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CALCIUM NOTES.

Memorial Service.—The church was
packed on Sunday morning, when the Rev.
A. McNeur of Winton conducted an im-
pressive service in memory of the late
Rev. W. Brown.

Debate.—Interest is centering on the
forthcoming inter-club debate at Otahuti
on Monday 13th inst. Mr Cruickshank,
S.M., is to lead a town party (negative)
against Leader McDonald and party, rep-
resenting Otahuti Lecturing and Debating
Society, subject: "That Compulsory Mil-
itary Training should be abolished." The
local wag describes the prospective wordy
warfare as Longshanks versus Cruick-
shanks.

Quadrilles.—The local assembly con-
cludes with an extended evening on the
14th inst. The past season has been a
successful one and the committee have
received encouraging support from patrons
from a wide area.

Library.—The librarians report a boom.
The collection of books, thanks to the
careful selection of Mr Duke, is a par-
ticularly fine one, comprising some 1500
volumes. Owing to the prohibitive cost
of books, readers are availing themselves
of this cheap source of reading material
in increasing numbers.

Soldier Settlers.—The Diggers who have
settled in this part, are making good.
Though most of them have been only a
short time in possession, their properties
are showing marked improvement. With
the spark of a chance, their success is
assured, that is, if honest toil and care-
ful husbandry are to meet with their just
reward.

World's Geography: Question.—But
where and what is Otahuti?

Answer.—It is a country district situ-
ated between Waianiwa and Calcium, on
a creek called "Duck" or Swamp-turkey.
It was marked by a finger-post inscribed
"Eight miles from Fairfax pub," but a
severe prohibitionist is supposed to have
vented his ill-will towards the "trade" by
pulling down this beacon to droughty tra-
vellers. Otahuti (frivolously dubbed
Tooti-Hooti) has a hall, a school, and a
post-office. The telephone bureau is about
two miles from these public utilities. It
boasts a football team whose exploits are
on record. It claims as one of its pro-
minent citizens Mr Wm. Ford of Farmer's
Union fame, and is represented on the
Southland War Funds Association by Mr
Mr Alex. McKenzie, Mains O' Blair. A
scrutiny of a good Maori dictionary, in-
forms us that the word "Otahuti" means
"women stealers." It appears that the
tribe which originally inhabited this
grassy region was notorious for the raids
it made on neighbouring districts in search
of desirable wahines to adorn and care for
its whares. This tradition is so firmly im-
planted in the minds of the youth of the
district, that the practice still finds fa-
vour with a large part of the male popula-
tion.

Ramoured.—That the Editor likes his
little joke, even at the expense of his
country correspondent.

That Waianiwa will have to produce its
band at the presentation of the football
shield.

That the latest rise in postal rates, was
directly due to the mass of correspondence
going "Diggerwards" from Otahuti and
Calcium.

That the first question asked in this
locality is "Have you seen 'The Digger'?"
That Whiskers is resigning his post in
the Waianiwa team in favour of Tiny, who
it is understood, is already undergoing a
course of physical jerks to fit him for his
arduous duties.

That the delay in appointing a perman-
ent preacher to the local charge is due
to the inability of the Deacons' Court to
find a suitable half-back.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

Someone threw a head of cabbage at
an Irish orator while he was making a
speech once. He paused a second, and
said: "Gentlemen, I only asked for your
ears, I don't care for your heads!" He
was not bothered any more during the re-
mainder of his speech.

Brady: "Did ye hear about poor
Flannery?"

O'Grady: "Sorra the word."

Brady: "Shure, the big stanne hammer
in the foundry dropped on his chest an'
killed him."

O'Grady: "Well, Oi'm not surprised,
for he always had a wake chist."

Mooney: "Do you drink, Tooley?"

Tooley: "Faith and I do."

Mooney: "Well, here's a clove."

Mrs McFudd: "Och, Pat! and phat are
yez doing in that tub of water?"

Mr McFudd: "Faith and didn't the doc-
tor say Oi should take a spoonful in
water three time a day? Oi know me
business."

"Irish stew," said the restaurant guest.
"Faith, I am Irish, tew," said the
waiter.

An Irishman, quarreling with an Eng-
lishman, told him if he didn't hold his
tongue he would break his impenetrable
head, and let the brains out of his empty
skull.

O'Brien: An' poor Flanagan got sixteen
years in Sing Sing.

Murphy: For phwat?

O'Brien: For hommyeide, I belave.

Murphy: Oh, shure that's nothing; I
thought it might be for killing somebody.

Miss Brady: "I saw a man in a window
making faces to-day."

Mr Murphy: "What was he doing that
for?"

Miss Brady: "For a couple of clocks;
he's a jeweller."

Cholly (to Irishman ringing fog bell):
"Aw, my man, why is this bell ringing?"

Irishman: "Can't you see, yo phool?
It's because Oi'm pullin' the r-rope."

Mistress: Bridget, have you ever made
lobster a la Newburgh?

Bridget: No, mum, I nivver worruked
further up th' Hoodson than Nyack.

Mary Ann: "I've come to tell you mum,
that th' gasoline stove has gone out."

Mistress: "Well, light it again."

Mary Ann: "I can't. Shure, it went
out through th' roof."

"What is memory, Pat?"

"Shure, it's something a man forgets
with when he owes you money."

Mistress: Mary, how was it I saw you
treating your friends to my cake and
fruit?

Mary: I can't tell, ma'am, for the loife
of me, for shure I covered the keyhole.

"Why do we call a handcuff a brace-
let?" asked the commissioner of an Irish
recruit, at a recent police examination.

"Faith, bekase it is intended for arrist,"
replied the applicant; and he got the posi-
tion at once.

Grady (after Riley has fallen five stor-
ies): Are yez dead, Pat?

Riley: Oi'am.

Grady: Shure, yer such a liar O' don't
know whither to believe yez or not.

Riley: Shure, that proves Oi'm dead.
Ye wudn't dare call me a liar if Oi wur
alioive!

An Irishman, just landed, seeing an
electric motor car running for the first
time, exclaimed: "Well, well, Ould Nick
must be pullin' it wid a string."

"There's a great art," says Mickey Doo-
lan, "in knowing what not to know whin
ye don't want to know it."

ABOUT TOWN.

Colin McDonald must have been think-
ing of VEREY lights the other evening,
when proposing a toast. "I have a very,
very, very, very important toast to
propose." Had it been very cheap, very
cheap, we could easily have understood it.

Andy McCulloch is a good battler for
the Bands' Association. We don't remem-
ber one occasion where Andy failed to
put in a good word for the Association.

At the Caledonian Pipe Band Social,
Pipe-Major Wilson said that the bagpipes
played an important part in Scottish
national life. We're wondering whether
it would be a good antidote for Ireland
just now. The "Harp of Erin" seems
ineffective.

Chieftain Watson is a typical Scotch-
man. He is a lover of his country—a
lover of the bagpipes, and has a heart in
the right place even if he is a lawyer.

At the Pipe Band Social, Pipe-Major
Wilson was presented with a gold Albert
watchchain. J. L. McG. effectively pre-
sented it, "as a link that binds." Pipe-
Major Wilson has many happy recollec-
tions of the Band.

Andy McCulloch states that when he
heard the bagpipes play in Dunedin "I
nearly made a d— fool of myself." Andy
simply means that they get your blood up
and perhaps it would be a good idea to
play the bagpipes when Andy goes to put
the acid on the Town Council for Sunday
collections.

A country cousin recently stated that if
Counsell, Cochrane and Hazlett, had play-
ed in the recent Otahuti-Waianiwa foot-
ball Pipe Band Social. There wasn't much
ball match, things would have been
slightly different. Where's "Correspon-
dent" and "Spectator"?

Secretary Kelly was very quiet during
Scotch either!

Chieftain Watson stated that the bag-
pipes were in use 4000 years B.C. Won-
der they never got lost in the "Flood." They
would surely have been a consolation to
poor old Noah.

Times are changing, and changing
very rapidly; but it is certainly more

than half a league onward when it falls
to the lot of mere man to be the purchaser
of a pair of corsets. Quite recently a mem-
ber of His Majesty's Police Force blew
into a prominent draper's in Dee street
and enquired after a pair of ladies' cor-
sets made by Warner and Co. A number
of samples were shown and with that
quickness of decision that is the result of
long experience a pair was bought for
13s 6d. The apparently satisfied customer
then blew into another establishment and
priced Warner's corsets, which were 6s 6d.
"A clear case of profiteering," cried the
man in Blue. "I have just paid 13s 6d
for a pair." But surely in corsets, as
well as other things, there are corsets
and corsets!

"I cannot understand the Council's at-
titude in this matter,"—a correspondent
in the "Western Star" writing on the
shortage of gas.

Give up thinking about it. Borough
Councils were never meant to be under-
stood.

"If gas is short, I would suggest to the
Borough Council that they get a few
feathers and distribute them along the
street. Feathers are light enough for
anyone."—Correspondent in the "Western
Star."

It is not usual to assume a shortage of
gas to Borough Councils. The joke is not
bad, but a bit soft.

"The Digger" gets into queer places and
one of them is Murchison, on the road from
Westport to Nelson. At one time this
little township had visions of being the
"Palmerston North of the South Island,"
but cruel fate decided otherwise. It is
blessed with a County Council who have
no need of an engineer because the Coun-
cil themselves have all the necessary quali-
fications which they very effectively put
into operation. Nevertheless, it is not all
beer and skittles with the Council. There
have been many stormy scenes within the
walls of the Council's sanctum and not
without effect on the office furniture.
Apart from being engineers to the Murchi-
son County Council, there is another little
bee in the bonnet over a soldiers' settle-
ment. Fortunately, we know something
about the property and its access. When
you are fortunate enough to land at the
sections, it's the devil's own job to get out
again. The Council recently passed a re-
solution urging the Government to throw
sections open to the public for three
months, if the soldiers fail to take them
up within that time. The Council have
surely overlooked the fact that it takes
three months to reach the sections, and
three months to get out again. Between
the positions of being the County Engi-
neers and usurping the functions of the
Land Board the Council is somewhere
between conic sections and differential
calculus.

THE DIGGER TAKES THE BUN.

(By "Spectator.")

A digger chap from Palestine,
Who makes the anvil ring as fine,
Who'll mend a chain or turn a shoe
To earn an honest bob or two,
One night he chanced the streets to
roam
Far from his father's house and home,
And happened there, some friends to
meet
As one will do on any street.

Says he, "My friend to-morrow night,
I'll bring along a chum or two,
And spend a while in pastime light,
A friendly game of cards will do.
If your good wife will kindly bake
Perchance a bun or o'en a cake"
For 'tis his way with homely folk
To pass a homely kind of joke.

These friends they love a bit of fun,
So home they went and made his bun,
They baked it all that livelong night,
And all next day to have it right.
Now, timed rolled on as time will do,
The digger and his cobbers, two,
Arrived as diggers always do,
Three trusty friends off' tried and
true.

The farmer, and the farmer's wife,
Freed from all city's madd'ing strife,
To each a welcome hand extends,
To make them feel at home with
friends.
And as the fleeting moments passed,
With games of cards and converse
free,
The farmer's wife prepared at last,
A dainty homely cup of tea.

Was it ordained or was it not,
This bun should be the digger's lot?
'Twould take an abler pen than mine
To tell in prose, much less in rhyme,
The look upon our hero's face,
As through his mind these problems
raced:
Am I the victim of a lark,
And set to feed on ironbark
Or does the digger take the bun
And let the others have the fun?

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