

NO. 26.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1920.

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Take that Old Suit
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Ladies' Costumes and Gents' Suits Cleaned
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supply of all smokes, and other lines, such
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WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS!

Remember, it costs money to advertise
now, and it's up to the people of South-
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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.

BROKEN RANKS.

(By Gerardy).

Far scattered are those ranks which war
has massed!
In single file, across the buffet floor,
Then ushered swiftly through its open
door,
Survivors from the battle-front have
passed
To face the welcome world; and they
are parted,
Some worn and listless, other joyous-
hearted.

Ah, they have gone their strange, un-
challenged ways!
The men who made the pace—the staid
and steady,
Whose aim was true, whose steel was
ever ready
To hold a battered line for ghastly
days.
The men who saddled up, and madly
thundered
Down alien streets, whose reeking
shops they plundered.

And there were some hard-doers long
ago,
Who sent their pealing laughter down
the ranks,
Till every Digger giggled at their pranks,
And winter days withheld their tales
of woe:
But these have not returned. Lips ripe
for kissing
Turned not to welcome them—for they
were missing.

They took abroad their mirth on crowded
ships,
Agog with devilment, they headlong
strode
To meet their fate beside the crippled
lips.
In groaning wards we've often seen
them lying,
Springing some first-rate jokes while
they were dying.

They were the buttresses of their
platoon,
The firm foundations of its fighting
strength;
And when a bleeding comrade sprawled
full-length,
They served his last request. By star
and moon,
From dawn till dusk their lives were
nobly given.
Far scattered are those ranks which war
has riven!

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THE Choicest of every housewife who
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AND THE DELIGHT
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BUY OUR TIES AND YOU WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH TWISTED LININGS.

McGruer, Taylor & Co

 READ THIS STORY, YOU WILL LIKE IT.

BLACKMAIL.

TELLING HOW THE VICTIM OF A
 BLACKMAILER ESCAPED HIS
 TOLLS BY A CLEVER RUSE.

A man sat at a desk in a well-furnished study-like room, his head resting in his hands, and his whole attitude depicting dejection.

His age was only thirty-five, but his hair was already well tinged with grey.

"Two thousand pounds!" he muttered in a broken voice. "I simply cannot pay it. Surely I have atoned for that one small error. He will drain me of every penny before he has finished. Two thousand!"

And again he read the letter which lay open on the desk before him.

"Dear Roger," it ran, "I am wanting two thousand pounds. Will you be sure to let me have it by to-morrow (Wednesday) evening;" and it was signed, "William Kirk."

"Am I to keep this wretched man in idleness?" continued Roger Thornton to himself. "I don't deserve it. My punishment to too severe."

For perhaps the thousandth time, this man went over the last fifteen years of his life.

At twenty he had been a care free boy, ready to face life—or death—with a laugh.

His father had not been a wealthy man, but had managed to send him to Oxford.

When he came down, his father handed him a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds, and told him that this was all he could manage to give him as a start.

"I am sorry, my boy," the old man had said. "I should like it to be much more, but I cannot manage it. It has been difficult at times to manage the heavy fees for your education, but now you must do your best."

"You are a dear, generous father," young Roger had replied, "and I will make good. You shall be proud of me when you remember that all I do will have come from this cheque," and he had brandished the cheque gaily in his proud father's face.

Then he had met William Kirk.

They had talked over lunch in the club, and Roger had told him that he wanted to make money, but only had a little capital.

Kirk was a keen-eyed Scotsman.

"You want to make money," he had said.

"All right, I'll help you, but you'll have to come with me to Rhodesia. I have the richest claim in an area of two thousand square miles over there, and all I want is a little more capital, and you shall have this golden opportunity of putting it up. I promise you shall make money."

And Roger, blinded by the thought of riches, promised.

In three months they were in Rhodesia.

Kirk's claim proved to be useless, and Roger soon realised that his money had been taken from him under false pretences.

But this was a difficult matter to prove, and Roger knew it.

Moreover, he knew that not one penny of the two hundred and fifty pounds had been used in prospecting the claim in Rhodesia. It had all gone to pay Kirk's debts before he could leave England.

For some months the two men lived together in a small hut which they called their home in Rhodesia, until the little scruple that Roger had gave out.

Then he appealed to Kirk.

"You must have a little money," he said, "Lend me enough to get away from here, and I promise you that I'll pay you back if I work my fingers to the bone."

"Not likely!" retorted Kirk. "Of course I've got money. Did you think I should leave myself stranded with a young fool like you with no money? But you're not going to see the colour of it. You're the sort of young scamp who would take what I would lend, and then disappear for ever!"

Roger was silent under the injustice of it all. What could he do? He was on a fair road to starvation unless something turned up.

He was too proud to appeal to his father for he knew that the old man could ill afford another penny. He had already done his best.

Then after nights and nights of sleeplessness and worry, temptation proved too strong for him.

Roger had discovered where Kirk kept his store of gold, and one night when he thought Kirk was asleep, he crept into the room, opened the box with the key from the other man's pocket, and having counted out fifty pounds in golden sovereigns, was about to creep out of the room and away, having left a note for Kirk to say

that he knew he had stolen it, but would do his best to return it quickly.

But he never got away. Kirk opened his eyes as Roger turned to go out of the room and holding a revolver to the young man's head read the note.

Of course he called Roger a thief, and said he would write to his father.

Roger thought of the disgrace, and begged him not to do so. It would break his father's heart, he pleaded, and he had honestly meant to replace the money.

Really Kirk had no hold on the young man, but at twenty Roger did not realise this. He thought Kirk could get him imprisoned, although he had not got away with a penny that did not belong to him.

It was some time after when the men separated, and it was many years after before they met each other again.

By this time Roger had done well, and was on the way of becoming a very wealthy man.

He had married, and was happy in his home with his wife, and small son, and his old father in a cottage in the country.

Then Kirk came on the scene—still the good looking man of the world, but penniless and living on his wits.

And then started Thornton's trouble.

Kirk threatened to tell his wife and father of the attempted theft of years ago, if he did not hand over the money for which he asked.

Frightened lest his happy home would be broken up, Roger foolishly gave him money, and since that time the demands had become more frequent and exacting each time, until this day, when Roger sat at his desk with the top-notch demand for two thousand pounds.

"I'll not pay him!" he said again. "I've just heard how he got poor little Wilber's money from him, and promised him a share in a company which was never even started—the scoundrel—he ought to be in prison!"

And for an hour Roger Thornton sat thinking deeply.

"Got it!" he said, suddenly bringing his hand down sharply on to his desk. "I'll stop his tricks once for all."

Turning he pressed a bell, which was answered by a neatly dressed maid.

"Tell Crowell I want him, please," said Thornton.

Crowell was Roger's valet, and had been with him for years. Roger had found him starving in Rhodesia soon after he began to make money, and had given him a job there, and later brought him home as his valet.

Crowell, an ugly, but faithful looking man, came into the room, and taking the chair his master pointed to, sat down, and the two men were deep in talk for the next half hour.

Then upon the conclusion of their chat, the valet rose to his feet, and approaching the telephone, rang up William Kirk.

"Will you call here at 12 o'clock to-night, please. Mr Thornton will not be in until then."

Having received an answer in the affirmative from the blackmailer, Crowell replaced the receiver, and with a grim smile of satisfaction upon his face, turned to his master and gave a meaning wink.

"Got him, sir!" he remarked. And Thornton nodded his head.

II.

At five minutes past twelve that night, in the kitchen of Number Twenty-four, Park Avenue, Hampstead, a man carefully opened wide the window at the bottom, and, although it was windy and cold, left it open.

It was Crowell, and the house was Roger Thornton's.

Then the man went quietly out of the door, and locked it behind him, leaving the key in the keyhole.

Making his way silently up into the hall, he opened the door leading into the street, and let himself out, the door closing silently on its well-oiled hinges with scarcely a sound.

Once down the steps Crowell began to run.

Down Park Avenue into the wider thoroughfare at the bottom he went like the wind, until he came to a policeman at point duty.

"Constable, come quickly!" he said breathlessly. "Number Twenty-four, Park Avenue. A man is in the house burgling it!"

With nothing more than a keen glance to see whether his informant was in earnest, the constable turned and walked rapidly along the road with Crowell.

"Tell me more," he said.

"I was sitting in my kitchen," said Crowell, still a trifle breathless, "when suddenly I heard the key turn in the lock, and a voice laugh on the other side of the door."

"Got you!" said a voice. "Now I'm off to your master's room upstairs to get what I want. There's plenty of valuable stuff there."

"For a moment," continued Crowell, "I was paralysed, and then I realised that I could get out of the kitchen window, and rush for help. I thought it best to get you instead of catching the man."

"Quite right," said the policeman pompously. "Let's run a bit."

The two men broke into a trot, and if the policeman could have seen in the darkness, he would have noticed a grin of satisfaction on the ugly features of his companion.

"This is the house," gasped Crowell, as they reached Number Twenty-four. He quiet or the man might hear you and get away. He's up in the master's room, because there's a light there. I know the master was in bed more than an hour ago. I wonder whether the thief woke him."

"Hush!" said the policeman. "We'll give him a surprise. He probably thinks you are still in the kitchen. We'll show him something."

Crowell took a key from his pocket and opened the front door.

Silently the two men made their way upstairs.

"This is the master's room," whispered the valet.

From inside they could hear the sound of voices.

"Come on," said the policeman. "He may be making himself a nuisance to your master."

With a rush the policeman opened the door and entered Roger's bedroom.

"Here we are, sir," he announced cheerfully. "Where's the thief?"

Inside the room stood two men.

One was Roger Thornton clad only in his pyjamas, holding a revolver in his hand, and the other was William Kirk, with a look of concentrated rage and hate disfiguring his handsome face.

They were standing by the dressing-table, which was strewn with jewellery.

"Here he is, constable," said Roger. "He hasn't been much trouble. It didn't take me long to convince him that it was no use making a fuss," Roger concluded significantly.

"This is absolute rot!" broke in Kirk. "Mr Thornton asked me to call upon him, and when I arrive I find all this jewellery strewn about, and then he pretends that I have come to steal it."

"A jolly good tale that," jeered the policeman. "I suppose you'll say next you didn't lock this young fellow in the kitchen. I suppose he opened the door to you and showed you into this room, because the gentleman keeps all his own and probably his wife's jewellery, too, in here. A good yarn that. You shall tell it to the magistrate. Come along!"

And, as he spoke, the policeman advanced with the handcuffs in his outstretched hand.

"I'll break you for this!" muttered Kirk to Thornton.

But it was Thornton's turn to smile now.

"Don't forget young Wilber," he said in a voice which only reached Kirk's ears. "If you say anything about that little affair of years ago, I'll publish the truth of that and you'll get a longer sentence than you will for attempted theft, and the mercy I am extending to you is more than you deserve."

Kirk's face dropped at the mention of Wilber's name.

He had no idea that Thornton knew the truth of the scandalous trick he had played upon an unsuspecting youth of some nineteen summers.

"Come along! Come along!" broke in the constable. "This gentleman will want some sleep before he answers the questions I shall have to ask him in the morning."

"Good-night, constable," said Thornton, as he slipped something into the policeman's willing palm. "Sorry to trouble you at this time of night. Hope your prisoner won't give you much trouble. He's rather a powerful looking man, I should keep a tight hold of him."

With a knowing grin and a wink, the policeman disappeared with his victim; and Crowell accompanied them to the door.

Thornton waited for his man to return, which he did in a few moments.

Then, for a few seconds, Roger and his valuable servant looked at each other in silence until they broke it with a roar of laughter.

Peal after peal broke the quiet of the night.

"That's the best joke I've had for a long time," said Roger, holding his sides. "Thank goodness my wife was out of town. It would have been rather difficult to persuade her to lend herself to it otherwise."

"Oh, sir!" laughed the valet, "the black-guard's gone for ever now. What a jolly good idea it was. And it went off without a hitch. The old policeman didn't ask many questions there. It all looked too real and genuine."

"And the sentence he'll get will be too good for him," said Roger, preparing to go to bed for the first time that night.

"Good-night, sir," said his servant.

"Good-night, Crowell," returned Roger, "and I shall not forget the help you were to me to-night."

III.

The following day Roger made his way to the flat where young Wilber lived.

A manservant showed him without hesitation into the boy's little library.

"What can I do for you, Mr Thornton?" he asked.

Roger Thornton's face softened as he noted the look of worry and the lines which were beginning to show on this young man's face.

"You are in trouble, I believe?" said the older man kindly.

The boy looked up sharply.

"Yes," he replied, after a keen glance. "But how did you know?"

"That doesn't matter," replied Roger, "but I know that you have just placed a good deal of money in the hands of William Kirk, and he has lost it all for you. Am I not right?"

"Yes," replied the boy, and then began to talk rapidly, obviously glad of somebody to talk to about his trouble.

"And I borrowed the money from money-lenders, and I know my father will never forgive me. I am at my wits' ends. I can never repay it all. Why have you come to see me. Are you one of the moneylenders' agents?"

"No, I am not!" replied Roger. "I am here to hand you this, and, before you attempt to thank me, I want to tell you a little story."

As he spoke he held out a slip of paper, which young Wilber took mechanically.

It was a cheque for a large sum of money.

Then Roger Thornton told the younger man the tale of how he, too, had got into Kirk's clutches many years before, and how he had been heavily blackmailed.

"I was a fool to ever pay him anything," said Thornton, "because I knew all the time he was a rogue, but I didn't see my way to prove it, but the police have him now."

"Yesterday he sent me a blackmailing note for two thousand pounds which at first I thought I should have to pay, and then suddenly an idea came into my head."

"I took my servant into my confidence, and together we arranged a plan to put an end to Kirk's persecutions for ever."

"My servant was to telephone to Kirk to say that I would see him at twelve o'clock last night, at my house, and, of course, Kirk took that to mean that I would hand over the money then, and, of course, promised to come."

"When he arrived at the house, Crowell, my servant, was to admit him and show him into my bedroom, where I should be waiting for him in my pyjamas."

"Well, the idea was that before he came I should scatter my own and my wife's jewellery over the dressing-table, and then get the police in and tell them that I had awakened to find Kirk in the act of robbing me. The fact that I was dressed in my pyjamas made the thing look more real, and downstairs my servant would put the finishing touches to everything."

"He was to first open wide his kitchen window and then lock the kitchen door on the outside and pretend that the burglar had got in and locked him there, but that, fortunately, he had been able to get out of the window and give the alarm to the police."

"What really happened was that Crowell merely opened the kitchen window and walked out of the kitchen door locking it behind him, and then out into the street by the front door."

"However, it was all sufficient. Kirk walked into the trap, and the police have him now. I think the deception practised upon the police is excusable, because I could publish facts which would give them cause to charge him for something far worse than attempted burglary."

"But why should you give me this money, sir?" broke in young Wilber. "I have no claim on you, sir! It is too much to expect!"

"It is a little salve to my conscience for the mistake I made many years ago, my boy," replied Roger, "and, but for the fact that I have acted a lie to the police, I should probably have had to pay more than this to that scoundrel William Kirk. In addition to that, I should not like a son of mine to get into his clutches, and I am only too pleased to be able to help you."

Before you attempt to invest money again, come and see me."

And with these words Roger Thornton disappeared to return to his now-happily-settled home.

The End.

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8 EPSOM SALTS, 1s.
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INDIAN ROOT PILLS, 1s 4d.
LAMB LIVER, 1s 4d.
SCOTT'S EMULSION, 2s 3d, 4s 3d.
LANE'S EMULSION, 2s 3d, 4s 3d.
EUCALYPTUS, 4d, 1s 4d, 1s 10d.
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PIPE BAND SOCIAL.

A very pleasant evening was spent by the band on Tuesday evening last, the guests being Pipe-major C. Wilson and Drummer Woodley. The evening was bright and breezy and truly characteristic of a Scottish welcome. With Chieftain Watson in the chair, things were kept moving. By-the-way, the Chief was wearing a tartan tie and in his opening remarks displayed a great deal of enthusiasm for the bagpipes. The bagpipes was the oldest instrument in the world and was in existence 4,000 years before Christ. Early records of them were found in Genesis. "Some sort of a harp," said the Chief, and we really wondered whether by any fortune or misfortune it was a Jew's harp.

Andy McCulloch seems to have a special liking for a tartan tie and according to Andy, the bagpipes can stir things up. On a recent trip to Dunedin, things got slightly complicated and when the bagpipes began to play "I nearly made a fool of m'sel'."

The health of the guests was proposed by the chairman, who spoke of their long and energetic service. The band had a very successful career and if the younger members were to follow in their footsteps the band would soon regain its former position.

Pipe-major Wilson in replying to the toast, stated that he had been associated with the band for 26 years and was one of those who formed it. If the time spent with the band was put into eight hours a day it would mean ten years of his life spent in the service of the band. Before bicycles came in, the members had to walk to band practice and they were in regular attendance, which was not the case today. The old custom of the party was to march to Makarewa, each one playing the pipes. Yet with all the modern facilities of travel, it is difficult to get good attendance. Drummer Woodley had long experience with the band and between Pipe-major Wilson and himself, many interesting reminiscences of the early history of the band were told.

Pipe-major Wilson was presented by the members, with a gold Albert, and Drummer Woodley, with a lever watch. In making the presentations, Mr Watson asked the recipients to receive them as tokens of the goodwill and fellowship existing between themselves and the band.

(From C. H. Wilson.)

The pipe is one of the most ancient instrument of music. It was in use among the Greeks, by whom it was named *psaltery*, and its form, as represented in some ancient sculptures, was not unlike its modern appearance. That people probably derived it from the barbarians, i.e., the Celts, to whom they acknowledge themselves indebted for a great part of their music. The instrument was also well-known to the Romans, and the Italian peasant still continues to perform on a bag-pipe, of a construction much in character with the modern rudeness of the people. Giraldus Cambrensis, who died in 1225, mentions the pipe as a British instrument, and it was used among his own countrymen in Wales, but gave place to the more pacific and voluptuous harp. The last piper of whom we ever heard in the principality was "Shon na Peep," or John the Piper. There is in the chapel of Roslyn the sculpture of a cherub playing on a bag-pipe, with a book spread before it, proving that in an early age, the bag-pipes were played, not by the ear alone, but from musical notation. That chapel was erected by William Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, as far back as 1446. But older instances of performers on the instrument might be adduced. The northern nation were in the most early ages acquainted with the bag-pipes, which are a sort of mouth organ; but whether the Gael derived the instrument from others, or invented it themselves, it seems impossible to ascertain, and the question is not perhaps of great importance. This much is incontestable, however simple it may originally have appeared, it has been brought by the Highlanders to the utmost perfection; and its form and construction are as peculiarly their own, as the music to which it is so well calculated to give proper effect. The Irish freely admit that the bag-pipes were introduced to them by the Scots of Albany.

The Pish Mhor, or Great Highland bag-pipe, therefore, appears to be the only national instrument in Europe; and it is sacred to Scotland, to whose inhabitants it speaks a language which no others can appreciate, and excites a feeling in their breasts to which others are strangers.

What a fine spectacle is beheld in the intrepid march of a man in advance of his companions, and in the face of a well-appointed enemy, with no weapon in his hand, labouring enthusiastically with great physical exertion and musical talent, to encourage his comrades to deeds of hardihood and glory, pealing forth those mar-

tial strains which distant generations have heard with burning hearts—which are so congenial, so soul-stirring to every Highlander.

The advantages which are derived from the strains of this noble retainer of a Highland chief, are manifold. He is to rouse the courage of his clansmen to battle, and alarm them when menaced. He is to collect them when scattered, solace them in their long and dreary marches, or solitary and painful bivouacs; to keep up in the time of peace, the memory of their ancestors, and impart to the minds of the young the feelings and generosity which distinguished them—by music composed after memorable victories and well contested, but hapless fields; or dissuade them from evil, by tunes which commemorate the distress produced by the indulgence of unbecoming passions.

It was formerly the practice for gentlemen to send their pipers for instruction to the celebrated masters, paying the cost of their board and tuition; but the performers now are chiefly educated at their own expense, which induces them to attempt the accomplishment of much in as short a time as possible; hence they play incorrectly, a residence of one or two years being altogether insufficient for their proper qualification. Formerly six to twelve years were devoted to the acquirement of Piobaireachds alone; for the professors would not allow Reels or Quicksteps to be played in their establishments. The life of a piper in former days was one of comparative ease and dignity; he was allowed a servant or gillie to carry his crissum, or knapsack, and when he finished his part or tune, the instrument was returned to the servant.

The most celebrated pipers were the MacCummens, who, under the liberal patronage of the Lairds of MacLeod, became famous all over the Highlands; and their abilities were so well appreciated, that students from all quarters resorted to them, or were placed by their respective chiefs under those famous masters, whose residence consequently became dignified with the name College. Here was imparted a knowledge of that particular class of music which cannot be acquired except by several years of assiduous study and practice; for the simple reels and strathspeys are far inferior in the estimation of a Piobaireachd player.

The first established of the MacCummens as hereditary pipers to MacLeod of MacLeod, is beyond traditional record. Their Oil-thigh or College was at Bore-raig, eight miles north of Dunvegan Castle. The house occupied by the MacCummens still remains, displaying thick walls, massy cabers or rafters, and other characteristics of old Highland habitations. It was divided into two parts built at right-angles—one forming the class-room, and the other the sleeping apartments; and MacDonald, the present tenant, points out to strangers the localities of many transactions handed down in oral tradition.

About 1795 the last of this celebrated race of pipers left his ancient patrimony and John Dubh proceeded as far as Greenock with the intention of emigrating to America. He, however, altered his mind, and returned to his native Isle, where he spent the remainder of his life in quiet retirement; and when the infirmities accompanying a protracted life, prevented him handling his favourite Piob Mhor, he would sit on the sunny braes, and run over the notes on the staff which assisted his feeble limbs in his lonely wanderings. He died in 1822 in the 91st year of his age, and was buried with his fathers in the churchyard of Duninish.

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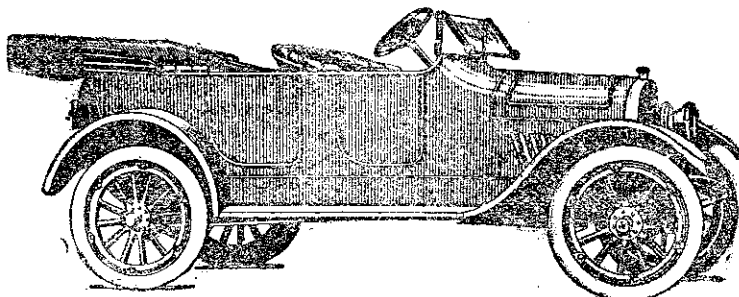
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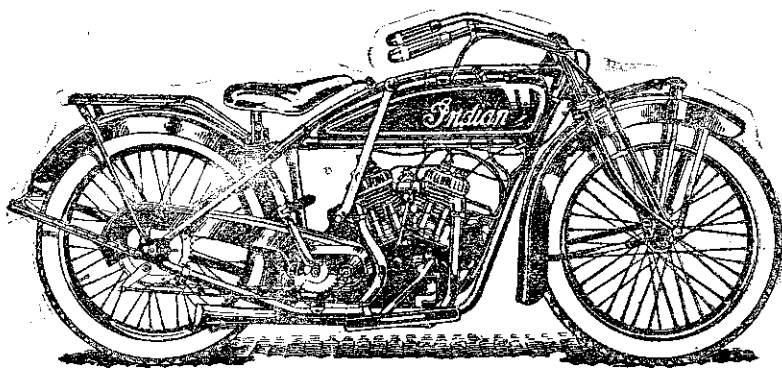
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CALCIUM NOTES.

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 chest."

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
wather 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 hommycide, I believe.

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 phood?
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, thot 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
Connell, 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 Engin-
eers 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 cobbler, 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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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 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 unmoving 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."

THE JUDGE SPEAKS.

For a moment Dick Foster stared at the letter, scarcely believing his eyes. Judge Millbank was ill, and wanted to see him.

"You must please come at once." When she wrote those words, Kitty was not thinking of him or of their young love-dream, now for ever shattered.

All her thoughts were doubtless concerned with the old man, who had been more than a father to her and whom she loved with more than a daughter's love.

Dick's thoughts now also turned to that same old man.

The young man's memory went back to his boyhood days. Once again he recalled the scene when he and his father stood face to face.

He saw the whip in his father's hand, he felt the lash across his cheek.

Dick sighed. Many years had passed, and much had happened since that day when he left his home, and with bitterness in his heart went to a foreign land to fight his way alone.

He had sworn that he would never acknowledge John Millbank as his father again. So far he had kept his vow, and under another name had fought his lonely battle.

He would keep his vow to the end, he told himself, but there was no longer any bitterness in his heart.

His father was ill, perhaps dying, and he had sent for him.

It was a summons which could not be ignored.

Nevertheless, it was with mingled feelings that Dick made his way to the house in Kensington Park Gardens.

He hoped Kitty would not be there.

On his arrival, he was admitted by a grave old butler, who betrayed extreme agitation on hearing his name.

"Thank heaven you have come, sir!" he exclaimed impulsively. "For the last three days Sir John has never ceased to ask for you. He gets no rest, and he grows weaker every day. This way, sir! I will let the nurse in attendance know you are here."

Dick was shown into the sombre library.

As soon as he was left alone he recognised the room.

It was here that grim interview had taken place between him and the judge, shortly after his conviction.

Dick Foster drew a deep breath as he recalled the scene. He had not faltered then; he would not falter now.

A sound of someone approaching outside the room made him turn quickly and look towards the door.

The nurse was coming to conduct him to the sick-room for yet another interview with Sir John Millbank.

"This shall be the last," muttered Dick to himself. "Yes, after to-day, it will be best for us both that we should never meet again. We have brought too much trouble into one another's lives."

Then the door opened softly, and someone entered, but it was not the nurse.

The girl who stood there on the threshold, with her pale, pathetic face turned towards him, was Kitty, the wife of Beaumont Chase.

For a moment neither spoke, but stood motionless, looking at one another.

Then the girl's lips moved.

"You have come," she said tremulously.

"Yes; you sent for me."

The girl flushed, and then answered hurriedly, and with some confusion:

"Sir John sent for you. He wants to see you. I don't know why, but he can think of nothing else. When you did not come, I feared for his reason. He is now asleep, but he will soon wake. He never sleeps for more than a few minutes at a time. You will wait?"

There was an eager, almost desperate, note in her voice as she uttered the last words, and Dick, looking into her pale, haggard face, was deeply moved.

"Yes, I will wait, of course," he answered. "But you are ill!" he added anxiously. "The strain of nursing Sir John is too much for you. You must get help and rest, and—"

He stopped abruptly, checked by the look in her eyes. It was a look not so much of weariness as of fear and hopelessness.

A wild desire took possession of him to take her in his arms and comfort her, and to tell her, in passionate, burning words, that he would defend her against all the world.

As he fought against the mad impulse, his face became deadly white, and beads of sweat came out on his forehead.

"Kitty," he said tremulously, "you are not happy. That—that man! He has been bothering you?"

She shook her head dumbly and drew back a pace, as though aware of the temptation which assailed him.

Then with an effort she continued to speak:

"No. Mr Chase has—has been very kind. I have not seen him since—since that day. He has promised— But—oh, Dick, I am afraid! He is near at hand. He sends me flowers and chocolates and costly presents every day. I feel his eyes are upon me. I feel he is watching, and waiting—waiting—"

Dick Foster, shaken to the very centre of his being, staggered forward, and seized her trembling hand.

"My child—my child!" he murmured brokenly. "If I could only help you! If I only knew what to advise! I will see him—I will reason with him! I—"

He was interrupted by the loud and frantic ringing of a bell, which with startling suddenness awoke the echoes of the house in a prolonged and clattering volume of sound.

With a low cry of fear the girl seized Dick's arm and clung to him.

And so they stood, staring through the open doorway, and he still held her hand.

They were both dazed, neither realising what had happened, but both conscious of impending disaster.

They heard the street door open, and then a sudden outbreak of excited speech.

No, sir, I will inquire. You cannot, sir? I cannot permit you to enter until— Sir, it is outrageous! I—"

"Out of the way! Do you hear? I tell you I saw him come in! I saw him! He's here, the treacherous scoundrel, and, by Heaven, I'll find him!"

"Really, sir—"

"Get out of my way, you fool!"

There was a weak cry of almost hysterical protest in the voice of the old butler, and then the sounds of rapidly approaching footsteps along the corridor outside the library.

The next moment Beaumont Chase, his face inflamed and his dark eyes ablaze, strode into the room.

"Ah, as I expected! You hypocritical cur!" he cried furiously. "All your fine sentiments come to this. You pretended to serve me—to give me good advice, and all the time it was a trick so that you could keep me out of the way while you—"

"That is not true!"

Dick Foster was very white, but he was now quite calm, and he did not flush as he confronted the infuriated man.

"Liar!" snarled Chase, his rage now utterly beyond his control.

"It is not true," repeated Dick quietly.

"I beg of you to be silent, lest you say something which you will afterwards bitterly regret. Already you have spoken words which are an insult to your wife. I came here to-day, not to see her, but to visit Sir John Millbank, who lies seriously ill in the house."

The millionaire laughed bitterly.

"To see Millbank—you, to see the great judge? Bah! Do you think me a fool! I don't believe a word of it. It is a trick, a conspiracy between you and Kitty. Well, this ends it. I will be fooled no longer. Kitty, put on your things, and don't waste time! In ten minutes, you leave this house with me."

Kitty stood rigid, like a figure carved in marble, unable to move or speak.

It was Dick who stepped forward and confronted Beaumont Chase.

"That is impossible," he said quietly but firmly, while he looked steadily into the other's eyes. "You undertook to permit your wife to remain with her father until he was well enough to dispense with her services. You must keep your promise. You will certainly gain

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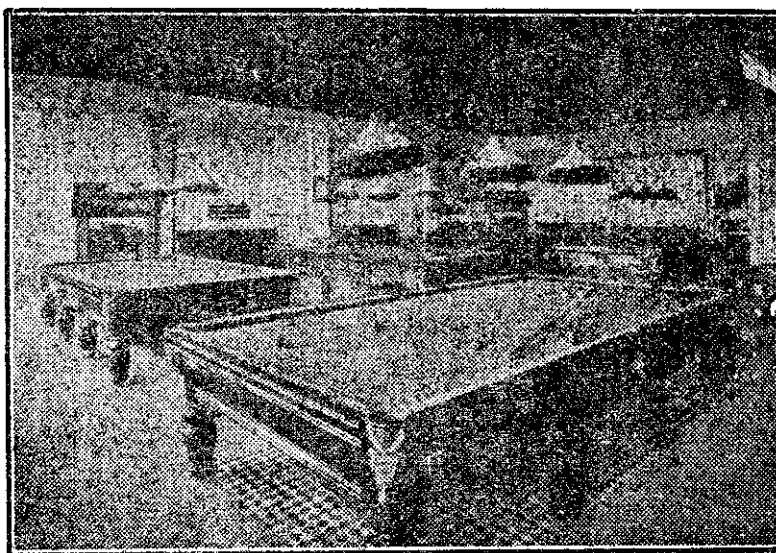
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(Above "The Digger.")

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TOWN COUNCIL.

SEWERAGE LOANS.

EXTRACT FROM ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Sewerage Loans: The position in regard to these loans works is as follows:—
No. 1 Area Loans: Authorised by ratepayers £34,000. Total cost £31,000, balance unexpended £3,000. The work in this area is now completed. No. 2 Area Loan: Authorised £28,000. Total expenditure £28,200. After deducting refunds, Loans No. 3, 4, and 5 for expenditure incurred in providing septic tank No. 2, larger intercepting sewers and deeper trenching to permit of suburban areas coming in; I estimate the additional cost of completing this area will be £4,500.
No. 3 Area Loan: Authorised £25,000. Estimated additional cost to carry out the work £15,000.

No. 4 Area Loan: Authorised £12,500. Additional amount required £8,500.

No. 5 Area Loan: Authorised £13,000. After allowing for works already completed in this area, an additional amount of £5,500 will be required. New subdivisions Lennel and Eastend not included in the original loans, £2,700; No. 3 septic tank and outfall, £3,000; additions on present loans for reticulation, £33,000, plus allowing loan netting £95; £1,935; 1st year's interest and sinking fund 6½ per cent, £2,640; total, £42,275 less £2,600 in hand on No. 1 Loan after deducting above charges. Total new loan required, £39,675.

Since the original estimates were prepared on which the loans were raised, the following increased cost of labour, tools and materials have taken place: Labour 55 per cent; Pipes 100 per cent; Timber 105 per cent; Cement 50 per cent; Gravel 40 per cent; Oil, for lighting 300 per cent; Tools 110 per cent; Castings 30 per cent; Bricks 95 per cent; Carting 50 per cent.

nothing by breaking it. How can you propose, even though you are her husband, to force this young girl, against her will, to leave her father when he is lying ill, perhaps on the point of death? Are you quite mad?"

"No, Mr Dick Foster, smooth-tongued trickster and ex-convict; I have come to my senses! Henceforth, I will take care that you interfere no further in my affairs. But before we part, let me tell you what I think of you. You are a rogue and a liar! Not one word you have uttered is true. You came here to see my wife—"

"It is false!"

Beaumont Chase turned quickly, for the voice came from behind him, and then he gave a start at what he saw.

In the doorway stood a tall, emaciated figure, clad in a long dressing-gown.

It was Judge Millbank, but so dreadfully altered as to be almost unrecognisable.

There was a pause of several moments, and then the judge's hollow voice was again heard:

"Mr Chase, if you have anything to say in this house, you will say it to me. What that young man has told you is true. He came here to-day at my request, not to see the lady who is unfortunately your wife, but to see me."

"It is a lie," cried Chase vehemently. "What business has he with you? He is a gaolbird, a worthless vagabond of no account. Why should he come to see you?"

Judge Millbank seemed to gather his failing strength by one desperate effort.

His emaciated figure became erect, his old eyes seemed momentarily to regain their ancient fire, and his voice rang out proudly:

"Because he is my son!"

(To be continued.)

Sir Auckland Geddis states that Canada is in the unique position of being able to act as interpreter between the United States and Britain.

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CLIFTON SETTLEMENT.

Mr Watt gave an interesting account of the visit of a deputation of the Union to Clifton and of the conference with members of the Land Board, R.S.A., and the settlers there. The net result, he thought, would be more favourable terms for the soldier settlers. The big trouble there was that the pasture was generally bad—foggy rubbish that was the result of neglect. Some of the settlers wanted more land, and no doubt the sections were too small. In his own opinion another 100 acres each would be a good thing. That would increase the areas to from 350 to 400 acres. At present the sections averaged 200 acres. The settlers seemed to be doing their best, and some were good farmers.

Mr Maze endorsed, and said the settlers seemed "all triers" and good fellows.

Mr Laing said the settlers expressed themselves as very pleased with the action of the Union and the R.S.A. in arranging the conference. Members of the Board said so also, and added that the conference should have been held two years ago.

The Chairman said he was pleased to hear the result of the conference, and thought a hearty vote of thanks should be passed to the delegates.

Mr Watt: The idea that Clifton was "2½ ewe country" was blown out—the Land Board members do not hold that idea now.

"CABBY."

In the pleasant days of the long ago,
When our food was cheap and our traffic slow,
And the auto was a thing unknown,
And only Icarus ever had flown;
While life was a leisurely pilgrimage,
And five bob a day was a living wage—
Then one of the commonest, friendliest sights,
In the noonday glare, by the evening lights,
Was Cabby.

He was dressed in a long frock coat, once green,
Or a sober black, with a friendly sheen,
And an old top hat with a rakish "bell,"
And a pair of "pants" that he thought were swell;
And he sometimes shaved, but more often not,
Yet there wasn't a house or a vacant lot
In the whole blamed town that he didn't know,
And he drove at a gait that was sure,
though slow.

Did Cabby.

He would dose in a most precarious style
On his box—glued fast, I'm convinced,
meanwhile.
And a drop too much on his own inside
Made him steer, perhaps, just a trifle wide;
But to think that he might be drunk—oh, dear!
What a foolish thought for a glass of beer!
And he'd touch his hat with a kind "Good day!"

For a modest tip, as he drive away,
Would Cabby.

Oh, his was a pirate craft, I know,
And he drove at a pace that was far too slow
For the modern world with its mad, wild haste
And its dread lest a moment run to waste;
So we've gained, no doubt, by our loss of him.

In exchange for a chauffeur young and trim,
Yet I sometimes dream of the days now past,
And I long for a sight of the old outcast,
For Cabby.

—William Wallace Whitelock.

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.)

A correspondent has kindly sent me the following par from the "Bulletin": Character and colour in both plants and animals are tricky things. It has been found at Werribee (Victoria) that a cross between Indian H and Jonathan wheats gives every time a grass-like plant which probably resembles the common ancestor of a few tens of thousands of years ago, from which the hundreds of varieties of wheat have evolved. Other crosses with Indian wheat give very much this result sometimes, but in the case of these two the average is 100 per cent. Why, no one yet knows. With regard to colour in cattle, the late Robert Clark, a noted breeder,

used to boast that he could breed white cattle at any time he pleased. His method was to mate a bull of one colour with a cow of another, neither of them being white and he claimed that in every instance the calf was white. And while black sheep are seen often enough, those breeders who have tried to build up a black flock by using black rams and black ewes have always failed.

I noticed somewhere or other in "The Digger" that the smallest birch tree in the world grew in Canada, and measured, I think, 18 inches across. The botanist who wants to find things extraordinary in plant life has no need to go out of New Zealand. What Mr Cheeseman describes as "a very remarkable little species, probably the smallest known pine" is *Dacrydium Lavifolium*, a rather graceful, straggling shrub which grows on the mountains at from 2500 to 4000 feet throughout New Zealand. At Stewart Island it is found at sea-level. Fruiting specimens of this tree barely three inches in diameter are often to be seen, though generally it grows to a larger size. Usually the top is but four or five inches above the ground. In our so-called mountain lily we have the largest buttercup in the world, and a most beautiful flower. The common groundsel is represented in New Zealand by fine shrubs like the mutton bird shrub (*Senecio Rotundicolia*) and the common daisy by large shrubs. If these things grew in Java or Timbuctoo we would know all about them. Even in geography we find the average 6th standard schoolboy knows nothing of the country about his doors. If you ask him to point out the West Dome, Middle Dome, or some other prominent peak to be seen from Invercargill, he will want to know what you are getting at. In all probability, he could not compile a list of Southland's exports, though he might give a list of Auckland's.

The plants of New Zealand possess a very special interest. Mr Cockayne says that of the 600 special alpine species, 94 per cent. are found in no other part of the world. Nearly all of these plants are very specially fitted to withstand the rigorous conditions under which they live. They also include nearly the whole of the most showy flowering plants of the Dominion. Perhaps the buttercups most deserve mention. There are a large number of these headed by the queenly *Ranunculus Lyallii*, the finest buttercup in the world. The mountain lily when at its best has a tall stem on which bunches of upwards of thirty flowers may be seen, each flower as big as a five shilling piece. To see hundreds of these plants blooming at the one time is probably equal to anything of its kind to be seen anywhere. Then there are the *Celmisias*. With one exception, they are all true New Zealanders, and there are fifty-one or more sorts. To see acres of this plant in bloom is well worth the climb to their home. The New Zealand Edelweiss far surpasses the Swiss variety, so much mentioned in books dealing with that region. But it is needless to go on making comparisons. There is perhaps no country on the earth offering better opportunities to the botanist. We look to the public school teachers to give the coming generation a lead in the right direction, but until we get the right sort of teachers I am afraid there will be little progress. The authorities in charge of the "School Journal" are certainly doing their little bit, but what of the large number of young teachers now in the profession. I am afraid many of these have no higher ambition than the lads we see at the street corner after work, discussing the latest picture sensation. So far, this column has had one communication from a back-blocks teacher. We would like to hear from others.

The par in last week's "Digger" with reference to cooking by means of sunheat, shows that attempts are still being made to use direct solar heat. Between the equator and latitude 45 degrees North and South, the sun gives forth heat which is the equivalent of 8000 foot pounds of energy per minute per square foot. Thus four square feet equals one horsepower. In practise it takes 100 square feet to provide one horse-power. A one hundred horse-power plant was in operation in Egypt several years ago. The sun is the source of nearly all our energy. It provided the energy to grow the vegetation that made coal. To-day by photo-synthesis it builds up complex hydro carbons from which we make alcohol for power. It vaporises water, and causes rain to supply our hydro-electric schemes. It makes the wind to blow. It causes the tides largely, and these are already harnessed in some places. Old Sol is our main generating station. If the fossil fuels of the world were to be exhausted within the next hundred years, he would supply us with all the power necessary and at a cost perhaps, not very greatly in excess of coal.

Look out for the Cuckoo, both longtail and shining. Systematic notes of their first appearance in this district will be of distinct scientific interest.

PASSING NOTES.

(BY "JACQUES.")

From an "Albion" picture advt:—

She's the very latest "World" Star, and she's the "some" girl. Who wouldn't like to spend a vacation on a lonely island with s, Crusoe"—especially when s'shDx'6(Hf Which shows the value of a code—or French—when you get down to real delicate things.

The H. C. L. bacillus may now be regarded as quite ubiquitous; though we "take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost ends of the earth, yet shall we not escape it." It has even at last invaded the penetralia of the Law, that holy of holies, which most of us fondly believed to be superior to its vile infection. Court charges are to be, or have been, increased all round. This is about the last straw, surely. The almost daily rise in the prices of the things we ordinarily eat and wear and use we were becoming accustomed to, and resigned to. But when the grave and reverend Law descends to participation in the general orgy of profiteering, and calls on us to pay extra for the poor luxury of being summoned—well, it is surely time to call a halt. The reason or excuse for the extra charges is somewhat obscure; perhaps they are resultant on the increased cost of paper, or pen nibs, or something like that. It would not be so bad if we were sure it would stop where it is but now that a start has been made we may see the Law's enterprise extend in other directions. Probably our fines will be made more solid, cab fares will be elevated, and damaged uniforms reach famine prices next, with possibly charges for admission to gaol institutions. If so, it is safe to predict a great and speedy falling off in the patronage we have so liberally accorded that institution in the past.

"John" demands that I justify my "outrageous statement" that McCabe, in his debate with Conan Doyle, assumed that all spiritists were liars or fools. Very well. If "John" will look up "The Debate" (page 4) he will read McCabe's words: "It was born of a fraud. It was cradled in fraud. It was nurtured in fraud. It is based to-day . . . on fraudulent performances." Now, even "John" must admit that the very term "fraud" presupposes liars on the one hand and dupes or fools on the other. Again (page 5) he quotes Flammarion: "You may lay it down as a principle that every professional medium in the world cheats." In quoting this McCabe necessarily endorses it. So with his later quotation of Dr Stanley Hall: "I insist that there is no single grain of truth in all this mass of Spiritualistic dross." On page 18, he says: "Whatever other witnesses there may be you will find that distortion of judgment, that blurring of vision, which occurs whenever a man enters that wonderful world, that world of almost unparalleled trickery in the history of man." Now these few excerpts (which could be considerably multiplied) are sufficient to illustrate the general tenor of McCabe's argument, and if they do not show that he contemptuously classified all spiritualists as liars and fools, rogues and dupes, then there is no meaning at all in his words. It is true that, as "John" says, Conan Doyle thanked McCabe at the close of the debate for his "courtesy," but this was nothing more than the parting handshake of the generous pugilist. Earlier in the debate he said: "Mr McCabe has shown that he has no respect for our intellectual position." This was surely a polite way of saying that it was evident that McCabe regarded Doyle and his party as fools. I trust that "John" is now satisfied.

One or two passages in "John's" screed suggest that he considers me as possessed of a strong bias towards spiritualism. If that is so, he is most egregiously mistaken. I have been simply discussing certain weaknesses of McCabe, and am not at all concerned with the defence of spiritism. I am not a spiritist. But I do believe, on the evidence adduced, that (as in Mrs Piper's case), manifestations as genuine as baffling, of some mysterious force or influence have been repeatedly witnessed. I cannot accept the spiritist explanation of these phenomena. My reason forbids it; but, on the other hand, my reason equally rejects the telepathic hypothesis until telepathy itself is proven. Perhaps the solution of the whole problem will yet be found elsewhere in that vast psychic domain of which we, as yet, know so very little.

So poor old "Dick" Folley has passed over to the great majority. To most of us, who thought he had left the danger point in his recent illness far behind, the news of

his sudden death came as a distinct and unexpected shock. Few men among us numbered more friends than he. "Jacques," who had known him intimately for many years, tenders his humble tribute of respect to the memory of one whose sterling honesty of character, unfailing courtesy of manner, and kindly, cheerful disposition, proclaimed him one of Nature's gentlemen—one of the rare type that we can ill spare. Peace to his ashes.

Now that the people have lost faith in Plain Bill's "square deal," he has taken up "loyalty" and "patriotism" as the next best suit, and is rather overworking them. He does not want occasion, but merely opportunity, to trot them out. For practically every offender and offence he has one of two adjectives. A strike is invariably "unpatriotic"—though I have not read that a lock-out is so—; a cablegram of protest against foolish participation in an unnecessary war is "disloyal"—in fact everything which does not meet with his august approval is somehow treasonable. Evidently nothing short of slavish submission to every whim or caprice of our elected representatives can be deemed "loyal" or "patriotic." Ah, well! "loyalty" and "patriotism" are handy and portable virtues; convenient, effective, and very cheap—costing, too often, nothing more than easy lip service. They are handy for pasting your enemies with, and supply an easy means of gilding your own reputation. For how is the public to know that the man who is singing "God Save the King" loud-est is very likely devising means of taking down the "digger" who fought for him, in a land deal or piling up the prices of that same "digger's" kiddies' boots and clothes? Only the other day we read of millions of cardboard bullets having been sent for the use of the American troops in France. Probably the contractors who supplied these were among the foremost in singing the "Star-spangled Banner," and advising young America to go over to France and use those same bullets. It can be pretty safely accepted that those who prate most of their "loyalty" and "patriotism" have very poor samples of those qualities about them. True patriotism or loyalty DOES things, but babbles little.

So New South Wales, following the example of older countries, is about to institute the State lottery as a means of replenishing her depleted exchequer. True, the matter is only "under consideration" as yet, but in view of the present world-wide difficulty in raising funds by ordinary methods, it is safe to predict its early materialisation. And, in all probability, it will not be long before New Zealand follows suit. There is no earthly reason, apart from our thin-skinned, wows-eristic abhorrence of every form of gambling (other than church bazaar lotteries) why we should not. The State lottery would provide at once the means of raising easy revenue, and the healthiest conceivable outlet for that gambling propensity which, blink it as we may, is inherent in all of us, from the urchin who disdains to play marbles "for fun," to the speculator who invests in land or shares for the "rise." Of course, its introduction would meet with opposition from those who would deny the State's right to "rob the unlucky to enrich the lucky." But is the unlucky really robbed? Granted that he loses his money—a few pounds a year, perhaps—but does he not get full value for it in the rich measure of rose-hued hope that the lottery, more than any other form of gambling, yields. I think so.

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET.

H.M. TINIGAIT, J.O.N., B.U.L., Etc.

It was with most pleasurable anticipations, arising out of a lively recollection of his aforesaid hospitality, that I accepted the invitation of His Majesty to visit him at his beautiful country seat of Waianiawaberg, whither, as is well known, he had been compelled by failing health, to retire some time ago. Darkness was closing in as I alighted from the Lightning Western Express within easy distance of the castle, to which I walked, since, through my neglect to wire my royal host, he had not expected me so soon, and, therefore, had not sent his carriage to meet me. The walk was a pleasant one, and, except that I was now and then hung up in a barbed wire fence, stumbled over a few sleeping cows, fell into an occasional ditch, and was finally worried, on my arrival at the castle gates by His Majesty's favourite multicoloured hound, was without incident. But how can I describe my shocked feelings when I gazed once more on the face and form of my friend of other, happier days? What a

change a few short years had wrought! No! in his mind or manner, thank Heaven; these still retained their pristine charm and sweetness. His smile was as ever, and his kindly hospitality as paired by time. (I had three with him inside of ten minutes). But the tears were very close to my eyes as I noted the pitiful ravages the years and ill-health had made in his person. That massive figure (seventy-six inches around the stomach and forty-two inches across the seat were his undress measurements, it will be remembered), whose magnificent proportions were so admirably displayed by the tail coat, knee breeches, and gaiters that he most affected in those days, was now shrunk to the point of emaciation. There was something startlingly fragile and ethereal in his appearance; it seemed as though the lightest zephyr would buffet him about. On his own admission he is now rather under than over twenty-four stone. It was pitiful. His shadow, which, in the good old times, was as heavy as to leave a distinct impression in the mind, is now slender enough to pass through a wire hole in a fence post. But, with his cheerful spirit and indomitable courage, he refuses to abandon hope. He still cherishes the belief that he may yet restore his shattered health and rebuild his wasted frame by the liberal use of Old Special Liqueur Cod Liver Oil, and moderate indulgence in tea pulling, and other simple athletic exercises. His Majesty invited me to taste the former, which I did several times, finding it very palatable, mingled with a little water, and comforting taken any way. I earnestly hope that he will continue to derive benefit from its use, and that he will never be without it.

His Majesty's present life is almost Spartan in its severe simplicity. He rises early (says he can't sleep after 10 o'clock), and has the merest wisp of breakfast; just a couple of plates of porridge, half a dozen eggs, and a pound or so of bacon, a few buttered muffins and some toast and oatcakes, and he is finished. Then he goes outside and rests for half-an-hour, after which he visits the pigs and scratches their ears. Then he goes inside and rests some more, perhaps taking a dose of the aforementioned oil. And so on until lunch—which is a very simple repast—two or three pounds of roast beef or salt pork, with any other odds and ends about the place. His Majesty's appetite is very fickle and, as he himself says, requires a lot of coaxing. In the afternoon he scratches the pig's ears again has some more rests and oil, and then engages in his daily tea pulling and other recreations. These done will he dine. Dinner with him is a dainty little affair; a couple of dozen oysters, soup, a chicken or two, a roast leg of mutton (not too large), a couple of pounds of pudding and a few other trifles and nick-nacks are quite sufficient. Then, during the evening, a few more doses of oil with a friend or two, and "then to bed" as Pepys would say. Such is the austere simplicity of the daily round of His Majesty's life.

Yet, simple as it is, it is beset with vexations. For instance, as is well known, he has a fondness for "tripping the light fantastic toe," provided the floor is smooth and strong. But he is now almost afraid to engage in this innocent and exhilarating pastime owing to the carelessness with which other dancers persist, despite his frantic expostulations, in jostling him. He naturally fears that such roughness may result in serious injury to one in his present fragile condition. This fact in itself, shows what a falling off he has experienced since those glorious days when his prowess in the football field was the theme of every tongue. Then, merely to play against him required V.C. courage, while to collide with him was tantamount to suicide. As a sporting critic of the time remarked: "To play with Tiny means distinction; to play against him means extinction." It was said that the undertakers waxed wealthy, and the cemeteries became very populous during his career as a footballer. Still to-day his Majesty's boast is that there was no malice about it; he never killed a man except in a friendly way.

During our conversation I mentioned the current rumour that King Tiny had turned wowser. He was much perturbed at learning of the report, which he denounced as an infamous libel, and a dastardly attempt to besmirch an irreproachable character. At our parting I promised to publicly contradict the slander, for which His Majesty expressed his heartfelt gratitude, and pressed on my acceptance a bottle of his favourite Old Special Liqueur Cod Liver Oil, remarking that "stuff like that could not be got in Invercargill." I have since consumed it all, and wish the bottle had been a bigger one.

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 submit properties that are fair value and arrange your finance at lowest current rates of interest.

£300.—Very superior seven-roomed villa; slab-tile grates, art mantels, picture rails, and wide freizes; commodious bathroom. Full acre freehold in handy position. Terms: £300 down, balance 10 per cent.

£650.—Comfortable six-roomed house; and c. water; one-eighth acre freehold in city area. A handy home. Terms: £150 cash, balance 6 per cent.

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

£800.—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.

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TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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WINDOW FITTER AND SHOW-CASE
MAKER,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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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,

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WOOL, SHEEPSKINS, HIDES,

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Tags on Application to—

BOX 143.

PHONE 1148

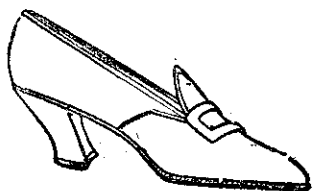
TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat;

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.

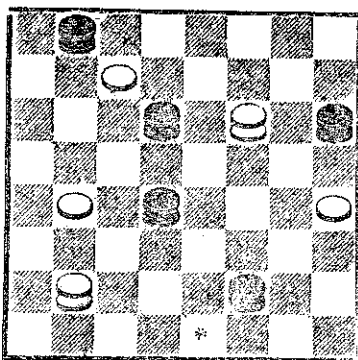
DRAUGHTS.

Owing to printer's error the diagram of
problem published the previous week was
again put in last week. Other arrange-
ments are being made and it is hoped
similar errors will be avoided in future.

PROBLEM 26.

(By Sam Nay, New York.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

Black Kings 1, 10, 12, 13, 27, 31.
Note: Owing to the shortage of
draught pieces in the pressroom one posi-
tion (double black) is indicated by a star.

White 6, 17, 20, Kings 11, 25.

Not difficult, but pleasing.

From the "Draughts World."

The Invercargill Draughts Club tourney
promises to be a more than usually long
drawn out affair owing to the difficulty
of arranging meetings with a few players.
It is hoped these few will make an effort
to get together and bring the tourney to
a close before the season is too far ad-
vanced. These tourneys are arranged to
create enthusiasm and popularise the
game, but if they are too long drawn out
interest flags and they fail in their ob-
ject.

THIRTEENTH SCOTTISH TOURNA-
MENT GAMES

SECOND ROUND.

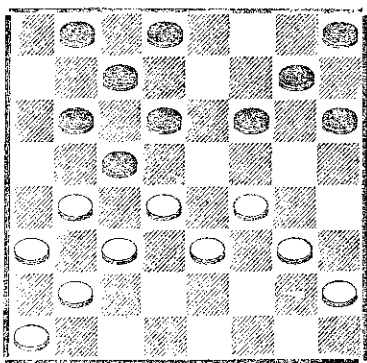
J. BRADLEY (Glasgow) v. J. BURNS
(Glasgow).
GAME 77.

—Second Double Corner—

Black—BRADLEY.	White—BURNS.
11.15	22.18
24.19	5.9a
15.24	26.22
28.19	7.11
9.14	27.24
	15.20
	32.22+

+See illustrated position:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and win.

11.15	4.8a	19.10	1.5
18.11	22.18	6.22	30.25
8.15	8.11	15.6	9.13
24.20f	17.13u	2.9	18.9
15.24	10.15i	25.18	5.14s
28.19			

a. 7.11 is an interesting draw.
b. 11.16 is the usual play here, and seems
best.

c. Black would win if 19.15 by the follow-
ing pretty conception:—
19.15 31.22 17.3 2.7
20.27 10.28 B. wins.

d. 31.27 is best.

e. Black wins the game very neatly.

f. If 17.13, then Black wins by 12.16,
19.12, 15.18, etc.

g. 9.13 allows a draw.

h. If White plays 25.22, then Black slips
9.13, 18.9, 10.14.

i. Only move, and it wins.

Solutions, problems, criticisms, etc.,
should be forwarded to "Draughts
Editor," 28 Biggar street.

I've a dear little wife, the star of my life,
whose blue eyes with love-light shine;
And a beautiful boy, our pride and joy,
In that dear little home of mine.
Oft in winter they wait by the garden gate
To greet me with rapture pure;
And ask did I buy their needed supply
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Racing Notes.

"Week of Pity" fund got a tanner out
of the Wyndham Racing Club on Tuesday
night.

The annual general meeting of the
Wyndham Racing Club was a very short
affair. There was no business brought
before the members half so pressing as the
smoke concert to follow.

Though absent "Watty" Taylor was not
forgotten at the Wyndham smoke concert
on Tuesday night. The chairman, who was
in tip top form, announced that after
Burrangong's double win last New Year's
Day, Mr Taylor had very generously
promised a solid silver cup to be added to
the stake of the next Wyndham Cup.
Good old Burry!

Burrangong is now being trained by
R. Raines at Winton, and critics say he
never looked better. Ernie knows some-
thing about the game all right, and can
ride work with the next.

A lot of diggers were present at the
Wyndham smoke concert on Tuesday
night, including G. Warnock, J. Baxter,
Rags Raines at Winton, and critics say he
Donald, John Warnock, George Ferguson,
Henderson Hunter (an ex-secretary to the
Club), and T. Cook. John Baxter was
in good form when he proposed the toast
of "Local Bodies and Commerce."

The members of the Wyndham Racing
Club and their guests spent a very
pleasant evening on Tuesday night at the
annual smoke concert, and thanks to
Messrs Rosewaine, Secretary Smart, W.
Shepherd, J. Hannan, and others, quite a
nice musical evening was spent.

President Hazlett let our Joe, M.P.,
have it properly at the annual meeting of
the Southland Racing Club last Friday
night. What our member didn't get won't
matter much, but what he did will cer-
tainly not keep him amongst those present
when he next goes to the poll. It brought
Joe down from Wellington anyway, and
he has been looking for Bill Hazlett ever
since. I wonder did the President ever
put Joe on to a dead 'un? There appears
to be a degree of bad feeling between them
that should not exist between two sports-
men, and Joe poses as an authority and
enthusiast of trotting.

So, "Put" Hogan and rough but homely
Bill don't see eye to eye with each other
over racing accounts. I never owned a
racehorse nor a motor car yet, but they
do tell one that both are costly to run.
Magistrate Cruickshank was called in
yesterday to adjust matters between them
with "Cocky" Russell and "Seizure"
O'Bierne to argue the case out. Training,
nomination, acceptance and riding fees,
and travelling expenses may be very cost-
ly but I'll back the law to be still more
costly. The case was settled without the
terms being announced, and it is charac-
teristic of sportsmen that they generally
can settle affairs when they get together.

Our old "digger" Surgeon-Major Colin
Gordon of Riverton, ousted his colleague
Dr Trotter for the presidency of the local
Racing Club. The digger every time! Dr
Trotter has been president for a long per-
iod, and during his regime has guided the
committee to do a lot of things for the
welfare of our boys. We wish our old
Major a very prosperous year of office,
and trust the club under his presidency
will continue to advance as it did under
Dr Trotter's guidance.

"Watty" Grieve wants the hack events
on the local Club's programme raised to a
minimum of £200 each. A very good idea,
but what about the trots? Haven't trot-
ting men done more than their share in
building up the progress of the local Club
during the past twenty years, and should-
n't the trotting stakes be bumped
along too. What was wrong with Tommy
O'Connor on Friday night that he didn't
speak up for the sport. Aren't any of the
young ones any good Tom?

According to its balance-sheet the Otan-
tau Racing Club made a great profit last
season, but I understand the bulk of this
profit really represents donations towards
the purchase of the course.

After many years useful service on the
Committee of the Southland Racing Club,
the members told Bill Baird they did not
want him on Friday night. Well Bill was
always there when wanted, and has been
a tower of strength to the Committee when
new works were under consideration.

"Yorkth's Drifth" Fred, didn't succeed
in his effort to find a seat on the South-
land Racing Club on Friday night, but
there will be another election in a year's
time, and Fred may be amongst the win-
ners then.

After first acceptances for the New Zea-
land Cup, the field for that event
has been reduced to 38. The scratching
of Amythas and Sasanof had been an-
nounced previously, and the others that
have gone out are: Dusky Eve, Affec-
tation, Starland, Hetas, Cashmere, Right
and Left, Arch Salute, Motulhi, Rose
Wreath, Delight, Parorangi, Blackhead,
Samovar, and Windermers. The next

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, 250 acres grass, 30 acres turnips, carrying 400 sheep, 20 head
cattle, and 10 horses. Rent, 5s per acre. Price for goodwill, £25 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; £600 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.

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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.

payment does not fall due until October
22, and there will be plenty of racing in
the meantime to give owners some indi-
cation of their horses' chances.

Royal Star is still a strong fancy for
the New Zealand Cup.

Amythas and Arrowsmith are each re-
ported to be doing good work at Riccar-
ton. The next meeting of these two cham-
pions is very eagerly looked forward to.

Referring to digger Eric Russell's three-
year-old, Listening Post, in W. McDon-
ald's stable the "Referee" says:—Listen-
ing Post has wintered well and is doing
steady pacing. This son of Solerino
showed a lot of speed as a two-year-old
last season, but appeared to lack stamina,
but he should improve in that respect with
stamina.

"Searchlight" in the Referee goes for
Hal Junior (4.32 2-5), Albert Cling (4.30),
Trix Pointer (4.30) last year's winner, and
Matchlight (4.27 4-5), as the most likely
winners of the next New Zealand Trotting
Cup.

Cathedral Chimes is standing this season
at Bryce's stables at a fee of twelve
guineas.

MARKET NOTES.

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

Produce.—Table potatoes to £6 10s per
ton for extra prime.—Seed potatoes are
in good demand and we advise consign-
ments of early varieties. Onions
(Short supply)—Price 15s cwt for
Canterburys. Straw Chaff.—£7 10s per
ton, s.i. Baled straw.—5s per bale. Meg-
gitt's Linseed Meal.—Small supplies avail-
able. Meggitt's Calf Food, 27s 6d per
bag. Oatdust.—6s per bag. Bran, 11s
6d per bag. Pollard, 13s per bag. Farro
Food, 12s per bag. Molasses, 21s cwt (12s
6d per tin).

Fruit.—Supplies are now beginning to
decrease and prices are firming. Dessert
Apples, from 10s to 14s for "choice"
quality; medium quality from 8s to 10s.
Inferior 6s to 7s per case. Cooking
apples, "prime" quality, 7s 6d to
9s; other quality 5s 6d to 7s per
case. Dessert Pears, to 5d lb. Cooking
Pears, 4d lb.

Vegetables.—Cabbage, to 8s sack;
swedes, 4s and 4s 6d sack; carrots, 4s bag,
6s 6d per cwt.; parsnips, 2d lb.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick—the cattle
tonic, 2s 3d per brick—wholesale quantities
supplied. Cow-covers 22s 6d to 30s. Horse-
covers £2 15s to £3. Boots 35s pair. Tea
(box) 2s 6d to 3s 1b in chests and half
chests.

Furniture.—We have complete stocks of
Oak and Rimu furniture made from the
best seasoned timber, and to your own
design. Our Warehouse in Spey street
also carries stocks of bedding-kapok, sea-
grass goods, pianos, and sewing machines.
We invite your inspection.

Land Department.—We have a client re-
quiring a small farm of 40 to 50 acres
handy to Invercargill, and with good
dwellings thereon. When you have any
property "for sale" communicate with
Bray Bros, Ltd., Dee street.

Land matters were amongst the sub-
jects discussed at the meeting of the
Dominion executive of the N.Z.R.S.A. on
Saturday. Mr A. P. Whatman, who was
invited to be present during the discus-
sion, stressed the importance of pressing
the provisions of the Compulsory Acquisi-
tion of Land Act, 1908. The executive
resolved to interview Cabinet to-day on
the land question, and, if the reply re-
ceived is considered to be unsatisfactory,
to arrange for the introduction of a Bill
by Mr G. Mitchell, M.P., on the lines
adopted by the recent general conference
of the association.

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We have a Large Stock of First Grade Furniture in our SHOWROOMS and our prices are the Lowest in Town.

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SEWING MACHINES for Mrs Digger.
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Repairs to Cycles, Prams, etc., by Expert Mechanics.

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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.

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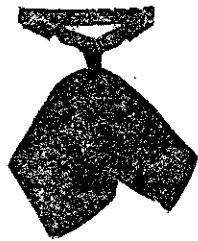
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Our stocks include Household Ironmongery, Glassware, Cutlery, Tools for all trades—in fact everything in the household line.

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GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS COMPLETE,
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WIDE-END TIES, 1/11, 2/11, 3/11, 4/9, 4/11.

WIDE-END TIES, extra quality, 5/11 and 6/6.

MITCHELL SLIDE EASY VELVO, 8/6.

SMART BOW TIES, 2/6, 2/9, 2/11, 3/9.

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PARIS SHAPE TIES (Poplin), Red, Grey, Brown, and Blue spot, 1/6.

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72 ESK ST. (Opp. Times Office),
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Money to Lend on approved security at current rates. Solicitors under Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1920.

PENSIONS.

With the increase in the cost of living, and the necessity to increase wages, it is to be expected that a pension designed to provide a reasonable standard of comfort should likewise be increased in order that men who are justly entitled to the pension may enjoy a reasonable standard of comfort; and to be consistent with the ever increasing price of commodities. At the present time, a totally incapacitated man receives £2 per week pension, and £1 per week supplementary. In these days it is evident that the amount is insufficient. The purchasing power of the sovereign is somewhere about 12s 7d, and the inconvenience of being an incapacitated man is one which is only realised by the man himself. He is justly entitled to be able to partake of the pleasures available to other people and the pensions are insufficient to accomplish this, and the result is a low standard of comfort, and an undue measure of seclusion. A partially disabled man, if he is married, receives nothing for his wife and children. The Returned Soldiers' Association do not claim that in all cases a partially disabled man should receive a pension for his wife and children; but in some cases, justice demands that they should—a man who is a labourer, or bushman, who has lost a leg, and various tradesmen who have lost an arm. They not only lose a limb, but lose their life's occupation. When men have advanced in years, it is not easy to direct their energies into new avenues of employment, and in these cases they should receive an allowance for their wives and children, and help them to enjoy a reasonable standard of comfort. A committee of the House should be set up and the Government should embrace an advance of the Dominion there has been a general increase of wages, and the principle which is right in the one case is also right in the other.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

TO THE CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS, SOUTHLAND ELECTRIC POWER BOARD.

Sir and Gentlemen,—Owing to considerable public comment and uneasiness regarding matters under the jurisdiction of the Board, you have probably realised

that it is time some statement was made and that in a very short time the public will demand to know what is going on. The agenda paper which provides for the adoption of the minutes and then moves that the Board go into Committee obsolete. If the Invercargill Town Council did things behind the scenes like the Board, there would be widespread disapproval, and you are particularly fortunate that things have been allowed to go on so long. The Board does not invite the reporters to a good brand of cigars, and naturally enough, they have a strong dislike to sit outside and come away with a few notes. This is practically censorship of the Press and the denial of the right of the people to know what is going on. There has been a slight improvement in this respect lately, but there is far too much committee work, and the demand of the people is "Let there be light," and at some future date we hope to announce "And there was light." Now, gentlemen, just a word about the loan. It is very unfortunate that Sir Joseph Ward's loan has not matured thus placing you in the difficulties which now confront the Board. Money has increased, and France is just raising a loan at 8 per cent. The British Government have discussed a loan at 8 per cent., and the "London County Sixs" went out at 6 per cent. four months ago. The Government's action in providing for 5½ per cent. as the maximum interest a local body can pay, certainly creates a difficulty, but one which can be removed. We must say farewell to Sir Joseph's loan, and in view of the fact that contracts have been let, engineering work undertaken, a large supply of material bought, motor cars for transit, office site in Dee street, at a cost of about £11,000, arrangements made for the chairman to go to various part of the world to purchase machinery; it is at least a serious position both for the Board and the people, and we sincerely hope that the Government will assist you. But, how is it that it is left to the Press to dig up information? In the interests of the Board itself, it would have been infinitely better to let the people know. Regarding the action of the Board in sending to Australia for a storeman at £7 per week and a Public Works clerk at £10 per week, and £12 if the applicant makes good; further, the positions advertised in the "Post" which were detailed in our last issue, will you tell the people whether or not the engineers have the say, and the Board has none. Also, whether the agreement between the Board and the engineers is responsible for these conditions. The Board, no doubt, meant well when it passed the resolution that as far as possible Southland men be employed, and to those members who are in sympathy with this, the agreement must be a source of annoyance. Our attitude on the administration of the Board's affairs is not personal, but refers to the whole Board, and on no account do we intend to be discourteous, but we are determined to study the people's interest. Our concluding paragraph last week was in reference to that little note from Wellington, and we trust the fearless member will yet come to light, resign, and state the position plainly and fairly, and re-election will be assured.—Editor "Digger."

POWER BOARD.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—It is with the greatest satisfaction that I have read your criticism of the actions of the Power Board re the appointments of outsiders to the more lucrative positions in its employ. I think that the "Digger" is to be congratulated on the stand it has taken in this matter and also on the Board's method of conducting its business. I was afraid that the Press of Southland had fallen from grace as far as being an agent to fearlessly criticise the powers that be, and therefore maintain the rights of the community. Having put its hand to the plough, I hope it will continue its effort in still further bringing to light the mysterious ways of the Southland Power Board and set at rest the minds of a very large number of people in this and other districts. If, when the limelight is turned on, the affairs of the Board prove satisfactory the "Digger" will have done the Board an incalculable service and also the community. If on the other hand it should show an unbusiness-like policy on the part of the Board, it will have rendered a great service to the district and ultimately to the Board. Fail not! The people are getting anxious. I am, etc.,

FARMER.

CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Somehow or other my letter in last week's issue was misinterpreted. For instance, you make me say "You roundly assert that the Bible wholly condemns

slavery," but ask "why I did not mention Theodore Parker was a minister, etc." What I did say was "You roundly assert that the Bible wholly condemns slavery, but do not tell us where. This alters the whole sense. Then again, I said "I 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 different Christian sects as well as the Jews dealt in human flesh and blood all that time." The words underlined were all left out, which very materially lessens the force of my argument. Trusting you will insert this correction.—I am, etc.,

JOHN

A REPLY.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—In last week's "Digger," Mr Doe contradicted "Cocker's" criticism of his Irish terriers at the last Wellington Show, and also denies that he acted in an un-sportsmanlike manner. Well, sir, I have seen a few beaten and disappointed owners, but none of them were ignorant enough to take their dogs away from the show, against the regulations, the day before it finished, and have other fanciers laughing at them, as they laughed at the foolish action of Mr Doe at the Wellington Show. When I attend a dog show, and get beaten, I take it like a sport, and would like everyone else to do so, and not adopt the methods of Mr Doe at Wellington. "Cocker" says that "Paddy's Selection" is much too big, and as I have seen this dog on several occasions, I can testify to his size. "Selection" is more of a Welsh terrier than an Irish, and if Mr Doe knows the former breed, he will now know the size of his dog. In closing this letter, I might say that I have been reading the kennel notes in this paper since they started, and I congratulate "Cocker" on the good he does the fancy, and tend my appreciation of the fairness in which he treats individual kennels.—I am, etc.,

"SCOTCH TERRIER."

AN APPRECIATION.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—I desire to express through your columns, the sincere appreciation of the Returned Soldiers of Southland of the kindness and courtesy of the committee, who managed, and of the citizens who very generously subscribed the funds for the complimentary ball, given recently in commemoration of the signing of peace. The gathering, which for some time past has been the talk of the soldier fraternity, was an opportunity of bringing together men who had not met since the days of war, and the re-union of last week will not soon be forgotten by the many soldiers who took part. The whole arrangements brought back to the men the many thoughtful acts, which, throughout the war and subsequently have demonstrated the real and sturdy patriotism of the Southland people. On behalf of the Returned Soldiers' Association.—I am, etc.
D. M. RAE, Pres.,
Returned Soldiers' Association.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Mrs Tucker is the guest of Mrs Bannerman, Bluff.
Mrs J. G. Macdonald is spending a few weeks in Queenstown.
Miss H. Macdonald is visiting Queenstown.
Dr Cuthbert McCaw is the guest of Mrs Hugh McCaw, Grasmere.
Mrs Gordon Macdonald is visiting Queenstown.
Mrs A. Fleming, Gore, is the guest of Mrs Bruce Ireland, Earn street.
Mr G. M. and Miss Broughton gave a most delightful dance in Ashley's Hall on Friday evening last. Among the guests I noticed Mr and Mrs Gabites; Mr and Mrs Hall-Jones; Mr and Mrs A. Macdonald; Mrs T. M. Macdonald; Mr and Mrs P. D. Macdonald; Misses Bews (2); Henderson; Tucker; Anderson; Morrah (2); Hazlett; H. Macdonald; Haggitt; Guthrie; M. Logan; Wylie; Crofts; Corbett. Messrs Tucker; Farnell; Cameron; Christophers; Douglas; Mahoney; Callender; St. George; Tapley; Prain; Wadworth; Mac; M. Mitchell; Dr Macdonald and many others.

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we record the death of Mrs Garfield Crawford, an ardent war worker, who gave untiring energy to War Service. Dr Crawford has a brilliant war record, and an ex-president of the Returned Soldiers' Association. All soldiers will extend their sincere sympathy to him in his sad bereavement.

INTERPROVINCIAL FOOTBALL.

SOUTHLAND (28) v. WANGANUI (28).
(Maroon) (Blue and Black).

The teams were: Southland—Backs: L. Brown, Holmes, O'Kane, Fortune, Stead, L. Loppell, J. Dalgleish. Forwards: Smith, McKenzie, Langbein, Whyte, Miller, Cockcroft, Sparkes and Baird.
Wanganui: Backs: Grogan, Paranki, Collier, Scott, Svenson, McAuliffe, Sanderson. Forwards: Bellis, Campion, G.
The fifth game between the provinces resulted as above, giving Southland one win to the good at the end of an exciting match, spoilt by the drizzling rain. According to the official programme issued the Wanganui forwards averaged 12 stone 7 1-8 pounds, the Southland forwards 12 stone 5 1-2 pounds; so that on a forward day, with Roche out, the home pack won the game for Southland. The home backs were nearly five pounds heavier all round. Wanganui kicked off, lining out well, the curly place dropping just as their man got to it, the effort landing them in the home 25. The first line saw a great passing effort from their half Sanderson, wing three' Paranki coming right down the middle of the field and punting over the bar, his fast scrumming G. Ross and Campion reaching the ball in dead-line within a minute of the opening kick. It was hard luck for the visitors. Baird kicked the 25 badly and Wanganui centred at once, coming to the home stretch and bustling Brown and Loppell failing to reach the ball, when Sanderson snapped a mark, and Bellis dropped a goal. Another minute had gone. Wanganui 3. The Maroons lined up right across the field and Cockcroft kicked to where his men could not reach, four of them having too far to run. However, the position had its possibilities if the kick hadn't. Wanganui returned the half-way kicked ball to Southland's 50 and at once came through our lines to five yards from the corner, the forwards looked flurried and the backs vainly diving at the slippery ball. Followed a very long line and a scrum, Stead receiving and kicking, but the visitors returned to the attack, a defence pass and a free for an off-side relieving the home team, a free charge bettering to exactly the 25, from which line Loppell kicked across well. A mark came to Maroons on the rush, and Fortune came into the play. The scrum fed Dalgleish, who was blocked for passing, wisely kicking, the return, however, being muddled and Wanganui came through, and, receiving a free kicked to the press-table. On they moved, lining themselves through our lines, Brown taking a very clever mark, the kick returning play to the table, Southland getting a slight gain from the line. The visiting half showed up with a burst through, Holmes speculating and Brown saving for Holmes to get the ball and kick weakly, Wanganui entering the 25 and bringing play to the home corner. Dalgleish ran to the blind side and kicked a smart relief. The Colours put in some good passing and the Maroon forwards cleared, Holmes receiving and kicking poorly. A free to Southland brought play to mid-field where a line gave a knock back and a kick to Colours, Miller failing to take, but a dribble with Holmes in attendance sent a high one which the Colour centre disdained to mark, Cockcroft taking a catch the kick from which put Wanganui into a passing rush cleared by Brown to the 35 from home. The Colours then got into our 25, where a great pass showing several changes of direction made Southland look poor. The opposing forwards beat all the backs to O'Kane, and getting a mark kicked high to Brown who cleared, his kicking being only a little better than that of Holmes. From a line Dalgleish and Stead did some work, the latter handling twice, but Holmes missed the ball and Wanganui came into two attacks in which Brown saved his kicking being sure but not long. He was wise to make his line, and the ball was very greasy. Here the visitors did some bit tackling though they offended less in this respect than any other of the visiting teams. The visitors did several scrum perambulations and received a free that looked like Southland's, O'Kane returning to be rooted back to Brown who managed a very short punt, play coming to middle. The backs near the scrum didn't appear to be in the game for a time, the forwards moving into Colour ground, and overkicking to allow Wanganui a high punt and an offside rush on Brown. The kick went into the last stretch and Baird broke away, a knock-on checking, the scrum feeding to Stead who crossed kicked, Holmes receiving and running well to beat Paranki and be collared by Heads who went right into his knees O'Kane picking up and scoring for Whyte to land a good goal. Southland 5. Wanganui 3. Colours kicked very long and

own made a fine kick to the 30 limit on home, a free coming to carry Maroons to midway. On moved the dribble led with a punt and a Colour offside, led mis-kicking the greasy ball and Wanganui forcing straight through to own who cleared, Southland at once bet- Wanganui attacked and Holmes very badly in front of his own the visiting backs setting up a pass, forwards helping when the sound of the home backs checked their Maroons entered Colour ground, heel let Dalglish, Lopdell and handle on the short, the Eastern setting over near the corner. The led, Southland 8. Wanganui 3. period of play to the next score had making two good openings, Wan. screwing a scrum and failing to get from the great Maroon hookers, Wanganui coming through with two fine Brown making a miss-kick through bump, and Fortune saving. Then Wan- were forced. One of Cockroft's knocked the full over, and Langbein him, Whyte securing and overing in twinkle. Southland 11. Wanganui 3. he short 25 kick got the visitors into efence at once, a force relieving a sorely team. Holmes received and went till tackled, a big run then being by Brown at the press-table, the ing forwards pressing from the line Dalglish stopping a great dribble, at though Stead failed in Wanganui's at rush, Lopdell cleared well to near air 25, the spell then ending, Southland Wanganui 3.

Southland re-opened and a mull let them the 30, where Colours cleared swiftly Brown who returned to 40. Wanganui ow looked slower, but their backs got ing to save the forwards, some good ing, Brown always checking. This if put in a great dash and kick, Stead er high-punting, and Lopdell bursting to Grogan the centre, O'Kane snapping and scoring. Brown goaled. South- id 16. Wanganui 3. Colours lined out ll and Sparkes dropped their kick, ckroft and Smith dashing in to save. The itors passed well, but were mowed wn, Baird securing and sending them to air 35, where a forward and back dash, Kane making the opening for Langbein score, Southland 19. Wanganui 5. The fenders tried a trick and nearly got ough, and a mark by fortune and a mark by Cockroft, forced them, Lopdell fortune once punting back to the 25. O'Kane Dalglish through well, and Brown mis- sly led, Heads showing good fullback work the other side. Wanganui broke a line at as usual reached Brown who checked em at over half-way, the line feeding limes who reached five yards from the itors' line. A mark here relieved them, Kane forcing them narrowly with a high urn. Lopdell later over-kicked a mark- ed return, but Colours would not force, but had to later. Brown missed a ball which Fortune saved. Wanganui dribbled and a free brought them to the home cor- der; but the Maroons soon cleared, Dal- glish aiding the forwards, and Brown returning one to Wanganui's 25 flag. Mc- Kenzie got a punt in, and Lopdell was fed a run into a tackle. Baird misjudged a ll, O'Kane coming across well to save. lours made a wonderful back attack in hich there were three changes of direc- on in pass, the home backs showing und defence. Lopdell beat a man and bared to the 25, the Maroon forwards ving a spell of tiredness. Lopdell again eared in a kick and Wanganui were ven to their 35, where Maroons broke ay Stead passing well to Fortune who not anticipate, but McKenzie carried to the 25, where the home scrummers ade their opponents carry over. The rum forced them. Lopdell marked, a n in front making it a scrum, and hyte broke through grandly, Baird hav- g a rest, while the visitors forced. Wan- ni set up a grand attack of forwards, n, Brown, returned to 40, where the me backs passed, O'Kane coming in ain, and Stead showing smartness of ransfer, the ball dying well in the 25 the O'Kane on it fast. Wanganui cleared over 30 but a line break by Baird was ell dribbled by Millar, the ball being pped to Holmes who dropped over. limes showed head in his position. and 22. Wanganui 3. Holmes and alghish made a great effort from the 25, it the opposing full snapped the ball and got a 25 flag kick. Then the visi- ra made a great clearance, Southland ible back, but not heeling. A short- le leak and pass and kick went to dead- ll line and the visitors received 25 relief. Play hung in middle, here Holmes dribbled the greasy ball to front of the goal, the flashing Maroons itting around him, Fortune then receiv- g a tap to score as Holmes had done the other side. Brown failed in a great tempt at goal. Southland 25. Wanga- ni 3. Dalglish ran from the next run, Wanganui crashing through and own slipping and being caught. For-

PURE FOODS ACT.

IT was reported in this paper on the 27th August that a North Island firm of Cordial Manufacturers had been fined for using red ink or some other colouring in the manufacture of Raspberry Cordial.

THOMSON & CO. wish to advise the public that they use no artificial colouring of any kind. The colouring of their Raspberry Cordial is the natural colour of the Pure Fruit Juice that they use. Their "Purity" Cordials are pasteurized and contain no preservatives of any kind. They guarantee their Lime Juice Cordial free from citric, tartaric, or any other added acid. They use only the highest quality of Rose's Pure Refined Lime Juice and there is nothing purer or better in the world. They invite the public to visit their factory in Leet street, and to see the materials used in the course of manufacture. They encourage inspection. 53

tune relieved the trouble, the game being in home half-way. Colours produced some clever foot-work, but the game was with the Maroon forwards, and Lopdell ended the struggle by kicking. Holmes then missed a man through standing for him to come on, the visitors being checked by Fortune who came across. Colours did good kicking with plenty of change in direction. They had to defend and did it well, but were compelled to carry back, the swarming around their posts finally breaking up, a free at 20 yards coming to Southland and a goal being registered by Brown. Southland 28. Wanganui 3. The mid-field kick was returned by Dalglish to half-way, and the whistle went. Southland scored 7 tries, converted 2 of them, and kicked a penalty goal. Wanganui dropped a goal from a claimed mark. Mr Stalker rarely whistled, so the game was fast. O'Kane is the centre we need. He showed rare judgment in dribbling, and was often in at the death. Brown was great. As remarked a returned soldier, who had seen many of the present players in Egypt, "He is breaking the heart of the Wanganui team." The hookers gave the best exhibition of ball-getting Southland has had since the old days. Cockroft made a good captain, though he might have made his second-five stand more directly behind for line breaks.

MATAURA ISLAND RETURNED SOLDIER'S BALL.

The returned soldiers of Matakura Island held their first annual ball on Tuesday night. There was an extraordinary large gathering, which resulted in the hall being well filled. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and greenery. About 100 couples took part in the Grand March which was led off by the chairman, Mr Jno. Scott and Mrs Scott, who was beautifully dressed in pale blue silk, hand embroidered. Many beautiful dresses were worn, some of which were:—Miss R. Frew, white silk with black and white silk trimmings; Mrs Rule, white silk with over lace; Miss Graham, white voile; Miss Rule, pale pink silk with over lace and satin trimmings; Miss Brown, figured voile; Miss C. Scott, cream silk with hand embroidery and tassel trimmings; Miss S. Silke, pink voile with black velvet trimmings; Miss Davidson, neat black velvet skirt and cream blouse; Mrs Challis, emerald green with black overdress; Miss Telfer, pale blue voile; Miss N. Christie, white silk; Miss M. Rule, saxe blue with black trimmings; Mrs Duthie, neat brown skirt with cream lace blouse; Miss N. Scott, cream silk frock, hand embroidered; Miss Horne, white poplin; Miss E. Davidson, pale pink crepe-de-chine; Miss R. Rule, figured voile with lace trimmings; Mrs M. McMillan, neat black skirt with white silk blouse; Miss M. Horne, pink voile; Mrs Dunn, figured voile; Miss Frew, blue velvet; Miss Brown, white voile; Miss Howden, figured voile; Miss B. Dunlop, radianta; Miss Sommerville, white silk with artificial flowers; Miss O'Connor, neat black skirt with emerald green blouse; Miss Brown, figured voile; Miss W. Silke, blue voile; Mrs Dickson, black skirt with cream lace blouse; Miss Brash, white voile with blue trimmings; Miss Golden, white embroidery dress. Excellent music was supplied by Brennan's band (Wyndham). Supper arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr R. Kirkland, and left nothing to be de-

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 applications 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 Otatau Railway Station, school, etc., and from one to three miles from dairy factory.

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

THOS. BROOK, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

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PROPRIETORS & MANUFACTURERS STORRIE IMPROVED MILKING MACHINE.

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

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

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Right-of-way.

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TELEGRAMS: "Pulsator," Invercargill.

sired. A fine assortment of fruit, cordials and lollies were handed round at intervals, by the returned soldiers, all of which were very acceptable. Mr W. Rule favoured the company with a song in his usual good style. Mr Jas. Rule officiated as M.C. and dancing was kept going until the wee sma' hours o' the morning.

Men's English SUITS (Just received per Post).

Post).

—AT—

"THE EXHIBITION."



For the man who is lucky enough to take a stock size, these English Suits are—to use a sporting expression—"a win." The materials and workmanship are so excellent that they have the appearance of HIGH-CLASS BESPOKE TAILORING. The number is limited, so see early. Prices 7 to 9 Guineas. COLONIAL BOX SUITS, from £5 15s to £9 9s.

IN OVERCOATS.

We are showing a splendid selection. MEN'S MOTORING OVERCOATS. Prices £5 19s 6d to £11 11s. NEWEST CUT RAINCOATS—BURBERRY, 8 and 9 guineas. AQUABACTA, 7 and 8 guineas. PHOENIX, £5 19s 6d.

SUMMER SHIRTS.

STRIPE COTTON TENNIS SHIRTS, 10s 6d to 13s 6d. WHITE TENNIS SHIRTS, 10s 6d to 13s 6d. TUSSORE SILK TENNIS SHIRTS, 17s 6d to 22s 6d. TOBRALCO—PLAIN AND STRIP-ED SHIRTS, 12s 6d to 13s 6d. SILK FRONT SHIRTS, 13s 6d. TUSSORE SILK SHIRTS, 12s 6d.

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Juvenile work always appeals, especially dances, by this brilliant teacher's pupils.

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TED WRIGHT, TED WRIGHT, TED WRIGHT,

Invercargill's noted old-time Comedian still up to the mark, and out for the laughs.

The well-known eccentric laughter manufacturer. He always capers to a big applause.

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Concertina Wonder. He turns the old bush-hop instrument into a real music-maker.

The Bright-faced Youth who proves a sentimental song more sentimental than any song should be.

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SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

Dear John,—I much regret that you should be chagrined at my disinclination to take you seriously, as doubtless you are a seeker after truth, such as most of us are. You are, apparently, annoyed just because the other fellow can't see things from your standpoint. If you choose to swallow, without analysis, all that McCabe writes, and accept as authoritative and final, such R.P.A. champions as C. T. Gorham and Hypatia Broadlaugh Bonner, your opinions on Christianity and slavery are easily accounted for. "The Groper" is only concerned with the facts of history, which do not wholly agree with the interpretations of these people, hence his remarks on McCabe. Your position is obviously that of a supporter of McCabe, who sees in Christianity a curse—not a blessing. Such is his animus that he wishes to ascribe the abolition of the slave traffic to a materialistic philosophy. I shall not waste words on this point, nor shall I quote from several works I have at hand, lest their authors be accused of bias. Before me are two encyclopedias—let them speak. Encyclopedia Britannica:—

"The rise of Christianity in the Roman world still further improved the condition of the slave. The sentiments it created were not only favourable to the humane treatment of the class in the present, but were the germs out of which its entire liberation was destined at a later period, in part, to arise."

Dealing with England the same work says:—

"It may be truly said that from the latter part of the 17th century, when the nature of the slave trade began to be understood by the public, all that was best in England was adverse to it. Among those who denounced it, besides some whose names are now little known, but are recorded with the honour they deserve in the pages of Clarkson's were—Lester, Sir Richard Steele, Southron, Pope, Thomson, Shenstone, Dyer, Savage, Cowper, Thomas Day, Sterne, Warburton, Hutchinson, Beatty, Wesley, Geo. Whitfield, Gilbert Whitfield, Adam Smith, Millar, Robertson, Dr Johnston, Paley, Gregory, Bishop Porteus, Dean Tuckey. The first persons in England who took united practical action against the slave trade were the Quakers."

In America the Quakers had taken action on the subject still earlier than those in England.

Now, my dear John, perhaps you and Mr McCabe know more about the abolition question than the Encyclopedia Britannica people, but really without giving offence, I beg leave to say, I prefer their opinion—no harm done, I hope? By the way, John, did you glance over the names of the English stalwarts. Strange, they were nearly all devout men and lovers of the, to-day, unpopular Bible.

Everyman's Encyclopedia:—"Slavery appears to have been from the earliest age the natural and normal condition of a large proportion of mankind in almost every country, until times comparatively recent, when it has been gradually abolished by all Christian States in Europe." Significant words these.

Now, John, I am quite willing to concede that Stoic philosophy was a factor in the early Roman agitation, but, a very, very small one compared to Christianity. I would respectfully point out that the term I used was "the Spirit of the Bible roundly and wholly condemns slavery." This is substantially true, and accounts for such men as Clarkson, Wilberforce, Paley, the Wesleys, Whitfields and the rest. I search in vain for distinguished advocates in this, or any other great humanitarian movement who are not more or less influenced by Christian teaching. When Atheism and Agnosticism concern themselves with the widow and the orphan, and the liberation of the oppressed, I'll take off my hat to them; as yet, I have not had occasion to do so.

You want Scripture—then just turn up "The Digger" three weeks back and read my final to "A." If that is not sufficient here is what the great Wilberforce prefaced his letter to the Freeholders of Yorkshire with. "Where there is neither Jew nor Greek, circumcision, or uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, but Christ is all and in all. Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering. . . . And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."

So much for the "Spirit" of the Bible. You say, John,— "If you want to convince give chapter and verse to show where the Bible condemns slavery." Here you are, John, commit it to memory—"Now we know that the law is good, if a man uses it in the way it should be used, and remembers that law is not

enacted to control the righteous man, but for the lawless and rebellious, the irreligious and sinful, the godless and profane—for those who strike their fathers and their mothers, for murderers, fornicators, sodomites, slave dealers, liars, and false witnesses; and for whatever else is opposed to wholesome teaching, and is not in accordance with the Good News 1.—Timothy 8 to 11 p.p. 513, Weymouth's New Testament in modern speech. You can probably understand this, John—the authorised is obviously beyond you.—Yours, ever,

"THE GROPER."

The "Groper" apologises for the length to which the slavery discussion has gone; but in the interest of truth it has been necessary to make reply to a scribe, who has read anti-Christian literature to the extent that he appears to be blind to the most beautiful appeal under heaven—and this in face of the fact that most of the really sterling characters of the last nineteen centuries have been moulded from the gold of the Bible. That there have been mere professors in all ages signifies but little. That some of the Popes and prelates of Rome and possibly other divines (so called) of the Middle Ages reached hell-level does not detract from the ideal. Human nature is inherently perverse, hence poets, preachers and teachers have found it necessary to rebuke all classes including parsons and churchgoers.

Thus wrote Christian Thomas Campbell:—

'And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan

Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,

When shall the world ead down, to cleanse her shame,

Thy embryo spirit, yet without a name,

Thy friend of nature, whose avenging hands,

Shall burst the Libyan's adamant bands?

Who, sternly marking on his native soil,

The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,

Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see,

Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free.

Yet, yet, degraded men! the expected day

That breaks your bitter cup is far away;

Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,

And holy men give Scripture for the deed;

Scourged and drossed, no Briton stoops to save

A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave.

"Yes, to thy tongue shall scraph word be given,

And power on earth to plead the cause of heaven;

The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,

That never on sorrow but its own.

Unlocks a generous store at Thy command,

Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand,

The living lumber of his kindred earth,

Charmed into soul receives a second birth,

Feels Thy dread power another heart afford,

Whose passion, touched harmonious strings accord.

True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;

And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

The hypocritical time-serving parsons herein referred to by the poet, are the only kind, such men as John Lee. Why worry about these any more than the spurious sovereign?—There's plenty of gold in the world yet.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The English language happens to excel all others in its possession of one term—among others. That term is "humbug."

The Achilles heel of the "Labour" movement is its contempt for personal rights and claims.

The only hope of solving industrial and international problems, is to throw ourselves unreservedly upon Christian principles.

Every generation ought to be able to produce its own art.

There is evidence to-day that if you want money, you do not earn it. You have to "bag" it. It doesn't matter whether it is done with "jennies" or with shares.

The war may (or may not) have made a new world; it certainly has not made a new America.

Doubt is a product of civilisation.

Burns foreshadowed the League of Nations in "A Man's Man for a' That."

If the world is not to perish in its blindness it must revert to the leadership of thinkers and men of faith.

We fought most, lost most, spent most, and got the least out of the war of any nation.

It is the first duty of a wise diplomacy to avoid enduring resentments.

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. . .

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THE LOCAL FURNITURE FIRM,
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Take this opportunity of procuring a good SILK BLOUSE at 19s 11d. (Plenty to choose from)
INFANTS' OUTFITS from 30s.

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

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THE man on the land wants a paint that will give real protection against the elements, and in specifying Berger's Paint prepared (B.P.) for every painting job the farmer gets the most desirable and economical paint that science and experience can produce and money can buy. In covering capacity, in durability, in appearance, in purity, BERGER'S is no equal.

BERGER'S PAINT, Prepared (B.P.) is the purest paint obtainable. For 160 years the firm of Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd., has been specialising in the manufacture of paint.

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It is made of pure white lead and zinc oxide, mixed with refined, matured linseed oil and American spirits of turpentine and is 100 per cent, pure paint. Each tin of BERGER'S PAINT, Prepared (B.P.), is guaranteed to last longer, cost better, work easier, and uniformly, give better results than any other paint, including pure white lead and linseed oil.

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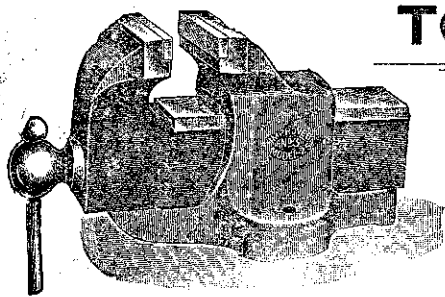
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Are Manufactured in Southland, and
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Is a guarantee of quality and nation-
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It can always be depended upon.



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Sidecar for the coming season.
WE OFFER YOU THE WORLD'S BEST MOTORS AND "VALUE."

"THE TRUSTY TRIUMPH."

The first selection of the British and Allied armies for the strenuous
work of the war. To ride a Triumph is to get the best from motor
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"THE HARLEY DAVIDSON."

The motor cycle magnificent. "Has made its way by the way its made."
The United States War Department after very extensive experimenting
designed the "LIBERTY MOTOR CYCLE," and it was an exact replica of
the Harley. Made in three models—Electric, Standard, and Sports.

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MADE BY THE SOPWITH AVIATION CO.

The most scientifically designed Motor Cycle in the world.
Quality is secured by the most exact knowledge, with the aid of the
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IT IS WORTH YOUR WHILE TO PAY US A VISIT.

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MOTOR CYCLE SPECIALISTS

WHITE SWAN BUILDINGS,
DEE STREET INVERCARGILL.

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COACH
BUILDERS
and
WHEELWRIGHTS

You will find us supremely satis-
fying with our "on-the-spot" ser-
vice. With our

50 Years Experience

In all branches of wheel-wright-
ing we can be surely relied upon
to execute neat trustworthy work.
We can repair

Anything on Wheels.

For new work or repairs to abso-
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service." It's there to please.

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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.

Kennel Notes.

There is no breed of Toy dog that has
made such rapid strides in popularity in
the Dominion as the dainty Pomeranian.
Only a few years ago the number of
breeders could be counted on the fingers
of one hand, and at shows there was
little or no competition, but during the
last few years these things have changed.
The Pomeranian began to make friends,
many of its admirers imported good speci-
mens from England, with the result that
at Wellington, in April last, there were
eighty entries at the New Zealand
Toy Dog Show. Breeders have been for-
tunate in securing a good type of Pomer-
anian from England, and the New Zea-
land-bred dog has oftentimes proved him-
self the equal of his English parents, and
in some cases has been considered better
in the show ring. Prior to 1870 the
Pomeranian was hardly known in Eng-
land, and it was not until between
1891 and 1905 that the breed rapidly gained
popularity. The Pomeranian has flourished
all over Europe, and in Germany he is
known as the German Spitz, in Italy the
Volpino, in France the Lulu, in Belgium
and Holland the Keeshond, and in Eng-
land the Pomeranian. Wherever the Po-
meranian originated it has been accepted
generally that he is a Northern or Arctic
breed. The breeders of the present day
aim at producing as light a dog as pos-
sible, and some of the best specimens are
under 5lb in weight, although the early
type of Pomeranian weighed anything
from 10lb to 12lb, and in some instances
much heavier than this. There is now a
dividing weight, which has been fixed at
7lb, to classify the light from the heavier
variety, and although there is no weight-
limit fixed for the latter variety it should
be the aim of breeders of this class to keep
as near the dividing weight as possible.
In colour the oragnes is fast becoming
the favourite, which is typical of the Ital-
ian variety; the sables and shaded sables
are also among the many pretty colours
which Pomeranians assume; also the
blacks; the many different shades of
browns, varying from a dark chocolate
to a light beaver; and the blues or smoke-
coloured, also have their many admirers.
In 1891 the Pomeranian Club of England
was formed, which has done much good
for the breed, and one of its first acts was
to draw up a standard and scale of points,
which will appear in a later issue of the
"Digger."

BOROUGH OF INVERCARGILL.

OFFICERS' REPORTS.

August 31, 1920.

The Town Clerk,
Invercargill.

Sir,—For the fortnight ending 28th Aug-
ust, I beg to report as follows:—

Carshed.—Wheels have been changed on
one car, axle boxes and springs changed on
two cars, one defective armature changed,
and sand gear and brake gear overhauled.
The sample heaters have been fitted to
car No. 10, and the car put into traffic
for trial. A slight delay to traffic was
caused by a broken anchor car in Elles
Road. In this connection I should like to
point out that the electric truck is not
fast enough for emergency work, or for
outside work on the electric lines. The
periodical examination and overhaul of
the trolley wire is in progress. The usual
car equipment, cleaning and adjustment
has been carried on.

The track gang has renewed a check
rail at corner of Conon and Tay streets,
and tightened up check rails at Tweed
and Conon street corner. The track is
being laid and ballasted in the carshed
extension.

Electricity.—Fourteen poles have been
erected and mains run for several consum-
ers, including Stirling street. The con-
nectors on the aluminium wires in Dee
and Tay streets have been overhauled.
An extra light has been installed at sewer-
age pumping station. Three stopping
place lights have required attention. Nine-
teen new installations and eleven altera-
tions and extensions have been tested and
connected to mains.

Power House.—The output for the
weeks ending August 21 and 28, were
49,760 units and 45,930 units respectively,
the coal burned being 179 tons and 163
tons. The supply of local coal has been
very good and we have been able to fill
the bunkers. The drop in the loading has
also helped. Two boilers have been blown
down and drums examined, all in good
order. The usual cleaning and overhauling
is being carried on.

Electricity Charges.—I beg to report
having examined the comparative state-
ment of the old rates and the proposed
new rates. The result is much as I anti-
cipated. It was not my intention in the
revision of the rates to make any appre-
ciable increase, but to remodel the power
rates on a fairer basis, and to provide for
any increase that might be necessary in

the future. Such an occasion has now
arisen in the increased cost of coal. The
new railway rates mean an increase of at
least £500 in coal freight for the next
twelve months, also two of the largest sup-
pliers of local coal have increased their
prices considerably. In view of the neces-
sity of establishing a depreciation and re-
newal fund these extra costs cannot be met
out of income, and must be met by in-
creased prices.

Tramways and Electricity Depreciation
and Renewal Fund.—In connection with
tramways and electricity undertakings
the establishing of a Depreciation and Re-
newal Fund is not a matter of question,
but is a matter of finance. The electricity
branch of this Department is in a strong
enough financial position to carry this
charge, as the balance sheets of the last
few years will show. On the other hand
the tramways have not so far been able to
meet actual running expenses, including
interest and sinking fund.

The question of instituting the fund
should be faced at once, as the tramway
track and overhead will be requiring re-
newal in many places within the next few
years, and there is no money available to
purchase material. During the next twelve
months the superheaters of the four origi-
nal boilers in the Power House will re-
quire renewal at a cost of about £2000.
This will have to be charged against work-
ing expenses, making a heavy charge in
one year, as the result of nine years wear.

Tramway Shelter: I beg to report hav-
ing received the following letter:—

August 27, 1920.

Sir,—I have to acknowledge receipt of
your letter of 23rd ultimo, with reference
to the erection of a shelter shed on the
boundary of my property at the corner of
Elles Road and Grace street. In reply,
I may state that I am quite willing to let
such a building be placed on this property
but on condition that same will be re-
moved at my request. This would be
necessary should I wish to place a build-
ing on this section.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Jacob Longley,
79 Dalrymple Road.
OFFICERS' REPORT.

From the Borough Inspector, August 31,
1920.

As instructed by you I called on all the
proprietors of motor garages in the Bor-
ough with a view to ascertain how many
would apply for a second-hand dealer's
license, in accordance with the provisions
of the "Second-hand Dealers' Act 1902." I
hereby attach seven applications from
persons anxious to comply with the pro-
visions of the said Act, and may state
that three owners of garages declined to
take out a license as they maintain that
they do not come under the provisions of
the Act. I would respectfully recommend
that the seven attached applications be
granted.

During the past fortnight, and as usual
at this period of the year, I have notified
several owners of dirty back yards who are
in the habit of having accumulations of
insanitary refuse lying about.

All butchers, bakers and boarding-
house keepers other places where food
stuffs are manufactured or stored, have
been notified to have a good spring clean-
ing in accordance with the provisions of
the by-laws.

The general sanitary condition of the
Borough is good, and the services per-
formed by the Sanitary Staff are fairly
satisfactory.

During the past 12 months eighteen no-
tices have been sent out with respect to the
following Acts:—"Impounding," "Dog
Registration," and "Noxious Weeds."

From the Head Gardner, September 1,
1920.

As requested at last meeting of Com-
mittee, I submit report on Golf Links.

With the departure of the frost and the
advent of sunshine the greens are again
in good order. I have had the green-
keeper mowing the greens and approaches
with the Shanks in his spare time, and
once he gets over them all, they will be
in first-rate order.

Finance.—To all appearance the in-
come will be larger this year than last.
Since the 1st April, sixty-eight member's
tickets have been issued, the takings
since that date amounting to £92 17s 6d.
As there were seventy tickets issued pre-
vious to that, all of which will likely be
renewed, the revenue for the year should
be well over the £200 mark. As it has
been the custom to issue tickets on all
dates, I would suggest that they be issued
on fixed dates, yearly, half-yearly and
quarterly, say 1st January, 1st April, 1st
July and 1st October. This would make
less work for the greenkeeper, also the
clerical staff.

I have to report having visited the
cemetery and consulted with the Sexton.
We decided to complete the ectlonia
hedge along the railway line; also to plant
suitable shrubs when possible. For this
purpose, I have sent out forty escalonias,

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 ac-
commodation for twenty passengers and
will take parties out day or night at rea-
sonable 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.

30 shrubs and 40 rhododendrons, total
value £5 10s. I do not know if it has
been customary to debit the Cemetery ac-
count for plants, but I think it is only
right to do so. Will await instructions
from the committee.

Some five years ago a number of citizens
planted some hundreds of narcissus in
Block IV. They have done well, and
should make a good display. In previous
years the blooms have been plucked im-
mediately they opened. I will have notices
put up warning anyone not to pick the
flowers; but I think with a view to pre-
venting people from gathering the flowers,
a local in the newspapers should be
inserted.

I would remind the Committee that it
is time to decide which of the reserves
are to be let for grazing, as all leases ex-
pire at the end of this month, so this mat-
ter requires immediate attention.

Children's Column.

"OH, DEAR!"

Once three little girls named Betty, Molly and Tiny were sitting under a bush talking about adventures.

"I wish a nice adventure would happen to us as mother and father are out," said Molly. "A real adventure with a dragon and fairies in it. Don't you think that Tim looks rather like a magician? If he could wave his wand—his stick, I mean, and turn us into fairies."

But just then they noticed that Tim the shepherd boy was crying.

"What is the matter, Tim?" they asked. "My mummy's very ill," sobbed Tim. "And I've had to leave her all alone to come and look after the sheep."

"How far is it to your home?" asked Betty.

"Two miles away, just over the ford," said Tim, crying more than ever. Betty and Molly looked at each other.

"I think we ought to go, don't you?" said Molly.

"Why, of course," said Betty, "and it will be ever such an adventure."

They slipped into the house and filled two little baskets and a bag, and then Tim showed them the way to the ford. They were rather frightened when they saw it, the river was so wide and the stepping-stones so big and wobbly. But Betty picked up her skirts bravely.

"Never mind," she said, "We must expect dangers on an adventure."

The others followed, and they had all nearly got across when, plop! a big frog jumped up on the top of the very last stone. Betty's heart went pit-a-pat very fast indeed, for she was always frightened of frogs.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, "we shall never get past this; we shall have to go back home."

Molly was ready to cry. "Oh, please Mr Froggy, do go away," she begged. "I don't like standing on this stone, and I'm sure I can't turn round. I don't like adventures."

Then Betty began to laugh. "Why, don't you remember? Molly was wishing for an adventure with a dragon. Well, here is the dragon!" Then she waved her bag at the frog, and shouted, "be off, you old monster!" but her bag was going pit-a-pat all the time.

The frog had never learnt how to play at being a dragon, so he just said "croak" and hopped into the water.

"Hurrah!" said the children, nearly tumbling off the stones with joy. They soon found Tim's cottage, but his mother was so ill that she did not hear them come in.

"I wish we hadn't got these nice frocks on," said Betty, looking sadly around. It was such a poor home, with no fire and hardly any food.

"I know," said Molly, "Let's take off our frocks, and work in our petticoats."

And they bustled around and swept the floor and lit the fire, and warmed some broth they had brought, so that when Tim's mother at last looked round, she thought three little white fairies had come to wait on her. They gave her the broth, and wrapped her up in a shawl, and she felt better at once. When they got back home and told their mother all the adventure, she soon sent a doctor who made Tim's mother quite well. But to this very day the poor woman believes that three fairies saved her life when she was so ill. So you see, they did turn into a kind of fairies after all!

THE SCHOOL.

"Now, girls. I have often told you that I am going to send you to a boarding-school where you will have to behave." These were the words Mrs E— usually said to her two girls, Hazel and Ada, whenever they started any of their mischievous pranks.

The funny thing was that the two girls were longing to go to a boarding school, so they were not in the least troubled by this threat.

Mrs E— became so exasperated with their mischief that at last the longed for day came and they were packed off to Woodford House. When they arrived at the school, they did not feel very shy, and jumping out of the school carry-all, they followed the house-mistress up the broad staircase into their rooms.

As Hazel was ten and Ada thirteen they were not in the same dormitory. They were soon fast friends with their bed-mates, who both sympathised with their tricks. After a few mischievous pranks they decided to have a joke on a very quiet girl who hardly ever mixed with the other scholars. One night, Ada, wrapped in a sheet, proceeded up the long dormitory to the victim's bed. She shook the inmate by the shoulder, and commanded her to rise and be a follower of the "Ghostie Gang." Out of the shadows came a row of sheeted ghosts headed by

Hazel. The victim screamed and fainted. When the headmistress reached the dormitory door, she saw a sight which was enough to make any mistress angry. In different directions about the floor lay the discarded gowns of the ghosts, and a group of confused girls were gathered round a bed at the end of the dormitory. The mistress soon had the girls back in their beds, and the victim of the joke was brought to her senses.

Next morning, Hazel and Ada, and all the ghosts of last night, emerged from the mistress' room with shamed faces, and you may be sure they received a fitting punishment for their misdeeds. After this, they always thought before they started their pranks.

When they went home for their Christmas holidays, their mother remarked to her husband that she was glad she had sent them to school.

IN THE LAVENDER BUSH.

Two little fairies once lived in the centre of a big pink and white poppy. Next to the poppy grew a lavender bush, and in this lavender bush dwelt two elves. Of course, elves and fairies are not often very friendly, but these four were the best of chums. The two fairies were named Poppy-leaf and Violet-eye, and they spent their time making little dew-drops to throw on the lawn. The two elves were named Tease and Quick-ear.

One morning Quick-ear heard the two fairies crying.

"What is the matter?" he called from the lavender bush.

"Last night," Poppy-leaf sobbed, "some goblins came across the lawn and they threw thorns at us."

"Threw thorns at you?" Tease cried. "Why did you not wake us up, then we could have thrown thorns at them?"

"We will wake you to-night if the goblins come again," Violet-eye said, drying her tears. "You are such brave elves."

Tease and Quick-ear spent the afternoon gathering handfuls of little thorns, so that if the goblins came that evening they would be ready for them.

When night came and all was dark and still the elves sat quiet and listened. Suddenly a gasp came from the centre of the pink and white poppy.

"They are throwing thorns at us again," Poppy-leaf called.

Up from the lavender bush popped the two elves, brave and eager for battle, but, alas! they found that the goblins were hidden behind the long grass blades on the lawn, and although they threw away all their stock of thorns they could not see if they were throwing them on the goblins or not. But the goblins knew just where to aim their thorns, for the poppy and lavender bush stood out clearly in the darkness.

When morning came the two fairies were sobbing from fear and thorn-pricks, and the elves (elves never cry) were sitting in the lavender bush saying furious things about the goblins.

And their troubles were not yet over.

Suddenly, on to the lawn came an awful animal that snorted and rattled in a terrifying manner, and behind this animal walked a man. It came quickly across the grass, making a loud, hungry noise, and in a great fear the fairies jumped out of the poppy and ran into the shelter of the lavender bush, and there the four huddled together, trembling with fear.

Up and down the lawn snorted the animal, and when at last it went away the little quartette in the lavender bush were almost frightened to move.

Long after the last faint echo of the rattling bones had gone, Tease pushed a white, terrified face from the bush. And then he gave such a big shout that the other three jumped.

"Look! Look!" he cried. "Violet-eye, look! All of you, see what marvellous thing has happened."

Slowly the others pushed their heads from the lavender bush. Smooth and green before their eyes lay the lawn, with all the long thick blades of grass, behind which the goblins hid, mown right away by the big mower which had just been on.

"Hoorah! Hoorah!" cried Quick-ear. "That big animal has eaten all the long grass. Now the goblins will come no more, for we should be able to see and kill them all!"

THE FAIRY SCHOOL.

(By "Winifred.")

"This is getting too much to be borne!" cried Dame Elsa, as a cake with a pink frilling to it was suddenly switched off her plate as she sat at the head of the table at the school tea. "That mischievous little Golightly is at her tricks again." Dame Elsa took another cake. There was a shriek of laughter. The cake was lifted off the plate and carried into mid-air. Nobody saw the hand that did it. Dame Elsa shook her head angrily and took a slice of bread and butter. The slice had

the same fate as the cake. In a flash, there it was poised just above the dame's head, with no visible means of support. It was too much. From somewhere came a peal of soft laughter. Then Golightly started robbing the other plates.

"Do you hear me, Golightly?" cried Dame Elsa angrily. "Make yourself visible at once, and put the cakes back on the plates, or—I shall expel you from the Fairy School. Do you hear me!"

"Yes, please, mistress, I hear you," said Golightly, the voice sounding very meek, though there was laughter in it. "But I daren't show myself while you are so angry." Dame Elsa knew well that the invisible Golightly was simply making fun of the whole school and its mistress. The other fairies were on the titter. Making yourself invisible was strictly forbidden in the establishment, as it gave the "invisibles" an unfair advantage. One of the greediest fairies had adopted this means of getting more than her share of food. She had eaten her cake, then glided down the table taking all the other cakes, and the thing had proved too much to be borne. Golightly did not obey. She was somewhere close at hand, Dame Elsa knew very well. She drew out a sheet of paper and picked up her pen. "I am going to write to your aunt to fetch you away from the Fairy School, Golightly," said the mistress. She started writing but her pen waggled. Golightly was guiding it. Dame Elsa swept her hand round, but she did not hit Golightly. If you are invisible you can't be hit. The pen would not work. Dame Elsa found blots on the note-paper. It was all Golightly's doing. There was no managing such an unruly fairy, and yet Dame Elsa felt sorry for the disobedient pupil. "Golightly is such a dear little fairy," she said to herself as she started writing again, after destroying several sheets of paper. "If only she would cure herself of this silly trick of being invisible I should be quite proud of her." This remark pleased Golightly very much. She was sitting on Dame Elsa's shoulder at the time, though nobody could see her. It was her one delight to plague the mistress, just through sheer sportiveness. The tea was over. The fairies went off to their prep., though some had a romp. In the dormitory that night, there was Golightly, perfectly visible, perched up on the rail of her cot looking as wise as possible.

"Well, you take it cool!" cried Babs. "I wonder you dare show yourself at all!" "Oh, I'm not afraid of her, so far as that goes!" murmured Golightly, as she nibbled a cake. "She can't catch me, and it is such fun being invisible."

Then she gasped as she saw Dame Elsa coming into her room holding a pink candle above her head, and followed by Golightly's aunt, the fairy Take-'em-to-task. "She is here somewhere!" said Dame Elsa. "I cannot have her in the school any more!" Take-'em-to-task was saddened by this, and she ordered Golightly to show herself, which Golightly had to do. All the fairies sat up in bed looking eagerly at the scene. Golightly would be expelled for certain. Nothing of the sort. They did not know Dame Elsa yet. "Will you promise not to be invisible any more, Golightly, dear?" asked Take-'em-to-task, "then perhaps, you may be forgiven."

"Of course she will, if she promises!" said Dame Elsa, as she looked at the naughty little fairy, who was plain enough now.

Well, the long and short of it was, Golightly promised, but whether she will always remember to keep her promise remains to be seen. It is to be hoped she will be good, for there is nothing more irritating than to have your cake stolen away by an invisible fairy.

The Home.

TO PROTECT STEEL FITTINGS.

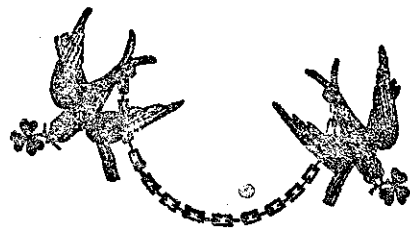
A thin coating of caoutchouc is an excellent preservative for steel articles. The caoutchouc is to be melted in a closed vessel, that it may not take fire. It will require nearly the temperature of fusing lead, and must be stirred to prevent burning. Mix some oil with the caoutchouc, then apply with a brush. When dry, it will be firm varnish impervious to moisture. This, when required, may easily be removed by a soft brush dipped in warm oil of turpentine.

CLEANING GLASS GLOBES.

To clean soiled glass bottles use strong soda water (warm). If furied, as water bottles become when in constant use, a small drop of spirits of salts (muriatic acid), will soon render them bright. If stained, as with port or elder wine, a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a quarter of a gill of water instantly cleanses them. French chambermaids adopt a very simple and effective method. Before emptying the bottles put in some pieces of soft paper, shake these in the bottles, empty

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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 Jama. 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.

and rinse with fresh water; the bottles will then keep as bright as possible. Broken egg shells are also excellent.

GOLDEN PUDDING.

Line a basin with a thin layer of apricot jam or marmalade (if to be got). See that it is equally spread over the interior, then soak about two ounces of bread—if for a large basin—in enough milk to cover. When soft, beat up with a tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of minced mutton suet, one drop of essence of lemon or the grated rind of the lemon, the strained juice, and a beaten egg. Pour the mixture into the prepared basin, tie down, and boil for an hour and a quarter. See that the water boils fast when the pudding is put in, and kept boiling all the time.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.

Required, six tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, four of chopped suet, a small teaspoonful of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of treacle dissolved in a cupful of milk. Mix thoroughly. Put the preparation into a buttered mould, and steam the pudding for three hours.

A GOOD COUGH REMEDY.

Take six lemons, put them in the oven till hot, then strain all the juice from them. Add a quarter of a pint of glycerine, and half a pound of honey; pour into a large bottle with about a pint and a half of water. Shake the bottle well before taking, and sip frequently whilst coughing.

TO CLEAN COOKING TINS.

Every month or six weeks have your copper filled and the fire lighted and put into the water a pound of common washing soda and the same of soft soap. When the water boils, put in all the baking-tins, gridirons, saucepans-lids, and every description of tin or ironware that looks black but ought to be bright, or is encrusted with the deposit of grease, etc., from cooking. Put the lid on the copper and let the contents stew for two or three hours. At the end of that time have them all taken out and plunged into clean water, well dried, and put before the fire for a short time, and finished off with a final rub with dry whiting and a leather. If this plan is carried out, it will be impossible for the dirtiest girl to get your tins in a very bad state, especially if you look after her a little. The copper should be emptied at once, before the water gets cold, and it will be found that the same effect has been produced upon that, and if it is well rubbed it will be very clean.

TO TREAT POLISHED FURNITURE.

Cleanse all polished furniture with vinegar freely diluted with water; then, when all dirt has been removed, apply the following polish with a rag, and rub briskly till you see your hand reflected as in a

looking glass. One gill of sweet oil, one gill of vinegar, half gill methylated spirits. This extremely simple operation performed once a week, will gradually produce a polish that is unrivalled. Boiling water even may be poured over it with impunity. It is not readily scratched, and the wood, having the pores filled with the application, becomes very hard.

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, some thing of a tangible character.

Every part of the Dominion is seeing a collection of trophies and we must not be behind. Numbers of articles which have been brought from the battle front are being lost sight of, and we would be glad to receive anything at all. Name and address must be sent, also full particulars of article, where found, stant, etc. Articles can also be displayed in the museum and remain the property of the sender, but can 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.

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While parading the streets,
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Where thousands stop
To get a drink,
That makes them think
'Tis excellent.

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ROAD IMPROVEMENTS

Town Engineer's Report

Engineer's Office,
Invercargill,
September 7, 1920.

TO HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR AND
COUNCILLORS—

Gentlemen,—Acting on instructions from
the Works Committee, I beg to submit the
following report and estimates of cost for
improving the condition of a portion of
the town streets, and the two arterial
roadways leading into the town, work
rendered necessary, owing to the change
in the class of vehicle now in general
use.

The streets proposed to be improved and
defined by the Works Committee are apart
from the arterial roads situated within
the town area between and including Gala
and Wood streets and Leven and Deveron
streets, also Tay street to the Eastern
boundary of the Borough, and Dee street
to the Waihapai Bridge.

In recommending the best form of con-
struction to be adopted in connection with
these streets, the difficulty encountered
is to estimate what the future traffic con-
ditions will be, more particularly in regard
to axle loads. The rapid development that
has taken place in the adoption of motor
driven commercial vehicles, carrying heavy
loads at high speeds, and with every pros-
pect of these conditions being increased,
tends to complicate the roading problem,
as a modern roadway at moderate cost,
that will prove quite satisfactory under
present conditions, will be a failure if it
has to withstand the heavy vibrations
that will be set up if the loading is in-
creased. The experience in some towns
has proved that an improvement in the
thoroughfares has almost immediately re-
sulted in a corresponding increase in the
carrying capacity of motor waggons and
vans, with the result that a further ex-
penditure has been necessary to still fur-
ther strengthen the roads to meet these
new conditions of traffic.

The correct method to adopt would, no
doubt, be to construct the roadway of suf-
ficient strength to meet anticipated future
conditions. Although this method may
be adopted in cities with a large revenue,
it is beyond the means of smaller com-
munities and in preparing my estimates I
have provided for substantial construc-
tion on those thoroughfares at present
known to be subject to heavy traffic and
varied the construction on other streets
to meet present conditions. This prin-
ciple may lead to heavier maintenance
charges, but against this we have the
comforts of a greater length of improved
roadway, a reduction in the wear and
tear on motor tyres, and the dust nuisance
greatly reduced, than if only limited
lengths of the more expensive construction
are carried out.

Regarding the annual charges which
will have to be paid in connection with
the cost of carrying out the works pro-
vided for in the estimate. It is safe to
assume that within the next year or two
all motor driven vehicles will be taxed,
and that the revenue from this source will
greatly assist in paying interest and other
charges on the expenditure. Apart from
this it is now generally admitted that the
day of the water-bound macadam road
is past, and some more permanent form of
roadway must be constructed to meet the
changed conditions of traffic; and so long
as the present class of roadway remains in
existence so much longer will the country
continue to send tens of thousands of
pounds out of the country for motor tyres
and such like. The greater proportion of
this sum could be saved to the community
by providing more permanent roads, which
would be a benefit to all instead as at
present being a drain on the financial re-
sources of the country.

Regarding the proposed new construc-
tion. If it had not been for the fact that
the Corporation own the tar, and, that
there is a difficulty in disposing of it, I
would have strongly recommended the
adoption of one of the South American
natural bitumen products in place of tar.
It has been definitely proved by practical
experience that bitumen used as a road
binder provides a more satisfactory road
with a longer life, and less maintenance
than can be obtained with tar; particu-
larly so in a wet climate, and, apart from
this, bitumen, due to its quick setting
nature permits of a roadway being open-

ed for traffic immediately the new surface
is laid without risk of damage.

No provision is made in the estimates
for dealing with the remaining fifty-one
miles of streets in the Borough. But in
regard to these I would advise that they
be taken in their order, according to
traffic they carry, and put in good repair
during the autumn and winter months,
and in the late spring, after rolling and
bruising with hard brooms the surface to
be tarred and sanded.

In regard to surface tarring the success
or otherwise of this form of road surface
treatment depends entirely on the weather
conditions. The roadway must be dry,
and the weather fine for at least twenty-
four hours after the tar is spread. A wet
road in the first case, or rain too soon
after laying the tar, it can be taken for
granted that the work will not be a
success.

Regarding future maintenance, provision
must be made for tarring and sanding all
tarred roadways every year, and not less
than every other year, for tarred mac-
adam surfaces.

Regarding concrete roadways the main-
tenance on these will consist of a thin
coating of bitumen and sand every sec-
ond or third year, according to the
amount of traffic the roadway carries; but,
allowing for this, the annual charges under
this head will be considered lighter than
on an ordinary water bound macadam
road carrying the same class of traffic.

I am,

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) G. F. CLAPCOTT,
Town Engineer.

IMPROVEMENTS OF STREETS. ESTIMATES.

TAR, MACADAM AND CONCRETE ON
STREETS IN TOWN BLOCKS.

—Tar Sprayed Roads.—

Gala street, Leet street, Deveron
street, £3,100.

—Tar Macadam.—

Yarrow street, Don street (3in tarred);
Eak street, (macadam); Tay street, Cres-
cent (Carpeting); Tay street shruuuuu
cent, Tay street, Kelvin street, Dee
street, Dee street, East Road (carpeting
on existing road surface), £40,811.

—Concrete and Tar Macadam.—

Spey street (centre concrete, flanks mac.
adam); Leven street (flanks macadam);
North Road (flanks concrete), £23,167.

—Heavy Bitumen Macadam.—

Wood street, £2, 093.
Contingencies five per cent. £3,458 10s.
Total £72,629 10s.

Estimated cost as per schedule £72,629
10s. Plant, etc. £1,250; cost of raising
loan £750; total cost £74,629 10s.

Total cost say—£74,700; 1st year's in-
terest and sinking fund 7½ per cent.
£5,602 10s. Total estimate £80,302 10s.

GARDEN NOTES.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

This month is a very busy one in the
vegetable garden, as almost every kind of
vegetable seed may be sown.

Make successive sowings of peas where
early-sown ones are well up.

Sow also French and runner beans on a
warm and sunny piece of ground, but if
the position is a cool one defer sowing
for a week or so.

Sow parsnips. For these the ground
should not be too rich with fresh manure,
nor should it be too loose. In either case
they are likely to form side roots, which
is a bad point in them. They like good
ground, but it should be moderately firm.
Sow thinly in drills 12in apart, and thin
them to 4in or 5in in the row.

Spring-sown onions require to be put in
rich ground. If the ground has been dug
and manured in the winter, so much the
better; if not, lose no time in trenching
or deeply digging the ground. Place good
rotted manure well down, and, if possible,

spread wood ashes or burnt soil on the
ground, working it well in. Tread and
rake the ground two or three times over
until the bed is as smooth as a table, then
sow the seeds in drills. Sow very shallow
—4in will do—and 12in between the rows,
covering the seed very carefully. I may
here tell you that sowing onions on loose
ground, and also sowing them too deep,
means long necky things like leeks, in-
stead of fine tubers which one might be
proud of.

Sow carrots of the Early Horn type,
and in a fortnight or so sow the main crop
—that is, the Intermediate.

Turnips, spinach, and lettuce should also
be got in, choosing a sunny day after a
good rain for this and all seed sowing.

Plant cabbage and cauliflower as soon as
possible after or during showery weather.

Seakale should now be ready for cover-
ing with pans or boxes to come in after
those that have been lifted for forcing.

Asparagus—a very fine vegetable—will
grow on any soil that is well cultivated,
but that which suits it best is a rich sandy
loam. It may be grown from seed sown
in drills 18in apart, and thinned out to
15in in the drills. In this case it will
not be fit for cutting in less than three
years. The best variety to get is the
Giant French. But to have asparagus
the second year and for many years from
the same bed it is best to prepare a bed
or beds in a proper way. Open out tren-
ches 3ft wide and 18in deep. Fill in the
bottom 6in with broken bricks. Cover these
with manure. Place some soil over this.
Get the two-year-old plants, and place one
row up the centre, and one on either side,
6in from the outer edge, spreading out
their roots evenly all round. Cover with
4in to 6in of soil. The heavier the soil
the shallower they should be planted. A
dressing of fresh stable manure should be
added in two or three weeks' time. This
is the best of all seasons for making a
bed of asparagus, just as the crowns are
on the move in the spring.

Where marrows, pumpkins, tomatoes,
and cucumbers are required no time
should be lost in getting them in. If
possible, give them a nice warm bed to
start them on. A hot-bed is easily
made if good stable manure be available.
For a good double light frame, three loads
will not be too much for a good, lasting
cucumber bed. A hot-bed is very useful
not only for the production of a good crop
of cucumbers, but for bringing on the
above-mentioned seeds, and also for start-
ing nearly all kinds of tender annuals.
It often occurs that old seeds germinate
fairly well on a nice warm bed where
they would fail if sown without bottom
heat.

TOMATOES.

The season for planting this appetising
and refreshing fruit is now around again.
There are one or two points of interest
that I should like to draw attention to.
Do not be in too great a hurry to plant
out unless you are pretty sure that in
your house you will be able to keep a
fairly warm temperature during very cold
changes in the weather. If you have
heat, well and good. If you are placed
in a position where late frost is not likely
to affect the temperature much, is all
right. But if these conditions cannot be
assured, take my advice and hold over
the planting for a week or two yet. Buy
good strong sturdy plants. It is a waste of
money, time, and labour to plant weakly
drawn plants, as it is ten chances to one
that they will not grow or will make a
very poor return even if they do grow.
If a plant measures as much across—that
is, from tip to tip—as it is long, you may
be sure it is not drawn and that it is all
right. The tomato is a tender plant,
but not a tropical plant, and it requires a
moderately high temperature, free access
of air, and, above all, a full flow of solar
light to bring it to perfection. Almost
any house or any shaped house will grow
them where these conditions can be se-
cured, and if the soil has been prepared
as advised in my previous notes, nothing
will be required but to give it a raking
down and a good treading before plant-
ing. On no account plant in loose soil.
Place the plants well down to make them
firm and steady. From 12in to 15in in
the row and 2ft 6in from row to row will
be a good distance apart.

"The Southland Daily News" is a very
appreciative journal; in a recent edition
the following heading appeared to a pa-
graph which indicated that the Session
was half over:—"The Session's Work,"
"Real Business to Begin." If real business
is just beginning now that the Session is
half over, we're wondering what they were
doing during the previous half of the ses-
sion. No wonder Adam Hamilton has been
quiet.

ABRAHAM WACHNER

SAMPLE ROOMS.

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FURS!**

END OF SEASON.

MUST BE SOLD.

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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.

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

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MILLINERY BILL

BY USING OUR STRAWINE—

MAKES OLD HATS NEW.

WE HAVE IT IN ALL SHADES.

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Dee street, Invercargill.

ANZAC DAY.

MEMORABLE SPEECHES IN THE HOUSE.

Mr Mitchell (Wellington South).—In moving the second reading of this Bill I wish, first of all to thank my fellow-soldiers for giving me the opportunity of bringing this measure forward. Members of the House may think that there are already too many holidays in the year at the present time, and probably the matter may have to be considered; but I am sure this House will agree that there is no day more worthy of recognition, other than Christmas Day and the Easter holidays, than the day we wish to have observed in honour of our fallen soldiers. We wish this day to be on the 25th April of each year, simply because it is an outstanding day in the history of our country and of the world. This is not the first time, Mr Speaker, that our troops have served with the British troops on the battlefields; but on the former occasion—the South African War—the fate of our nation and of the world was not at stake. It remained for this war to bring out the fine latent qualities of our people, and to unite all the British manhood from the whole world into one great fighting force such as had never been known in the world's history. One cannot look back on the struggle without a great sorrow when one realises the loss of so many of our finest men, and the ruin and devastation that has taken place on the battlefields; but with it all one must feel a pride and thankfulness that those sacrifices have not been in vain. Sir, I have heard it said in this House that this war was to be a war to end wars. I am sorry I cannot subscribe to that belief. There have been wars and rumours of wars from the beginning of time, and I believe we shall have wars and rumours of war till the end, or until we change the nature that is in the human race to-day. And, after all, who can say that it is not part of God's great purpose for our good, but which we cannot yet understand? As far as the war itself is concerned, I believe we are yet too near it. We cannot see and properly realise the history of the great times that we have passed through. As we get farther away from the war we shall see it in its truer perspective, and we shall realise what it meant to our country and to civilisation. It will be some time before we can settle down to the new thoughts and the new habits of life which the war has brought to us; and I believe that with all the sorrows and all the devastation it has been through while that people throughout the world—oppressed people—have been freed, and that we have moved forward probably a hundred years in one step. One cannot look back on it and on the part that our Empire has played without feeling a great pride that we are of the British race, and partners in our Empire. We realise the huge burden that Britain undertook in the war; we realise the part she played and the burdens she is now bearing—burdens greater than any nation has ever borne in the world's history. Yet, with all these burdens—burdens of debt and burdens of trouble abroad and of unrest at home—she stands supreme amongst all the nations of the earth. Loved by every true Briton abroad and at home, she is to-day the wonder of the whole civilised world. In all countries, at all times and in all circumstances, we have people who are opposed to whatever decision the nation comes to, and we had people in different parts of the Empire totally opposed to Britain right through the war. Now that will always be, and we must expect it; but we won the war in spite of their opposition, and we can now maintain and govern our Empire without their aid. Sir, I do feel that we are honoured by being a part of that nation, and I am proud of the part which this country and all the British dominions played. Perhaps we have been a little selfish sometimes, like a spoiled child; but I do believe that we are now realising our responsibilities to the Empire, and realising that we must take a far bigger part in its maintenance, if we are going to do our share. We claim the full privileges of Empire, and we must undertake our full share of the responsibilities. Sir, I would like just for a moment to draw your attention briefly to the part that our nation has played during the war. Let us remember that within a few days the whole of the German and Austrian fleets were bottled up, and from that day the seas were practically free to the world's commerce and the British fleet. She transported millions of soldiers across the seas with practically no loss; she created a wonderful fighting army, both on land and sea; and after providing all those forces she was the manufacturing-centre that provided the

Allies with their munitions of war. When the war broke out I think that we can fairly claim that our navy alone was superior—that we were inferior in every other necessity for war, except the traditions and courage of our people. We were outnumbered, outgassed, outgunned, outflowed, outbombed; and I think it is a just claim that the German armies were superior to us in every department of war. But, Sir, our nation never knew defeat; and by 1918 we were superior in guns, in gas, in bombs, and in every craft, and our flying men controlled the situation in the air—in a word, the Germans were outclassed in every department of war. I would like just here to pay a tribute to our various departments—to our transport department, to our commissariat, and to our medical service. These services reached a state of efficiency that was never dreamed of in the world before. Especially do I commend the commissariat department, as my comrades here will tell you that under all conditions—and conditions were sometimes very bad—food was always available. I must also commend the medical department, which probably showed a greater advance in science and organisation than any other service in the war. And, last of all, let me pay a tribute to the average British fighting-man—the good old "Digger," the private soldier. When it came to the last bit, it does not matter where these men came from—whether from Canada, Australia, South Africa, or from any other British possession, or from Great Britain herself—they were as brave as God ever made man, and they were superior fighting men to any of our enemies. It was not a case of internal troubles at home that caused the collapse of the Germans; on the contrary, it was the good old "Digger," who fought them to a finish. This is the first time in the history of our country, Sir, that our soldiers have taken their full and equal share with the British troops. It was always thought in South Africa that we were not equal to the trained British Regular; but in this war our men, the Australians, Canadians, and troops from all the British dominions, fought side by side; and I can justly claim, I think, that it does not matter where they came from, they were equal under equal circumstances. Sir, one has heard on many occasions before this war that our race was deteriorating, that our men were not so good and not so brave, not so hard and not so strong as our forefathers. Sir, I think this war has proved that statement to be quite untrue. I do claim, Sir, that history has never recorded any finer deeds of heroism or of courage than were manifested throughout this last Great War. It does not matter whether on the seas, in Palestine, in Gallipoli, in Flanders, or in France, the men of the British race were always worthy of that race and I can pay them no greater tribute. Sir, before I pass on I would like to pay one small tribute to our cousins the Australians, or, as we call them, the "Aussies." Perhaps, Sir, these men were unconventional—they certainly were, and perhaps in the eyes of the conventional people they were a little strange in their conduct—but I do say they were good comrades and great fighters, and our people and every British battalion were always pleased to know that they had the Australian beside them. I would like here, Sir, also to pay a small tribute to the nurses. I do think that perhaps we are very apt to forget that there were some thousands of very noble women who went as near the firing-line as it were possible for them to get, and tended the wounded day in and day out, worked like slaves, asked for no overtime, asked for nothing more than to be allowed to do their duty and tend the soldiers; but, Sir, I sometimes think that when we are back here to forget all their tenderness and their sacrifices to these men. We are apt to let them drift back into civil life, and say, "Thank you, go and get to work." I do hope, Sir, the country will never forget the services of those women; the soldier never will. While I am speaking of the services of women, I think I can honestly say that there was not a soldier on the battlefield but who was always mindful of and thankful to those noble women at home. There were many times—in whatever part of the field you were on—when there was no danger at all, and we were having quite a good time, perhaps right away back from the line or at the base; but we did realise that the women at home—those who sent us par in France, that there was a war on in France, and that their anxiety was long and continuous; and we appreciate all that they did for us, and feel with them now

in their sorrows. Now, Sir, I come to our own troops—our own Dominion troops, our sons, our brothers, and our comrades—the plain average "Digger." It did not matter whether he was in Palestine, or Gallipoli, or France, or Flanders, or in the homes of England, or in Egypt—he was always worthy of you and his conduct was such that this country could well be proud of. Sir, I would like to state here that I have found a feeling in this country that because a man has perhaps had some little punishment recorded in his book he has therefore committed a grievous offence. Sir, that is entirely wrong. A military offence—the average military offence—is no offence at all in the eyes of the common law. These small offences are offences against discipline, and it will be readily understood that discipline must be maintained. I do want honourable members to realise that the slight punishments that have been given to men are really no punishments at all. I do not wish that any man in this country should feel that a black mark in his book will go against him in civil life. Sir, it was my privilege to start early in the war with these men, to see them land on Gallipoli, and to march with them in victory to the Rhine; and it does not matter where they were—whether it was dying before the wire and in the mud of Passchendaele, or around Armentieres, or at any of the various places which you have recorded on the walls of this chamber in memory of your men, or on the march of victory to the Rhine—I say that your men were always worthy of you, and were always excellently behaved. Now, Sir, we ask this House to dedicate to them one day in the year. We ask that this day shall be kept in memory of them in the same manner as you keep a Sunday—that it shall not be a day for an extra race meeting or a day for jollification. We ask you to dedicate this day to the memory of those who dedicated their lives to you. I would ask this House to remember that on the sacrifices of those men alone who lie on the battlefields of the world rests the security of our Empire and the freedom of the world. Their sacrifices allowed you to remain in this country, to remain at home in comfort and security; their sacrifices protected your wealth, your trade, and your commerce. And remember, Sir, that because of their sacrifices alone you are permitted to sit in this House in government over this fair country; and in all earnestness I say that these men fought not to make a few men rich, but to make all men free. Sir, they realised that they had this great united Empire in their keeping, and that it was their duty to hand it on to the next generation; and it is our duty to hand it on to the next generation just as great and just as noble, and even stronger than it is to-day. I do not think there is any danger to our Empire so long as that noble spirit prevails. They fought to make our country nobler and better, and to make our people, if anything, a little less selfish than they are to-day. We ask you to pass this measure in memory of those seventeen thousand of our own dead whose graves lie scattered over the battlefields of the world, and whose little wooden crosses stand as noble monuments to their sacrifice and your liberty. We ask you to do this also for the sake of those who mourn in this country; there are great numbers of them, and I think it must be a painful thing for them to feel that there is no one day of national memorial for those who have sacrificed all. I hope the memory of our honoured dead will be a memory which will last for all time, and that it will lead to make us a little more tender, a little more thoughtful, and a little more considerate in our actions and conduct towards the living.

Mr Jennings (Waltomo).—Mr Speaker, I am sure there is no honourable member of this House who has listened to the honourable gentleman who introduced this Bill but will not feel fully convinced that the memory of those who passed away at Gallipoli—"Anzacs," as we call them—should be commemorated by this country for all time. I have had the privilege and the honour of being invited by the Soldiers' Association at Taumarunui, Te Kaiti, Waitara, and Ururui, to speak on each Anzac Day, and on those occasions I pointed out it was strange to me that there should have been some objection raised by one or two local bodies in my electorate to the addition of another day, to be called "Anzac Day," to the commemoration days now on our statute book. I have said, "I am a New Zealander. We celebrate in this country St. George's Day, St. Andrew's Day, and St. Patrick's Day, when, so far only as legend is concerned, many people in this country and who cared for us—knew that their sons, their husbands, their brothers were country know little about St. George, St. Andrew, or St. Patrick." But I do say, Sir, that throughout New Zealand there are many sorrowing homes in this Dominion where there is a vivid knowledge of what Anzac Day means. I am not going

to labour this question, after what has been so well said by the honourable member who introduced the Bill, because I feel quite sure that this House as representing the people of New Zealand will agree that New Zealand shall have a memorial day to be known as "Anzac Day," not for horse-racing—though I am a "sport"—but for the due recognition of the sacrifices of those dear ones we hold in memory. In conclusion, Sir, I wish to give to the House one verse of "The Farewell to Anzac," and my honourable friend who moved the Bill will appreciate it—

Leaving them, oh, leaving them,
The bravest and the best;
Forsaking them, God bless them!
Leaving them to rest.
We did our best with yesterday,
To-morrow's still our own,
But we are leaving them,
Sleeping all alone!

Mr Speaker, I hope that the proposal in this Bill—which, I am sure, is going on the statute book—will serve to remind those who come after us what our boys did for our flag, our country, and our Empire.

The Right Hon. Mr Massey (Prime Minister).—Mr Speaker, it gives me very great pleasure to support the second reading of the Bill which has been moved by the honourable member for Wellington South. I do not think I need to remind honourable members that for a number of years past, even before the armistice, I have been strongly of the opinion—and I have expressed that opinion in the House—that when the war came to an end a day should be set apart to celebrate the doing of our troops, of our sailors, and of our airmen in the Great War. I know of no more suitable day than Anzac Day, and I am pleased that this day has been selected by our returned soldiers, a day when we shall be able, in time to come, to celebrate not only the landing at Gallipoli—where deeds were done which have never been excelled and seldom equalled in the history of all the great wars of the world—when we shall be able to recite not only the stories of the Great War itself, wherever fighting took place on the different battlefronts. I hope that Anzac Day will be, as has been suggested, a holy day rather than a holiday, and I hope the law of the country will make it impossible for any one to indulge in sport such as we are in the habit of holding on ordinary holidays, and to which at the proper time I have no objection. I hope it will be a day of rejoicing—rejoicing for the mercies vouchsafed to us, rejoicing for the spirit with which our fighting men and the citizens of the Empire all over the world were inspired through the dark days of the Great War, rejoicing for the fact that the war has left us a free people and a great Empire, greater and more united than at any other time in its history. Let it be a day of thanksgiving as well as rejoicing. Let us not forget also a day of mourning for our gallant dead—for the hundreds and thousands of British citizens, for the hundreds and thousands of our Allies, and for the many thousands who went from this country, and who never came back. Their bodies rest in peace, but their names will live for ever, and the deeds for which they were responsible will never be forgotten so long as this world lasts. The honourable member for Waitomo quoted a verse of a poem with which I am acquainted. I want to quote from Shakespeare words which he has put into the mouth of Henry V. prior to the Battle of Agincourt, and which apply particularly to the deeds done on Gallipoli, and to many of the battles that took place in the different countries where fighting went on. Shakespeare makes Henry V. say, when addressing his troops:—

He that outlives this day, and comes
safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is
named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old
age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his
neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian!"
Then will he strip his sleeve and show
his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on
Crispian's Day."

Old men forget; yet all shall be fought
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day.

Substitute "Anzac Day" for "Crispian's Day," and it applies almost exactly. I trust the Bill will pass into law without opposition. Sir, it will be a day, I hope, when the story of Anzac will be told to the rising generations for all time to come, when they will be reminded for their privileges as British citizens—and not only of their privileges, but of their duties, and of their duty, speaking from the point of view of the Empire, is to maintain the glory of this great Empire of ours in the years to come; and in doing that, as the mover said in his speech on the second reading of this Bill, to make it greater, brighter, and nobler than it has ever been up to the present.

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MOTORING NOTES.

DIRT IN THE ENGINE.

Many drivers raise their engine hoods in hot weather, believing this will help keep the engine cool. At the same time, however, road dust and dirt will more easily get inside the cylinders, either through the carburettor or the crankcase breather pipe. And the resultant trouble is not worth the preventive step against overheating.

LUBRICATING OILS.

It is false economy to use any but the finest lubricating oils of the highest ash point obtainable. More damage can be done to an explosive engine with a few hours' running using low ash point oils than thousands of miles with the finest oils. The chief essentials of first-class lubricating oils are a high ash point and good viscosity at higher temperatures. It is also essential that the oil must be entirely free from acid. The biggest percentage of engine troubles is due to incorrect lubricating or faulty lubricants.

PAINTING THE CAR.

An expert carriage painter only, can obtain the real "factory finish," but it's well to know how to do the work yourself. When the surface is in good condition, and it is desired merely to freshen the colours, clean off all dust, dirt, and grease with benzine or turpentine. Next sandpaper lightly to cut the gloss, and then apply one or two coats of a good automobile finishing varnish. If it is desired to change the colour, first thoroughly clean off all foreign matter with sandpaper, apply two coats of automobile enamel of the desired colour, and varnish.

LUBRICATION.

Motorists who do not think they are getting sufficient mileage from a gallon of benzine should take care to lubricate their cars properly. Friction is the greatest enemy of the gas engine and the best decelerator in the world. One of the points forgotten by many motorists is the careful oiling of the valve-stems. On a long drive or where the car is being used with regularity, the oiling of these stems with a good grade of oil will make an appreciable addition to the miles per gallon and will greatly increase the efficiency and pulling power of the car.

IMPROVEMENTS IN APPEARANCE.
When motor-cars were first built they were designed more for their mechanical features than for any attempt at the beautiful. The first cars looked like ordinary buggies without the shafts for the horses. Then came the body with the entrance at the rear, with a little step that folded against the stoop. These were high and the passengers looked as if they were riding in a second-storey house. Then came the car with the doors on the side, but still without a hood or windshield. These were hardly more comfortable than their real predecessors. Then the car with stream lines, and top and windshield, and four cylinders and every modern accessory.

WELL-INFLATED TYRES.

If the tyres are kept properly inflated, the principal cause of most tyre trouble will be eliminated. Repair shop statistics show that 75 per cent. of all tyre troubles are directly due to insufficient inflation. The best puncture preventive is plenty of air. An under-inflated tyre is far more apt to pick up a sharp object than one which remains perfectly round under load. You safeguard yourself against trouble on the road—unpleasant work and annoyance of repairing punctures—when you inflate your tyres to recommended pressures. Motorists who never regard the necessity of keeping their tyres properly inflated are often the ones who complain when adjustments are asked on faulty tyres and this carelessness must be taken into consideration.

The following prices will show the value in London and Invercargill:—

Car.	London.	Invercargill.
Chandler Six	850	775
Thompson	795	695
Briscoe	515	485
Maxwell	500	525
Oakland	495	480
Chevrolet	435	435

Under the auspices of the Victorian Motor Cycle Club, a new world's record has been set by Parsons, on an Indian Scout. Parsons smashed Komer's world and 579 miles in twelve hours. These, and cycle for 600 cubic centimetre machines in twenty-four hours.

Parsons covered 1104½ miles in 24 hours and 579 in twelve hours. These, and all intermediate times and distances create new world road records irrespective of power. The Standard Scout model was used and positively no replacements were made during the ride. The last 10½ miles were covered in the record time of eleven minutes and the machine finished in a perfect condition. Remembering the state of the Australian roads, this is considered the world's greatest motor cycle performance.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The concluding paragraph of this column in last week's issue, was as follows:—"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." The latter portion should read "and not intended as a scientific definition." We are not possessed of a sufficient degree of recklessness to make an assertion which might provoke the displeasure of "A" and "John."

Reference to our notes last week, will indicate that, within our experience, energy is never created or destroyed, and that, when it appears, or disappears, it is always transformed into a quantity or quantities of energy in some other places or forms, but exactly equal in amount to the original energy.

This great law, then, radium appears to disobey. In the first place radium is constantly throwing off heat, without itself getting any colder, although it has no apparent source of supply from which it can replace the heat it has lost, thus leaving itself open to the same suspicions as those who are constantly spending money without any visible means of support.

Now, we know that a footwarmer will gradually cool down to the temperature of surrounding objects. The mere fact that we feel an object to be warm, implies that it is giving up warmth or heat to us, that is to say, it is getting cooler.

Heat, like sound, is a form of energy, that is of movement of matter, and, like other forms of energy, becomes exhausted in the material at its source by dissipation through surrounding material. It may, however, be replaced as fast as it is dissipated.

This, one end of a poker, which is constantly giving heat energy to the surrounding ether, may be constantly receiving fresh heat energy through the other end from a hot fire; and while that is the case, the outer end need not grow cooler.

With radium it is different. This wonderful substance can keep warm and give heat energy to the ether, and other things around, without itself getting any cooler, although the dissipated energy is not replaced from any visible external source, as a fire, etc.

An other form in which radium is constantly giving out energy is that of certain rays, which like the Röntgen rays, can pass through opaque materials, and then act upon a photographic plate.

Röntgen rays are named after Professor Röntgen.

Radium is constantly producing electricity with which it charges itself.

Radium is constantly producing the ionisation of the surrounding air.

Dry air is not a conductor of electricity, but if the molecules and atoms of nitrogen and oxygen, which compose the air, are broken up into smaller parts, called ions, each of which is capable of carrying an electric charge, the air is in that way made into a conductor.

Other phenomena of a chemical or physical kind, show that radium is constantly putting forth active forces capable of influencing other objects.

A radium salt, if dissolved in water decomposes it. In the course of a day, hydrogen and oxygen gases are produced in this way to the extent of more than 100 times the volume of radium itself.

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.

MANDEVILLE NOTES.

The weather here for the past fortnight has been ideal—in fact—much better than it has been in some other places, Hokitika for instance. An ideal day was experienced by the "stay at homes" in Mandeville on Sunday last, whilst rain was encountered in various other places by those who roamed afar in cars.

The soldiers' memorial, which is being erected in a central site in the township, has been in a half-finished condition for some time now. This, though unfortunately nobody's fault. When the contractor, Digger A. E. Fraser, undertook the job, he impressed it on the committee, that although he could guarantee the concrete foundation (part of it), he could not make sure of getting material for the granite spire. However, all things come to those who wait, and we hope to have the pleasure at no distant date, of welcoming the editor of "The Digger" at the unveiling ceremony.

Thanks to the energy of the local branch of the Farmer's Union, ably backed up by Awarua Hamilton, our M.P., the Railway Department has at last made a start to improve our railway station and yard generally. A gang of men have been busy, this past week pulling things to pieces, and reconstructing on more up-to-date and convenient lines.

The dancing fever still rages. The men have run themselves to a standstill, so the ladies have decided to carry on with a ball on the 14th. The writer is pleased to have been informed that Diggers are to be specially welcomed, and a good time is anticipated even though the "air raid" waltz will be omitted from the programme, but a waltzing competition will take its place.

Mr F. E. Jones, the popular Timaru trainer of light harness horses, who piloted the local trotter, Royal Step, in his two victories at Addington recently, paid a visit to Mandeville, in order to shake hands with Mr W. McLeod, the lucky owner. Although his stay was short, we are sure he enjoyed himself, but we hope to hear of him again on Labour Day, at Gore.

Miss Roche is holiday making in Timaru and Christchurch.

Miss M. Stephens, our local school teacher, is looking forward to spending next week in Dunedin. We hope she will find time to read "The Digger," which I think she will.

Owing to the soaring price of petrol, joy rides are rather an expensive luxury. But nevertheless, despite all counter attractions, Mr R. Crombie set out for Invercargill last Thursday morning, per traction engine. Late on Saturday night his anxious parents were greatly relieved by the appearance of smoke and sparks on the horizon, which announced his arrival into the metropolis of Southland.

Since his arrival there he has been busily engaged in drain ploughing his father's property in Mill Road. We all hope to see him safely back for the ladies' ball.

Mr J. Fortune has recently disposed of his property at Otama, to Mr J. Miller, of Gisborne, to the tune of £30 an acre. Mr Fortune intends to settle in Mandeville with his uncle. A Fortune is always welcome to this district.

The local surfaceman, Mr T. Mee, with the assistance of Mr P. Cooney and his team, has been busy with the grader, reforming the roads between Pyramid and Otamita, and by the appearance of the debris on different parts of the road one would think they have at least succeeded in taking some of the numerous twists out of it. Nevertheless, motorists greatly appreciate the improved conditions.

WAR TROPHIES.

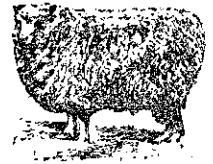
In addition to asking the loyal co-operation of all soldiers for transport publications for the public library, we are anxious to receive on behalf of the Southland War Museum a collection of trophies. It is very important that nothing be lost that will be in any way a war trophy. Southland soldiers 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.

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Books to Read.

LATEST DETECTIVE NOVELS,
5/6.

BERNARD TREVES' BOOTS (Lawrence Clarke).

THE BROKEN FANG (Vel Key).

HON. ALGERNON KNOX (F. Philip Oppenheim).

THE HOUSE OF DANGER (Guy Thrine).

GULE (Heaton Hill).

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

THE CAMP OF FEAR (Leslie Howard Gordon).

KATE PLUS TEN (Edgar Wallace).

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"Then you'll admit that advertising pays?"
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THE REASON WHY.

"How is it that you have confidence in that lady doctor? She is so young."
"Ah, but you see, my dear, I only have her to doctor the small children."

THE DECEIVER.

Edith: "What is the translation of the motto in the ring you gave me?"
Edward: "Faithful to the last."
Edith: "The last! You deceitful thing. You told me I was the first."

SOME LUCK.

"Seven years' penal servitude," said the Judge to a consumptive criminal.
"Thank you, my lord; I thank you from the bottom of my heart," cried the man. "My fool of a doctor only gave me six months."

AT THE THEATRE.

Playgoer: "How tiresome those people just in front of us are! They haven't stopped talking for one minute ever since the curtain went up."

Neighbour: "Hush. Don't ask them not to do so, but appear to be listening to what they are saying and they won't go on."

THEY COME HIGH.

A stranger in New York asked a newsboy to direct him to a certain bank, promising him half a dollar for it. The boy took him about three doors away, and there was the bank. Paying the fee, the man said, "That was half a dollar easily earned, son."
"Sure," said the boy, "but you mustn't forget that bank directors is paid high in New York."

A NUTTY FLAVOUR.

"Hallo, Jimmy," said the Mess-Sergeant, as the Commanding Officer's batman volplaned down the mess-room stairs and "crashed" on the mat at the bottom. "You look as though you'd been struck by a shell."

"Well, I haven't, sergeant," retorted Jimmy, "but I've been kicked by a Colonel (kernel)."

DISCORD.

Commanding Officer: Mr Jones, what the deuce is the meaning of that noise outside the Orderly Room?"

Irresponsible Subaltern: "If you please, sir, it is two keys debating."

C.O.: "Two keys debating? What the devil do you mean, sir?"

LS.: "Well, sir, it is the Major having an argument with a minor."

ONE BOTTLE ONLY.

The great liner was about to be launched. A disciple of Pussyfoot thought the occasion opportune for passing a few remarks.

"I simply detest," he was heard to exclaim, "this brainless custom of christening the ship with champagne."

"Say, matey," broke in a workman, "doesn't this ere ship set us a good example?"

"In what way?" asked the temperance advocate.

"Why, matey," was the response, "doesn't she take more than one bottle?"

Enver Pasha has left for Moscow where he will carry on an agitation to raise the whole Mohammedan world against Britain.

Mumps are very prevalent in Hamilton just now. Five teachers and 180 pupils of the Hamilton school are suffering from the complaint.

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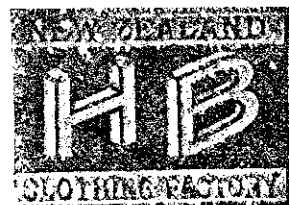
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