

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

FARMS.

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

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

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

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

F. H. TUCKER,

LAND AGENT.

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

MY PRICES—

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

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

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

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T. Hide,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

**GILCHRIST'S
COUGH ELIXIR.**

**FOR COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA
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W. G. Gilchrist,

PRESCRIPTION CHEMIST,

GRAND PHARMACY,

DEE ST., INVERCARGILL.

LADIES

KEEP DOWN YOUR

MILLINERY BILL

BY USING OUR STRAWINE—

MAKES OLD HATS NEW.

WE HAVE IT IN ALL SHADES.

NOBLE'S

Dee street, Invercargill.

BLUFF NOTES.

Remember that Sam Hodgkinson has turned prohibitionist.

The s.s. Palosca is expected to arrive about the 20th September.

The Kiwarra is expected to arrive with 4,000 tons of bulk phosphates from Makatea Island on Monday next.

His Worship the Mayor, Mr. J. S. McDougall, has been appointed by the Council to represent the Borough on the Southland League.

A child belonging to Mr Edge met with an accident by falling off a bicycle. The child was motored into Invercargill where it was found its leg had been broken.

Bradshaw's new building is up-to-date, and a good class of building which will be convenient and provide a good display of goods. It is the class of building Bluff could do with more of.

Be careful Mac. Do you remember stating that there were three parties to blame. The members of the Electric Light Committee, the Town Clerk and those who were using the light.

Kissing seems a very interesting pastime at the Bluff. I noticed a young lady make frequent stops in the main street to kiss the young gentleman who accompanied her.

A notice in a shop window at the Bluff states "That owing to the shortage of paper, purchasers are asked to bring their own paper." The time is not far away when we will be taking our own blankets to the lodging house.

Overheard in the Bluff train: "Really it is a weight on one's mind." The idea of a "weight" seemed unique and we're wondering whether she was thinking of the Borough Council.

There is considerable discontent at the exorbitant increase of railway fares on the Bluff-Invercargill line. Representations have been made to the Member for the District and it is hoped equity will be established.

Mr W. Hinchey has written a book on the Social Structure. It is a local production penned by Mr Hinchey and published by the "Southland News." It is also original and we shall have something more to say about it later.

A local cafe has at least benefited by the discussion on Local Industry associated with Edge's cab. "COSMOPOLITON CAFE" is painted in large letters over the door. Unless our eyesight is bad it is certainly a unique sort of cafe.

The idea of some members of the Council to lease the reserve for grazing purposes seems extraordinary. Allowing cattle to run on the Reserves which is the collecting area from whence the townspeople draw their water supply is not calculated to give the residents pure water.

The Town Clerk stated at the last meeting of the Bluff Borough Council, that he was expected to read meters, collect dog taxes, etc. In view of the fact that the Council is being presented with a machine gun, a local Councillor suggests using it on the dogs and thus relieving the Town Clerk of the duty of collecting.

The "Bluff Press" in reporting the Borough Council meeting states: "—applied to the Council to undertake formation of asphalt in front of their new shop.—Granted on usual terms."

If "usual terms" are the same as the administration of the electric light department, we should say that it is most "unusual."

The Defence Department advised that they have a quantity of gun-powder for disposal.—Received. Borough Council report.

No doubt it could be used to advantage, but since it has been "Received" we're wondering whether Edge's cab still hangs on two wheels.

Mr — applied for permission to erect pigsties.—Referred to Building Committee.—Borough Council's report.

The Building Committee will be the next to complain of over-pressure of work.

He came to the Bluff last Friday week, And he's coming again to-day, And the question is one which you need not ask

Of where he is going to stay ; For the place where they serve and treat you well

Is Hinchey's, Gore street, Eagle Hotel.

The "Bluff Press" states that it is the most southerly newspaper in the "Universe." Seeing that Universe constitutes the planet on which we live, the sun, the moon, stars and millions of heavenly bodies, both seen and unseen, we're wondering what the inhabitants of the planet Mars think of it.

Things are upside down in Municipal affairs just now. It has turned out that the electric light meters have not been read for about four years. About two years ago it was found that the Electric Department was not paying and this involved an increase of rates. It seems strange that at this meeting the Council was not advised of the position.

The Mayor: "This business is unfortunate, but we must make the best of it."

Report of Borough Council meeting in "Bluff Press." Nothing like taking a philosophical view of what is unique in the annals of Local Government administration.

Cr. D. McKenzie: "I know of some. I am a working man myself and my meter was not read."—Council report, "Bluff Press."

The Town Clerk: "Only those whose meters were out of order were not read, and yours was out of order."—"Bluff Press" report of Borough Council Meeting.

In view of the fact that the meters were not read for a period extending over years, it is suggested that in order to have any knowledge of the condition of the meters a sort of telephatic communication has been established between the meters and the Borough Council.

Cr. Cameron: "A good many of these people from what I can 'learn' were glad that no accounts were rendered to them."

Quite right, Cr. Cameron, the accounts were LEAN, in fact too much so for the benefit of the ratepayers.

Cr. D. McKenzie: "How are the working men who have received bills amounting to £10 and £12 to get on?"

Up to the present, at least, they have put it across the Council of business men.

The "Bluff Press" reports the Wanganui boys' visit to the Bluff, indicating that they fortified themselves with a good feed of oysters. Then it states "There is a wide difference between the behaviour of an oyster in his home town and the time he reaches the North Island market." Quite so. There is a difference in the "behaviour of oysters" but it is one of the penalties we pay for over-indulgence.

Wattie Fewster, of Ocean Beach, refereed at the Invercargill Boxing Tourney. Just quietly, Wattie is not bad, and can fill the bill all right. There are some good lads around Bluff and Wattie is one of them.

Very good progress is being made for the purpose of quarrying the Bluff granite. The road is almost completed, poles for carrying electric wires to the works and the site for building is also finished. The owners are going to work in a workman-like manner. It is proposed to have air compressors and other up-to-date machinery. It is a good class of stone and the venture should be a good one for the Bluff.

A local resident who is possessed of the weakness of putting every bob under the clock, is said to have exemplified it in a recent 'phone message with the local butcher.

Ring on the 'phone: "Is that Smith, the butcher?"—"Yes." "Well before sending up the meat, please put in 3d worth of cat's meat."—"Very well, Thank you."—Ring off.

Telephone rings again: "Is that Smith, the butcher?"—"Yes."

"Have you sent the meat yet?"

"No!"

"Then never mind the cat's meat, the cat has just caught a bird on the lawn."

It is said that he is a little more extravagant now, and has adopted the wick.

A local shop-keeper has the following displayed in the window:

NOTICE

Agents for Bluff Carrying Co., etc.

Orders taken for Cab.

We're wondering whether it has any reference to EDGE'S cab which upset the equilibrium of the Borough Council. Cr. Walker called it "a rickety old cab." In a letter to the "Bluff Press," a correspondent, "Local Industry" asks where would Bluff be without a cab? As far as we know it would still be in the same place. But the most interesting feature is the incentive to local industry, which is evidently still existent as evidenced by the order for the cab. The same correspondent states "Cr. Parker has been a Councillor for a long time and should know by this time that it is the duty of a public body like the Council to preserve

local industry and not make it kick the bucket. Presumably Edge's cab was a sample of local industry. But why say "kick the bucket" when the local industry is XXXX.

Mr S. Ferguson, hairdresser and tobacconist, and G. V. Edge, confectioner and news agent, are both agents for the "Digger." Besides delivering the goods in their own respective lines of business, they can deliver the "Digger" too. If you enjoy reading the sins and transgressions of others, don't fail to order your copy. Don't act on hearsay, get a copy and read it for yourselves. The "Digger" has the largest circulation of any weekly south of Dunedin, and can be obtained all over Southland, South Otago and further north, even as far as Auckland. If you are in business and desire to bring your wares before the purchasing public, the "Digger" is the paper to effectually do it. If you wish to join the ranks of those who have already benefited by their advertisements in this journal, then write to Box 310, Invercargill, stating the space you require and we will be pleased to send you our price for contract. Remember our advertising is not cheap. It is a fair and adequate remuneration for the services we can render. Cheap advertising, like cheap goods, has a considerable attraction to the public, but the practical business man knows that a journal that can command a reasonable remuneration for services rendered is the cheapest in the long run. Ring 'phone 1436 or in preference write to us and your communication will receive the necessary courtesy and promptitude essential to sound business trading.

The Bluff boys did not contest any of the events at the Invercargill Boxing Tourney. It is possible they would have contributed nine events and their absence was a decided loss. It appears that the Association neglected to put on a special train and the Bluff boys had to leave work and get back again for work. This necessitated them hiring a car to return the same night. They put in expenses to the Association amounting to a guinea each, this merely covered the cost of the car and other necessary extras were not included. The Boxing Association only allowed each man 10s 6d, and naturally enough there is strong local feeling with the result that the boys declined to spar. The Boxing Association seems to stand on too much red tape and must remember that it exists for the benefit of the sport and not the sport for the benefit of the Association. It is quite unnecessary to adopt the hair-splitting principle and every facility should be provided which will enable men from the outlying districts to contest. Two of the boys alone lost eight hours each at 3s 11d per hour besides extras and their claim should receive justice before any impartial tribunal. Another matter is the recent Bluff Tourney. A set of gloves cannot be bought for under four guineas and if there were no trainers there would be no Association. The Bluff boys claim that the surplus should have provided equipment for the schools. A set of gloves were sold to an outsider for £2 2s now, why were the local schools not given a chance. Whatever may be the strict letter of the law, in the matter, the Bluff boys have just reason to complain and should stick it.

PRICE OF THINGS.

You surely are the most valiant wings,
Price of Things, O Price of Things!
Their flap is hard by skulking boove,
By folding beds and baby shoes.
It seems there's nothing left on earth
That we can buy for what it's worth
Which leaves us scant excuse for mirth,
Price of Things, O Price of Things!

How distant seems but yesterday,
When I was master of my pay.
I gave a bit and spent a bit;
I even saved and lent a bit.
My heels were straight, my trousers pressed;
In overalls I felt undressed—
A credit to my family crest!
Price of Things, O Price of Things!

I gave against the ills of war;
Returning, gave a great deal more.
The former earned my country's cheers,
The latter helped the profiteers.
In food and clothing and in rent,
In everything on which I've spent
My cash, and now I'm badly bent,
Price of Things, O Price of Things!

'Tis well I'm strong for what may come,
But hear the wail from yonder slum.
The foremost name on every tongue
Is yours, and bitterly it's wrong
Where earnestly the prayer is said,
"Give us this day our daily bread,"
And starving homes must speed their dead
Upon your wings, O Price of Things!
"American Life."—Philip S. McCormick.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

An Irish crier at Dublin being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement, "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must leave the court."

Mrs Brown: "You know I'm quite a near neighbour of yours now, Mrs Tooley. I've just taken a little house on the river."
Mrs Tooley: "Oh! well, I hope you'll drop in some day."

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavouring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed: "I shall never get them on at all until I wear them a day or two."

Says Norah to Pat, "The other night when I was up to O'Sullivan's, you said you was going to get work next week at 17.15 Per? Now, what the devil did you mean by Per?" "Why," says Pat, "you could goose, don't you see into it, it means 'perhaps.'"

Policeman Sparrow: "Tis the finest Frinch nurse yere aither makin', Biddy."
Biddy Baby carriage: "Frinch nurse, is it? Frinch nurse? O'll give yez to understand that I'm just as much a chauffeur as th' operator of any other horseless carriage."

An Irishman after witnessing the wonderful performances of Blind Tom, the pianist, remarked to his friend, "The powers, that's the best music I ever heard wid me two ears."

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, was applied to by a friend for his autograph, to which he replied:
"Sir, I never send autographs,
Yours,
Daniel O'Connell."

Mr Casey: "Let me off at Milltown."
Conductor: "We don't stop; this is a through train."

Mr Casey: "Thin, playse, sor, will yeshop long enough for me to tell Bridget that it's carried through I am."

An Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window was making the best of his way out of sight; but unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him; and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed: "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"
"To be sure, I did," said Pat; "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

Mr Hogan, after hammering on the door for five minutes: "Is is dead or alive ye are?"

Mr Grogan, within: "Nayther; I'm shlapin'."

Among the conditions of sale by an Irish auctioneer was the following: "The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more."

"How old was the wall that fell on me?" said the Irishman to the policeman who was taking him in the ambulance to the hospital.

"Oh, I should say about eighty years," answered the policeman.

"Just my luck," said Pat. "I only arrived yesterday, and it waited all that time for me."

Mrs Dooley asked a druggist the other day if he had any soap.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Do you want it scented or unscented?"

Mrs Dooley: "Well, bein' it's so small, I guess I'll take it along with me."

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost?" inquired Branigan, cautiously.

"No." "Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham, if you please."

AN UNSPEAKABLE OUTRAGE.

"You don't know what torture is," said Brown to Smith.

"What is it then?" asked Smith.

"I suffered it yesterday," answered Brown, "when the barber had my mouth full of lather and I sat there watching the shop boy giving my umbrella to another customer!"

SLOW TRAVELLING.

Schoolmaster: "Why are you late, Patrick?"

Patrick: "Tis me new boots, sorr."

"New boots don't necessarily make one late," said the master.

"Well, you see, sorr, mother forgot to cut the string."