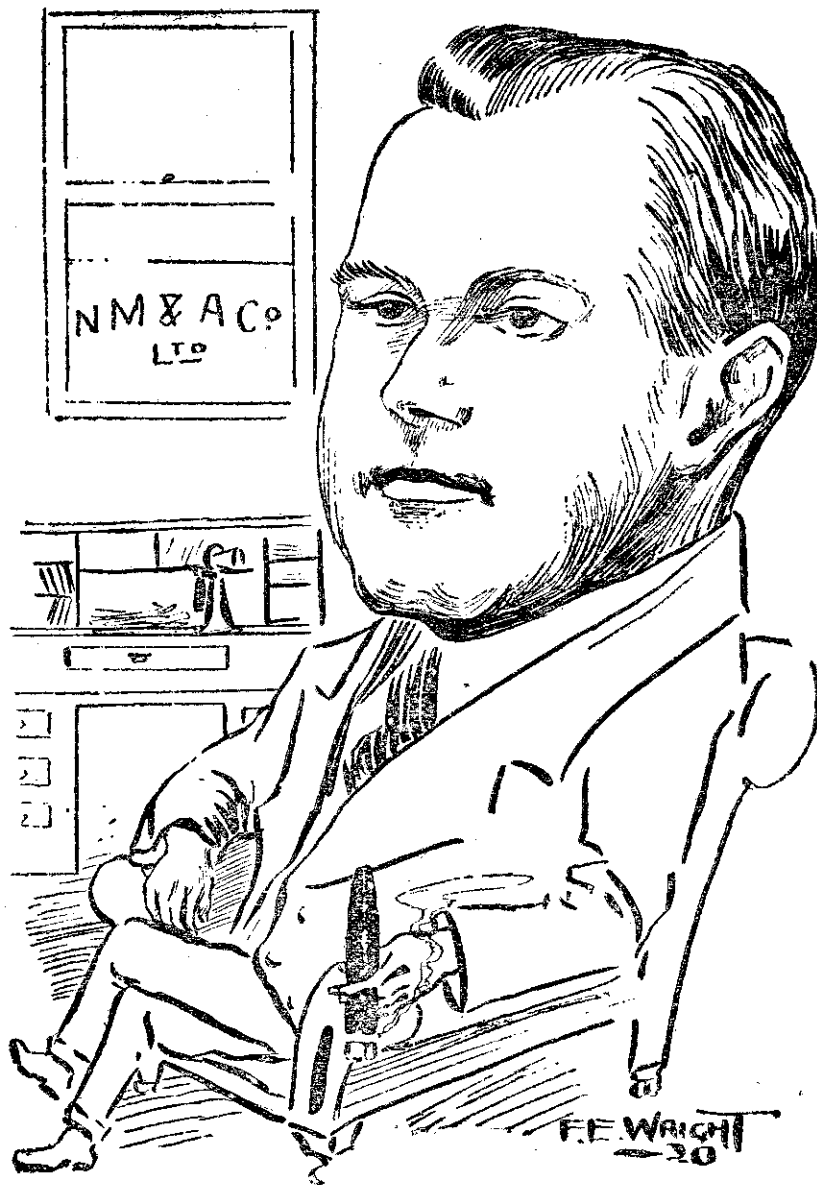
WAIANAWA DEFEATS OTAHUTI.

A POPULAR WIN.

The large crowd that assembled at Wai-anawa football ground on Saturday afternoon was a striking testimony to the keen interest taken in the district competition. Settlers from far and near were present to witness the final match of the season, between Otahuti and Wai-anawa, and an exciting contest was anticipated. Both the contesting teams had a good record, each having been defeated only once. Apart from the presence of a sou'-westerly breeze which blew diagonally across the field, the prevailing conditions were favourable to a good exhibition of football, and a fast and open game resulted.

The Wai-anawa captain won the toss and elected to play against the wind. Otahuti launched a brisk attack from the onset and kept their opponents busily defending for a considerable time. Rallying, however, by means of determined forward rushes, they soon shifted play into safer quarters. The wind was of considerable assistance to the Blue backs and Anderson got in some good line-kicks. During the latter part of the spell Otahuti were confined pretty well to their own territory and vigorous attempts to break through their defence proved of no avail, half-time sounding without score.

As the Wai-anawa players had quite held their own in the previous spell many anticipated that they would succeed in winning by a comfortable margin, now that they had the additional advantage of the wind. Nevertheless, though with the exception of occasional bursts, Otahuti were practically confined to their own 25 during most of this spell, yet their defence was equal to the occasion, and time after time when hard pressed by the opposing forwards, they managed to get clear. Though Wai-anawa possessed the weightier pack the Blues got more than their share of the ball. Time was now wearing on and it appeared as if a drawn game would result. However, shortly before the end, J. Ewart placed a difficult goal from a penalty kick, Wai-anawa 3, Otahuti nil. This success was received with great applause on the part of the numerous local supporters. The men from the ridges made desperate efforts to equalise matters and for a time put Wai-anawa on the de-



WATTY!

"Tis said it will take nine tailors to make good

A good man—but it must be confessed That the saying is not, since we know that in Wat,

One Taylor makes one of the best.

fensive. Time sounded very shortly afterwards without any alteration in the score.

For Otahuti, Anderson, A. McLeod, and Rogers, were always prominent; while Eric Galt, J. Ewart, D. Wilson and C. Brown, made a specially good showing for the local team. The closing stages of the game were full of incident and on the play, without doubt the better team won, only the sound defence of Otahuti preventing a bigger score. The teams are greatly indebted to the referee, Dr Crawford, who controlled the game to the complete satisfaction of one and all. After

the game a welcome cup of tea provided a fitting conclusion to an eventful day.

FINAL FOR CENTRAL RUGBY UNION COMPETITION.

	Matches played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Flag points.
Otahuti	9	7	2	0	14
Wai-anawa	9	8	1	0	15
Calcium	8	2	5	1	5
Drummond	8	2	5	1	5
Wright's Bush	8	0	6	2	2

FURNITURE.

To those in search of Quality and Value, Inspect our Stock and get our Quotations. We carry the Largest Stocks in Invercargill, all of Our Own Manufacture. . .

W. STRANG & CO.,

THE LOCAL FURNITURE FIRM,
ESK & KELVIN STREETS, INVERCARGILL.

END OF SALE BARGAINS.

3 doz. LADIES' WOVEN COMBINATIONS. End of Sale price 4s 11d

21 doz. LADIES' HOUSE BLOUSES. (Good Qualities). End of Sale price, 6s 11d

CHILDREN'S COLOURED WINCEYETTE DRESSES. End of Sale price 4s 11d and 5s 6d

LADIES' CASHMERE HOSE (Guaranteed Absolutely fast black), 4s 6d per pair

Take this opportunity of procuring a good SILK BLOUSE at 19s 11d. (Plenty to choose from)

INFANTS' OUTFITS from 30s.

BIBS! BIBS! BIBS! BIBS! BIBS!

6 doz. LADIES' COTTON SINGLETS. End of Sale price 2s 11d each

A Splendid Assortment, all at END OF SALE BARGAIN PRICES.

NEW SEASON MILLINERY NOW TO HAND.

TULLY'S DRAPERY SUPPLY SALE,

NEXT NEWS OFFICE, DEE STREET.

MARKET NOTES.

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

Produce.—Potatoes: We have had large supplies lately. The demand has been heavy and our stocks are low. We can do with further consignments of quality "table." Seed Potatoes.—Best Canterbury 15s per cwt. Oats.—2s 6d to 27s 6d per bag. Chaff.—Prime 10s per ton. Discoloured to 26s. Chaff to 27 10s per ton, s.i. Baled Straw 25 10s per ton. Meggitt's Linseed 30s per bag. Meggitt's Calf Food, per bag. Outdust, 6s bag. Malva 21s per cwt (12s 6d per tin).

Fruit.—Large supplies of apples. Delicious, to 15s, Jonathans to 12s, Sturmers to 11s 6d, Scarlets to 10s, secondary quality from 9s to 7s per case. Cook Apples from 2½d to 2d per lb, according to grade. Dessert Pears to 5d per lb for "choice." Cooking Pears 3½d to 3d lb.

Vegetables.—Cabbage to 8s per cwt. Swedes 4s 6d to 4s per bag. Carrots per bag, 6s 6d per cwt. Parsnips to per lb.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick (for keeping cattle in condition) 2s 3d per brick—wholesale 2s per brick. Cow Covers, 22s 6d each. Horse Covers, 22 15s to 30s each. Tea (b.o.p.) 2s 6d to 3s lb, chests or half-chests. Motor Car in good condition £175. Posts and Stakes.—Tara to 1s 7d per post—others from 1s to 1s per post—stakes 8d to 5d each.

Furniture.—We manufacture oak and rimu furniture of the latest design, and guarantee satisfaction. We also stock linoleum, kapok, pianos, sewing machines, carpets, and bedding. Our warehouses situated in -pay street, and we invite your inspection.

Land Department.—If you are in search of a town or country property or wish to sell your present holdings we are in the position to suit you. Enquiries solicited.

During 1919 more than 140,000 teachers or about one out of five in the United States, dropped out of the profession.

The multiplicity of newspapers has given rise to many new titles "Advertiser" is the favourite. There are 12 newspapers of that designation in the United Kingdom. "Times" comes next with 150; "News" with 149; "Chronicle" with 128; "Chronicle" with 120; "Herald" with 119; and "Journal" with 104. The "Expresses," "Gaurdians," "Observers" master over fifty each. There are forty-eight "Standards" and only thirty-eight "Telegraphs."

"HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

Are Manufactured in Southland, and
are made by a Company all British
owned.

HIGHLANDER BRAND

Is a guarantee of quality and nation-
ality.

It can always be depended upon.

TOOLS.

CARPENTERS,
MECHANICS,
FARMERS.

Call and Inspect
our range of Tools

Shipments just arrived. Satisfaction warranted: Prices to suit
everyone.

John Edmond, TAY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

Kennel Notes.

(By "Spaniel.")

At the recent Wellington Kennel Club Show, there were 162 exhibitors. This speaks well for the fancy as a whole.

The building known as the 'J' shed, adjoining the wharf, was very roomy, but its close proximity to the briny waves was a doubtful asset. One dog of the smaller variety got overboard and was rescued with great difficulty, but another one was not so fortunate and made his way to the bottom. It was hard luck for the owner.

It might be wise for future exhibitors at the above show to see that their dogs have a little swimming practice before competing at the waterside show.

English setters made a very strong class, seventeen of the breed facing the judge.

In the North Island, the breed is very popular amongst gunshots. Their great scenting power makes them a necessary part of a day's bird-shooting equipment.

Amongst the exhibits was the well-known veteran "Bay Richmond" shown by O. F. Angell.

Another of the older brigade was champion "Silver Rock." He is a half-brother to "Bay Richmond," each claim "Bay Rock" as their sire. "Silver Rock" is not seven years old and is wearing well.

Irish setters were not so numerous as the English, although there was also a challenge class.

Messrs Morton and Dawson, who have recently entered into partnership, were in scoring mood with a strong team.

Mr F. Daines was also a keen exhibitor and several of his breeds were amongst the winners.

The Gordon setter is fast losing his popularity. Only two dogs and one bitch were benched.

Retrievers also made a poor entry, only two coming forward.

Airedales made a fine show, there being nineteen competitors. The quality in this breed was excellent and that is only what one might expect after having a glance at the pedigree of the majority of the exhibits.

Since the show, one of the winning bitches, namely "Wairiki Wise Wenche," has gone west. Her death was sudden; about forty or so of the motormen may know but are not likely to squeak. Mrs Biltcliffe is a heavy loser and we extend to her our sympathy in her loss.

Bull terriers received a challenge class. We say that challenges are simply wasted on many breeds, only two being benched, one of each sex.

In black cockers, the quantity of exhibits was poor, six in all competing. "Edenvale Billy" had things all his own way and won with ease.

In bitches "Edenvale Zoe" a half-sister to "Billy" had no trouble winning over "Karaka Bonnie," who, by the way, is a daughter of "Edenvale Billy."

The coloured classes found eleven competitors, the winning dog being "Omnia Bang," who was placed over "Millwood Surprise," the crack lemon-roan dog. The latter was a trifle on the big side for Mr Soler.

"Millwood Surprise," later gained third place in the challenge stakes under Mr J. D. Graham, so evidently the latter fancied him a great deal.

"Rocklyn Blossom" (Imp.) was the only bitch benched in the open class. She is now seven years old, but what a wonder she has been. Perhaps she is the best cocker spaniel bitch ever imported into N.Z.

For terriers were a particularly fine lot and the judge had a fairly difficult task set him in making the award.

In the North Island the fox-terrier has always been a popular dog and the high-class quality shown at Wellington gives one the impression that at the present time he occupies a very high pinnacle in the fancy.

The wires have never been so popular as the smoothies; it is not the lot of all fanciers to be first class barbers. The wires require a lot of trimming. Every fancier knows that the right thing to do is just to take off what you don't want left on. It sounds easy enough, but just there we find would-be wire fan's giving the fancy the toss.

Only five dogs came forward in the Irish terrier section and they were a fair sample of the quality prevailing in N.Z. at present.

No bitches were benched. Can we take this to mean that the quality of the bitches is below the form of the dogs? Let us hope not, as that would spell disaster for the breed.

There is at present a rare opening for a fancier to import a really first class pair of Irish terriers to N.Z. Many of the worst faults were noticeable amongst the winning dogs, bad colour, over size, long backs and loaded shoulders.

The Irish terrier is a most desirable dog, and we should like to see him brought into line with the fox terrier and Airedales.

BOROUGH FINANCES.

To His Worship the Mayor and Councilors: Sirs,—The matter of providing the necessary finance for tramway, electricity and sewerage undertakings is causing me some anxiety, and I therefore beg to bring the position of these departments before you and to ask your consideration to the requirements as forecasted by your engineers during the next two years. Whether we should or should not anticipate for a still longer period, is for the Council to determine.

1.—Regarding the Tramways, the spendable loan capital at present authorised, amounts to £55,864 7s 2d, of which £12,764 is in cash and £43,100 is represented by unsold debentures.

The loan schedule allocations are:—
New cars, £23,464; Track duplication, etc., £16,570; trolley wire duplication, £1,530; feeders, £1,500; plant, rotary converter, etc., £5,000; Grinnell sprinkler, £2,250; buildings, £1,550; contingencies, £4,000; total, £55,864.

The builder extension contract £8,320, plus architect's fees £104, is apportioned thus:— Tramways loan No. 5, £1,550; electricity loans Nos. 5 and 6, £6,874; total, £8,424.

Contracts have been let or tenders invited for:—Grinnell sprinkler, £1,760; rotary converter, £3,756; six car bodies, £15,000; six car, air, etc., (equipment), £7,000; building, £1,550; trolley wire and cables (estimated), £2,000; rails, fishplates, etc. (estimated), £12,000; sleepers (estimated), £3,500; total, £46,566.

Add estimated cost of supervision and labour laying track, erecting trolley wire, etc., £11,000; contingencies, £4,000; four extra tramcars, say, £15,200; total, £76,766; loans authorised, £55,864; grand total, £209,902.

These figures demonstrate that in order to bring the tramways service up to the full requirements of the Public Works Department, and without allowing anything for extensions, £21,000 additional capital is required; and seeing how recent calculations have been upset by prevailing abnormal conditions, it would, in my opinion, be wise to obtain £30,000.

The total authorised loan capital is now £153,000. If this were increased to £183,000, interest and sinking fund would amount to £10,535 per annum plus, say, £4,000 to £4,500 for depreciation and renewals.

It is thus evident that the heavy increase in capital costs will be seriously reflected in the annual standing charges.

2. Electricity Department.—The spendable loan capital at present authorised amounts to £42,475, of which £38,275 is cash and £4,200 is represented by unsold debentures.

The loans No. 5 and 6, schedule allocations were:—Turbine and other plant and tower, £16,000; alterations of machinery, £2,000; alterations of lighting, £1,000; poles, £1,000; wires and cables, £2,000; transformers, £4,000; building, £2,500; test room equipment, £500; meters, £1,500; vehicles, £1,500; insulation, £500; switchgear and sundries, £1,000; contingencies, £1,500; preliminary expenses, £100; total £35,100; buildings, £5,000; mains and equipment for extensions, £4,500; contingencies and preliminary expenses, £500; grand total, £45,100.

Required to complete works provided for in loans 5 and 6:—Alterations to machinery, £2,000; alterations to lighting, £1,000; test room equipment, £500; vehicles, £1,500; foundations for turbines, etc., £1,500; cooling pond (to complete installation of turbines), £500; insulators, switchgear, etc., £1,500; mains and equipment for extensions, £4,500; total £55,368.

3.—Prior to the war, the engineer's estimate of the sum necessary to undertake and instal any given public service was reasonably accurate and the orthodox system of raising a loan by taking a poll etc., before calling tenders worked well enough. Nowadays the position is reversed, and as of course it is not practicable to call the tenders first and fix the amount of the loan afterwards, the only remedy is to make the allowance for contingencies very liberal. For instance in the case of the wire contracts, also the building contract, the funds provided only sufficed for about half the quantities originally specified, which is tantamount to spending twice the allocation.

4.—Regarding the sewerage loans, I have to report that the loans known as No. 1, £31,000, and No. 2, £24,000, raised for the inner and outer main areas are almost exhausted.

I recommend the Town Engineer be asked to report on the cost of completing the Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 areas, and suggest that until more money is available, the work be carried on in areas 3, 4 or 5, for which loan money is on fixed deposit at the bank.

5.—I desire to add that Mr Carman has persued and approved the details regarding his departments.—Yours obediently,
F. BURWELL,
Town Clerk.

17th August, 1920.

Winter Bros.,

GENERAL CARRIERS,
SPEY STREET,

WISH to announce that they have a first-class Motor Lorry for Hire.

All kinds of Carrying undertaken, and Furniture removed.

The Lorry has comfortable seating as accommodation for twenty passengers and will take parties out day or night at reasonable prices.

GIVE THE DIGGER CARRIERS A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE.

OFFICE—SPEY STREET.

'Phone—779.

THE FINAL

WOOL

VALUATION

Under the

GOVERNMENT COMMANDEER

Is fixed for

OCTOBER 5.

FARMERS AND GRAZERS

Are requested

TO SEND ALL THEIR

WOOL

To the

NATIONAL MORTGAGE AND

AGENCY CO., LTD.

STORE

AT ONCE

FOR CATALOGUING.

W. E. TAYLOR, Manager.

The Trusty Triumph

WINS THE

ARROTT CUP

FOR THE

THIRD TIME

IN THE M.C.C. LONDON—LAND'S END 314 MILE TRIAL.
FROM AMONGST A FIELD OF 155 STARTERS MR. T. S.
SHARRAT A PRIVATE OWNER ON HIS TRIUMPH WON.

THE

GREAT PRIZE

and in addition Triumph Riders obtained

Five Gold & Three Silver Medals

The real test of the Amateur who bestrides Britain's most popular Motor Cycle.

Wilson & Fraser
MOTOR CYCLE SPECIALISTS

WHITE SWAN BUILDINGS,
DEE STREET INVERCARGILL

As
COACH
BUILDERS
and

WHEELWRIGHTS

you will find us supremely satisfied with our "on-the-spot" service. With our

50 Years Experience

in all branches of wheelwrighting we can be surely relied upon to execute neat trustworthy work. We can repair

Anything on Wheels.

For new work or repairs to absolutely any vehicle. Try the "Bath service." It's there to please.

J. BATH & SONS,
BATH'S GARAGE,
YARROW ST., INVERCARGILL

For Furniture.

That is strikingly handsome
and conscientiously made in
every detail.

Come to

W. S. Robinson & Co.,

The Reliable Furniture House,
KELVIN STREET.

'Phone—760.

FROM HOBBS TO LENIN.

POLITICAL THEORY AND POLITICAL PRACTICE.

However unpleasant it may be to live under the rule of Bolsheviks, it is certain that Lenin will live in the political history of the world for his invention of a new theory of government. The "dictatorship of the proletariat" is, at least, a novel idea, even though, in practice, it may mean the dictatorship of more or less self-appointed commissars.

In a period of change and experiment, it is interesting and important to know something of the theories and ideals that have inspired the changes of the past, and the experiments that have already been made. Such a book as Mr. Hector Macpherson's "A Century of Political Development" certainly supplies topical reading relevant to the times.

HOBBS'S IDEA.

Mr. Macpherson begins his story with the French Revolution, but he discusses the theories of government that preceded the revolution. The English philosopher, Hobbes, a devout believer in the doctrine of original sin, laid it down that selfish ferocious man found it necessary, in order that he should be protected from his fellows, to create some sort of authority that all should obey. Mr. Macpherson summarises the Hobbes doctrine as follows:—"Primitive men made a covenant with one another to elect one of their number as sovereign with unlimited powers—so unlimited, indeed, that, no matter how despotic were his acts, the community having granted those powers, could not revoke them and had no alternative but abject submission."

It is not to be wondered at that Hobbes was very popular with the Stuarts, and he must surely have been one of the favourite authors in the Hohenzollern library.

LOCKE AND THE KING.

Locke, on the other hand, contended that there was an implied contract between the Sovereign and his subjects which compelled him to pay for his privileges by respecting their rights. This view was expressed by a Scotch preacher (quoted by Mr. Macpherson), who said in his sermon at the coronation of Charles II.:—"It is good for our King to learn to be wise in time, and know that he receiveth this day a power to govern, but a power limited by contract, and those conditions he is bound to stand to."

Jean Jacques Rousseau went much farther than Locke. He began with the thesis that "man was born free and yet he is everywhere in chains." Rousseau was eager to lead man back again to his natural state of freedom. In his famous "Social Contract," the "Bible of the Revolution," he lays down the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, and it is worthy of notice that (wishing the people to be sovereign) he had almost as deep a mistrust of Parliaments as Lenin himself.

ROUSSEAU'S PUPILS.

Rousseau taught—Danton, Marat, and Robespierre practised—and Napoleon conquered. A rather tragic historic story in a sentence with an obvious moral!

Burke, the great antagonist of the revolution, had a simple faith. He regarded the British Constitution as the most effective protection against Jacobinism, and he regarded the smallest tampering with the Constitution (with its rotten boroughs and restricted franchise) as the unforgivable sin.

From Waterloo to the Reform Bill, reaction triumphed in England, and liberty hardly existed, but even in that dead time teachers arose with new versions of the old gospel.

BENTHAM AND SIDNEY WEBB.

Jeremy Bentham, the Utilitarian, was as unsentimental as Mr. Sidney Webb. He despised fine phrases. "Rights of man," "sovereignty of the people," "natural conditions," were just "large words" to him, mere jargon and hodge-podge. He denounced the existing Government because it was a bad Government. He declared that it was inevitable that an absolute ruler should think first of his own interests, that the aim of Government should be the attainment of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," and that this could only be approached by a democracy. Bentham advocated universal suffrage, and both he and the elder Mill believed that the politically free masses would be content to be guided and led by the middle class.

Bentham was not a Socialist, but John Stuart Mill pointed out that if there were no such things as natural rights, a complete democracy may be as extreme a despotism as an autocracy.

There are more than 1500 different tribes of American Indians.

Children's Column.

MATER'S LETTER BOX.

Dear Boys and Girls.—This week I am thanking you for the interest you have taken in the Children's Column and I hope you will continue to write to us and also get others to do so. We are going to give three prizes, details of which will be announced later. The proposal is that you write us an essay on: "Should Invercargill have Municipal Baths." Just fancy, girls and boys, a nice big building where you could go and have a swim in beautiful warm water. Why, mother's bath is not in it! I want you to talk to father and mother about it and just think it over in the meantime. Now dear Country Cousins, you can take part in this competition too. Don't you think it would be nice if your schoolmaster brought you into town and you could all go and have a good plunge in nice warm water? The essay is not to exceed half a column (about 400 words), and I want you to watch next week's "Digger" for full particulars. If you do not want to write on this subject, still send in your stories as usual. —Mater.

AS BUSY AS A BEE.

(by Vera).

"Always busy," was Aunt Olivia's motto, and a good one, too. She bustled upstairs and downstairs; now she was in the garden, now in the kitchen, now feeding the chickens, now whisking away a cobweb begun by a spider who did not know Aunt Olivia's active ways.

When Heather came to stay at the farm, "always busy," became her motto too. She trotted upstairs and downstairs, and in Aunt Olivia's chamber: she brushed the dog and petted the cat. The petting took a long time, because, of course it had to be done thoroughly.

"Heather," called her aunt one morning, "I want some apples peeled."

"Very well, Aunt," the little girl called back. She took the basket, a basin, and a knife, out-of-doors, and sat down under a tree. Close by were neat little straw homes of a colony of bees who were all busy too, just like Aunt Olivia and Heather. The younger ones were disturbed at seeing a stranger so near.

"Buzz!" they cried, "Shall we drive her away? Shall we give her a little sting or two?"

"Nonsense!" scolded the older ones. "Don't you see she is as busy as we are?"

But Aunt Olivia saw Heather and came very quietly and pulled her round to the other side of the tree, saying: "You shouldn't go so near the hives child! It's a mercy you haven't been stung!"

Heather opened her eyes. "Aunt, they are such friendly bees!" she cried. But she had to push the apples in the kitchen.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

"THE MAN IN THE MOON."

Who hasn't heard of the Man in the Moon. Everyone knows how he came down too soon. Norwich he tried hard to get to, but, oh, there is much more of his story, you know.

This is the tale of that Man to the end—listen, I'll tell you; he hadn't a friend; lived in the Moon, to be lonely, did he! Always was saying, "I hate companions!"

Up in the Moon, yes, he lived alone; happily, quite on his own. Cleaned up? No, never! And washed up? Not he! Oh, dear, his home was indeed spidery!

One summer morning when dressing-bells rang down on the Earth, and the children all sprang out of their beds to get washed, brushed and dressed, little Miss Muffet did so, like the rest!

Oh, and how lovely and fresh she did feel when she was tubbed—yes, quite keen for a meal! "Here," said her mother, "is nice curds and whey. Eat it outside, for it's such a fine day!"

Off went Miss Muffet, contented of course; not in the least bit inclined to be cross; took her nice breakfast and sat down the dear, never once feeling the least scrap of fear!

"Oh, this is lovely!" she said as she sipped. "Oh, I am hungry!" and in her spoon dipped. "Oh—" but that moment she stopped with a cry, for a huge spider dropped down from the sky!

Oh, such a monster! Of terrible size! Little Miss Muffet broke out into cries. Up ran her mother to ask what was wrong, up came a witch, too, a-limping along!

"What!" cried that witch-wife and opened her eyes; "I've never seen such a spider for size! Dropped from the sky, eh? The Moon, I'll be bound! I'll take my broom-stick and sweep that Moon round!"

Off on her broom-stick, still speaking, she flew; "Mother!" said Muffet, "oh, what will she do!" "Sweep up the Moon, child; it needs it; that's plain, if we're to have spiders falling like rain!"

Sweep up the Moon! That indeed did she do! Just as the Man was a-dishing his

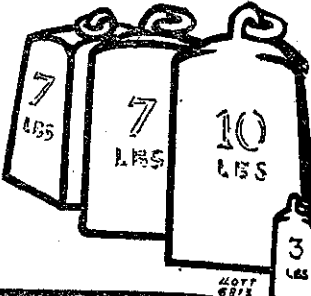


Help Baby's Weight to Increase

Tens of thousands of mothers, together with the highest medical authorities, testify to the body building properties of Robinson's Patent Barley for children over six months of age. Invaluable for Barley Water for the sick room, it makes a cooling drink for hot days. Made from the world's best Barley. Ask for and insist on getting

**ROBINSON'S
PATENT BARLEY**

In short supply during the war this famous all-British product is once again on sale everywhere.



REIN'S FOR RINGS.

We make a special feature of Engagement, Wedding and Dress Rings.



JEWELLERY
SILVERWARE
WATCHES.
Ring Size
Card Free.

N. J. M. REIN,

Watchmaker and Jeweller, Dee Street, Invercargill.

BARLOW'S Jubilee Store.

NEVER SAY DIE, BUT ALWAYS TRY

BARLOW'S JUBILEE TEA.

Owing to the rise in Butter you will find it cheaper to use Pure Jams. I have a full range in glass and tins in 1, 2, 4, and 7. TRY IT.

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.

considerably, and as they do fall into holes, to avoid the necessity of buying new ones, I suggest a means of repair that will prolong their usefulness. There are sure to be old lace curtains, altogether past mending, from which may be cut a piece corresponding to the size of the hole to be filled in; be careful to choose a patch the pattern of which is not so dissimilar as to betray its presence. Spread the curtain to be repaired on a table, have ready some hot boiled starch, or even flour paste; moisten the edges of the hole with it, press the edges firmly down, and iron till dry. If neatly done, the repair should be hardly noticeable. After washing, of course, the curtains will have to be mended in the same way.

MARMALADE.

One pound of Seville oranges, two quarts of water. Boil the fruit for two hours, or until soft. Then slice it very thin and remove all pips. Put it into a preserving pan with two pounds of loaf sugar and half a pint of the water the oranges were boiled in, to every pound of oranges. Boil quickly for twenty minutes, then put in pots. This marmalade is not so sweet as that made according to my first recipe, and some persons like it better for that reason. I have recipes for Irish and Scottish marmalade, but, seeing the difficulty of getting sugar, it seems useless to print them. Marmalade is the most wholesome of all preserves, and so long have we been accustomed to see it on the breakfast table that its absence is more felt than that of most other table delicacies of the kind. If saccharine is used to sweeten, gelatine must be introduced, otherwise the preserve will not jelly—i.e., thicken.

Over 6,000,000 acres of land are under tobacco cultivation throughout the world. Smoking was at one time a penal offence.

MISS BREY,

THE PARAMOUNT,
THE PARAMOUNT,

BLOUSES.

BLOUSES. combining Quality and Utility is our

WHITE JAP SILK BLOUSE,
For 13/6.

Now showing at

THE PARAMOUNT,
ESK STREET,
Third Door from Dee street.

INVERCARGILL MILK SUPPLY.

Phone 556. 53 Yarrow street.
MILK and CREAM! MILK and CREAM! MILK and CREAM!
From the finest pastures in Southland.

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

A BOON FOR BABIES

Our Motto: "Purity."

MILK and CREAM! MILK and CREAM! MILK and CREAM!

**Invercargill Milk
Supply,**

53 YARROW STREET.

The Home.

HOW TO PRESS A SUIT.

You may do more harm than good if, when about to press a costume, you do not know how to set about it. For instance, if there are pleats, each one must be carefully tacked, perfectly straight and flat. A thin cloth wrung out of cold water should then be placed between iron and material. The iron must be hot enough to cause a thick steam to rise, then iron straight up and down; and when the fabric is dry, it should present a smooth surface free from crease or blemish. Grease spots, if any, should be removed beforehand. It is difficult to press coats belonging to suits, and when possible professional assistance should be obtained; but if, after wear, a coat be carefully placed on a hanger, it will keep its shape well, and need not be ironed. A costume returned by a tailor after it has been nicely pressed, looks almost equal to new; and skirts show a marked improvement when the ironing be done properly at home.

LACE CURTAINS, TO REPAIR.

Like all other household necessities, the price of lace curtains has advanced very

GARDEN NOTES.

THE VINERY.

Now is the time to start off the vines, and if they have been cleaned and pruned as directed they will be in fine condition, for they break much stronger when well cleaned and rested by giving plenty of ventilation in the winter. The first thing to do is to give the vine border a good dressing of manure—cow manure preferred, as it retains the moisture much longer than stable manure. When this is done, give the border where the roots of the vines are growing a thorough watering to saturate the border. Then close up the vinery. For some time little or no bottom or front ventilation will be required, except on very warm days, when the sun is bright and hot. The top ventilation must be relied upon to regulate the temperature. Open the top vents when the sun is upon the glass and the thermometer is at 70deg and rising, which will be about 9 to 9.30 a.m., according to the heat of the day, and earlier as the sun gets more power and the days grow longer. The time of closing in the afternoon should depend upon the state of the weather. If the sun is overcast close early, but if bright and warm 3.30 to 4 p.m. will be a suitable time. If a change sets in, close at once. If the surface of the inside border is kept nice and moist, no syringing will be required. Opinions differ upon this subject of syringing the vines, but I may say I never use the syringe on the vines unless on extremely hot days, and very rarely then. If the inner border is kept moist, a sufficient amount of moisture will arise when the house is closed, and no syringing will be necessary, except a little occasionally to keep the canes moist until they break into growth, as this tends to keep the wood soft and makes a better break, and also stronger.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Keep the hoe and rake going freely during dry weather. It takes very little hot weather to destroy all weeds that have been cut and disturbed. Prompt attention now with the hoe will save a lot of labour and worry later on.

Take advantage of fine weather to get in all unsown crops, such as peas, beans, carrots, parsnips, onions, beet, turnips, spinach, lettuce, radish, mustard and cress.

Plant out cabbage and cauliflower.

Seakale does not seem to be cultivated nearly so much as it deserves. It is one of the easiest vegetables to cultivate, and also one of the best. The smallest piece or root will grow, but, of course, it cannot produce crowns fit for cutting the first year. To secure a good growth and a top fit for kitchen use the first season, strong crowns will require to be planted. A good rich sandy loam will suit to perfection.

When planting, insert the crowns in clumps 4in apart, six or eight crowns in each clump, so that they may be easily covered up with tubs, very large pots, or cement casks cut in two and turned bottom up and placed over each clump. A little fresh stable manure should be placed around the tub to exclude the air. Growth soon commences, and in a short time beautiful white heads of kale are produced, fit for the best table in the land. The crisp and juicy stems are very tempting, even in a raw state. Seakale, when well grown, is, I think, the most delicately flavoured kale or cabbage in existence; but to grow it exposed the same as any other of the kale family, without covering, is next to useless. It may be and is grown from seed, and, of course, that is the only way to get a bed when crowns are not available.

Crowns cannot be cut the first year, but they will be fine the second season. The seeds may be either sown on drills or in a bed specially prepared for them, such as a bed that has been well manured and dug. Rake the surface down, and draw drills an inch or so deep across the bed, and 9in apart, sowing the seeds very thinly—about 2in apart. Cover the seeds about 1½in or 2in deep. Make the soil firm, then all that will be required is to keep the bed and exercise a little

patience the first year. In the second year the crowns will be fit for lifting and planting in clumps.

CELERIAO.

This turnip rooted celery is prized by many as a substitute for the common celery. It is a very fine vegetable when boiled and dressed up as you would the common celery, but it cannot very well be used in a raw state. So far as seed sowing is concerned, celeriac may be treated in the same manner as celery, therefore should be sown on a mild hot-bed or in a warm greenhouse or frame. As soon as the plants are large enough to handle prick them out in rich moist soil, and when sufficiently strong plant out in rows on well-manured soil, but they require no moulding or earthing up.

ROBERT BURNS, THE ARDENT LOVER.

From the day when Robert Burns vowed in one of his earliest rhymes that he loved his "handsome Nell," to the last year of his life, love and poetry were, he confesses, "at times, his only and his highest enjoyments."

In love he was ever a child of nature, giving free rein to his natural impulses, losing his heart at first sight of a bonny face and recapturing it when his brief passion cooled down—only to lose it again and again in a similar brief-lived rapture. He was only in his "fifteenth autumn" when a "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass," his partner in the harvest field, first "initiated him in that delicious passion," which, he says, "I hold to be the first of human joys." The tones of her voice made his heart-strings "thrill like an Aeolian harp," and his pulse "beat a furious ratan when he fingered her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles."

"SWEET HIGHLAND MARY."

And from that day we find him pouring out his fickle heart to one bonnie lassie after another—to Mary Morison, to the nameless beauties who lived on Cessnock bank, and "Behind yon hills where Stinkar flows," to the "six proper young belles who dwell in Mauchline," and so on, through the long list of his fugitive, if ardent, adventures in love.

To Mary Campbell, alone of them all, he seems to have given his heart in full, pure, and lasting surrender—the "sweet Highland Mary" who was snatched so cruelly and tragically from his arms by death after that beautiful meeting in which, Bible in hand, they mutually pledged undying love. How deep this love was and how profound his grief is shown by that sublime and pathetic lament, his poem, "To Mary in Heaven," written on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of his loss:—

O Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?

"BONNY JEAN."

But though his dead love was striven for ever, sacred and unapproachable, in Burns's heart, the hot blood still raced through his veins and imperiously demanded an outlet. He seemed to be as powerless as ever to resist the lure of a pretty face and a tempting waist. There were lassies in plenty, in Mauchline aye, whose sweetest smiles were reserved for the handsome young farmer with the magnetic eyes which none of them could, or cared, to resist. But the most alluring of them all had to give place to the seductions of Bonny Jean Armour.

"Bonny Jean," indeed, seems to have had little difficulty in catching Robbie's too susceptible heart in her toils, and setting his pulses beating to a dangerous tune; for within a few months of their first ramble together, we are told, she found herself "as ladies wish to be that love their lords." The hot-blooded farmer had this time loved "not wisely but too well," though, to his credit, let it be said that, to quote his brother Gilbert, "bitter to his numerous connections had been governed by the strictest rules of virtue and modesty."

But, although such lapses were lightly regarded among the lower classes of Scotland in those days, so long as timely marriages averted the worst consequences of the indiscretion, Burns was not to escape thus easily. Jean's father, a highly-respectable master-mason, proud of his daughter and of his unblemished family honour, was furious at this outrage—the more that the man responsible for it was a "beggary farmer," his social inferior; a man, moreover, notorious for his loose living. He was blind to Jean's tears, deaf to her entreaties for forgiveness.

As for Burns, when he learned Jean's condition, the news "staggered him like a blow." He was desperate, and in his despair decided to leave the country. To his friend James Smith, of Mauchline, he wrote: "Against two things I am fixed as fate—staying at home and owning her conjugally. The first, by Heaven, I will not do! the last, by hell, I will never do. If you see Jean, tell her I will meet her, so help me God in my hour of need!"

AN "IRREGULAR" MARRIAGE.

What happened at the meeting that followed between the two lovers we do not know. We only know that, before they separated, Burns had huddled to Jean a written acknowledgment of marriage, which, when produced by a person in Miss Armour's condition, is, according to the Scots law, "to be accepted as legal evidence of an irregular marriage; it being understood that the marriage was to be formally avowed as soon as the consequences of their indiscretion could no longer be concealed from the family."

So far, however, from appeasing the master-mason, this acknowledgment—insult added to injury—fanned his anger into

still more furious flame; and he insisted on his daughter destroying the document, the one shield that could cover her shame.

ABYSMAL DESPAIR.

Then followed for Burns the bitterest period of his life—a time of abysmal despair, of threatened insanity; of frantic efforts to find a way of escape from this cruel dilemma. From "misfortune's bitter blast" he was about to fly to Jamaica, when the publication of his first book of poems and its rapturous reception called a halt on his way to Greenock and embarkation. The tide of fortune had at last turned for him.

He soon found himself a literary and social lion, with money pouring in from a second edition of his poems. And the day quickly came when he was able to make an "honest woman" and a loving and loyal wife of the girl his passion had betrayed; and to inaugurate on his new Ellesland farm the happiest period of his life, with a "wife o' mine ane," to whom he was soon addressing the impassioned lines:—

Oh, were I on Parnassus hill,
Or had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee!

Thornton Hall.

MATAURY ISLAND NOTES.

August 28.—Heavy rain set in yesterday evening, and continued throughout the night. To-day has been cold and stormy, with occasional showers of hail and sleet. The rain of last night has again resulted in the ground being thoroughly saturated, thus rendering it impossible to plant small seeds in the garden.

The Farm.—There has been a growth all winter and grass is coming away now. Turnips are still plentiful and are being eaten off on most farms by dairy cows. There is not a great deal of crop being sown in this district.

Spinsters and Bachelor's Ball.—The spinsters and bachelors held their annual ball last week, when there was quite a large gathering as in previous years. The grand march was led off by the chairman, Mr Jas. Graham, and Miss M. Rule, who looked charming in a silk dress. About 60 couples took part in the grand march. Many beautiful dresses were worn, some of which were:—Miss B. Rule, white voile dress with pink trimmings; Miss Carlisle, white silk with cream flowers; Miss M. Rule, pink poplin with lace trimmings; Miss C. Scott, cream silk frock with cream flowers; Miss Mary Horne, white silk; Miss B. Swain, cream lace dress; Miss Clark, blue voile trimmed with beads; Miss N. Scott, cream silk with cream flowers; Miss M. Horne, pink voile; Miss Cartwright, white silk with artificial flowers; Miss B. Dunlop, white voile; Miss Telfer, blue voile with a spray of blue flowers. Excellent music was supplied by McIntosh's band (Waimahaka). Supper arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr Kirkland and left nothing to be desired. Fruit and cordials were handed round, and were greatly appreciated. Misses Rule and Horne made capable M.C.'s until midnight, when it was taken over by Messrs Jas. Rule and M. Richardson. Dancing was kept going until the wee sma' hours of the morning.

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, stunt, etc. Articles can also be displayed in the museum and remain the property of the sender, but can we, 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, Athenaeum Buildings, Dee street, Invercargill.

The city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is claiming \$6,400,000 as compensation for the explosion of the munition ship which ruined half the city, killed 1200 people and made 25,000 homeless.

ABRAHAM WACHNER

SAMPLE ROOMS.

FURS! FURS!
FURS!

END OF SEASON.

MUST BE SOLD.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY.

SHOES! SHOES!
SHOES!

New Court Shoes 20/6.

Ankle Band Shoes, 23/-.

New Style Patent Shoes 32/6.

AND MANY OTHER LINES WORTH
INSPECTION.

ABRAHAM WACHNER

SAMPLE ROOMS,

140 DEE STREET (Side Entrance Only).
Top Floor.

THE DAINTY MARBLE BAR.

Corner of—

DEE AND YARROW STREETS.

Under New Management.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, AND TEA
ROOMS.

We stock the choicest of Fruit, and the
best imported Confectionery.

Our Speciality—

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIES.

C. E. Gibb.

J. A. DOIG,

Sports Depot,

TOBACCONIST & HAIRDRESSER,

Opposite Post Office. Phone 574.

ALL LINES OF SPORTS GOODS.
Full stock of all Smokers' Requisites.
Largest stock of Pipes in Southland.
Tobacco Pouches, etc.

Up-to-date HAIRDRESSING SALOON.
Head and Face Massage, Shampooing

RAZOR SETTING A SPECIALTY.
Every one guaranteed.

In attendance in Saloon—
J. B. TUCKEY, J. BELL

RE IS NO BETTER VALUE THAN

THE

"VIKING" SEPARATOR.

WINNING, DURABLE, CLEAN
SKIMMING.

"VIKING" does the work properly
It is simple, efficient, and
thorough separation. Has a
capacity than any other machine of
its size.

LOGICAL CHOICE IS A

"VIKING."

15 gals. per hour, £9 10s.

27 gals. per hour, £14 10s.

50 gals. per hour, £25 10s.

MONTH'S FREE TRIAL

Southland Farmers'

Co-op Assn. Ltd.

INVERCARGILL, GORE, WINTON.

Sole Agents for Southland.

Anglo-American Candy Shop

AYSON'S

72 DEE STREET.

This is the shop
At which you stop.
To get your sweets,
While parading the streets,
At all times.

This is the shop
Where thousands stop
To get a drink,
That makes them think
'Tis excellent.

DO YOU WANT A PROPERTY
YET?

not, why not buy from our list and so
keep yourself in comfort for the rest
of your days. We can offer you—

CTIONS—

At prices ranging from £60 to £300
for full quarter-acres in all parts.

HOUSE PROPERTIES—

Plain design, sound, at £500 to £1100.
Wooden Bungalows at £900 to £1400.
Brick Bungalows at £1100 and up-
wards.

URBAN PROPERTIES—

Five acres with house, £1200.
Five acres with house, £2000.
12 Acres with house, £1250.

ARMING PROPERTIES—

41 Acres, buildings, etc., £26.
130 Acres, buildings, etc., £35.
380 Acres, buildings, etc., £15.
572 Acres, buildings, etc., £12 10s.

T. D. A. Moffett,

Box—193.

Telephone—279.

and Estate Agent, Grain, Seed,

and Hemp Broker,

Athenaeum Buildings, Invercargill.

RABBITSKINS.

insign Skins to

R. S. BLACK,

DUNEDIN.

Address Letters—Box 230.

Telegrams—"Blackfoot."

Telephone—1255.

DUNEDIN.

highest Prices. Prompt Returns.

Results Count Every Time.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

FARMS.

WYNDHAM DISTRICT.—270 Acres Freehold in this famous locality for £15 per acre. Good grass, well fenced, watered and subdivided. Five-roomed house, 5-stall stable, with loft, large woolshed, 6-stall cowbyre, sheep yards, etc. This is the cheapest farm offering in Southland to-day. Terms may be arranged.

LOOK AT THIS—395 acres near Woodlands; 45 acres turnips, 100 acres young grass, balance older pasture. This land has been limed and is in great heart. Well watered, fenced, and subdivided. Six-roomed house, stable, cowbyre with milking plant, etc. Price £20. Terms could be arranged.

Here is something good—Five-roomed house; bathroom, washhouse, gas. In good order; situated alongside first section of tram. A cheap home at £550. Terms could be arranged.

If you wish to buy or sell a house or a farm consult me.

F. H. TUCKER,

LAND AGENT.

THE PAPER FAMINE is world wide. Supplies are running low. Take my advice and replenish your stocks while prices are reasonable.

MY PRICES—

LETTER TABLETS, 9d, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, and 1/9 each.

ENVELOPES, 4d, 6d, 9d, and 1/- per packet.

BOXES OF STATIONERY, 2/- and 2/3.

LETTERETTES, 2/-

T. Hide,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

GILCHRIST'S

COUGH ELIXIR.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA
COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, Etc.

2/6. Posted 3/-

W. G. Gilchrist,

PRESCRIPTION CHEMIST,

GRAND PHARMACY,

DEE ST., INVERCARGILL.

LADIES . . .

KEEP DOWN YOUR

MILLINERY BILL.

BY USING OUR STRAWINE—

MAKES OLD HATS NEW.

WE HAVE IT IN ALL SHADES.

NOBLE'S

Dee street, Invercargill.

DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR AT CASHMERE SANATORIUM.

ALLEGATIONS NOT DENIED BY THE MINISTER.

Mr McCoombes (Lyttelton), desired to ask a question of the Minister of Defence, without notice, in regard to a complaint he had received from the Christchurch Returned Soldiers' Association as to the disposition of the bodies of patients who died at the Cashmere Military Sanatorium. He had received the following letter from the secretary to the Association on the subject:—

"I was requested to advise you of the fact that the bodies of patients who die in the Cashmere Military Sanatorium are placed in a large shed, which is used as a garage and store for fodder, etc., and no alteration is made therein during the time a corpse is lying there. My Association has protested to the A.D.M.S., Christchurch, who stated that although there was a morgue at the sanatorium, this building was being occupied as sleeping quarters for two medical orderlies. My Association again protested and urged that the morgue be used for the purpose for which it was erected, and the officer-in-charge of the institution has replied that this building 'although built for the purpose of a morgue, has never been used as such, and has never been fitted up for that purpose. Further, there is not sufficient accommodation for these orderlies elsewhere, and their services cannot be dispensed with at present.'

"The patients of this institution feel that the bodies of their comrades who succumbed to this disease should at the very least be treated with respect."

Appeal was now being made to the Minister, and he asked the honourable gentleman if he would do something to remedy the state of affairs revealed in this letter.

HON. SIR HEATON RHODES REPLIES.

The Hon. Sir R. H. Rhodes (Minister of Defence) entirely agreed with the writer of the letter that the body of a soldier who died should be treated with every respect, and as far as he was concerned he would see that the bodies were treated with the respect that should be paid to them. He understood that the shed in which they were placed was suitable as a morgue, but he did not agree that the bodies should be mixed up, as stated, with motor cars, fodder, and other stores. If it were used purely as a morgue it was suitable for the purpose, and he thought it was the only building available. He knew the building that was being erected for the purpose of a morgue, but he was under the impression that it was completed. However, he would take steps to see that due respect was paid to the bodies of those men.

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.

SHATTERED HOPES.

One day I took a lady friend
To see a Football match.
And oh, the questions that she asked—
They formed a motley batch.

Of course, I did my very best
To make her understand,
The "off-side" rule and all the rest,
"Ah, yes," she said, "it's grand!"

The game waxed fast and furious,
Hazel seemed delighted,
Thought I, "I've made it clear to her,"
Alas! my hopes were blighted.

For just before the whistle blew
One side contrived to score,
And Hazel murmured, "Harry, dear,
What are they cheering for?"

"Because the 'Reds' have got a goal."
"A goal!" quoth my fair friend,
"I thought you said they'd both got one—
Those white posts at each end?"

MOTORING NOTES.

An Invercargill business man informs me of a mixture which he has used successfully on the shield. About equal quantities of glycerine and methylated spirits. Rub on the shield and it is stated to be very satisfactory.

EASY STEERING.

Easy steering of a car is made possible by means of gear reduction between the steering arm and wheel. These gears are generally at the lower end of the steering post, and are arranged so that the hand wheel turns farther than the arm, thus giving more twisting leverage.

A CRACKED WATERJACKET.

A mechanically inclined motorist can do his own mending on a cracked water-jacket by this method. Drill a small hole at each end of the crack and tap it for a small copper plug. Scrape the surfaces near the crack until the metal is bright. Cover the crack with soft copper filings and melt them in with a blow torch. Use a flux of resin dissolved in alcohol.

A WATERPROOF BONNET.

Rain can get through the hinged joint at the top of most "two flap" engine bonnets, and under certain weather conditions such leakages are a cause of trouble. One remedy is to rivet a wide flap of leather or fibre along one side of the hinged joint so that it will overlap the joint when the bonnet is shut. The other is to fix a long narrow sheet of fibre to the bracket which supports the high-tension cables, thus forming a protecting roof over all the plugs. In the absence of such protection it is wise to keep the engine running during any car stoppages in the open while damp conditions prevail. The temperature of the plugs will then evaporate any moisture that falls upon them.

CLEARING OUT BEARINGS.

After long usage, all bearings accumulate dirt which has worked into them from outside, fine metal particles worn from the rubbing surfaces and lubricant which has decomposed either from heat or chemical action into gummy or acid substances. This is true not only of the numerous bearings in housings, but of the ball and roller bearings in wheel hubs, the pins used at spring ends and in the steering gear and the like. Unless this grit and deteriorated oil are frequently removed, they act like abrasive compounds wearing the bearing surfaces rapidly, and it is of little use to supply fresh lubricant until they have been cleaned out, as they remain in new oil or grease and continue their action. For wheel bearings, the best method of cleaning is to remove them and soak them in kerosene, as the same time cleaning out the hubs thoroughly, before putting the bearings back and packing anew.

TO PREVENT TYRE-PUNCTURE.

"It is safe to say that during the last 25 years hundreds of patents have been taken out for the prevention of punctures in pneumatic tyres. In most of them the central idea was to make the tyre impervious to nails and other injurious articles, says 'Chamber's Journal.' A recent inventor approached the problem from a new angle by studying the process by which the nail gets into the tyre. He found that (1) nearly all nails lie flat on the road; (2) in motor cycles and cars 90 per cent. of nail punctures are in the rear tyres; (3) punctures occur most readily at high speeds and on dry roads; (4) the front tyres are pierced by short nails, the rear tyres by long nails.

"From these observed facts he concluded that rear-tyre punctures are caused by the front tyre turning objects on end, with the result that if the rear tyre reaches them before they fall again, it is pierced. Experiments conducted over a track strewn with nails verified this theory; not only were the nails seen to act thus, but they were caught 'red-handed,' as it were, by a high speed camera. The puncture-preventer designed as the outcome of these observations and experiments turns down nails as fast as the front tyre turns them up, and so the rear tyre is saved. The form of it suitable for motor cycles consists of a specially constructed rubber-canvas flap, 3in wide, usually mounted on a scroll spring attached to a curved steel bracket fixed by one bolt through the fore-end of the rear mudguard, but occasionally attached to the silencer or to a special adapter. The flap 'covers' the rear tyre, and clears the road by half an inch. It lasts for about 25,000 miles, and then can be renewed cheaply.

"The puncture-preventer has kept the inventor free from punctures for 25,000 miles: previously he had 47 in 11,000 miles. On one occasion he rode for eleven hours over a track strewn with thousands of nails. So long as the apparatus was in position, no damage was done; when it

was removed rear punctures came thick and fast. Forms of the preventer suitable for motor-cycles are already on the market; models suitable for cars and cycles will be ready shortly."

CLIFTON SETTLEMENT.

CONFERENCE PROMISES GOOD RESULTS.

A conference between the members of the Otago Land Board, the local Farmers' Union, the R.S.A., and the settlers was held at the Clifton estate recently. Those present were:—Messrs Sadd (Commissioner of Crown Lands), G. Livingstone, Inder, Munro (members of Land Board), P. A. Watt, Maze, D. Morgan, J. Barclay, J. Cockburn (Farmers' Union), Simpson (Government Supervisor), and A. C. Laing (secretary of the R.S.A.) A tour was made of the whole settlement, and the amount of work done by the settlers inspected, also investigation was made as to the quality of the land. At the conclusion of the tour the settlers formulated their ideas as to what should be done to make the settlement a success. Mr Watt and the members of the Farmers' Union present also spoke in support of the settlers' request. Briefly the men asked that their holdings be increased, and that in view of the unproductive nature of the land in its primary state some assistance be given them in the matter of remission of rent.

The members of the Land Board expressed themselves as being agreeably surprised at the amount of work that had been accomplished on the settlement, and seemed in accord with the men's contention that the areas were too small. They agreed that even though the rents might be quite reasonable the amount of capital necessary to stock the holdings and purchase implements at present prices placed altogether too heavy a burden upon anyone not possessing much capital.

The visitors left by motor for Balclutha, and caught the five o'clock express.

It was noticeable that the members of the Land Board, together with Mr Sadd, seemed to have been under a complete misapprehension as to the actual conditions existing on the Clifton settlement, and it is anticipated that with the first-hand knowledge they now possess a new era may be expected to begin at Clifton before long.

THE LAND OF CALCIUM.

Hear it now, oh gentle readers,
Hear the tale that I shall tell you,
How the doughty Waiwanawians
Journeyed to the Land of Calcium,
Where they fought a mighty battle,
Yea! a mighty game of football.

There was Whiskers, who was pilot
Of a great and grand canoe;
There was Kraggybrown and Tiny
Who were great and sturdy leaders;
Oh! was over such a leader,
Great, and grand, and strong as Tiny?

Many other warriors were there—
Dan and Jimmy, Tab and Eric,
Many who could play at football,—
In that great and grand canoe.
On we sailed past many lands,
Past the land of Tooti Hooti,
Where are only grassy ridges,
Where dwells the famous correspondent,
Till at last we came to Calcium,
Calcium up upon the hill.

"Here!" said Whiskers, "Here we are!"
As his canoe touched the shore,
So out they stepped, those doughty
warriors.

And dressed themselves in many colours,
Then came forth the tribe of Calcium,
Clad in colours of the rainbow,
Black, and red, and white and blue.

Fierce and willing waged the conflict,
Till at last the sun went down;
When, around about the meadow,
Lay the conquered men of Calcium.
Then uprose Mac the swarthy chieftain,
Saying unto all the warriors,
"Let us hie us to a feast
Over in the meeting place,
Where our women-folk have ready,
Tea and cakes, and scones and dainties."

After all the feast had finished,
After listening to the speeches,
Amid shouts, and cries, and cheering,
We sought out the pilot, Whiskers,
And embarked in his canoe.

Away we sailed from the land of Calcium
Singing songs of joy and gladness;
Past the fields of Tooti Hooti,
To the land of Waiwanawians,
Where the silvery moon was shining.

This, oh readers, is the story,
Told about the doughty warriors,
Whiskers, Kraggy, Tab and Tiny;
And of all the other fellows,
Who at one time or another,
Journeyed in the Grand Canoe.

SCIENCE NOTES.

RADIUM.

Although radium is a very recent discovery, it has arrested public attention to a greater degree than is usually bestowed upon a scientific subject.

Everyone is now familiar with the word at least, which has obtained such widespread recognition, that, besides seeing radium dances, we are buying radium collars, radium stoves, and radium polish.

The remarkable activities of radium are shown on so small a scale in the minute specimens of it which alone exist, that one would hardly expect them to rouse the interest of many who can be easily impressed by the mighty power of the turbines for Southland's hydro-electric scheme or the thousands of miles traversed by wireless messages from New Zealand to Australia.

The fact that the general public have been so widely interested in radium, and so deeply impressed by it, is a remarkable testimony to the high position held at the present time by science, since the public have had to rely for the most part, on their faith in the teachings of scientific men, both for their knowledge of the things radium can do, and for their belief that its doings are surprising and deserving of the most careful attention.

Radium in the early days of our acquaintance with it, appeared to afford a contradiction of two of the most firmly established laws of nature—the conservation of energy to bodies, nor receives it from them.

The law of the conservation of energy means that the total amount of energy in a material system cannot be varied, provided the system neither parts with energy to bodies, or receives it from them.

The persistence of matter is the experimentally obtained fact that no process at the command of man can either destroy or create even a single particle of matter.

Energy, however, it may be changed from one form into another, is never, in our experience destroyed, on the one hand or originated on the other.

Whenever we see energy displayed we can always trace it, if we have sufficient knowledge of the facts, to some previously existing form or forms of energy.

The movement of a railway engine is a transformation of the heat energy of the steam, that is, the movement of the steam molecules striking one another and driving one another farther apart.

This is the transformation of the heat energy of the gases of combustion. The intra-atomic energies which were transformed into a combustion-rush, were themselves transformations of the actinic vibrations of the ether which acted on the leaves of the growing plants out of which the coal was formed.

These actinic vibrations were set up at a distance of many millions of miles by the vibrating particles of the sun.

Radium is now one of the alleged sources of the enormous heat energy of the sun.

Although we are in doubt as to whence and how the sun maintains his enormous heat energy, we are at any rate quite convinced that when a theory on this subject is generally accepted, it will prove to be one more instance of the great law, that, wherever energy appears, it has been transformed from some previous manifestations of energy.

Supposing we take it the other way round, beginning with the sun, and ending with the railway engine referred to, we readily perceive the converse truth that, wherever energy disappears it is not really destroyed but only transformed into some other kind of movement in some other substance.

And here I feel tempted to say something about the "existence of human personality and its survival of bodily death," but fearing that "A," "Jacques," and "John," may cause the Tower of Babel to fall in ruins about my feet, I make haste to return to my theme.

If we examine the matter quantitatively, weighing and measuring energies involved in each successive pair of manifestations we find that the force developed is always exactly equal to that out of which it was transformed.

If the travelling energy of a moving train be added to the friction-heat energy of the wheels, axles, rails and disturbed air, to the heat energy passing through the sides of the boiler into the atmosphere, and to the heat energy imparted to the steam, the gases of combustion and the ashes, it is found that the sum total is exactly equal to the heat developed by the burning fuel.

These notes will be continued next week. What we have said about the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy is merely put in plain form and intended as a scientific definition. Those of my readers who know all about radium and radio-activity, will, I trust, exercise their christian charity and bear the infirmities of their weaker brethren.

We can soon

Demonstrate the
Freedom of Buying your

All Papers

Here.

We now making such an excellent
Wallpapers, with charming
to match.PATTERN BOOK is at Your Ser-
vice. If you are unable to call in and
see the papers, write for this book and
it will be sent to you Post Free.COLOURS AND DESIGNS are
being and Our Prices Inviting, so do
not pass those rooms until you have in-
spected Our Stocks. Nothing better to be
found in Quality, Design or Price.ROAD, SMALL
& COY.

CHAIRS AT YOUR SERVICE.

If you want a HAIR CUT or a
SHAVE you want it done well,
go to—A. E. BUTT'S
HAIRDRESSING SALOON,
ESK STREET.place where you always get the best
attention.W. DRAKE, DEE STREET.
(Near Club Hotel).FINEST—
FRUIT, and
CONFECTIONERY
ALWAYS OBTAINABLE.

Everybody's Fruit Confectioner.

War's

Special

Purity

Soda.

A GLANCE AT TOKONUI.

(By "Spectator.")

Have you ever had a chance
Of running out to have a glance
At the great south-eastern railway
And the city that's to be?
The railway is a wonder,
And I'm always under
The impression that it's engineers were
not T.T.

The train runs out so furious,
The passengers get curious
To know how it can be pulled up
At stations every mile;
But, the capable expert,
By being so alert,
Takes his precious burden out in envi-
able style.

Now, at Tokonui station
If you'd like a conversation
With such residents who claim a wide
reputation,
Then the first one to impress you,
And the first one to address you
Would likely be "mine host," and mayor
of the town.

He runs his house on modern lines,
And everyone who comes and dines,
Declares that Tom's a real jolly sport;
He keeps a decent stable,
Where anyone is able
To hire a buggy and a horse of any sort.

He also keeps a garage,
And when there is a marriage,
And other urgent cases come on board,
He's rung up for hire,
He's moving like wild fire,
And soon you hear the singing of his
Ford.

And then there's Charlie, too,
Who caters for a few,
Who do not like to risk their lives
Upon the train,
And the people often team
To the garage by the stream,
And Charlie takes them singing down
the lane.

And then there's George with oceans
Of socialistic notions,
A farmer of the Holland-Scotch crowd,
And, if two years next December
He's elected to be Member,
For the Clutha he will talk both long
and loud.

There's also Jack the storeman,
And Tom the Railway foreman,
And Jack and Charles, who run the
"Daily Mail,"
Then there's Billie of the bellows,
And hosts of other fellows
Too numerous to mention in detail.

WAIKAWA'S WINDING BAYS.

(By "Spectator.")

There's a land of wondrous beauty,
To which the people love to steer
When released from arduous duty,
Towards the waning of the year.
There the waters of the river,
Twist her banks so constantly
Roll and glide and ripple, ever
Journeying toward the bounding sea.

Countless hills with leafy cover,
Varied ferns and winding bays,
Endless beaches where the rover
Goes to spend his holidays.
Far removed from business worry
Where you banish all dull care,
Drop a note to Alex. Currie,
He will quickly get you there.

Alex has a goodly table,
Groaning 'neath its tempting spread,
Alex's wife is homely, able,
And I've always heard it said,
"She's so cheerful, she's so pleasant,
Always makes you glad you came,
Be you peer or be you peasant,
Always makes you just the same."

Alex, too, is entertaining
In his ever modest way,
Never tired of things pertaining
To the famed Waikawa Bay.
Tells you of its ancient history,
Yarns would cover many a page,
And about the unravell'd mystery
Of the prehistoric age.

He will take you to the region
Known to all as Curio Bay,
Where the rocks were made, saith legion
In the ages far away,
From the fern frond and the sapling
That at one time used to grow,
Says the scientist who's grappling
With the things of long ago.

All good things, 'tis oft repeated,
Come to an untimely end,
And all too soon your duly seated
Back to work your way to wend,
In Tom's old bus to catch the lumbering
Train once more for city life,
And 'mong your friends you'll aye be
numbering
Alex Currie and his wife.

OTAHUTI NOTES.

Last Saturday saw the concluding
matches played for Central Union. Ota-
huti journeyed to Wrights Bush and after
a game consisting of scrums and line-outs
for the most part, won the match by 8-3.
The Wright's Bush forwards were an ex-
ceptionally heavy lot and Otahuti had
many anxious moments, defending their
line; the scrums were bad and the ball
seldom came out clean on either side,
therefore back play was not seen.

Mr Hicks controlled the game and the
Wright's Bush ladies supplied an ex-
cellent tea, a very pleasant hour being
spent in the hall.

Waianiwa visited Calcium and defeated
the home team, the scores being Waianiwa
8, Calcium 5.

Next Saturday, 28th, at Waianiwa, Ota-
huti and Waianiwa play off at 3 p.m. for
premier honours for the season, Dr.
Ritchie Crawford having charge of the
whistle.

DRUMMOND AND OTAHUTI.

Saturday 14th, on a rather heavy ground
the home team defeated Drummond by
3 points to nil, after a very even game.
Play was mostly confined to the forwards
although there was flashes of good back play
at times, but the ground did not seem
suitable to open football; Drummond played
well and are a side to be reckoned with,
having developed considerably within the
last month or so. It is to be hoped they
are able to retain most of their present
players for next season, when they can
confidently look forward to a more suc-
cessful run. With a bit more practice
their backs would combine well, Cowie,
J. Ford, Shefflebein and W. Lindsay, be-
ing most conspicuous, especially, the last-
named who is a promising young player.
A. Lindsay, Stalker, Chilton and Burnett,
were always to the fore in a good pack.

The Otahuti forwards were in good form
playing their usual consistent game. S.
McGhie, J. Ford, W. McKenzie, G.
Grieve and R. Sim, were in fair con-
dition and with Dempster, Steele, and Fin-
layson, seemed inexhaustible.

Mr Gazzard of Oreti, controlled the game
in his usual manner. Wright's Bush
drew with Calcium, it being rather a
soul-thriller throughout.

BIRCHWOOD HUNT CLUB.

The following are the results:—

HUNTER' HURDLES; first prize,
trophy, £5 5s; second prize, £1 1s;
qualified hunters only. One and a-
half miles.

F. Langford's b m Salute, aged, 10.7
(Mr J. Langford) 1
W. M. Agnew's blk g Northwind, aged,
10.7 (J. Weir) 2
Also started: Dalmie 10.7 (A. E.
Horne). Northwind ran inside a flag when
holding a commanding lead, and Salute
won by nearly half a mile. Time, 4min
3 1-5sec.

ACK RACE; first prize, trophy, £5 5s;
second prize, £1 1s. Six furlongs.

J. McLaren's ch g Golden Link, 7yrs,
9.0 (A. S. Ellis) 1
Jas. Blee's b g Young Pallas, 4yrs, 9.0
(A. E. Horne) 2
F. Boyle's br m Lady Buller, aged, 9.12
(A. McKay) 3
Led all the way and won easily by
twelve lengths. Time, 1min 26sec.

HACK STEEPLECHASE; first prize,
trophy, £5 5s; second prize, £1 1s;
qualified hunters only. About two
miles.

J. H. Marshall's blk g Glenisla, aged,
11.2 (Owner) 1
Ross' b g Coal King, aged, 10.7 (W.
B. Dickson) 2
Also started: Captain French 10.9 (A.
E. Horne) and Northwind 10.7 (L. Smith).
Captain French fell at the first fence and
broke his neck, Northwind running off
at the same fence. Coal King ran off and
then fell after going three-quarters of a
mile, leaving Glenisla to win, pulling up,
by 200 yards.

HACK RACE; first prize, trophy £5 5s;
second prize, £1 1s. Six furlongs.

J. McLaren's ch g Golden Link, 7yrs,
9.8 (incl. 8lb penalty) (A. S. Ellis) ... 1
Jas. Blee's b g Young Pallas, 4yrs
9.0 (A. McKay) 2
Golden Link led all the way and won
easily by six lengths. Time 1min 7sec.

isla ran past him and won nicely by five
lengths. Time, 7min 44sec.

LADIES' BRACELET HANDICAP; first
prize, trophy £7 7s; second prize, £2
2s; qualified hunters only. One and
a-quarter miles.

J. H. Marshall's blk g Glenisla, aged,
12.0 (incl. 7lb penalty) (Owner) ... 1
F. Langford's b m Salute, aged, 10.13
(Mr Jos. Langford) 2
D. W. Campbell's b g Dalmie, 7yrs
10.13 (Mr John Langford) 3
Dalmie led for nearly a mile, when
the three bunched and ran together to the
distance post. Salute took charge then
and looked like a winner, but Glenisla
caught him in the last few strides and beat
him by a short length; Dalmie a similar
distance away. Time, 2min 41sec.

NIGHTCAPS NOTES.

The voting at the polls on Saturday
for the election of new members to sit on
the Ohai Railway Board was as follows:—

	Wai.	Birch
	raki.	wood.
W. J. A. McGregor	46	21
A. W. Rodger	40	23
D. D. McDonald	41	21
D. Jardine	34	21
W. Excell	41	12
W. Crawford	33	18
J. King	20	17
R. Ronald	22	8
G. Tinker	11	2

The result of the voting is to leave the
old members sitting.

A visit to the Ohai coalfields shows
industrial development on every hand, and
it but awaits the advent of the railway
to set matters on a surer footing so as
to give facilities for education and other
advantages, and so get a permanent settle-
ment. It is reported that more sections
have been sold from the Ohai township
block on the south side of the road. The
fact that the Dunedin Building Society is
willing to advance money on buildings
erected on the freehold terrace is giving
every encouragement to miners to take up
sections in this block.

The coal mine opened up last October
by the Wairaki Coal Co. on Mr S. Mills'
property is proving highly satisfactory.
The miners have been working on the dip
up till now, but the seam of coal has com-
menced to run almost level, and this will
mean contending with water. To give
some idea of how the Wairaki Coal Com-
pany have developed this mine to such an
extent in the short period of ten months,
it may be stated that for three months
ended 30th April the company paid roy-
alty on 4700 tons of coal to the owner of
the property. The output has been stead-
ily increasing, and is about 20 tons per
day at present. There are about twenty
miners engaged in the mine. The motor
lovely service run by Mr H. Holmes has
proved inadequate, and it is reported that
the Wairaki Coal Company intend to run
their own workmen in the near future
from Nightcaps to Ohai by motor lorry.
This is only the recent development of one
coal company. The Linton colliery will
probably be putting out as much coal at
the present time as the Wairaki company.

The transmission survey party in con-
nection with the Monowai hydro-electric
scheme are in the district this week. The
party from Sunnyside, at present camped
on Sharpbridge, report 150 men engaged at
that point (Sunnyside).

It is expected that the Presbyterian
Church concert on Friday night in the
church will be well attended. The musical
items on the programme are of first-class
quality. Mr and Mrs A. G. Thomson are
on the programme, as is also Mrs R.
Duncan.

The public school concert, ever a pop-
ular function, will eventuate next Friday.
The programme, which will be mainly
carried out by the children will be worth
listening to, and the usually large audience
will be expected to be present to show
their appreciation of the efforts of the
teachers in training the children.

Our Nightcaps correspondent records the
death of Nurse Helen Greer, in the River-
ton hospital, where she had almost finished
her term as a probationer. She was well
known in the Western District and will
be missed by a large circle of friends. The
late nurse was the second daughter of
Mr and Mrs A. Greer, of Nightcaps, who
will have the sympathy of many friends
and acquaintances in their sad bereave-
ment.

MISSING.

23/2108 TURNBULL G. P.

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

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

CHEAP MEAT.

ONLY PRIMEST QUALITY,
BEEF AND MUTTON.AT EVERYBODY'S
BUTCHERY.A. CUNDALL,
Proprietor.For several years Manager
City Meat Co.

(Kelvin St. one door from Esk St.)

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT
LOVELY FRUIT?

THAT HANDSOME BOX OF SWEETS?

THOSE BEAUTIFUL PALMS AND

ASPIDISTRAS?

WHY AT—

WELSH'S

FRUITERER AND CONFECTIONER.

TAY STREET.

THEY HAVE ALSO CLEANEST AND

BEST OF FOUNTAIN DRINKS.

A. E. HOBBS,

Proprietor

Phone—400.

IN STOCK

Chocolate Raspberry, Dates, Almonds,
Ginger, Raisins, Caramels, Monte-
tenant. Also Creams, and a large
assortment Boiled Confectionery.

Cadbury's, Fry's, Romison's, Court,
Aulsebrook's Fancy Boxes.

Ring 1370 and I will have your Sweets
ready for you.

F. C. Jarvis,

"EXCELLA," DEE STREET
Next Bank N.S.W.

Books to Read.

LATEST DETECTIVE NOVELS,
5/6.BERNARD TREVES' BOOTS (Law-
rence Clarke)

THE BROKEN FANG (Vel Key).

HON. ALGERNON KNOX (E. Philip
Oppenheim).THE HOUSE OF DANGER (Guy
Thrine).

GUILF (Headon Hill).

THE LOST MR LINTHWAITE (J. S.
Fletcher).THE CAMP OF FEAR (Leslie Howard
Gordon).

KATE PLUS TEN (Edgar Wallace).

Gardner & Son,
TAY AND KELVIN STREETS,
INVERCARGILL.

TWO GOOD LINES FOR FARMERS.

FLETCHER MILKING
MACHINES

MELOTTE

SEPARATORS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR SOUTHLAND.

J. E. Watson & Co. Ltd.

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

We have Farms of all sizes for sale in all parts of Southland. Soldiers and others intending to settle on the land will find it to their advantage to call on us and inspect.

TO MR. RETURNED SOLDIER.

SEE us about PAPERING and PAINTING that new house, you have bought. We have a nice range of new Wallpapers. Remember that we Frame PICTURES cheaply and well. Phone 427.

J. Strang & Co.,

TAY ST., INVERCARGILL.

The

—PEOPLE'S BOOT SHOP,—
Corner YARROW and McMASTER
STREETS,
EAST INVERCARGILL.

BOOTS AND SHOES

At lowest prices combined with best possible quality.

Compare my prices with town.

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.

ALEX. KIDD,
Bootmaker.

IF YOU ARE—

BUILDING OR DECORATING

A HOME,

Remember that

THE BEST WALLPAPERS

Come from—

J. H. DIXON & SON,

DEE STREET.

Phone 730.

HERB. GRACE.

HATTER. MERCER.

GENTS' OUTFITTER,

Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

WHERE THE GOOD SUITS ARE.

WE SPECIALISE IN—

SUITS TO MEASURE.

BOXED SUITS,

BOYS' SUITS,

MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERCOATS,

In

HEAVY TWEEDS AND RAINPROOFS.

RABBITSKINS

WE WANT RABBITSKINS IN ANY QUANTITY.

YOU WANT TOP PRICES.

CONSIGN YOUR SKINS TO US AND
RECEIVE CHEQUE BY RETURN
MAIL.

NO COMMISSION.

KINGSLAND BROS. AND
ANDERSON, LTD.,TANNERS, FELLMONGERS, AND
EXPORTERS,
TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Next Bank of Australasia.)

Phone—Town Store: 329.

WRITE US FOR LABELS.

The Digger.
Job Printing
Department

is always ready to go over the top to execute high class jobbing work. Every attention given to detail and display.

We undertake printing of every description from a visiting card to a catalogue.

SHORT STORIES.

GOOD SIMILE.

Boy: "Father, what is a pessimist?"
Father: "A pessimist might be likened to a fish that starves to death because he sees a hook in every worm."

THE PRESENT FASHION.

If you go to the ball or the opera, you'll find,
Of too many girls it is true,
As soon as she's out of short dresses,
she wants
To get out of long dresses too.

FULL VALUE.

Tommy: "Mamma, how much did you put in the collection box?"
Mother: "A shilling, my dear. Why?"
Tommy (yawning): "Well, this preacher gives an awful lot for the money."

FREE PERFORMANCE.

Tommy: "When does the tide come in?"
Old Salt: "Five-fifty-five, I've told you a dozen times!"
Tommy: "I know, but I like to see your whiskers waggle when you say five-fifty-five."

CORRECTED.

Little Annie was helping mother shell peas, when father peeped in, and remarked, "Hullo, shelling peas, little girl?" She looked up, replying rather scornfully, "Shelling peas, dad. How could I shell peas? I'm un-shelling them!"

THE RETORT DIRECT.

There was an old hunting man who lost patience with his gardener, and ordered him to leave at once.
Tom remarked stolidly that he considered it his place to remain.
"Go to hell out of that," stormed his master.
The old man leant on his spade handle. "An 'if I do go, Master Harry," he said, "I'll just tell your father how ye've treated me."

PHYSIOLOGY UP-TO-DATE!

A class of boys in a country school have been studying physiology with remarkable results. They were ordered to write a composition on the "spine."
Many interesting papers were handed in on the subject, among them being the following:—
"The spine is a bunch of bones that runs up and down the back and holds the ribs. The skull sits on one end and I sit on the other."

TOO GOOD.

Customer: "I say, this rifle you sold me yesterday is no good."
Dealer: "What is the matter with it?"
Customer: "It shoots too accurately."
Dealer: "Why, isn't that just what you want?"
Customer: "I should think not, I'm the proprietor of a shooting gallery, and I give prizes to those who score a high number of points."

SOMETHING TO HOLD BY.

"Always be the same as you are now," he whispered to her tenderly, "and it is all I ask, my dearest one."
"And if I am, you will always love me?" she said quietly.
"Yes," he answered her, "always."
She looked beyond him—into space. Only she knew that ere long she would be quite different, for she was growing stout.
Then she smiled into his face. "And the more you see of me, the greater will be your love?" she asked.
"Yes," he answered. "I swear it."
And thus she was comforted.

Buy "H.B.'s"—The best in Boys' Suits. It pays these days!



THE WISDOM OF BUYING
THE BEST POSSIBLE IN
SUITS FOR BOYS IS SO
OBVIOUS THAT TO MEN-
TION IT SEEMS ALMOST
SUPERFLUOUS.
THE BETTER THE "H.B."
SUIT YOU BUY THE
GREATER THE SATISFAC-
TION YOU WILL GAIN—
THE ABILITY TO WITH-
STAND HARD "BOY-
WEAR" IS THE THING
WHICH COUNTS IN "H.B."
SUITS.

BOYS' LIGHT GREY SPORTS SUITS; sizes 3 to 6; 22/6.

BOYS' ALL-WOOL N.Z. TWEED SPORTS SUITS, with shorts, 37/6 to 49/6.

YOUTHS' SPORTS SUITS, in smart Greys, Heather, and Brown Tweeds, 47/6 to 59/6.

YOUTHS' SPORTS SUITS, smart patterns, with buttoned knickers, 52/6 to 75/.

YOUTHS' DARK TWEED SPORTS SUITS, with long trousers, cut bottoms, 75/- to 87/6.

YOUTHS' DARK GREY SAC SUITS, with long trousers, cut bottoms, 105/- and 110/-.

New Zealand
Clothing Factory.

J. M. McNaughton & Co

Booksellers and Stationers,
49-51 ESK STREET.

PRESERVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

WE have a fine range of ALBUMS
to suit all sizes or
PHOTOGRAPHS.

TO SLIP IN—

Coloured Bound, at 6/6, 7/6,
5/6, 6/-, 10/6.

TO PASTE IN—

Coloured Bands, at 6/6, 7/6,
8/6, 9/6, 10/6, 13/6.

TO PRACTICE ECONOMY IS A NATIONAL DUTY.

OUR QUALITY IS ECONOMY.

J. L. Hannon & Co

PRIME MEAT SALESMEN,
CONON STREET. TAY STREET.
Phone—170. Phone—371.Telegraphic Address— Telephone 1143
"Forbury." P.O. Box 102.W. F. SUTTON,
INVERCARGILL.

Underwood Typewriter Agency.

Edison Dick Duplicators.
R. B. Denniston and Co.Lyon's Art Gallery,
DEE STREET.

SAYS

EVERY one of your hard earned shillings should be spent profitably. You will not be experimenting in uncertainties if you entrust
LYON'S ART GALLERY
to demonstrate the good value he gives in PICTURES.

Printed by the Southland News Co., Ltd.
for the Publishers, The Invercargill
Returned Soldiers' Association, by
Frederick George Blake, 93 Lewis street,
Gladstone, Invercargill.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1920.

PLEASE PASS THIS ON TO A FRIEND WITH A WORD OF RECOMMENDATION.

"THE DIGGER."

OFFICES:

SOUTHLAND NEWS BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.
Box 310. Phone 1436. Tel. Address, "Digger."

A Weekly Journal of Sport, Returned Soldiers' Affairs, Current Events, War Memoirs, Agriculture, Ladies' Columns, Passing Notes, Sunday Reading and Stories.

PRICE—13/- per annum from agents; 17/4 per annum posted every Friday.

PLEASE FILL UP THIS FORM.

To Manager "Digger" (or Agent).

Please post me the "Digger" each week until further Notice, for which please find enclosed the sum of £..... being months' subscription.

Name

Address