



NO. 32.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1920.

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LICENSED SECOND-HAND DEALER.

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WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS!

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

LEAVE.

I want to stroll down Bond Street,
Lord, what memories it brings!
I want to see shop windows
Full of flimsy things,
Rosy pink and pale blue mysteries,
You know the kind I mean.
(Are boudoir caps still in fashion?
Do they still wear crepe-de-Chine?)

I long for Piccadilly,
And its crowds of lovely girls,
With their neat silk-stockinged ank-
les
And their captivating curls.
With their thin, delicious blouses,
Dreams of silk and flimsy net,
(Are pink nighties now the fashion?
Or is it crepe Georgette?)

I dearly want to saunter
Along by Leicester Square,
And watch with fascination
The many gay sights there.
Maybe I'll see these visions
When next on leave I go,
And if I do, Old Thing, be sure,
I'll write and let you know.
C. Baker, (In-N. Z. at the Front.)

THE RAIDER.

The night is robed, like a princess fair,
In garments of fleecy cloud;
At her throat, the moon, like a jew-
el rare,
Lights up her beauty proud.

Hushed is the camp, where sleepers
dream
Of their far-off homes perchance.
A picture of Peace, in shade and
gleam,
And silvered radiance.

A drone above—a crashing jar—
The night is rent in twain.
The scene of Peace is smudged by
War:
The earth by a crimson stain.

The raider flees with craven speed,
Hidden in night's dark hood.
A cross of iron shall be his meed:
His victims cross—is wood.
"Beech" (In N.Z. at the Front.)

The sum of £10,000,000 is spent annu-
ally in the United States of America on
chewing gum.

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cubic feet.

THE Undermentioned goods are suited
for this season of the year. We ask
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a short while we will have a

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to make—a practical contribution in re-
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one hears so much. Meantime these are
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Tins French Beans, 1/6.
Haricot Beans, 5d.
Butter Beans, 7d.
Sago, 5d.
Rice, 8d.
Prunes, 1/3.
Packets Dates, 10d.
Small Tins Glaxo, 1/3.
Redwing Egg Preserver, 9d.
Dried Peaches, 1/10.
Cocoa, Butter substitute for baking,
1/5.
Brushware, large assortment.
Marmite, 2oz 1/4, 4oz 2/6, 8oz 4/6.
Fruiteria Essence, 1/6 and 2/- per bottle.
Caramel Cereal, 1/3 per packet.
Gluten Biscuits, 3/3 per packet.
Granose Biscuits, 1/6 per packet.
Granola Meal, 10d per packet.
Toasted Cornflakes, 1/9 per packet.
Post Toasties, 2/3 per packet.
Puffed Wheat, 1/9 per packet.
Froggatt's Honey, 2/3 per tin.
Fig Conserve, 1/8 per tin.
Seeded Raisins, 1/3 per packet.
Birk's Junket Powder, 1/3 bottle.
Foster Clark's Soups, 5d a packet.

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Pickles and Condiments just to hand.

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GRAND HOTEL CORNER.

THE SILENT WIFE!

Remarkable Drama of Married Life.

By MARK ENGLISH.

THE FIRST PART.

Doris Thobury, the sister of the children's ward, was telling the little ones stories, when the door opened and the matron and Dr Weston came in. Doris's cheeks took a deep tint, for she loved the kindly, grave-faced young doctor deeply.

As the doctor went his rounds, she held each little patient's hand, for the pain never seemed so bad when Sister Doris was near, and when all the patients had been examined her duty for the day was over.

As she was going out of the Cottage Hospital gate, Paul Weston overtook her.

"May I accompany you?" he asked, and she smiled and nodded. They spoke of many things, and at last when they had reached a more secluded spot the doctor seized her hand.

"Miss Thobury," he said, "I love you—I love you with all my heart and soul. Will you be my wife?" She looked at him steadfastly as she answered "Yes." It was some time later when they parted, and when they did so Doris was the happiest girl in the world.

The next morning she received a telegram: "Come home immediately," it ran. "You are wanted at once." And a little later she was speeding towards her home.

At the very moment she was answering Paul Weston on the previous night, an interview was going on which was to alter her whole life.

"Those are my terms; take them or leave them. Accept them and I pull you through; refuse and you are ruined!" The speaker, Roger Armer, was a strong, hard man; he was Walter Thobury's manager, and the man he faced as he uttered those words was Walter Thobury himself.

Doris's father was a failure; he was weak and lazy, and as he faced his manager he looked frightened. His uncle had died and left him the huge business of Thobury and Co. But he did not trouble himself about the business; he left it all in the hands of Roger Armer. And now he found that he was on the brink of ruin, and only Armer could pull him through, and that he would only do so on one condition, and that was that he should marry Doris. And in his weakness and fear of ruin the crushed man agreed—actually agreed to sacrifice his daughter to save himself.

When he told Doris she was horrified. "Father," she cried, "you are not in earnest. Marry Mr Armer? I couldn't. You can't mean it." At last she cast aside all her hopes for the future and promised. That evening she wrote a short note to Paul Weston telling him she had changed her mind and could never be his wife.

Her engagement to Armer was announced, and eventually Doris Thobury became Doris Armer.

CHAPTER VIII.

"HE TOLD YOU A LIE."

The honeymoon month had passed monotonously for Doris Armer. Roger had been unable to take a holiday and so the four endless weeks—to Mrs Armer—had been spent at her new home at West ways Court.

To the man the days had flown by, for Roger Armer was now partner, instead of manager, and under his firm if somewhat hard, rule Thobury and Armer prospered exceedingly.

His father-in-law purred with satisfaction. He could be as lazy as he liked, free to do what he liked with his income. "Armer was one of the best," he declared. "He had saved the business from ruin, had taken Doris without a dowry, given her a splendid home, loaded her with costly presents. On her birthday he had given her a diamond tiara. She was the envy of the neighbourhood; she had nothing to complain of."

So he argued in smug satisfaction, giving no heed to the sufferings of the girl who had paid the price of his selfishness and folly.

And Doris herself? What were her ideas on the subject?

She could not help feeling grateful at times to her husband for saving her weak father from ruin. Anyhow, Roger had

kept his part of the contract. All was well in the city.

"But," she thought, during one wet afternoon, as she sat in the window of her beautiful room looking out on the sodden gardens and the misty park beyond, "how much more grateful she would have been if Roger had not set the price of herself as his reward for doing what he had done! He called it love," she told herself drearily, "but it was only to show his power. He is hard; a vein of cruelty runs through him. To gain the mastery over creatures more helpless than himself he would do anything."

And then, as though to prove her words true, the sound of thundering hoofs struck upon her ears. She opened the window and stepped out on to the covered terrace.

Beyond the garden, in the meadow, Roger was scolding a young horse. He was a superb and fearless rider, and looked his best—and this was saying a good deal, for Roger Armer was a very handsome man.

The chestnut, a beautiful creature, flung up his head and refused again and again, and again and again Armer struck it.

Then, seeing that, for some reason or other, the horse still refused the jump, its rider dug his spurs savagely into it, until a small stream of blood flowed slowly down its glossy coat.

For several minutes the girl watched the unequal contest—for from the first she had no doubt as to who the victor would be—and then, unable to bear the sight any longer, she ran down the garden and called to her husband over the fence.

"Oh, how can you be so cruel, so brutal!" Her voice choked with pity, in which a note of contempt ran. "You know he's frightened. You will not break his spirit by fear. Be gentle with him. Try love."

He backed the quivering animal beneath the sunk fence and looked up at her. His eyes were blazing, his mouth set in a hard line.

"I tried love once, and it failed!" he said coldly. "I will be obeyed at all cost!"

"Oh!" she cried bitterly. "Don't I know that—I, the being you promised to love and cherish, know of what you are capable! But you will never conquer me as you have that poor dumb brute!"

A cold smile flickered on the man's handsome face, but he gave no sign of his feelings—unless the fact that he dug his spurs into the horse's quivering flank could be taken as such.

"Had you not better go in, Doris?" he said quietly. "You are getting wet. I do not intend to leave the meadow until I have made the Demon take his jump. If you do not care for my particular method of making an obstinate animal obey me, why not go to a room that looks out another way? There are plenty, surely."

He set the horse once more at the obstacle. Doris, fascinated by this struggle of wills, passively hoping that the Demon would prove the victor, returned to the terrace.

Needless to say who won. With a snort of rage and despair, the Demon at last gave in. He rose high and leaped the fence.

Many a rider would have been unseated, Roger sat like a rock, and, as he turned to the stables, he patted the vanquished animal kindly on its flecked neck.

"Why couldn't you have given in sooner, old boy? You'd have saved yourself a lot of misery." He dropped from the saddle and flung the reins to a groom. "Give the Demon a warm mash," he said. "He was a bit obstinate, but I've mastered him."

"Ay, sir, that you have." The groom looked after the tall, fine figure. "Ay, he's a man, every inch o' him! A bit hard, maybe, but just. Mr Armer's a master worth having."

Had Doris seen Roger pet and encourage the horse—who, to show he bore his master no malice, rubbed his velvet muzzle against his coat-sleeve—she might have thought of him more kindly. But she did not, and the canker in her mind grew more deadly.

"Please, madam, can I have a word with you?"

Doris, stepping back through the window, turned startled eyes on the gaunt figure of a man who had suddenly appeared from behind a clump of evergreens.

"You're Mrs Armer, aren't you? Miss Doris Thobury that was? If you'll be so very good as to spare me five minutes, madam, I'll tell you something you ought to know."

Doris hesitated and looked more closely at the man. His face seemed familiar, but for the moment she could not recollect where she had seen him. He was smartly dressed in a morning coat and it was quite evident that he had held a good position.

"I waited for him to go." He pointed in the direction of the stables. "What I have to tell you is for your ears only, Mrs Armer."

"Come this way. I can't recall who you are, but I will hear what you have to say."

Doris guessed instinctively that the stranger's communication concerned her husband, and anything that had to do with the man to whom her life was linked fascinated her. She led him to her own sitting-room and bade him be seated.

"Your name and business?" she said, rather coldly.

For she felt that she was acting rashly. The man might be a burglar!

There was a desperate expression on the sallow face, as though he had tasted the very dregs of life.

And this was, indeed, the case. Henry Barlow, had reached the limit of endurance. His last chance lay in enlisting the sympathy of the girl before him.

"My name is Barlow, Mrs Armer. For years I was confidential clerk to Thobury and Armer, as it is now."

Doris experienced a sensation of relief. She knew now why the man's face was familiar. One day, when calling at the office for her father, she had spoken to Henry Barlow.

"Have you left them?" she asked, in surprise. "Why?"

"Because," he said bitterly, "I was sacked by Mr Armer."

"But—why?"

The man came closer.

"Because, madam," he said hoarsely, "I knew too much."

Now, indeed, was Doris astonished.

"Please explain what you mean, Mr Barlow. How could you know too much? I thought it was your business to know everything connected with the firm."

"Ah!" said Barlow. "But this was private business. It had nothing to do with finance. And yet it had," he added, as an afterthought.

"Mr Barlow," Doris said firmly, "you have some information for me. What is it?"

For a few seconds the ex-clerk hesitated. Then he said:

"Mr Armer sacked me as he was afraid I'd tell you how he got you to marry him."

A dull flush stained Doris's cheek.

"Does everyone know the reason?"

"It's pretty common knowledge, Mrs Armer, that you would never have broken off with your sweetheart and married Mr Armer unless he had—well, forced your hand, Mrs Armer—told you the business was on the verge of ruin, and that unless you accepted his offer he would let it go. To save Mr Thobury, you consented. Isn't that the case, madam? But there, I know it is, and so I won't press for an answer. What I've come to tell you is that what Roger Armer told your father and you was a lie."

"A lie! Then—then the business—"

The words stuck in Doris's throat. "Was absolutely solvent! There was no truth—not a particle of truth—in Mr Armer's statement of ruin. Never had Thobury and Co. been in so prosperous a condition. Roger Armer won you by a trick!"

Won by a trick! Then all her sacrifice, all her misery was for nothing! A fierce hatred for Roger Armer swept through her and her eyes blazed with the tumult of her anger.

Half afraid that her anger was diverted against himself, Barlow was seized with panic.

"But you will help me, please. Remember my wife, my children, my—"

It was then that the door opened and Roger himself strode in!

"I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE."

Doris looked at her husband, bitter contempt expressed on every delicate feature. Yet never, in the days Roger Armer had known this girl, had she looked so desir-

able in his eyes. It is not exaggerating to say that he would have given half the fortune he had amassed to gain one glance of love from those beautiful, contemptuous eyes.

But Armer was no fool. He knew this to be utterly impossible; and so there was but one thing to be done—rule her by fear!

But Doris did not look as though that would be an easy matter. There was something dauntless in her attitude that gave Armer qualms about the matter, and he waited as calmly as he could for her to speak.

She turned first to Barlow with, "Will you please leave me and wait in the hall?" and then waited as calmly as she could until the door closed behind him. Then she turned to Roger.

"You coward! you cad!" she rapped out so vehemently that Roger was startled from his iron coolness.

"What is it now?" he asked, although from the minute he saw Barlow he knew full well what was coming.

"Stand there! Don't come near me, for you are foul and unclean! I knew you for a cruel, merciless brute—now I know you for an unscrupulous, lying cheat. That man has told me all. My father was never bankrupt—and I, a weak, helpless girl, have been made to pay a price that was never on my head. Where is your honour, Roger Armer?"

"Do you want me to defend myself?" was the reply. "Then my defence is that I wanted you. All's fair in love and war. You made it war—not I."

"Love!" Doris' lip curled. "Don't desecrate a word of which you don't know the meaning. You gained me by a deliberate lie! I thought I was doing a noble thing to sacrifice myself for my father, and, after all, I have suffered and paid in vain."

The agony in the low, sweet voice cut Roger Armer to the heart; but, though inwardly he winced, he made no visible sign.

"And—my father," continued the young wife, "did he know? Was he in this horrible conspiracy to deceive me, or was he a victim as well as me?"

Armer shrugged his shoulders.

"If you like to put it so, he was."

"Oh, you coward!" The words came from between her clenched teeth. "Men and women are nothing to you. You crush hearts as though they were no more than stones. First my father, then me; and now you have brought an innocent man who found out your lie to destitution. What are you going to do for Henry Barlow?"

"Nothing."

"You are going to let him and his sick wife and ailing children starve?"

"No man with a brain need starve," Armer said coldly.

He was very angry with Barlow, and even more angry with himself—because, by reason of his hard dealing with his ex-clerk, he had placed himself in the man's power.

But then, he reasoned, his harshness was not altogether due to the fear that Doris should discover the secret he had so successfully concealed from his indolent partner, Thobury; who had not even brain or courage enough to investigate the truth of his assertion of impending ruin.

Henry Barlow had one terrible fault. His downfall was due to drink. Armer, who liked the man, had spoken to him kindly though firmly—begging him, for the sake of his wife and family, to give up a vice which was bound in the end to ruin him.

Barlow had promised to do this, but failed to keep his word; and at length Armer had been obliged to threaten summary dismissal.

It was then that Henry Barlow, casting about for some means of preventing this, had discovered the reason why beautiful Doris had thrown over her fiance to marry a man she evidently loathed.

Armed with this information, he had gone to Armer and dared him to dismiss him.

"I will let her know—she and her father, too," he said.

For answer, Roger Armer had ordered him out of the office there and then.

"Repeat your threat," he said, "and I will prosecute you for blackmail. Here is your week's salary."

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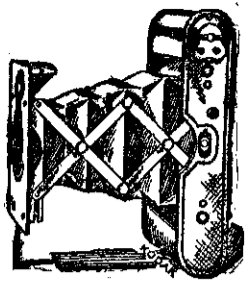
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ment in their unhappy married life, he wondered if he had been wise. After all he might have retained Barlow in the firm, for he considered the man a valuable servant.

It was Henry Barlow's threat that had set his back up, as opposition of every description invariably did.

Had Doris pleaded to him, begged him to give her time to get over her disappointment and distress, all might have been well. But she had dared him—as his horse had done—and the penalty must be paid.

"Then you refuse to undo the wrong you have done?"

She still stood before him, looking exquisitely lovely. She was wearing a simple gown of some pale-green fabric, which threw up the creamy pallor of her face, and brought out the tints of her russet-brown hair. Yes—she was a wife to be proud of! All the county had congratulated Armer on possessing such a beautiful wife.

But did he possess her? Might not Doris soon find life insupportable and leave him to live her own life as best she could? The fear this thought engendered sent the blood ebbing from his handsome face. But it did not alter his determination.

"Yes, I absolutely refuse!"

And then something urged him to extenuate his harsh conduct, to set himself in a better light before his young wife.

"Believe me, Doris—there were very good reasons for my dismissal of Henry Barlow."

Her short upper lip curled.

"Ah! as if I didn't know that. You were afraid of Barlow!"

Without another word she turned and left him.

In her sitting-room she found Henry Barlow standing, staring out of the window. Had she entered her room a few minutes sooner, she would have found him busily engaged in turning over the contents of her bureau, which stood open between the long French windows.

There was a queer, furtive expression on the ex-clerk's face, and in his hand he clutched a treasury note, which he had abstracted from a packet Roger had given Doris for current expenses.

Doris could not but own her husband was generous in money matters. True, she had not her own banking account, or even a settled allowance. Only in case of his death could she count on any settled sum yearly; then she would be a rich woman. In the meantime she was obliged to come to him for every penny.

Roger had the old-fashioned idea that married women should be dependent upon their husbands in all things. Another sign of tyranny in Doris' eyes!

"Mr Armer," said Doris, "absolutely refuses to help you, Mr Barlow. But I will do so. I cannot allow—my—Mr Armer's injustices to injure all your prospects."

"God bless you!" Henry Barlow furtively slipped the note into his pocket. "You are one the best. And your father was an open-handed gentleman if ever there was one. A bit careless in his business; but there—he never thought what Mr Armer was up to—never dreamed he'd lie as he did."

Doris suddenly stiffened. Somehow she did not care to hear her own opinion thus crudely expressed by this gaunt-looking man, with the furtive expression and shifty eyes.

"That will do, Mr Barlow. Mr Armer's reason for not assisting you is not quite what you seem to believe it to be. He hinted that he had other reasons for—all he did."

"Ah, madam—he would do that! A man doesn't like—"

"Here," said Doris hurriedly, "are three pounds. Let me know how you get on. Leave me your address. I might call and see your wife when I am in London."

But, as this would by no means have suited Barlow, he got out of it by hinting that they had been sold up, and were on the point of changing their abode.

A certain feeling of loyalty to her husband gripped Doris.

"I should prefer you not telling Mr Thorbury what you have told me," she said. "If it is necessary for him to know—it may not be—I will myself tell him."

And, as this exactly suited Henry Barlow, he eagerly acquiesced in Mrs Armer's decision. And as he quietly left, Barlow congratulated himself on his afternoon's work.

"I almost wish I had not pinched that note. Had I known she would have turned up trumps, I wouldn't have run the risk. Never mind—I'll keep my eyes open, and spy on 'em both. Mrs Armer isn't likely to put up much longer with

Armer's ways. There's money to be made out of one of them—maybe out of both."

AN UNNECESSARY SACRIFICE.

After the last encounter of wills between the ill-matched couple, a wordless truce was declared. Husband and wife met as seldom as possible, but they had to meet.

The county, in spite of that unpleasant scene at Mrs Armer's wedding, were determined to take up the bride of the wealthy financier. Doris got bewildered by the number of her callers whom it seemed impossible to escape.

Most frequent among them was Isobel Vane, who was always agreeable, and tactful in ignoring the strained situation she was far too sharp not to notice.

Towards Armer's bride she left a bitter animosity. Years ago she expected to marry Armer and to occupy the position held now by Doris.

But for some reason she could not fathom, Roger cooled off, and the proposal Isobel had longed for and expected was never uttered.

The reason for this was locked in Roger's heart. Isobel had run after him too palpably. He was a born hunter as plainly as Isobel Vane did how madly in love she was with him lost all value in his eyes.

It was Doris' coldness, and, later on, her definite distaste for his society, that drew him to her by chains well nigh unbreakable, and had led him to do the one thing of which, in his inmost heart, he was ashamed.

He knew that, had he not acted the lie that gave her to him eventually, he would never have won Doris Thorbury's consent to be his wife.

Isobel, reading her old lover as a book, but reading him too late, determined to pay Roger out by doing all she could to worm herself into the confidence of both, gain the secrets of their hearts, and use her knowledge to part them.

She did not show her hand at first. She made herself useful to Doris, by acting as the third person present, and so relieved the strain a tete a tete brought to husband and wife.

Already Doris began to regret having championed Henry Barlow's cause so resolutely. For his demands upon her purse became more and more insistent, and once or twice there was a covert insolence in his manner that she quickly resented.

Walking one day in the woods, Isobel caught sight of Doris in earnest conversation with a queer, shady-looking man. Quickly she drew her own conclusions, as she saw Doris hand the man an envelope. "She is hiding some secret from Roger," she told herself.

"I wonder what it is? I shall have to find out. Either the man is some blackmailer of whom she is afraid or he is the means of communication between her and someone whom Roger does not like. I wonder if it is Paul Weston?"

By now Miss Vane had discovered that Doctor Weston's name was Paul.

"If it is—let her look out! My chance will have come, and when the right hour arrives I shall not fail to make use of it."

"I cannot afford to keep on giving you money," Doris told Barlow finally. "Should my husband discover that I have assisted you against his wishes, he would be, naturally, terribly angry."

"I don't think you'd mind much incurring Mr Armer's anger."

He saw the flush on her face, and hastened to correct his error. He fell to whining, and the girl relented. It was very hard to be poor, with an ailing family.

She gave him money, and told him to be careful of it, for it might happen she would not have so much at her disposal.

"Roger is getting mean," she told herself, "or else suspicious. He now overlooks my accounts—a thing he never did before."

Then other matters claimed her attention, and she forgot Barlow and his increasing demands. Had she known that gambling was now added to Henry Barlow's vices, she would never have robbed her dress allowance to provide for her husband's victim, for in such light Doris persisted in regarding the blackmailer.

(To be Continued).

The United States to-day is producing about 70 per cent. of the world's supply of petroleum. About 16 per cent. is coming from Mexico, and about half of this Mexico supply is being produced by American capital. The other 14 per cent. is coming from Central and South America, Russia, Roumania, Galicia, and other spots of the world.

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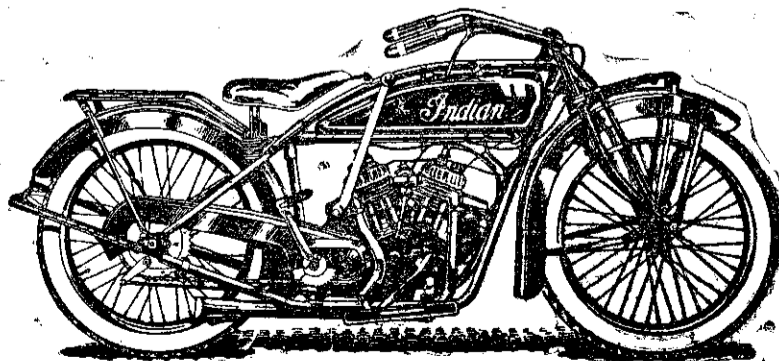
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ANGLING NOTES.

BY "CREEL."

ALL ROUND FISHING.

If you are fond of ocean angling, and
he's fond of lakes and streams,
What's the use of always wrangling?
Why disturb another's dream?
If his outfit's plain or nobby, do not
criticise the same;
Every angler has his hobby in the good
old fishing game.
Let him try for trout or tunnies; let
him go for cod or pikes;
Let him seek tarpon or sunnies, or
catch anything he likes.
Let him angle with a clothes line; let
him use the cotton thread;
Let him fish with grocery twine if the
notions in his head.
If he thinks his methods better, let
him think so right along;
Never flail him in your letter; maybe
you're the one that's wrong.

—Jack Maxwell, in "Outdoor Life."

Conditions in Southland still continue
in favour of local anglers, some good bags
having been caught on both minnow and
fly. Messrs Hoffman and Baldwin creeled
ten well-conditioned fish on Saturday
night on the Makarewa river, the heaviest
weighing 6lbs; 4 fish 3lbs each, 5 others
being 2lbs, all on the natural bully bait.
While in Gore recently I heard of a local
fisherman creeling 47 good fish from the
Otamita, and I would like to point out
that there is a limit on the bags to be
taken out of Southland streams, viz., 30
fish. Pot hunters please take note. Men-
tion was made in the initial publication
of this column with reference to the fine
fish to be caught in the Mimiha on the
fly, and recently Mr L. Cotterell, of Ma-
tura, landed a beautiful fish weighing
7lbs 9ozs, from that river. Mr E. Dun-
can also of Matura, creeled a nice bag
of 28 fish from the same river. Purple
grouse, red spinner, and red body Wai-
pahi, were the popular flies. Fishing
the Oreti at Benmore, Mr A. C. Lyon
secured two very nice bags, creeling 28
and 30 well conditioned fish for two days
fishing. On the Waiau, Messrs J. W.
Aitken, H. Olsen, and A. Lyon, bagged
some 21 fish all in good condition, the
heaviest fish weighing 6½lbs.

The Dipton Angling Club held a com-
petition on the Oreti river amongst mem-
bers, on the 9th ult., and the following
was the result:—

R. Sinclair	...	30	26	8
N. R. McKay	...	30	16	3
W. Taylor	...	12	15	3
T. Taylor	...	12	6	13
R. Hayley	...	10	4	14
		110	79	12

Mr R. Hayley was also winner of the
novice prize.

On Tuesday the 12th ultimo, the annual
meeting of the Southland Angling Club
was held in the Y.M.C.A. rooms and was
one of the best held for some years, there
being a good attendance of enthusiastic
members with Mr J. Nisbet in the chair.
The annual report and balance-sheet were
very satisfactory, and the members ex-
pressed optimistic anticipations for the
success of the forthcoming season. The
following members were elected for the
ensuing year:—President, Mr G. W.
Braxton; vice-presidents, Messrs E. Keast
and J. W. Smith; executive, Messrs Jas.
Collins, A. Evans, R. Sloan, W. Steele,
A. H. Stock, A. McNeil, C. W. Wilson,
H. C. Kelly, Alex. Evans, G. F. Strang,
N. F. Pattie, and R. Thompson; hon.
secretary, Mr A. McLean. A hearty vote
of thanks was passed to the retiring
president for his good work on behalf of
the club for the past two years. It was
decided to hold a roving competition on
any stream in the Southland Acclimatisa-
tion Society's district, on Labour Day.
Any legal bait. Hours of fishing from
7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Open to members of
clubs only. Entry fee one shilling.
Annual sub. for membership, Southland
Angling Club, 2s 6d; honorary members,
2s. Entries close with secretary or
president, Saturday, 23rd October, at 9
p.m. Fifteen entries or no third place.
Committee reserve right to refuse any
nomination for membership. No com-
petitor to win more than one prize. Any
competitor's bag will be accepted if
certified by stationmaster, J.P., post-
master or constable, or special certificate
procured from the secretary, care
Messrs A. and W. McCarthy, Dee street.
Town competitors must weigh in at A.
and W. McCarthy's from 8 p.m. to 9
p.m. on Monday (Labour Day) evening.

Competitors having won a prize are ex-
cluded from Novice Class Competitors hav-
ing won, a first, second or third for
heaviest bag, second heaviest bag, and
largest number of fish respectively shall
start the season under an handicap as fol-
lows:—First prize, 10 per cent; second
prize, 5 per cent; third prize, 2½ per
cent. on total weight of bag. Performances
taken over two previous seasons, and that
for each, second and third prize won dur-
ing any current season an additional
handicap of 10 per cent., 5 per cent., 2½
per cent. be added, with a limit of 50
per cent. In the case of a winner handing
his prize back to the club for further
competition he will be free from any ad-
ditional handicap for that competition.
Financial members of kindred clubs in the
Southland Acclimatisation District are
eligible to compete in this competition on
payment of entry fee of 1s. Entries to be
received by secretary of each club and
certified as being bona fide members and
forwarded to secretary Southland club by
9 p.m., Saturday, 23rd. The committee
are desirous of making this season the most
successful in its history and with this end
in view we earnestly request all to be-
come a member, the annual subscription
is only 2s 6d. By becoming a member
you will help to make the club not only
a strong representative body, but also
assist the Acclimatisation Society, to
whom it must not be forgotten we owe
the sport afforded us. In view of the fact
that salmon have been caught in the
Waiau, anglers are requested to send any
fish that may seen out of the ordinary to
the secretary, Acclimatisation Society, for
identification. As license-holders and in
your own interests anglers are requested
to notify the secretary, Acclimatisation
Society, of any cases of poaching or the
illicit taking of trout. Any information
so received will be treated as strictly con-
fidential. Note.—In order to assist the
finances of the club fishermen are asked
to donate a portion of their fish for dis-
tribution among hon. members at any
time during the season.

The above conditions having been agreed
to, some interesting decisions were arrived
at. It was suggested that the Triangular
Competition for shield, between Matura,
Wyndham and Southland clubs be held
this year on the Oreti river, on November
the 10th, or 17th inst., if either of those
dates were suitable to the other clubs.
It was also decided to approach Lumsden,
Dipton and Winton clubs to inaugurate a
series of annual matches to be held on the
Oreti river, with a shield or cup as trophy,
towards which Mr R. Sloan, Invercargill,
promised a donation of two guineas.
Thanks were extended to Messrs A. and
W. McCarthy for trophy (value £1 1s);
"Digger" newspaper, trophy (value 10s
6d); "Creel," trophy (value 10s 6d); Mr
R. Thompson, Invercargill, trophy (value
10s 6d); for Labour Day competition. It
was further suggested that the inter-club
matches held on the Oreti river, should
be bare fly for one competition, and arti-
ficial minnow for the second, so that min-
now fishermen members of the club would
have the opportunity of holding up the
prestige of their respective associations.

The secretary was requested to write to
the various clubs interested suggesting a
conference of representatives to draw up
rules and regulations for the conduct of
these proposed competitions. A new rule
was agreed to, viz., "that any bona fide
financial member of a kindred club may
compete in any competition of this club
on payment of the entry fee."

Subjoined is an extract from the
13th annual report:—"Thirteenth Annual
Report of S.A.C., season 1919-20. Your
committee have pleasure in again submit-
ting the annual report and balance sheet
for the year ending October 10th, 1920.

Membership.—The membership of the
club has again been well maintained, there
being 400 odd financial members; the hon-
orary members list was very poor, 9
only being financial. This is due to the
fact that very few fish were available for
distribution owing to there being only one
successful competition, viz., Labour Day.
The honorary members are easily obtained
if the supply of fish is assured, but it is
no use having a large honorary member-
ship if the fish are not available for dis-
tribution. The principal supply for this
purpose is dependent largely on the re-
sult of competitions. In some cases
members of the committee have under-
taken to supply fish to any member
whom they have enrolled.

Competitions.—Two competitions were
arranged for, only one was successful, viz.,
Labour Day. This competition was ar-
ranged as in previous years and some good
bags were weighed in. The annual tri-
angular competition was held on the Mimi-
ha under the supervision of the Matura
club. The Southland team consisted of
Messrs Pattie, Braxton, Henderson and
Kelly. The competition was won by
Wyndham, with Matura second. This
competition will take place this year on
the Oreti under control of this club. An-

other triangular competition was held on
the Oreti between the Dipton, Lumsden
and Southland clubs. This was undertaken
by your club also, and the teams were
deposited on the Oreti at Thomson's
Crossing, and Lady Barkly. The honours
fell to Lumsden, with Dipton and South-
land a tie for second. Bare artificial fly
was the bait used.

Finance.—As will be seen by the bal-
ance sheet, your club is financial, having
a credit balance of £3 12s 6d.

Meetings.—The meetings of the execu-
tive have been well attended and due
interest shown by all.

General.—The season generally speaking
was a disappointing one owing to the
rivers being so abnormally low after the
New Year, consequently very little fish-
ing was done in the daytime.

It is gratifying to note that the anglers
of Winton have formed a club and it is
your committee's recommendation that
more inter-club competitions be arranged
between the Dipton, Lumsden, Winton
and Southland clubs.

Appreciation.—The thanks of the club
are due to the following for donations to
previous prize list: Messrs Nisbet, Evans,
M. Hyndman, A. and W. McCarthy.

Some two months ago, Mr Jno. Stevens,
vice-president, left Invercargill for Tim-
aru. Before leaving a representative
gathering, although somewhat informal,
met to show in some way the appreciation
of the efforts of Mr Stevens in the inter-
ests of the club. Mr Keast, in the absence
of the president, presented Mr Stevens
with a pipe and case, on behalf of the
club and angling friends in general, and
wished the recipient every success in his
new sphere. Mr Stevens suitably replied.

The club is indebted to the president of
the Acclimatisation Society, Mr A. H.
Stock, for the interest he has taken in
its affairs, and also for the fine articles
he has at various times contributed on
piscatorial matters.

Your committee also desire to express
their appreciation of the support and in-
terest shown by the Acclimatisation So-
ciety in the effort to suppress the netting
of trout. It is hoped that the present
season will be a successful one and that
all anglers will do their utmost to make
this year a record one.

Next week we hope to publish another
interesting article from Mr A. H. Stock.
Owing to a typographical error Mr Stock
was not credited with last week's contri-
bution.

NOTES FROM CALCIUM.

Personal.—Digger Wm. McKenzie is
at present spending a few days with his
friends in this district. We are all glad
to know that there is every prospect of
his latest operation being successful. He
has had more than his share of doctor's
services both in Blighty and New Zea-
land, having undergone twenty-one opera-
tions.

Industrial.—The music of the Under-
wood motor lorry breaks the morning
stillness daily. Butter-fat is worth about
3s per lb., hence the domestic cow is com-
ing into considerable favour. When a
farmer pays upwards of twenty pounds
for one of these animals for his family
to milk, you can depend that he is think-
ing of more than the provision of recrea-
tion for his offspring.

Recreational.—The Hamilton shield was
presented to Waianiwa Football Club with
much eclat on Friday evening.

Tiny Galt was much concerned about
the non-appearance of the musicians.
Now, my friends, do not be uncharitable.
It is a true bill. The rest of the neces-
saries were there.

Rev. Galt has a fine sense of humour.
If the Waianiwa footballers put in a
creditable church attendance from now on,
it is highly probable that the "great
canoe" (of imperishable fame) will have
a sky pilot in 1921.

The final Otahuti-Waianiwa match was
played over again in one of the ante-
rooms. Otahuti scored several tries, but
Referee King refused to allow the score
to count for the shield. It is understood
that there will be no protest against this
decision.

If Tiny Galt is successful in his efforts
to secure final possession of the Hamilton
shield for a tombstone there is a great
chance of its ultimately coming to Cal-
cium, as we have the quietest little sleep-
ing ground in Southland. However, we
hope to have it here for many years before
he requires it for such a purpose.

Britain's gross war expenditure was
£8,417,178,490. Of this sum, the Navy,
the Army, and other normal votes took
£6,186,242,194 and the balance of
£2,231,836,296 came under the vote of
Credit.

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FOR SALE.

1920 FORD 3-seater Coupe, self starter;
little used; £340.

DE DION, 3-seater; twin cylinder; £120.

RENAULT, 3-seater; colonial body; £285.

SAXTON, 3-seater, £265.

FORD, 5-seater, £130.

BUICK (6), 3-seater, £450.

CHEVROLET, 5-seater, £350.

MOTOR CYCLES—All makes, all prices,
all sizes, all snips.

TYRES, OILS, GREASE, ACCESSORIES
ETC.

C. S. TRILLO.

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DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.**

DIGGERS!

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NEW BASIS OF THE R.S.A.

DISTRICT ORGANISATION.

A BRIEF EXPLANATION.

The most important feature of the new institution is the inauguration of the District Organisation Scheme, which is set forth below, shorn of all its legal trappings.

DISTRICTS—The Constitution provides for six districts in the Dominion; only five have been constituted, Auckland, Wellington, Nelson and Marlborough, Canterbury and Otago.

A District Conference for each district will be held in May of each year, and the delegates for this Conference will be chosen by the various Associations in each district affiliated to the N.Z.R.S.A.. This District Conference will not have the power to determine lines of national policy—this is the duty of the Dominion Council—but it may discuss national questions and make recommendations.

The voting at the Dominion Council will be governed by the number of financial members in each district. Each district will have one vote for every 400 financial members (or fraction thereof) and the financial membership will be established by Headquarters on the 31st March of each year. Thus, if Canterbury district had 5309 financial members on 31st March, 1921, that district would be entitled to 4 votes next Dominion Council to be held at Dunedin next May.

2. GROUPS.—Every district is divided into groups, but no district is to have more than 10 groups. Each group in a district is to have a number and is to be known by that number. Every group must have not less than 400 financial members when it is formed. The grouping in each district is as follows:—

(A) **AUCKLAND DISTRICT**—(1) Auckland Group—Auckland R.S.A. and any other Association within a radius of 30 miles. (2) North Auckland Group—Whangarei, Bay of Islands, Mongonui, Northern Wairoa Associations. (3) Waikato and King Country Group—Waikato, Te Awamutu, Te Kuiti and Mata Mata Associations. (4) Goldfields Group—Hauraki, Thames Valley, Te Aroha, and Waihi Associations. (5) Bay of Plenty, Whakareira, Opoitiki and Rotorua Associations.

(B) **WELLINGTON DISTRICT**—(1) Palmerston and Levin Group. (2) Wellington Group. (3) Masterton, Woodville and Dannevirke. (4) Waipawa, Waipukurau, Hastings, Napier, Wairoa. (5) Taihape, Feilding, Marton and Taumarunui. (6) Wanganui and Waverley. (7) New Plymouth, Hawera, Waitara and Stratford. (8) Gisborne.

(C) **NELSON AND MARLBOROUGH**—(1) Nelson and sub-branches. (2) Marlborough and sub-branches. (3) Motueka, Golden Bay and sub-branches.

(D) **CANTERBURY DISTRICT**—(1) Christchurch and Cashmere. (2) Little River, Kaikoura, Amuri, Hanmer, Amberley, Rangiora, Kaiapoi. (3) Ashburton, Rakaia, Staveley, Waterton and Mayfield. (4) Geraldine, Temuka, Fairlie and Waimate. (5) Timaru and sub-branches. (6) Westport and Reefton. (7) Greymouth, Hokitiki and Ross.

(E) **OTAGO DISTRICT**—(1) Dunedin. (2) Oamaru. (3) Taieri and Balclutha. (4) Gore. (5) Invercargill.

The number of delegates for the next Dominion Council will be determined by the number of financial members in each group.

Each group having up to and including 1000 financial members will be entitled to one delegate; groups having from 1001 to 2500 members will have two delegates, and those groups having over 2500 financial members will have three delegates. Thus, if number 5 group Wellington district has 1768 financial members, it will be entitled to send two delegates to the next Dominion Council. All delegates for the Dominion Council will be elected by the delegates to each district conference, and a delegate to each district conference, and a delegate from one group may exercise all the votes to which his district is entitled. However, no delegate shall represent more than one group as a delegate, but he may hold proxies to vote from other delegates.

3. ASSOCIATIONS AND SUB-ASSOCIATIONS—The different groups

of each district are built up of various Associations and their Sub-Associations.

—Organisation Table.—

10s makes one financial member.
100 financial members make one affiliated Association.
1 Association (or more) makes one group.
400 financial members make 1 group.
10 groups (or less) make 1 district.
All the Associations in 6 districts (or less) plus H.Q. make the N.Z.R.S.A.
N.Z.R.S.A. makes things hum.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE TRENTHAM FUND.

FOR CHILDREN OF N.Z. SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Preparations are now complete for the use of the Trentham Scholarship Fund for the benefit of children of New Zealand soldiers and sailors. "The cardinal object," it is stated, "is to assist the community by ensuring, as far as possible, that the recipients of its benefits shall become good and capable citizens, having regard to each one's character and ability."

The scholarships are available to boys and girls, thus:—

(a).—Children of men who died or were partially or wholly disabled whilst serving as members of the N.Z. Expeditionary Forces—either overseas or while undergoing training for overseas service.

(b).—Children of men who died or were disabled whilst serving in any military, naval, or aerial forces of the British Empire, provided such men were born in New Zealand or were domiciled in New Zealand immediately prior to August 4th, 1914.

Children of Home Service men or of men who did not leave New Zealand because classed unfit are not eligible.

—Conditions.—

To receive a bursary children must have attained the age of 14 or have obtained the Sixth Proficiency or Competency Certificate, New Zealand Code; and must be under the age of 21 years on December 31st, 1919.

Bursaries are awarded as an aid to

the maintenance and training of eligible children of secondary schools, technical schools, primary schools (when distance prevents attendance at secondary or technical schools) and university colleges; also in apprenticeship to any trade or calling approved by the trustees.

The amount of each bursary is to be determined by the trustees after consideration of all the circumstances of each applicant.

The holder of a bursary must be resident in New Zealand during its tenure.

—How to Apply for a Scholarship.—

Write to the secretary (Mr James McIntosh, P.O. Box 281, Wellington) who will forward a copy of the regulations governing the award of these bursaries, together with an application form bearing full instructions.

Applications should be made not later than 31st October each year, but for the year 1920 applications will be received up to the 30th November. Any bursaries awarded shall commence not earlier than 1st January following the application.

DISPLAY OF SPRING GOODS.

MILLINERY.

See our display of Spring READY-TO-WEARS for Ladies and Children; smart and serviceable.

Prices 3/11 to 30/-.

The Savisca BLOUSE for wear in smart striped effects, 22/6.

LADIES' BLOOMERS, in Crepe; good wearing quality; 8/11.

LADIES' COTTON VESTS, from 2/11.

LADIES' HOSE, special quality, 4/11. In fast black. Guaranteed.

BLOUSES.

Our selection of VOILE BLOUSES is worth seeing. All the latest shapes and colours, at the lowest prices, 2/11 to 19/6.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES, in great variety of styles and materials.

MATINEE COATS, in Silk, 12/6.

LADIES' SPORTS COATS, in Silk. A few only at 50/-.

TULLY'S DRAPERY SUPPLY SALE,

NEXT NEWS OFFICE, DEE STREET.

FURNITURE!

FURNITURE IS EXPENSIVE THESE DAYS, ISN'T IT?

Yet we still can quote FURNITURE at very reasonable prices to-day.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF AND GET OUR QUOTE.

A big stock to choose from, and we are always pleased to see you, whether you buy or not.

GEO. MOIR & SON,

FURNITURE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

72 and 74 TAY STREET.

(Next Price and Bulleid.)

SCHOOL COMMITTEES' ASSOCIATION.

The usual monthly meeting of the School Committees' Association was held on Friday last, the President, Mr Butterfield, in the chair.

Correspondence was read from the Federation asking for suggestions to be incorporated in the new Education Act. Mr Bain suggested that the committee should see the bill and then make suggestions. Mr Anderson stated that the Minister had given his assurance that he would consider any suggestions. A large number of valuable suggestions were received from Mr Stevens and handed to Mr Anderson for consideration by the Federation. It was ultimately decided that:—

1.—That agricultural instruction should be of a more practical nature.

2.—That an elementary course of hygiene be part of the school curriculum, and that scientific temperance be part of the said course.

3.—That sexual physiology be taught to boys and girls in their "teens" and that the instruction be imparted by qualified teachers.

4.—Mr Blake proposed the following resolution:—"That this Executive realises that its interests and activities are directly concerned with that sphere of activity which comes under the jurisdiction of the Education Boards. It further realises that its activities are in effect to prepare the child for its university career. Further, it realises the value of a scientific education as a factor in our commercial activity and that young men are not likely to pursue a scientific career unless they see a future ahead. It therefore proposes that an advisory council of scientific men be established whose duties would embrace: 1.—Proposals for instituting specific researches. 2.—Proposals for establishing or developing special institutions for the scientific study of problems affecting particular industries and trades."

On the suggestion of Mr Jones it was referred to the quarterly meeting.

According to a record which was kept during a period of seven years, lightning in England struck poplars 232 times, oaks 130, willows 70, and yews 50.



For your Garden Seeds,
Plants and Trees, go to

TINY DANIEL

Albion Buildings, Dee Street, Invercargill.

Southland Floral, Plant,
and Seed Supply,

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

The churches in Australia are up in arms against Conan Doyle and his spiritualism. Two of a trade did never agree.

In last week's "Digger": "Creel" sings daintily of "the fishes that lie in the west." Well, that's where they differ from the fishers, who lie everywhere.

The "News," reporting the death of a New Zealander in Chicago, states that "at one time of his death he was Mayor of Foxton." Wonder what he was at the other times. Must have been a long drawn out affair.

Paddy's proposal to lengthen the short plank by cutting a piece off one end and tacking it on the other may have been laughable, but not one whit more so than Mr Massey's scheme of cheapening butter for us. Instead of paying three shillings—the proper market price—for that delectable but necessary commodity, our square deal friend, in his large benevolence, is going to see that we get it for two shillings and threepence, himself to pay the other ninepence out of his own pocket—that is, the consolidated revenue. A brilliant scheme, truly, if only the consolidated revenue were the purse of Fortunatus. Unfortunately, however, it is not. There is nothing in that pocket of William the Conjuror, to pay either for butter or anything else, except what we put there. It looks well in print, it sounds nice to the ear, to be told that our breakfast table burden is to be lightened to the extent of ninepence per pound of butter—or, to use the large figures that Bill loves—£600,000 per year for the lot of us; but the very plain fact is that we are going to continue paying three shillings a pound for our butter—two and threepence over the counter and ninepence through the consolidated revenue. It is exactly as though one robbed us of a fiver, and then made a present of it to us, and demanded our gratitude for it. Truly, it looks as though William has written us all down in his big list of fools. I wonder if he is right.

In the bitter controversy raging round the Ne Temere question, much has been said about the poltroonery of anonymity. In fact, some of the disputants seem more concerned about their opponent's identity than with their arguments. In a purely personal quarrel such reproach might have some weight, but, for the life of me, I cannot see any harm in a participant in a discussion on any general, impersonal matter withholding his name. Even where the motive is self-defensive it may be rather prudent than cowardly. Why should any man have something of value to contribute to a controversy on an open question be compelled to hold his tongue or pen because of possible injurious consequences to himself, his wife and little ones, that might follow on disclosure of his identity. I will go farther, and say that in most such discussions anonymity is even desirable, since it gives the various arguments a better chance of being appraised at their real value. As it is, in considering and weighing them we are too apt to permit our judgment to be influenced by the social position, reputation etc., of those advancing them. Even the letters of "Junius" might have had less weight had it been known that they came from some obscure denizen of Seven Dials. A young lady, after reading an anthology, remarked that by far the best poems in the book were those by Mr Anon. Similarly, the best arguments are often those of the nameless contributors to discussions. And, really, in these matters it is with arguments that we have to deal, rather than persons.

We all, of course, endorse Mr Drewe's demand for fuller recognition by shipping companies and others of the claims of Bluff as a port of trade. There is, however, one aspect of this question which should certainly not be overlooked. That is, the utter inadequacy of our local rolling stock to any increased pressure. At present a single large boat discharging any quantity of cargo at Bluff strips every Southland line of practically every wheel, with the result that the farmer, sawmiller, and others are held up for a week or fortnight at a time. Any sudden and considerable increase in shipping activities

at Bluff would simply mean chaos in the interior. Certainly the diversion of trade from other ports to our own would release a proportion of rolling stock from the northern lines, but would we, in view of the Dominion shortage, get sufficient of it to meet our greater requirements? Vrey doubtful—unless we can, and do, squeeze the Government pretty hard.

It was not a cheerful face that Bill showed over the back fence yesterday.

"Look 'ere, Jax," he commenced, "the H.C.L. isn't the only thing that keeps a bloke poor these days. There's an 'ell of a lot of others. Testimonials is one of 'em."

I was puzzled for a moment, but knew that the explanation would soon come. Presently I received it.

"It's like this, Jax. There's a big crowd, big an' little down at the work-shops, an' every now an' then, something 'appens to one or other of 'em. P'raps one gets promoted, or 'as a shift, or gets married, or 'e's been ten years in the shop, or 'as a birthday, or 'is wife surprises 'im with twins, or someone belonging to 'em snuffs out, or 'e scores a goal for 'is side, or 'e goes for an 'oliday, or comes back from one or some blanky thing or other. Wotever it is, or isn't, some flamin' tout goes round with the 'at to 'present 'im with some slight token of esteem" (as the blanky papers say) in the shape of a watch an' chain, or an arm-chair, or picture, or some other blasted thing that 'e either doesn't want or 'as got already. (I notice, Jax, that no one ever thinks of givin' tokens of esteem to the poor devils who could really do with 'em.) Anyway, it's 'stand an' deliver'; yeh've gotter fork out yer five or ten bob an' look pleasant. Of course, yeh can button up if yeh like, but what sorter a name are yeh goin' to get among yer shop mates. If it was only once in a long while a feller'd take no notice, but when they strike yeh every few weeks it makes yeh sit up. Many a five or ten bob that would look fine on some poor kiddie's feet goes into the 'at simply because the old man 'asn't got the pluck to buck. Wish to 'ell somebody'd start an anti-testimonialisin' society, something like those anti-shoutin' affairs. Betjer there'd be a hallelujah rush for badges."

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET.

H.M. GAVIN THE BRIGHT UN.

Sometime between fifty and a hundred years ago was born this most remarkable man of modern times—the Latter Day Luther, as he has been aptly styled. No mere paltry maker of nations he; his achievements have been on a far grander, loftier scale, and have won for him a fame that will never die—at least, for some time yet. For he it was who, alone and unaided, discovered and revealed to Christendom its abysmal and appalling ignorance on matters theological, and who thrust the enlightening torch of his transcendent genius into the Cimmerian gloom of the last twenty centuries, dispelling it forever and thereby gaining for himself the surname, or sobriquet of "The Bright One"—latterly contracted to "Brighton." As in the case of most great achievements, his methods were very simple. He just smothered up every other theological system by one of his own manufacture, which, since it is more intricate, incomprehensible and bewildering than any of its predecessors, is eminently satisfying to himself, and entitled to the greater respect and awe of ordinary mortals. It was to glean some details of this scheme and his methods of propagating it that I waited on him at his palace at Nightcaps. I found him absorbed in the endeavour to calculate the abstruse points of difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. My interruption compelled a postponement of his final decision on this important question. He showed no signs of impatience, however, but greeted me with a hospitable kindness that utterly belied the natural ferocity of his appearance. And I had my reward. In fact I learned so much of his formula for theology building and propaganda that I am quite sure that with the necessary qualities and capital I could set up in that line myself to-morrow.

It seems that the only, or at any rate

the chief essentials are the quality of cussedness; the gift of lightning volubility; a long and active forefinger, a Greek Bible, and a fair supply of five pound notes. With these one is at once invulnerable and irresistible. They are used, with, perhaps, certain necessary modifications at times, as follows:

The quality of cussedness enables one at any time to differ from anybody and everybody on anything and everything theological that they may think, say or do. It is also useful in suggesting diabolical methods of inveigling poor miserable wretches into disputes that they had no intention of entering into, and are afterwards astonished to find themselves engaged in. In the latter respect, he explained, this quality can often be raised to an exalted place among the fine arts.

Lightning volubility, or the capacity for saying more in less time than any other three men together, is an inestimable gift. By its free exercise one can get in three arguments to the slower opposition's one. By its use one can fire into the other fellow food for thought at such a rapid pace that the poor devil hasn't time to think at all. Then he gets confused, and one has him on the hip.

Should the opposition—or victim—show signs of restiveness, one brings the long forefinger into action, shooting it through his buttonhole and thereby preventing his escape. No matter if one's adversary's eyes are bloodshot and he is foaming at the mouth, that finger must not relax its gripping curve.

The Greek Bible is simply invaluable, used either offensively or defensively. For instance, should one's opponent seem to score a point by a quotation from the English version of the Bible one has merely to declare it a mistranslation, and show him the corresponding passage in the Greek Bible to prove it. As Greek print looks to the average man like pictures of magnified microbes, and as nobody can read magnified microbes, one is quite safe. Besides, the possession of a Greek Bible gains for one a reputation for erudition.

The fivers he designates his "clinchers." If a proposition is advanced that one cannot disprove then the proper course is to produce a fiver and offer it to the opposition if he can prove it. As in all systems of theology nothing can be either proven or disproven, one's fivers are absolutely secure. And the offer confounds and cheapens the opposition, and impresses the audience with a sense of one's own wealth and the strength of one's position.

After these few preliminary instructions and observations, he settled down to outline the details of his own special theological system. He spoke so rapidly during the next six or eight hours that it was often difficult to follow him. But, as far as my disjointed notes and memory serve me, I understand that there is no heaven (he'd give me a fiver if I could prove there was); there is no hell (I felt relieved); because if there was it would be a hell of a place (another fiver); that the Bible really doesn't mean exactly what it means (fiver); that not Moses, but another fellow of the same name wrote the Pentateuch (fiver); that the Book of Ezekiel, rightly interpreted, was a complete treatise on evolution (fiver); that the Greek for Jeremiah was not Omomoi, as commonly supposed, but Oimoiomoi (fiver, together with the Greek Bible this time); that the Fourth Chapter of Revelations clearly and unmistakably foreshadowed the present rise in the price of butter (fiver); that Adam had no navel (fiver); that the Tower of Babel was built from the top downward (fiver); that the Chinese constitute seven of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel (fiver); that the Scarlet Woman typified the modern press (fiver); that everybody was wrong but His Majesty, Gavin Bright Un (fiver); and that—At this moment I heard the welcome whistle of the morning train, and, overjoyed at the opportunity of escape, I hurried off, fervently hoping that my next interview would be with someone who had no particular theological views to air.

"If we have an early harvest New Zealand will be in no danger of a flour shortage," says the chairman of the Board of Trade, Mr W. G. McDonald, "If we have a late harvest there will be a slight pinch, provided there are no further importations of wheat."

The Labour Carnival after an auspicious opening on Wednesday with a remarkably successful baby show is now in full swing at the King's Hall, Clyde street. Not only are all the usual carnival features catered for, but there are also numerous novelties, as well as complete concert programmes each evening. The hall is beautifully decorated and the assistants are doing work quite up to professional standard. The success of the carnival is assured.

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.)

Dear Student.—Where did the gravel come from? This subject the town bore has again brought to light. Of course it is natural to take the existing conditions and argue that the deposits have their origin from some river or rivers coming from the north or north-east. Now, sir, in your theory regarding the Mataura river being the medium by which this deposit has reached its present position, does it not seem rather incongruous that this translucent quartz should come by a river having its source in a country void of quartz, also the whole distance from there to its mouth runs through country where little if any quartz exists. The only theory which seems feasible in transit by the Mataura or Oreti must have been in the period long before the glacier in the Wakatipu valley blocked its outlet by the moraine now existing at the Kingston end of the lake. Probably at a time ages ago the glacier would bring down quartz from out the Rouburn Dart or around the Earnslaw district, and the terminal end may not have been more than 60 miles from here. This could be possible to account for a vast deposit under the Southland plain. It would, however, in that case have come through the air gap straight through the Oreti. The second theory advocated sets one thinking, and is perhaps the more probable one. Now at Awarua Bay this gravel outcrops all along the beach nearer to the surface than here, the fall apparent this way. That of course could have been altered by a warping of the land surface, but when cut in the Bluff line and at pits here and there, there does not seem any great faulting. The lay is from the south instead of from the north-east. According to Hutton, the Southland plain is Manapouri pleistocene. Well, sir, if so, and it has every evidence of being so, how could it have come from the north-east where no Manapouri age exists. The only possible land theory according to this is one that may have an origin in the Te Anau-Manapouri district long before the Takatimos were upfing and may have come through north or west. It may be advisable to wait until you have completed your little discourse promised next week. I think your subject is both interesting and instructive, and as the railway advises one to know their own country first, one often wishes he did know it a little better. However, we do know something of the surface contour, but that is only to-day. What was yesterday?—I am, etc.,

NORLAND,

Invercargill, October 20, 1920.

Those who maintain that the water-bearing gravels come to the sea about the New River mouth, offer no evidence in support beyond the fact that the strata seems to rise at Kew, and no water was got there. They further maintain that the white quartz gravels showing right down to Awarua Bay are only the upper layers of the strata overlying the water bearing gravels. But this gravel at Awarua Bay is if anything several feet lower than the outcrop at Gladstone. It must be conceded also that the gravels in question were transported to Awarua Bay by water, and seeing that they are abundant there, the river must have flowed past the Bluff. The ancient river had a bend in it, and in flowing past the Bluff would conform to the general rule that rivers flow along the strike of the rocks.

The Bluff rock is of a granitic type called norite. Rocks of a similar type seem to run through Greenhills. From Greenhills to Riverton the water is shallow and the ground, in mariner's parlance in foal, or in other words rocky. Various rocky islets are scattered between the two points. Also as before stated rock outcrops at West Plains and is apparently of plutonic origin. From Riverton through the Longwoods granitic rocks occur and norite is found at Round Hill. Continuing in the same line a rock believed to be norite occurs at the south arm of Manapouri, and up the Grebe Valley to Monowai. It seems fairly plain that a great ridge of plutonic rocks runs from Ruapuke to Lake Manapouri. The strike of these rocks is nearly at right angles to the supposed outlet of our underground water supply. Rivers sometimes do cut across the strike of the rocks, but in this case, there is no evidence in support of such a presumption, while the fact that the white quartz gravels are found right down to the sea on the south, is strong presumptive evidence that the water passed in that direction. At any rate the

river must have flowed over that region in order to deposit the gravels. To return to the gravel itself. The stones are small and well rounded and there is a large amount of sand evidently derived from the same source as the gravel. Quartz is a very hard mineral and does not break up or get rounded nearly so easily as the other rocks. It therefore follows that these stones have travelled a great distance. The gravel at the Waterworks is gold bearing. A notable feature about the bore round the Waterworks is the fact that in several instances trees were met with in the lower strata. The wood is well preserved, and this must be due to some preservative agent in the water. Sulphur is present in the water and probably a certain amount of silica in solution is also present. These are preservative agents. Above the trees are two seams of lignite. It seems strange that the later vegetable matter should have been converted into lignite and the more deeply buried trees be preserved. This, however, is not altogether a singular occurrence in New Zealand, as similar conditions have been met with in the North Island. So far the wood taken from the latest bore has not been positively identified, but a good biologist hazarded the opinion a few days ago that the tree had been a white pine. The wood is now a deep reddish brown, is very fibrous and curly. Another gentleman of experience could not place it with any timber now growing in Southland. A piece of this wood is to be placed in the museum along with the section of the old trial bore shown there. When the deep bore was put down a tree was met with at 550 feet. This wood on being exposed to the atmosphere, rapidly changed and became more like lignite. Wood to last many thousands of years must have been rapidly covered to a depth. Otherwise the agencies which now rapidly dispose of organic matter would have destroyed or changed its character. Some of the wood which came out of the latest bore had traces of the bark still adhering, though worn and rubbed as it had been subject to abrasion such as would be caused by floating down a river.

GORE RACING CLUB.

ACCEPTANCES FOR FIRST DAY.

The following are the acceptances for the first day (Saturday) of the Gore Racing Club's Spring meeting:—

First Hack Handicap, £150 (seven furlongs)—Marching Order 9.0, Catnach 8.8, Martifors, Mettle Drift, and Cammie Jack 8.0, Blue Admiral, Moneymusk and Sartolite 7.12, Etta 7.8, Kokovai, Linton, Martial Dance and Red Eagle 7.7.

Otama Trot Handicap (harness), £140, class 3.43 (one mile and a half)—War Chimes, Quickmatch, Sweet Chimes, Laura Child, Houli Jim, Hazelfield, Dart Rosine, and Bell Fire scratch; War Spot and St. Mihiel 25yds hind; Seaward Spot 36 yds; Armistice, Black Harold, Evening Chimes, First Toll, Hoch Aye and Red Empress 48yds; Coldwater, Cygnet, Biddy Tracey, 72yds; Rosebery, 84yds; Paul Cry, 96yds; Silver Shoe, 108yds.

Walka Handicap, £275 (one mile and a distance)—Ejus 3.5, Meles 5.5, Tim Bolder 8.5, Jack 8.4, Linden 7.9, Bengarop 7.3, Silent King 6.12.

Dominion Hack Handicap, £175 (six furlongs)—Post Haste 9.0, Martifors 8.12, Mettle Drift and Sunlit 8.12, Martua 8.11, Sartolite 8.10, Lady Knight and Wild Night 8.7, Vice-Grand 8.4, Admiral Fisher, Canio, Glenhupai, Good Start, La Palmas, Mille Fedalma, Royal Admiral, Red Eagle, Sealight, Strowna, b m by Rose Noble—Kea and Wild Shot 8.2.

Wantwood Steeplechase, £145 (about two miles and a quarter)—Palladio 11.3, Take Down 11.0, Glenisla 10.9, Dunmore 10.7, Miss Trixie 9.10, Cannan, Precision Metal and Whipcord 9.7.

Stewards' Handicap, £150 (six furlongs)—Silver Peak 9.6, Killowen 9.4, Michaela 9.1, Satisfaction 8.5, Rokeleah 8.3, Eight Bells 7.12, Redshire 6.13, Silent King 6.12.

Balfour Trot Handicap (saddle), £140, class 2.35 (one mile)—Ferry Walker, Moonglow, Miss O'Neill and The Sham, scratch; Hazelfield, 36yds behind; Dragoon, 36yds; Elma Boy, 60yds; Erce and Evening Chimes, 72yds.

Charlton Handicap, £160 (one mile)—Thaddeus 8.12, Kilkee 8.9, Marianne 8.4, Twinkle 8.3, Revolution 7.12, Mirza 7.9, Awahou 7.9.

The penalties earned at the P.O. Spring meeting are included in the following lists.

The salaries of Civil servants in Prussia have been raised to meet the increased cost of living. The amount required to provide the increase is 1,631,000,000 marks.

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 1-acre freehold in handy location. Terms: £300 down, balance cash, balance 6 per cent.

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

£75.—Twelve acres freehold land; new five-roomed house, cowbyre, trap shed, etc. Close to factory and only 3½ miles from Invercargill Office.

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

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TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

H. D. PRESTON.

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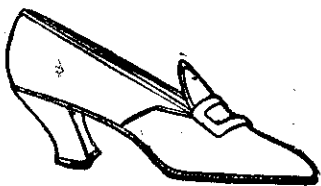
BOX 143. 'PHONE 1143

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.



SPORTING.

Attention is drawn to the advertisement
on Page Nine relative to Gore races.

THE GORE MEETING.

To-morrow the racing season in South-
land will commence with the opening day
of the Gore Racing Club's spring meeting.
Excellent acceptances have been received,
and as quite a number of the gallopers
performed at Wingatui last week, some
idea of their form and chances at Gore can
be obtained.

The programme will commence at 12.20
p.m. with the First Hack Handicap of
seven furlongs, and of the horses en-
gaged Sartolite 7.12 and Etta 7.8 each ran
into places at Wingatui. Both are well,
and one need not look further than this
pair unless it be Cattach, who is in the
same stable as Etta. At Wingatui he did
not race at all prominently, but that does
not say now-a-days that he will not race
much better a week afterwards.

The Otama Trot, 1½ miles, has attracted
a very fine acceptance of twenty-two
horses, eight of them being on the limit.
It is nearly six months since any of
them started last, and at the time of
writing it is difficult to pick on what will
start favourite. Seaward Spot, under a
new trainer, on the 36 yards' mark, reads
well, but behind her there are a number
of fast ones who will make her travel fast
all the way.

The Waikaka Handicap of a mile and a
distance has drawn seven acceptors, and
probably on account of his forward run-
ning at Wingatui, Bengeroop 7.3, will be
made favourite. Silent King 6.12 got a
very bad passage at Wingatui last Fri-
day, but was finishing on fast at the
end of a mile and a quarter, and I ex-
pect him to beat Bengeroop to-morrow.
Eleus 8.5 and Tin Soldier 8.5 are making
their first appearances on the race track
this season and either has only to be well
to make these light weights look small at
the finish. Linden 7.9 is nicely treated
after his win at Wingatui, and may be
the hardest of the field to beat at the
finish.

The Dominion Hack Handicap, six fur-
longs, has the best field of the day in the
flat races, and included are a number
of maidens. Sunlit 8.12 has a good sec-
ond at Wingatui to her credit and she
may do better on her home track. Sartol-
lite 8.10 is also engaged in this race, and
his owner may prefer the shorter distance
race of the two. The running in this
race will throw light on the chance of a
number of Winton. stakes candidates in
that race next month.

For the Wantwood Steeplechase, about
2½ miles, Take Down 11.0 showed she was
in racing form by her effort in the Hurdle
race at Dunedin on Saturday, and if she
stands up she should make no race of this
event. She jumped the country well last
autumn and I can see nothing else that
will be able to foot it with her on the
flat.

The Stewards' Handicap (six furlongs)
will see four horses engaged in the big
Stewards' Handicap to be run at Riccar-
ton next month, and as winning this race
carries no penalty in the big sprint, they
may be run out to smarten them up. Tak-
ing a line through the handicaps for the
Christchurch race Michaela 9.1 has been
given a royal chance, and of the top-
weights I like her chance best, but trouble
may come from Redshire 6.13 who has
always performed well on this course.

Only nine have paid up for the mile
trot in saddle, and if all reports are true
regarding Miss O'Neil, limit, she will
travel very fast. But she has also the
reputation of being flighty at the start,
and in a mile race now-a-days a horse can-
not afford to lose much at the start. Eros,
72 yards, will be with the leaders before
half the distance is covered and sure to be
hard.

The Charlton Handicap (one mile) will
conclude the day's programme, and Thad-
deus 8.12, Kilkee 8.9, and Twinkle 8.3
all have placed performances at Wingatui
to their credit. Of the three Twinkle
is the most reliable and should account for
the others on recent form. After being
left at Wingatui on Saturday he easily
won at the finish, but it was not in open
company. Kilkee is a horse of moods,
and if in a good mood he should add an-
other winning bracket to his credit.

"Put" Hogan's team were prominent at
the recent Dunedin meeting, but only one
of his charges managed to win a race.

Billy Robinson had a nice roll when
Calma fell with him in the hurdle race
on Friday. This mare isn't making good
like she promised to early in the season.

Silver Peak has been nicely treated in
the Stewards' Handicap, but there are
several other smart sprinters in this £1500
worth which will trouble her at the finish.

Jockey Rowlands has taken over Presi-
dent Hazlett's team of horses. A careful
chap, Rowlands, and I hope he will have
more luck as a trainer than he had as
a jockey.

Songbird, by Kilbroney, from Grey
Linnet, and belonging to Bill Couser, of
Mataura Island, won the two-year-old
handicap on Saturday in good style. He
goes on to Riccarton to meet the top-
notchers next month.

Eric Russell's champion, Listening Post,
got into trouble the day before the Dun-
edin meeting opened, and had to be with-
drawn from his engagements. He has
come home for a spell, and will no doubt
benefit by it, as he has been in work for a
long time now. It may be the end of the
season before we see him sporting silk
again. Hard luck Eric, but it is all in
the game.

Bill Stone has been unlucky with
Primum right through the piece, and when
this chestnut got astride of the railing
at Wingatui on Friday evening it capped
the lot. Primum was practically well
when the accident happened, and he only
wanted to get away in a race and the
stake was Bill's. But to get in amongst
Kilkee and Kilbrogan, two noted circus
horses at the barrier, was bad judgment
on Alex's part with a highly strung mus-
tang like Primum. The long rest he will
now get may quieten him.

Dave Calder's Sartolite nearly brought
off a coup at Wingatui on Saturday and
was only pipped off in the last few strides.
Jimmy Thistleton has got this horse very
well just now, and at the Gore meeting to-
morrow or on Monday he is sure to be
dangerous.

When an owner living in a prohibition
town names a horse "Liqueur," he must
be prepared for trouble and he got it in
the McLean Stakes on Friday last. Tom
Deegan's colt of that name behaved at
the barrier as if he had had more of
that potent beverage than he could carry
as a thoroughbred should.

One well-known trainer from Riccarton,
who had a team of five horses down to the
Wingatui fixture, complained that the
Irish question had seriously affected their
chances of winning races. They were all
McSweeneyites, and had been hunger-
striking ever since they left home. One of
them evidently got so thin that the
saddle slipped back on him when the
barrier rose.

Amythas is some horse all right, but his
performance on Saturday was nothing out
of the ordinary. Old Burke's Drift carried
one pound more and covered the mile in
a second less on the same course.

Bengeroop is going to be a useful
handicap horse for his owner. He has
run very consistently so far this season,
but even so his form is scarcely up to
New Zealand Cup form.

Michaela carried 9.8 in the Electric
Handicap on Friday to Silver Peak's 9.11.
The latter ran fifth, Michaela sixth. In
the Stewards' Handicap, Michaela has
been handicapped at 8.9 and Silver Peak
at 8.4. Handicapper Henrys must have
seen what a lot of others thought they
saw too.

A microbe matures in a few minutes
and divides, becoming two. If division
takes place only once an hour, the descend-
ants from the first one will, at the end of
twenty-four hours, number 17,000,000
adult individuals. They also have their
periods of quiescence. They may be dor-
mant for years, until something occurs to
stimulate them to renewed activity and
multiplication.

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patterns), 6/11

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11/6.

2½ Dozen Ladies' White Voile Blouses
(handkerchief front), 15/6.

12 Dozen Ladies' Hose in Black, Tan, and
Nigger (English make), 3/11 pair.

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the newest shades, 6/6 pair.

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FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

PEARSE.—In loving memory of our dear sons, Harold Charles Pearse, 25th Reinforcements, who died of wounds at Wimereux, France, on October 19, 1917; and James Henry Pearse, 4th Reinforcements, who died of wounds at Imbros, Gallipoli, on September 4, 1915.

Death divides, but memory clings for ever.

—Inserted by their loving parents, sisters and brothers. 2123

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1920.

HOUSING.

The operations of the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act are now rendered practically ineffective, as far as the opportunity to secure a house is concerned. The Government have now decided that the purchase of houses is to be discontinued but that it will be treated as "special circumstances," which may be favourably considered, should the soldier decide to build. The Government have decided that the purchase of houses shall cease. Although this is a hardship on soldiers who have been wounded and been in hospital for some time, it is nevertheless true that the scheme has been a failure. With the best part of 100,000 men as members of the Expeditionary Force, it was self-evident that a comprehensive scheme of repatriation should have been formulated early in the war period, and that a committee of reconstruction should have been set up. This committee would have had power to advise the Government on all phases of reconstruction and would have meant the formulating of a more definite and co-ordinated plan for the effective repatriation of our soldiers. The Government undoubtedly failed to grasp the magnitude of the various problems which were likely to confront it. The proper housing of these men is one of the most essential phases of repatriation activity. Failure in this respect is to render ineffective other factors of repatriation, and cause discontent which is a big factor in the unsettled industrial conditions. We do not wish to convey the impression

that returned soldiers are responsible for the unsatisfactory conditions prevailing. A large amount of this trouble is fostered by men who never left New Zealand's shores, and never intended to. Further, they were a factor in causing trouble calculated to reduce the efficiency of the Expeditionary Force. Returned soldiers throughout this Dominion will have no associations with such a disintegrating factor. Nevertheless, there is discontent, and every effort should be made to minimise it. When a man has a house that he can call his own or at least look forward to it belonging to him entirely in a few years, it gives him an interest in the country which he did not have before. He has a stake in the country and is not likely to be led by irresponsibles. The very character of the man, his wife and children, are largely moulded in his home life. Further, there is a feeling of security of tenure, and these conditions make for contentment. The Government must realise this and make themselves a propelling force behind a vigorous housing policy which should start where the Government has stopped. The purchase of houses has led to an inflation of values, which has produced its effect on houses which are to be built. The Government should have erected houses themselves and by a co-operative system this could have been effected. The Australian Government has provided legislation for the erection of houses and has wider powers than our own legislation. In the Australian scheme, provision is made for homes for soldiers and their dependants. The Act provides that a house and land may be purchased with or without a deposit. It would be unique in the administration of the D.S.S. Act to find men receiving houses without a deposit. It is admitted that great care has to be taken in purchasing a house, but the Australian Government Building Society makes it easier to comply with the provisions for no deposit. To administer the Act there is a War Service Homes Commissioner, and the aims are to provide each eligible person with a substantial and durable house at the lowest possible cost, which will remain a source of comfort to the occupier for many years to come. The position is acute in this Dominion and must be faced even as a factor in conditions becoming more settled and as a factor in our industrial activity.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

REPLY TO REV. MACLEAN.

CRITICISMS OF THE CHURCH—ARE THEY JUSTIFIED?

(To the Editor).

Question asked by Rev. Hector Maclean in St. Andrew Church, Dunedin, and reported in "The Digger," of 15th—I answer yes, because the Bible, both the Old and New Testament, are the embodiment of common sense, which the churches have, by their teachings, caused the people who think to treat it with contempt as nonsense. Robert Burns has handed down to us in his poems his contempt for church teachings. As the Rev. Maclean has taken Matt. 16-18, for his text, I here offer to him the Parson's five pound note (£5) and any one else that will produce a dictionary meaning that Sheol, Hades, or Hell, means a place, the proper meaning of these words are the unseen state. So that our Lord used the word Hades in accordance with common sense. Because that through Death we enter into the unseen state and in that state we (those who believe in Jesus) sleep until the resurrection. Our Lord overcame death, therefore he is the resurrection and the life which all may attain by believing. See John 1. 12, also Galatians 3rd and 26. Rab, in Tam O Shanter says, "Ah, Tam, Ah Tam, you'll get your ferrin." In hell they'll roast you like a herring." To make this more in accordance with church teachings I add a little common sense and say neither like a herring or a trout for when you're there you'll get your ferrin. In hell they'll roast churches restrain and check the forces of evil. As a digger, let us dig down and uproot superstition.

GAVIN BRIGHTON.
Nightcaps, October 16, 1920.

**JACQUES "A." AND A CRITIC
TELEPATHY: WHAT IS IT AND HOW IS IT WORKED?**

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Re "A.'s" reply to Jacques in "Digger" of 8th October. Can either Jacques or A. answer the above. I hope A. will not be offended because I have written Jacques' name first, it is applicable to either. But the case was different when the offer was made to Joseph McCabe. He, as user of the telepathic

hypothesis, is first singled out and his name mentioned, then the offer is extended to any one else. Is telepathy capable of being demonstrated under test conditions? I say no. So the party who made J. McCabe the offer is on safe ground. Telepathy, as I understand it, is a means by which two persons can, without visible mean of communication, let the other know that the other is in great stress or trouble although the one may not be able to state in what form the trouble has overtaken the other. The stress so acts on the troubled one, and both being in unison or tuned to the same pitch, acts on the other, therefore they have what is termed telepathy. But both must be living and active and conscious at the time when the one is acting on the tender emotions of the other, else there is no telepathy. Some may confound telepathy with spiritualism. They are two different things, the one is natural while the other is outside of nature, therefore supernatural. Keep away from superstition please—it has no foundation. Spiritualism is demonstrable, therefore so many of our well learned men have had to acknowledge certain facts because they were not acquainted with certain active forces or bodies working out the will of the overruling power, which governs this earth, so some of them have fallen to try and purge and make them clean. Jacques ought to apologise to A. for having misquoted him in re Conan Doyle's spiritualistic incidents by saying, "All came easily within the scope of the telepathic hypothesis." Whereas A. only claims a partial success. I hope when Sir Conan Doyle comes here to lecture he will be able to face the music and show who these Elohim were. See the attached which, under cover of my letter to him of date 28th December, 1919, was sent to him.—I am, etc.,

GAVIN BRIGHTON.

Nightcaps.

WANTED, Sir A. C. Doyle and his clerical critics to study the Hebrew word Elohim—who they were, what they did in their part to make this earth habitable for man. Elohim is wrongly translated "God" as meaning a triune God.—Gavin Brighton.

THE AMBULANCE.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—I wish to reply to Mr A. Stean's letter, regarding the charge for the use of the ambulance. I am prepared to admit that petrol and oil are very costly. He says the rates per mile are the same as those charged by the taxi drivers, but why did he not say through the paper or in the account that the charge was per mile or per hour. The bill I received for £1 14s, I repeat, was exorbitant. I fought for my country and was wounded and when I came back started in a modest way as a settler and when my wife became ill I was treated in this way. One would think from the charge made that I was made of moey. I consider a slur has been cast on me by the writer of the letter, especially when it is considered that after I had been to the police he told me that the driver wanted to make some money out of it. Mr Stean says the woman was fully dressed and did not seem to be ill, but she certainly was ill and could not get out of bed, or dress herself without a neighbour's assistance. It was not a suitable case to be removed by train to hospital, where she still is under treatment.—I am, etc.,

RETURNED SOLDIER.

MATAURA ISLAND NOTES.

During the past fortnight much needed showers of rain fell, which will do the ground no end of good. The fine weather of the last few days has enabled the work in the garden to be attended to.

The Farm.—Work is well advanced. Most of the spring crops have been sown. Potato planting has been the order of the day during the last week, although only small areas are being sown this season. On several farms the cows are being fed on last season's crops. Fields are now looking quite green and stock in general are in good condition.

Sickness.—Colds of a severe nature still prevail over the district and several cases of measles have been notified in the last ten days.

Sport.—The Mataura River has been frequently visited of late by parties in search of white-bait, while others spent their time in trout fishing.

General.—The culvert recently referred to by the writer has now undergone repairs and is thoroughly safe for heavy traffic.

The British miners have ceased work and London assumes its war-time appearance at night time.

MARKET NOTES.

SOUTHLAND MARKET REPORT.

No outside business of any description has been done during the week. Although merchants consider the northern quotation of 4s 2d f.o.b.s.i. much below value, they are unwilling to buy at this figure and equally unprepared to sell at even a shilling more. I find merchants firmly of the opinion that oats must go very considerably higher before the advent of the new crop. Even though somewhat late in the season, the demand for seed oats still continues exceptionally strong, and generally merchants are compelled to work double shifts to keep pace with the demand.

As evidence of the opinion held locally of the value of oats, it may be mentioned that chaff is strong in demand at 7 10s per ton for prime quality.

There is nothing to report in the way of wholesale business in ryegrass, but the demand for farmers' requirements for sowing down is decidedly good, and in more than one instance I hear of merchants' earlier purchases having been entirely depleted purely by the local demand. Small lines have been offered by growers during the past fortnight and accepted by merchants who are short of stocks.

There has been some enquiry from England for hemp, but very little available for that business, while high and good fair locally command better prices than London equivalents. Prices may be stated at £32 for low fair, £34 for high fair, and £36 for good fair on trucks.

During the past week the stock market has been fairly quiet, with very little inquiry for all classes of store sheep, except ewes and lambs, there being a few inquiries for ewes with lambs at foot. Prices in this section remain firm, but dry sheep are practically unsaleable, with very few offerings. The store cattle market has fluctuated; some weeks it commands good prices, other weeks it is very slack. The prospects for lamb are going to be very good this year. Fat sheep are practically the same as last week, there being very little inquiry and no perceptible improvement, though there has been some demand for wethers, several lines of which have changed hands for 50s. The fat cattle market is slightly better, and at Wai-lacetown on Tuesday as high as £28 was realised for prime bullocks. The following are approximate values:—

Store sheep:—Extra good mixed-sex hoggets 24s to 26s; average 21s to 22s 6d; inferior, down to 17s; two and four-tooth wethers, fairly forward, 32s to 34s; average, 31s; four and six-tooth wethers, plenty condition, 36s to 38s; average, 36s; sound-mouthed ewes with lambs (all counted), 18s to 20s; four and six-tooth ewes with lambs at foot, 21s to 22s 6d; full and failing-mouthed ewes (all counted) 12s to 15s.

Fat cattle:—Extra prime steers £24 to £28; prime, £20 to £22 10s; unfinished, down to £16; extra prime cows, £16 to £18; prime, £12 to £13 10s; unfinished, £10; extra prime heifers, £17 to £19; prime, £13 to £14 10s; unfinished down to £10 10s.

Fat sheep:—Prime wethers, 45s to 48s; extra prime, 50s; average 40s to 42s; unfinished, down to 37s; extra prime ewes, 38s to 40s; prime 35s to 36s 6d; unfinished, down to 30s.

Store cattle:—Forward three and four-year-old bullocks £12 10s to £13 10s; ordinary steers, £11 to £11 10s; two-year-old steers, £6 10s to £8 10s; yearlings, £2 10s to £3 15s; dairy cows, first-class £18 to £20; ordinary, £12 to £14; unfinished, down to £8.

BRAY BROS. REPORT.

Messrs Bray Bros. Ltd., Auctioneers and Fruit Salesmen, Dee street, Invercargill, report as follows for week ending to-day:—

PRODUCE.—Potatoes: The enquiry for table potatoes is slow and prices are nominal; prime, to 5s 6d; other quality, from 4s to 6s 6d per bag. Seed potatoes: The demand is slow and only guaranteed quality are wanted. Onions to 3s 6d per bag. Oats 15s to 24s per bag. Chaff 5s 6d to 6d 6d per bag. Straw chaff 3s to 4s per bag. Meggitt's Calf Food 27s 6d per bag. Bran 11s 6d per bag. Pollard 15s per bag. Farro Food 12s per bag. Mutton 12s 6d per tin. Mutton Birds 1d per bird.

FRUIT.—Fair supplies have been coming forward. Apples: Rokewood to 11s per case. Sturmers 9s to 12s 6d per case for choice quality. Scarlots to 10s. Other varieties from 8s 6d to 10s, according to grade and variety. Cooking apples: Prime quality to 8s per case; other quality from 6s 6d to 7s 6d per case. Pears: In short supply and prices rule high.

VEGETABLES, Etc.—Cabbage to 10s sack. Swedes 4s 6d bag. Carrots 4s bag. Parsnips 2 1/2 lb. Rhubarb 2 1/2 lb. Asparagus 2 1/2 lb.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Large areas of bush between Queens-town and Bob's Cave have been destroyed by fire.

The National Wool-growers' Association of America are seeking to place an embargo on foreign wool.

It is possible that the erection of a new hospital at Kew will exceed £50,000 and may be subject to modification.

Last Saturday was the sixth anniversary of the departure from the Dominion of the Main Body.

The Sinn Fein leaders state that at the end of September, the Sinn Fein loan had reached £371,800.

A young man was remanded at the Thames Police Court on a charge of stealing £11 worth of pills.

The Southland League has received additional contributions of £20 each from the Riverton and Gore Borough Councils.

A thousand pounds reward is offered for a Sinn Fein general who is wanted by the police, and is believed to be hiding in England.

Mr Churchill, speaking at Dundee, stated that it would be madness to put Britain at the hand of De Valera and his gang of murderers.

Lubeck dock labourers refused to load 1,000 tons of artillery munitions which it was officially declared were destined for the East Prussian Reichswehr.

The New Zealand Government contracts for railway trucks will be delayed indefinitely owing to the British coal strike.

A prisoner who had been charged with unlawfully interfering with a girl under the age of 16 years, cut his throat in the police cells at Lyttelton gaol.

At the last meeting of the Town Council a taxi-cab's license was cancelled on a recommendation from the police. The owner was given an opportunity of appealing before the Council in defence.

Owing to the inability of Pete Herman to leave America before September 11, the date of the match between Herman and Jimmy Wilde, at Holborn Stadium, has been postponed from September 17 to September 27.

The Miner's Executive of South Wales threatens that unless the strike is settled by October 31st., to agitate for a withdrawal of all men from the mines in Britain including the pumping hands, implying a danger of flooding.

The Bible in schools question has been discussed by the Southland Presbytery. The following resolution was carried:—"That the Presbytery of Southland request that the Wellington Executive of the N.Z. Bible in State Schools League furnish as soon as possible a statement of the position of affairs, financial and otherwise, and also indicate what steps if any, it proposes to take to bring the reform to a successful issue."

At a meeting to protest against the increased price of butter, held at the Petone Recreation Ground recently, the following resolution was passed:—"That this combined meeting of Petone citizens assembled enter a strong protest to the Government against their negligence by not giving effective legislation to protect the interest and well-being of the people against the elements of exploitation and speculation. We urge for more effective measures to be administered to safeguard a peaceful reconstruction as against an aggressive one."

Just arrived by post the latest novelties in Gents' neckwear, collars, scarves, handkerchiefs, braces, tie pins, scarf pins, etc. The newest in black silk knitted ties 5s 6d and 6s 6d. A splendid selection of wide end silk ties in smart patterns and exclusive designs 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 6s 6d, 7s 6d. Bow ties 2s 6d, 3s 9d. Boys knitted ties in school colours 1s 6d. The latest in Gents' coloured silk handkerchiefs 5s 11d and 6s 6d. Initial handkerchiefs 1s 6d. The famous Shirley President Braces, fine and heavy makes 5s 11d. Police 4s 6d. Best British makes 4s 6d, 5s 6d, to 7s 6d. Boys' braces 1s 6d to 3s 6d. Gents' cashmere socks in plain and fancy, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, 4s 9d to 9s 6d. Wool socks 2s 6d to 5s 6d. Wool and fancy silk knitted scarves 6s 6d to 45s. Shirts in Tootal's famous tobracco shirtings, full sizes, 12s 6d. Inspection invited at H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Stores, Tay street, Invercargill and Main street, Gore.

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Labour Carnival! Labour Carnival!
Labour Carnival! Labour Carnival!

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Secretary.

GORE RACING CLUB.

SPRING RACES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23rd.

and

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25th (Labour Day), 1920.

FIRST RACE—At 12.20 each day.

The Gore Race Meeting is a holiday attraction worth patronage. The train service is arranged to give patrons every opportunity of viewing the events from first to last.

The track is in excellent condition, the surroundings are pleasing, the acceptances good, and a good attendance is all that is necessary to make the meeting a success. For particulars of train service see daily papers or Railway Handbills.

F. YOUNG,
Secretary.

P.O. Box 46, Gore.

Alex. Macklam,

MERCER AND SUIT SPECIALIST,
PRINCESS HOTEL BUILDINGS.

WE have secured a few choice Suits in Greys and Browns, cut in the latest fashion, well tailored, and smartly finished.

Save disappointment by inspecting these Suits right away.

You can have a Suit made to measure. See our patterns. Get measured by this practical man. Satisfaction assured. These suits are made from Colonial Tweeds and Worsteds.

BEST VALUE OFFERING.

PRINCESS HOTEL BUILDINGS,
DEE STREET.

GET THE ENGAGEMENT RING AT BROWN'S.

Not only do you get the Best Ring possible for her, but there's a big saving. The 25 per cent. duty we save by importing stones unset and making up rings in our own workroom ensures this.

That's why we offer the best value in New Zealand.

Wm. A. Brown
The Ring Specialist

Corner Dee and Don streets,
INVERCARGILL.

The Smartest Showing of Ladies' Wearing Apparel In Town



IS THE WAY IN WHICH MANY OF OUR VISITORS HAVE DESCRIBED OUR DISPLAY OF NEW SEASON'S STYLES.

THIS WEEK WE ARE MAKING A SPECIAL DISPLAY OF

AFTERNOON FROCKS

WHICH HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY SELECTED FOR US AND REPRESENT THE VERY NEWEST IDEAS SHOWN.

SMART FLORAL VOILE FROCKS in neat styles, square necks, 3-sleeve, new skirt; in Rose, Grey, Navy, Saxe, etc., with new pattern effects. Prices 59/6 to 72/6.

MODEL PLAIN VOILE FROCKS, trimmed beads; quite the newest ideas; in Saxe, Wedgwood, New Blue, etc. Prices £7 10s to 11 guineas.

OUR READY-TO-WEAR COSTUMES are beautifully tailored and priced low, so they are selling very freely. Bust sizes 32 to 40-inch. Prices from £6 10/- to 15 guineas.

Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

THE QUALITY HOUSE.

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

SOUTHLAND COUNTY.

THE COUNTIES ACT, 1908.

LOCAL ELECTIONS AND POLLS ACT, 1908.

ELECTION OF NINE COUNCILLORS FOR THE VARIOUS RIDINGS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Election for the return of a Councillor for each of the undermentioned Ridings will be held on WEDNESDAY, the 10th November, 1920.

Candidates for the Offices must be nominated in the manner prescribed in "The Local Elections and Polls Act, 1908." Nomination papers must be delivered to the Returning Officer or addressed to him, and delivered at the Southland County Council Office, Clyde street, Invercargill, not later than noon on MONDAY, 1st November, 1920.

WAIHOPAI RIDING.
AWARUA RIDING.
WALLACETOWN RIDING.
WINTON RIDING.
ORETI RIDING.
HOKONUI RIDING.
WAIKATA RIDING.
MATAURA RIDING.
TOETOES RIDING.

The Poll, if required, will be taken on the day appointed for the Election, namely, 10th November, 1920.

A. J. SERVICE,
Returning Officer.
Southland County Council Office,
Invercargill, October 8, 1920. 1687

SOUTHLAND COUNTY.

"HOSPITALS AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS ACT, 1909."

ELECTION OF SIX REPRESENTATIVES ON SOUTHLAND HOSPITAL AND CHARITABLE AID BOARD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Election for the return of six Representatives to the Southland Hospital and Charitable Aid Board will be held on WEDNESDAY, November 10, 1920.

Candidates for the office must be nominated in the manner prescribed in "The Local Elections and Polls Act, 1908."

Nomination papers must be delivered to the Returning Officer or addressed to him, and delivered at the Southland County Council Office, Clyde street, Invercargill, not later than noon on MONDAY, November 1, 1920.

Nominations must be accompanied by a deposit of three pounds sterling. The Poll, if required, will be taken on the day appointed for the Election, namely, November 10, 1920.

A. J. SERVICE,
Returning Officer.
Southland County Council Office,
Invercargill, October 8, 1920. 1688

EXTRA SPECIAL!

Just arrived! Samples for 26 only gent's suits-to-measure for delivery before 24th December or earlier. The material is of the finest woven New Zealand worsteds in Browns, College Greys, Dark Grey and Fox's Navy. Shades are guaranteed fast. The quality of these rare, high-grade suitings is beyond question. Prices are very reasonable—£7 10/-, £8 10/-, £9 9s/-.

McNEIL AND CLARK

94 DEE STREET.

WHY WORRY ABOUT HIGH COST OF CLOTHES.

DIGGER RENOVATING SHOP.

All work done by Practical Tailor. Note Address—

PRESTON'S BUILDINGS,

TAY STREET.

Nearly opposite Salvation Army Barracks.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

WE are now showing latest styles in

MILLINERY,
BLOUSES, Etc.

Compare our goods with others for value, quality, and well-known rock prices.

MISSSES HUGHES,

"The Paragon,"

ESK STREET (opposite Times).

WAR TROPHIES.

A meeting of Southland representatives in the Council Chambers on Wednesday morning to allocate the war trophies available.

After some discussion it was decided that trophies be distributed as follows:—Invercargill, siege gun and trench mortar; Gore, howitzer; Bluff, Winton, Riverton, Queenstown, Arrowtown, Mataura, Inverham, and Otatau, each a field gun; Edendale, Nightcaps, Lumsden, and Stewart Island, each a trench mortar; Bush Memorial Committee, two machine guns, and South Invercargill, two machine guns.

It was also decided that a machine gun be allocated to each school with an attendance of 300 or over, and the balance, but fifteen, distributed amongst memorial committees that might be formed. The chairman said it would be found, properly, that there were eight schools with attendance referred to.

The Chairman, Mayor of Invercargill, and Major Rice were appointed to deal with further applications for trophies.

THE BLUFF AND THERE AT THE BLUFF.

The Bluff Horticultural Society held a flower show recently. A rose bowl was won for the most points. When it comes to points we predict the Borough Council to be a sure winner.

A daffodil dance was also held recently. The limit was advertised as 18 years. I think this is rather young. Sweet is best!

The Bluff express, with the assistance of a fair wind, averaged about 12 miles an hour, 2 feet 9 inches per hour last Friday.

Posters advertising the daffodil dance are on view in the shop windows. An interesting item was: "Sub., Ladies 1s." Surely they are worth more than that even if they are only 18 years old.

"Cr. Hinchey said too much of the lengthy correspondence. He thought Council's time was taken up each night hought—"Bluff Press" report of the mail meeting.

Watson's No. 10, we presume.

At last meeting of the Borough Council, Worship the Mayor stated "blast" was necessary. The Council would give some protection in matters of this kind. We thought someone would be in hot water over the electricity muddle.

The Southland League recently waited on the Bluff Borough Council requesting donation to the funds of the League. Crosby Smith said: "Mr Rodger had visited the historical site of the lagoon." We were wondering whether the Electric Board is its memorial.

Complaints have been received by the Council from residents in the vicinity of the Biggar street depot for refuse disposal. The refuse from the ash bins deposited in a large lagoon which has large quantity of stagnant water in it. The members of the Council visited the depot and it was found that the water was giving the trouble and not the refuse. The Council have been depositing rubbish at this place to fill the lagoon and remove the nuisance. Inspector Smith states that this will be completed out the end of the year and the nuisance dispensed with.

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

Of comfort, no man speak!
Let's talk of graves of worms and
epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy
eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the
earth—
Let's choose executors and talk of wills
And yet, not so, for what can we
bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground;
Our lives, our lands and all our Boling-
brokes,
And nothing can we call our own
Save death and that small model of the
barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to
our bones.
—Shakespeare's Richard III.

A speech that will be repeated in the
forthcoming era.

That valiant patriot and friend of the
oppressed, Thomas O'Bryne, is gaining
fresh ecstasies from his grateful people.
The victories thus far achieved by the
distinguished commander of labour have
been marked by a series of operations re-
vealing great tactical skill. So far grand
strategy has not been employed in the
barley-burly of class war. Let anyone
should think that non-balance commander
to be lacking in the high art of war we would
mention that he is at present extracting
money, by way of subscriptions, from the
platoons. Our worthy Crown Prosecu-
tor, Mr. W. Macalister, we understand
was one of the first emmentments. When
the Labour Hall commemorating the strat-
egic achievements of Commandant O'Bryne
and his forces becomes reality, our Crown
Prosecutor will be lucky if he escapes the
dock of the Labour Supreme Court and
backer still if he retains more than a
modicum of his presents assets. In any
case the present dispositions of the mas-
ter of war herein referred to reveal his
intention to teach the young idea how
to get the needful from the chaps who
have it. For this purpose, if for no
other, a Labour Hall is necessary. The
best thing the business and professional
classes can do is, build it quick!

When the Iron Duke, Wellington, ap-
proaching his eightieth year, was crossing
the street to his London residence, Aps-
let House, a gushing sort of an individual
took hold of the Duke's arm and assisted
him across. The duke smiled and was
in the act of saying, "Thank you," when
the indiscreet one said, "I have had a long
and by no means uneventful career, but
never did I hope to be honoured by ren-
dering your lordship ——" "Don't be
a damn fool," said Wellington, as he
turned on his heel.

Shakespeare's lines about the man who
hath no music in himself being fit for
stratagems and spoils and being dark as
Erebos flashed through as we listened to
the harmonies of the Male Choir last week.
If it be true that, "Love levels all ranks
and lays the shepherd's crook beside the
sceptre," it is not amiss to say that music
sits the medical practitioner alongside the
fishmonger, and the baker alongside the
bank manager. Religions, orange and
green, were well represented. The mil-
lennium would be here could we get, H.
Sharp, W. Burke and "Iona," and the
"Times" editor into the Male Choir. The
magic stick of W. Quinn would dispel any
gathering clouds and these gentlemen
would learn to know each other so well
that if they continued to differ they would
do so without malice.

It is gratifying to note that the Power
Board people are beginning to make ex-
cuses for their neglect in not giving
reasonable publicity to their handling of
the Board's affairs. One or two of the
officials of the Board are well known to
possess a self-sufficiency that at times
overleaps itself. These men, however,
have their qualities and will do well enough
if given to understand clearly what is
expected of them. The old saying, "Give
a beggar a horse and ye ken whaur he'll
gang tae," is always being exemplified.
Most chaps are good at spending the other
fellow's money—if the other fellow
doesn't ask questions he deserves all he
gets.

A young lady whose beauty is equal to
her bluntness in conversation was visiting
a house where other guests were as-
sembled, among them the eldest son of a
rich manufacturer. The talk turned on
matrimonial squabbles. Said the young
man: "I hold that the thing for the hus-
band to do is to begin as he intends to
go on." Say that the question was one
of smoking. I would at once show my
intentions by lighting a cigar, thus, then

and there settling the question forever."
"And I," said the young lady, "would at
once knock the thing out of your mouth."
"Do you know," rejoined the young man
thoughtfully, "I don't think that you
would be there."

That sterling combination the Hibernian
Band continues to please in all its public
offerings. If the Hibernians do adver-
tise a little they certainly produce the
goods.

The Rev. Sharpe and Dean Burke are
"at it" in the "Times." We would like to
see the full text of the Ne Temere decree
published for the enlightenment of all. The
general public would know better how to
assess values in its presence.

The Regimental Band is making good
progress under Mr W. J. Siddall. This
conductor's work with the Dominion Band
at Dunedin was brilliant considering the
defects of the combination, instruments,
and the short time spent in getting ready
for the contest. The Regimental Band
should go to Nelson a stronger combina-
tion than the Dominion Band was at
Dunedin, that is on their present form.

Quinn's Male Voice Choir is an organisa-
tion that does the town credit. Nothing
is more entrancing than the human voices
harmonised and handled artistically. Suc-
cess to the Male Choir.

A Scottish parson, still on the under
side of forty, was driving home from an
outlying village when he overtook a young
woman. He recognised her to be a maid
of all work on the farm of one of his
parishoners and offered her a lift. Mary
gladly accepted the lift and thanked the
minister when he drew up and let her
down out of the baggy.

"Don't mention it, don't mention it,"
said the minister politely.

"No I won't, I assure you," said Mary.

"Two would-be clever London dandies
accosted a Highland shepherd with: "You
have a very fine view here Donald —"
You can see a great way."

"Yes, yes, a ferry, ferry great way
indeed."

"You can see America from here, I
presume," continued one of the dandies.

"Och aye, far farrer than that."

"Farther than that?"

"Aye, you two clever fellas had better
jist wait till the mist clears awa and she'll
show you the moon."

REFUND OF PASSAGE MONEY.

REFUND OF PASSAGE MONEY FOR
EX-OFFICERS AND MEN OF
BRITISH ARMY.

Extension of Army Order 275 of 1918,
which authorised refunds of passage
money for those who proceeded from
abroad after the declaration of war and
joined the British Army.

1.—An extension of the date for the
submission of claims under the terms of
Army Order 275 of 1918 will be allowed
up to the 31st December, 1920, inclusive,
for the following special categories who
were unable to submit their claims before
the 1st September, 1919. No others will
be considered.

(a).—Those who were actually engaged
in military operations in distant parts
of the world. Places other than France,
Belgium, or the area of the Rhine Army.

(b).—Those who were incapacitated by
wounds, or illness contracted on active
service.

(c).—Those who were killed in action,
or died from the result of wounds, or ill-
ness contracted during their service. In
this case application should be made for,
or on behalf of, the nearest relative.

2.—Each claim must be accompanied by a
full statement of the reason which prevented
its submission before the 1st September,
1919. Claims will be considered on their
merits, provided that they come within
the above categories, and are supported
by the particulars regarding date of sail-
ing from abroad, date of arrival in the
United Kingdom, date of enlistment, etc.,
required by Army Order 275 of 1918. Full
regimental particulars (rank, regi-
mental number, and last regiment) of the
applicant should be stated. All claims
must be submitted to the War Office,
or to a recognised military authority, on
or before the 31st December, 1920. No
extension of this date will be allowed.

3.—Applications should, if necessary,
be rendered without waiting for the S.S.
Company's certificate required by para-
graph 3 of Army Order 275 of 1918, which
should be forwarded when obtained. A
note that this will be done should be
made on the claim.

In cases where an application was made
since the 31st August, 1919, and the neces-
sary documents were supplied, notifica-
tion to this effect should be sent to the
Secretary, War Office, (Q.M.G.F.T.),
Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

FURNITURE.

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

W. STRANG & CO.,
THE LOCAL FURNITURE FIRM,
ESK & KELVIN STREETS, INVERCARGILL.

Electric Power Board.

Town Council Confirms Committee's Report.

The report of a special meeting of the
Gas, Water, and Tramways Committee
relative to amendments to the Electric
Power Board's Bill read at Tuesday
night's meeting of the Town Council gave
rise to some discussion.

Cr Mackrell, who moved the adoption
of the report, said the Electric Power
Board seemed to think that the Council-
lors should not open their mouths to criti-
cise their actions. The ratepayers were
only beginning to realise that the Board
had power to rate them. In conversation
with the Corporation's Electrical Engi-
neer, he had been informed that owing
to the extra interest that would have to
be paid by the Board and the other expen-
diture that had not been anticipated, the
cost of the work would be much more
than had been estimated a year or so ago,
and he could not see how the Board could
sell current to the Invercargill Corporation
at a rate at which it would be possible for
the corporation to supply itself with its
own generating plant. If the Power Board
had no electrical engineer in their employ-
ment with the capabilities of the Council's
Electrical Engineer it was reasonable to
accept the latter's opinion, and the fact
was that the highest salary paid by the
Board for a man with electrical knowledge
was £300 a year. He (Cr Mackrell) thought
the Council should know more
about what was going on, and what would
be the position in a year or two. The
Corporation had received an application
from the Winton Borough, but they could
not deal with it in the face of the present
position. They had no guarantee that
the current would be cheap, and he did
not think the Power Board could possibly
say what the current was going to cost
the Corporation. Therefore when they
talked of cheap power it was all in the
air at present.

A Voice: They offered it at a certain
price.

Cr Mackrell replied that the Council
had received no offer at all from the
Board. One left himself open to criti-
cism when speaking on this matter, but
that did not trouble him. As a matter
of fact he had spoken against the town
coming into the electric power area at all,
and now he found it necessary to comment
on the policy of the Board. The Board
seemed to have made up their minds to
have cheap electricity, but it remained to
be proved whether they could have it the
way things were going. The Board
should make a statement now and show
how they proposed to do it.

Cr Blake said it was a case of keep
your hands off the Power Board, as Cr
Mackrell had said. That, however, was
the attitude of the Board at their last meet-
ing. Things had been going on, and
when they came down to tin tacks it was
found that they had made at-tacks, but
when they came to drive them it was a
different thing. They consequently felt
a sense of insecurity because it was diffi-
cult to see through the Board's activities.
Anyone would be justified in being doubt-
ful and asking himself if things were ex-
actly right. When a scheme was sound
there need be no fear of criticism. The
Power Board had sacrificed one of the
great principles by which it should be
guided—to come out into the open—and
as a result it had lost the confidence of the
people. He had been at the Board's
meeting, and subsequent to that had per-
used the minutes, when he found a great
number of what were to be trump cards
had been cast to one side. As to the
£500 maximum to the chairman of the
Board, the solicitor in Invercargill had
drawn up the amending Bill, and the
principles it contained were submitted by

the Southland Electric Power Board. The
chairman of the Board had been appointed
managing director, and the maximum
amount payable to the chairman was to
be £200, he to be recompensed also for
his other duties. They wanted a clause
—and it originated with the Southland
Board—that the chairman's allowance be
£1000 per annum for the services he would
render. A labourer was worthy of his hire,
but when that matter came before the
members of the Board they took the
chairman's dictum like people playing
chess, and when Councilors had said
there was a principle involved they were
absolutely correct. The managing direc-
tor should receive an adequate salary, but
why those subtle methods in getting legis-
lation on the Statute Book? The Bill did
originate with the Board, who framed all
the provisions. With regard to rating,
the various boards conferred, but the idea
originated in the Invercargill office. The
Board has sheltered behind Power Boards
Conference, but the conference was sug-
gested by this Board in order to provide
a piece of diplomatic machinery to facili-
tate the passage of the bill. The Confer-
ence was suggested after the Minister for
Public Works had stated that he wished
to keep as much of the principle
Act intact as possible. Then
there was the analogy made between the
number of people in Southland and those
in Canterbury, which on analysis would
prove quite wrong. The whole thing re-
quired going into, and the Council should
take up the attitude that they were there
to represent the people and were not going
to be led by the Power Board or any other
board, but would insist on knowing the
exact position.

Cr Martin said he had not attended
the meeting of the Committee, having
been absent from town, but had he been
present he would probably have support-
ed the clause. However not knowing the
amendments he could not give his opinion
on the matter. They should be very sure
of their grounds before they criticised
the Board because it would not be ad-
visable to convey the impression through-
out New Zealand that there was some-
thing wrong if that was not so. He had
always agreed with the Committee that
they had not had the information that
they should have been supplied with. If
the Mayor had stood as the Council's re-
presentative on the Board, and taken the
place of Mr Rodger or Mr Anderson a
good deal of the trouble might have been
obviated. Unfortunately, however, the
Mayor did not see his way to stand, nei-
ther did any of the Councilors. He sup-
ported the Committee in their opinion
that more publicity should be given the
Power Board's activities.

Cr Carswell said he did not want the
Board to assume that the Council were
out to unfairly criticise them. He
thought that especially in regard to the
chairman's salary their suggestion was
fair. The Mayor of Wellington could
not receive more than £400 per annum.

The Mayor: They are altering it to
£600.

Cr Carswell said that in Wellington
they had a large number of trading con-
cerns under their control. He knew that
Mr Rodgers had been anxious that he
should not only be chairman but also man-
aging director. His heart and soul had
been in the scheme, and they could un-
derstand that he would desire those posi-
tions, but would it be wise for the chair-
man to be also the managing director?
It would then be difficult for them to
criticise the managing director. He had
nothing against Mr Rodger. The scheme
would probably not have come to matur-

ity without the splendid service he re-
ndered, but the fact was that the Board
should have advertised for a managing
director, and Mr Rodger could have
voted his whole time to the policy of the
Board. The Board had struck the worst
time in the commercial history of the
world in going on with the scheme
because there was a rising cost all
time. They had been assured that
estimates had been very carefully con-
sidered and that they would not be ex-
ceeded also that the money was under offer,
if the loan was authorised by the rate-
payers it could be closed the next day,
but that had not yet been done. The pub-
lic should get more information. The
Mayor was speaking as representing the rate-
payers of Invercargill.

The Mayor said that though the
scheme might have been drafted in Invercargill
it had been submitted to a conference of
Mayors of Wellington presiding. In-
stead of what Cr Mackrell had said,
thought it unwise for a responsible of-
ficer of the Corporation to say he could
produce cheaper electricity without being
thoroughly acquainted with the facts.
Surely water power was cheaper than coal.
If the town had not been included in the
Board's district the Board could have
reduced its current through the borough
if their charge was 2d as against the
Council's 3d they could understand the
position would arise. But as Cr Mac-
rell had said the cost might be high.
It was a pity that he (the Mayor) and
some of the Councilors had not seen the
way to stand for the Board.

Cr Mackrell said none of them were
actuated by personal motives in the atti-
tude they had taken up. He claimed
to have as much interest in Southland as
to be concerned as much for its develop-
ment as any of them and anything he
said as a Councillor was for the benefit of
ratepayers. The remarks of one or two
members of the Board the other day made
this explanation necessary, particularly
their reference to Cr Lillierup. He was
not opposed to the scheme, but did not
agree with the Mayor that electricity de-
veloped by water power did not cost
much. They should have a complete sur-
vey of the whole situation by an outside
expert.

Cr Carswell: Only the Board could
act for that.

Cr Mackrell said that was his opinion
as a ratepayer. He had discussed the
whole matter with experts outside Inver-
cargill, and he thought they should have
more publicity and know more of what
was going on.

The motion was carried.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

METHODIST CHURCH DECISION.

The Temperance and Public Morals
Committee of the New Zealand Metho-
dist Church, at a meeting held in Inver-
cargill recently, unanimously passed the
following resolutions:—

"That we reiterate the protest al-
ready uttered by our Church in re the
"Temere" decree, and urge upon the
Government to protect the religious lib-
erty of all sections of the community in
matters of legal marriages by not in-
terfering with the use of the Bible in
making impossible the use of insulting
socially hurtful language to persons who
have been married otherwise than
Roman Catholic priests."

"That this committee, believing
the Dominion already possesses sufficient
if not too many, totalisator permis-
sions against any further increase,
trusts that Parliament will negative
the Gaming Amendment Bill now before
and thus be no party to the increase
of the gambling spirit already so pre-
valent in the country, and so injurious to
the highest well-being of its citizens."

Owing to the quantity of water
from the river by power companies
Niagara Falls are but a ghost of
former magnificence.

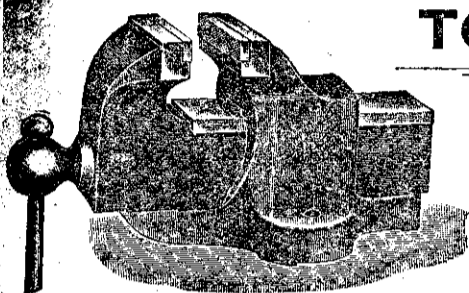
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INVERCARGILL.

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400 C. C. A.B.C. MOTOR CYCLE,

Covering 67 miles, 1636 yards in one hour.

Also Senior T. T. One Hour Race 500 C. C.
A.B.C. FIRST. WON BY 19 MILES.

All other Competitors were of greater cylinder capacity.

A.B.C. Competition Results have already demonstrated its su-
periority. But it is far more than a Competition Motor Bicycle. It
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tion, Clutch foot speed gear, Long lived Transmission, Single lever
carburettor, Car type brakes for and aft and perfectly sprung frame,
are some of its features.

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SOUTHLAND AGENTS,
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Reid & Gray's Buildings.
310 North Road.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements—One insertion, 4/-
per inch; 3/- per inch for each sub-
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Marriage Notices—3/6 one
insertion; 5/6 two insertions.
Notice—3/6 one insertion, 5/6 for
two, and 7/6 for three insertions.
Notice—For notice only, 3/6;
notice with verse, 3/6, plus 6d per
line for each verse.
Lost and Found—1/- for one
insertion of sixteen words.

For Furniture.

Call on us

Before Selecting

Your Furniture.

W. S. Robinson & Co.,

The Reliable Furniture House,
KELVIN STREET,

'Phone—760.

Kennel Notes.

In view of the proposed appointment of
the great English judge, Mr Sam Crab-
tree, to judge next year's Dunedin Fan-
cier's Club show, the following review
should be very interesting to the fancy.

Mr Sam Crabtree, besides being a
successful exhibitor, is also a successful
breeder, as the records show. His
canine tastes, too, are somewhat cos-
mopolitan, bulldogs, schipperkes, Pe-
kingese, and one or two other breeds
comprising his present repertory, al-
though he has, at one time or another,
dabbled almost in every breed; hence
his wide knowledge. It is worth re-
cording that Mr Sam has established a
record that has never been equalled by
one strain of bulldogs in one kennel,
having headed the bulldog classes at
the Cheetham Hill Show (one of the
largest shows in the United Kingdom)
four years in succession, with Ch. White
Marquis and his two sons, Ch. Falls-
worth White Knight and Ch. Falls-
worth White King. He has also won
every bulldog challenge certificate
awarded at this society's shows. At the
show held at Belle Vue last October,
the first and third prize-winners in
Novice, first and second prize-winners
in Minor Limit, first in Special Limit,
second in Limit under 45lb; first prize-
winner in Maiden, challenge certificate,
25-guinea Challenge Cup and several
specials were all won by dogs either
owned by Mr Sam, or sired by his noted
Fallsworth White dogs.

Mr Sam rightly attributes the founda-
tion of this noted "White" strain to
Ch. Silent Knight, of Holybrook. This
dog sired Ch. White Marquis, bought
by Mr Sam when a puppy. He sired
Ch. Fallsworth White Knight, Ch.
Fallsworth White King, Ch. Fallsworth
White Countess, Fallsworth White
Prince, White Rock Queen, Stone-
hurst, White Mike and a host of
others. Ch. Fallsworth White Knight
has sired the following noted dogs:—
Fallsworth White Colonel (his best
son), Tweedside White Marquis, Per-
sistent White Light, Godley White
Knight, Miss Bully and Hilda of
Anokla, and several other winners.
Truly a record!

Mr Sam Crabtree, who has been "Our
Dogs" north country representative for
twenty years, owing to considerations of
health relinquished the sedentary life he
then led and embraced the outdoor life of
a showman, taking charge of the large
variety kennel (in which bulldogs pre-
dominated), of his brother, Mr Luke
Crabtree, at Lea Grange, Blackey, Man-
chester, in which he had an interest.
Some years ago now Mr Sam struck out on
his own account at "Highfield," Falls-
worth, Moston, from which kennel has
emerged from time to time some of the
best bulldogs the show bench has ever
known of the "Fallsworth White" strain,
which has gained distinction both in Eng-
land and America, to which country Mr
Sam Crabtree has been a prolific exporter.
Mr Sam still sticks to the "national"
breed as his leading breed, although he
has been associated, both during his ten-
ure of office with his brother and since
with many other breeds, notably—Mas-
tiffs, Great Danes, Setters, Scottish, Irish,
Airedales and Fox Terriers, Pugs, Schip-
perkes, Pekingese, Pomeranians, etc., all
of which he has bred, owned or exhibited
with more or less success, and early rip-
ened into an all-round judge. Mr Sam
Crabtree as a judge and dog show critic
has been a great success. He is a mem-
ber of many bulldog and other clubs
and societies, and has officiated both as
bulldog and schipperke specialist, and as
an all-rounder at most of the shows in
the United Kingdom and Channel Is-
lands, at several on the Continent, in
the United States of America and
South Africa, whilst a scheme is at the
present time afoot by several dog clubs
in Australia to get him out to the
Commonwealth to judge a group of
shows which the war has momentarily
caused to be postponed.

The trip Mr Crabtree made during this
last summer, at the special invitation of
Mrs Anita Baldwin, proprietress of the
famous variety kennel at Anokla, Califor-
nia, to this lady's princely place and the
States, which extended to a period of
four months, is fresh in the memory of
the fancy.

We often think that really good all-
round judges, like poets, are born, not
made, and one of these is the subject
of this little notice. He has a faculty
of spotting the peas of future canine
cracks when they are in the pod, and
his judgment rarely errs. If a fancier
can do this he can easily judge dogs when
they become developed.

When Caruso, the famous tenor, is on
the stage, his medical attendant is always
on duty behind the scenes.

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

All communications of interest to read-
ers of this column to be addressed to
"Draughts Editor," 28 Biggar street.

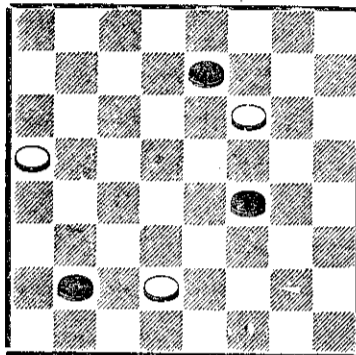
Players can help to maintain interest
in the game of draughts by sending along
games, problems, or items of interest to
readers of this column. All such com-
munications to be addressed to "Draughts
Editor," 28 Biggar street.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEO. H. BROWN.—Your solution for
Problem 30 came to hand too late for last
week's issue. Your third move, 7.3, would
allow black to win by 5.14, 3.8, 11.16,
19.12, 2.7.

PROBLEM 32.

(By Carson, per favour of the Rev. J.
Collie.)
Black 8, 14, 26.



White 7, 20, 22.
White to play and draw.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 31.

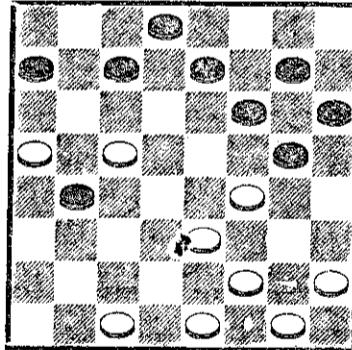
Black—3, 20, 22, K5. White—6, 17, 29,
K11.
3. 7* 10. 6 24.27 26.30* 26.22 14.10
11. 2 9. 5 10.14 25.21 18.15 Black
5. 1* 6. 1 27.31* 30.25* 22.17* wins.
17.13 2. 7 14.18A 21.17C 14.10
1.10 20.24 22.26* 31.26* 17.14*
13. 9 7.10 29.25B 17.14D 10. 7

GAME—DENNY.

(By W. Veal, Southampton.)

10.14 11.16 8.11 5.14
22.17 25.22 22.18 22.18
7.10 14.17 4. 8 5, 14.17
17.13 21.14 26.22 18.14
3. 7 9.25 10.14 1. 5†
24.19 29.22 18. 9

†Leads to position on diagram:—
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play.

23.18 2, 7.10 31.26 2.18
16.23 27.18 11.16 25.22
1, 14. 9 10.15 9. 5 18.25
5.14 4, 18.14 3, 6. 9 30.14
18. 9 15.19 13. 6 Drawn.

VAR. 1.

13. 9 14.10 18. 9 27. 9
6.13 7.14 5.14

Can White draw with a piece down?

VAR. 2.

23.26 31.22 17.26 30.23
White for choice.

VAR. 3.

18.24 16.23 6. 9 2.18
28.19 26.19 13. 6 Drawn.

VAR. 4.

9. 5 5. 1 1. 6 13. 6
15.22 6.10 2. 9

Can White draw?

VAR. 5.

7.10 19.15 5.14 16.23
18. 9 10.26A 23.19 27. 9
1.5 30.23

White looks very strong.

A. 5.14, 15.8, 4.11, 23.19.—White wins.

The first submarine to be built in Eng-
land was launched by Vickers as long
ago as 1886. It was 100 feet long and 12
feet "round the waist." Thirty years later
the famous "K" submarines were being
built on the same spot with a length of
240 feet, and driven by engines with a
horse-power of 10,500.

Winter Bros.,

GENERAL CARRIERS,

SPEY STREET,

WISH to announce that they have a
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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.

NEW SEASON'S MANURES.

EPHOS BASIC PHOSPHATE

WE have just landed, ex s.s. Nitro, a
shipment of this well-known phos-
phate.

PRICE—£12 10s per ton; on trucks.

CHESTERFIELD AND WALPOLE
GUANOS.

The s.s. Malaita is due about end of
October with supplies of both these
Guanos.

CALCUTTA BONE DUST.

We are landing a shipment ex s.s.
Canara now due.

PRICE—£20 per ton.

WE HAVE FULL STOCKS OF
CRESCENT TURNIP FERTILISER.

PRICE—£10 10/- per ton.

CORAL QUEEN GUANO.

PRICE—£9 10/- per ton.

CHRISTMAS PHOSPHATE (20 p.c.)

PRICE—£11 per ton.

No. 2 TURNIP FERTILISER.

PRICE—£9 per ton.

NATIONAL MORTGAGE AND

AGENCY CO., LTD.

W. E. TAYLOR, Manager.

Children's Column.

MATER'S LETTER BOX.

Mater invites children to send in stories for this column, or correspondence which will be replied to through these columns. All matter to be clearly written in ink, and on one side of the paper only. Name, age, and address, must be always given, and correspondence directed to "Mater," care of Editor, "The Digger," Box 310, Invercargill.

JIMMY'S TALKING BIRD.

(By J. W. Sellar).

Jimmy is a new friend of mine. He lives at Saltwick, a fishing village on the East Coast. In the glorious summer-time the place is crowded with visitors, who love to sit on the cliffs overlooking the North Sea. During the Great War Jimmy often sat there watching the convoys go north and south. It was whilst sitting there that the great event happened which leads me to write this story. This was in the year before the war began.

When Jimmy was quite a little fellow he had plenty of toys. The prime favourite was a model schooner fashioned for him by his Uncle Bob, who is captain of the s.s. Europa.

Jimmy's father keeps a provision shop, or, rather, the shop keeps him, and Jimmy's mother and the rest of the family. So Jimmy gets a full share of sweets and choics—a very full share, as he is the only boy in the house.

One afternoon Jimmy went to Sam Welford's home to see a remarkably clever parrot. Sam's father is also a captain in the merchant service, and had brought the bird from Brazil. It quite startled Jimmy by asking in peremptory fashion, "Who are you?" "James Johnson," he replied. Whereat the parrot chuckled and ejaculated, "What a lark, O, my hat, what a lark!"

It gave further evidence of its talking powers, and Jim went home brimming over with interest in its wondrous cleverness.

"Dad, will you buy me a talking bird like Sam Welford's?"

"Some day, perhaps, my son," his father replied evasively, hoping this would silence the boy.

"But I want one now, dad."

"Oh, do you? And I want a great many things that I cannot have—you must learn to wait, my son."

"I would give all my playthings for a talking bird," lamented Jimmy.

"Very likely you will get one when your ship comes in."

"You always say that, dad. When is it coming?"

"Some fine day, my boy."

It was a fine day when the thing happened. The shop was closed for the weekly half-holiday, and Mr Johnson and Jimmy were sitting on Saltwick Nab looking at some coasting steamers. Suddenly there flew towards them a strange-looking bird. It alighted close by, and turned out to be a grey parrot with a powerful black beak. The bird was quite friendly, and took a biscuit from Mr Johnson's fingers.

"Catch it, dad," whispered Jimmy. The bird hopped on to Mr Johnson's hand.

"May we take it home and keep it for always?" Jimmy inquired.

"I don't see any objections, my boy. It has evidently escaped from some passing vessel."

Polly settled down quite happily in her new quarters. She was both vivacious and voracious. Her favourite formula was, "Give Polly a bun!" When Jimmy teased her she screamed loudly, "Naughty boy! Naughty boy!" She also learnt to say, "Shop! Mr Johnson," and would call thus repeatedly when a customer entered.

It was just after midnight. Mr Johnson and all the family were sound asleep. Mrs Johnson was awake by Polly's voice screaming out in an agitated manner, "Shop! Mr Johnson." She roused her husband, who quickly went to the head of the stairs and called out, "What is the matter, Polly?" "Shop! Mr Johnson," replied the bird, and added immediately, "Naughty boy! Naughty boy!"

The tradesman got a light, slipped on his dressing-gown, and descended to the shop. Standing in the middle of the floor as if petrified was a youth of the village.

"What are you doing here?" sternly demanded Mr Johnson.

In trembling and broken tones the lad replied, "I don't know."

"You are up to no good. I've a mind to give you in charge of the police," severely threatened the tradesman.

"Give him a bun. Give him a bun," said Polly.

Mr Johnson could not refrain from laughing, and in more gracious tones he said, "If you will tell me honestly what you intended doing I promise not to be hard with you."

The youth frankly confessed that he had entered the shop for the purpose of obtaining either money or goods to help him out of a difficulty. He expressed sorrow for his wrong-doing and asked to be forgiven.

Polly listened with head on one side, and gravely commented, "Naughty boy! Naughty boy!"

"Come to me in the morning at 10 o'clock, and we will talk matters over, and I will see if I can help you," promised Mr Johnson.

The youth did. Mr Johnson was convinced of his real contrition, and gave him some wise advice. "You have got to make a new start and go straight," said he.

Ere long Mr Johnson found a situation for him, in which, I am pleased to say he is making good.

WHY THE WILLOWS WEEP.

(By "Hal," Round Hill.)

One day, as the queen of the willows was walking beside a stream with her maids, she said: "Don't you think, maids, that the stream would look much prettier if there were some willows growing along the bank?" So when the king came home the queen told him what she wanted.

"You shall have your wish," answered the king, and he set his men to work planting slips, seeing they grew, and seeing that no harmful insects came near. They also built a throne for the queen to use during the warm weather.

It happened at this time that the queen had a baby son. One day when the child was five years old, the queen was sitting on her throne by the willows, when news came for her to hurry to the palace. The child, during her absence, walked down to the edge of the water, overbalanced and fell in. The willows tried to catch it, but alas, too late. The willows bent over the stream and wept for the child and for the grief of the parents, and that is why the willows are always weeping.

EMILY'S PLUCK.

(By "Dick," Round Hill.)

Once upon a time there lived a girl called Emily Grant. She was not very pretty and she was of a shy, rather retiring, disposition. She hadn't many friends, for the simple reason that few understood her, and most people thought she was a milkop.

One day when Emily was about thirteen years old there was a school picnic to a rocky headland. There was a big crowd present, including Emily. Everyone had been enjoying the day very much, and Emily had wandered off by herself, and was indulging in a dream as usual, when she heard the happy laughter of some children near her. She looked round and saw half-dozen little girls playing near the edge of the cliff with a long rope.

"Come away from there, children," she said in her old-fashioned way, "or perhaps you will tumble over." Then she ceased to think of them. This was foolish of her; she should have made them come a bit further from the edge of the cliff. As it was, the children disregarded her and continued their play.

Suddenly Emily heard a piercing scream, she leapt to her feet and running towards the children saw something which made her heart almost stand still. One of the little girls had fallen over the cliff and there she was, some twelve feet below them, clutching to a piece of jutting rock which she had managed to catch hold of as she fell. Poor little mite, she couldn't hold on there for long. Emily looked down and saw that if someone were able to scramble down, there was a ledge about two feet below the child, and once someone reached this ledge the child could be lifted on to it, and so be saved. To wait until someone came would be madness as the terrified child couldn't hold to the rock much longer. Without a thought for her own safety, and with a mute prayer for help, she began climbing downwards. She soon reached the ledge, just in time to catch the child as she fainted. By this time some men had reached the cliff, they let down a rope and Emily firmly knotted it under the arms of the unconscious child, who was quickly drawn to safety. Then they dropped down the rope again and Emily tied it round herself and she too was drawn to safety.

The child, except for the shock she had received, was unhurt, and Emily had only a few slight bruises. Every one praised Emily for her brave deed and afterwards she had plenty of friends, for people saw

that even if she was shy and quiet, she had a noble spirit.

A KING'S ADVENTURE.

(By "Ralph," aged 11.)

One day when he was out hunting, young King Arnold lost himself. He caught sight of a deer vanishing behind him and rode back in pursuit. Soon the shades of night began to come on and Arnold found himself in the heart of the forest, many miles from the nearest track.

At midnight the moon shone down on a dusty, travel-stained courier urging his tired horse towards the capital city of Arnold's kingdom. On arriving there he demanded an interview with the king or his prime minister. "The king went out hunting to-day and has not yet returned; but the prime minister will see you." The courier's message was, "Duke Alphonso, the king's nephew, is coming with a large force to take the throne."

Next day Alphonso arrived at the city and established himself king. After a month it was discovered that the soldiers (Alphonso's men) were being secretly killed and soon Alphonso himself disappeared and King Arnold was found in his place. Next evening Arnold addressed his people and told them what had happened after he left the palace to go hunting. He told them how he lost himself; how he discovered the secret of making oneself invisible; how he found Alphonso had usurped the throne; how he poisoned the soldiers' beer; and how he had captured Alphonso. Having finished his speech, Arnold ordered his men: "Bring forth the prisoner!"

"What shall be done with him?" he asked his people.

"Hang him!" was the reply. Shortly afterwards the unfortunate Duke Alphonso was hanged.

The Home.

FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE.

COFFEE CAKE.

Ingredients: Flour, 4oz; cornflour, 1oz; eggs, 3; butter, 3oz; baking powder, 1 level teaspoonful; sugar, 6oz; ess. vanilla; coffee essence, 1 dessertspoonful; milk, 3 tablespoonfuls.

Method: Cream butter and sugar, add yolks of eggs; beat well; add sifted flour, cornflour and baking powder alternately with the stiffly-beaten whites. Bake in sandwich tins in a rather quick oven about 10 minutes. Ice with coffee icing. The same mixture with coffee omitted and one extra tablespoonful of milk makes a nice sandwich cake.

DATE LOAF.

Ingredients: Flour, 2 cups; salt, a pinch; sugar, 1 tablespoonful; baking powder, 2 teaspoonfuls; dates, chopped, ½ cup; egg, 1; milk, 1 cup.

Method: Mix dry ingredients, beat egg, mix with milk and add to the dry ingredients. Bake one hour in a greased tin.

ALMOND PASTE.

Ingredients: Ground almonds, ¼lb; Desiccated cocoanut, ¼lb; icing sugar, ¼lb; white of eggs, 2; essence of almonds, a few drops.

Method: Mix the almonds and cocoanut essence and whites of eggs together until they form a smooth paste, then work in the icing sugar, knead until smooth.

OATCAKE.

Ingredients: Flour, 1 breakfast cup; oatmeal, 1 breakfast cup; butter or beef dripping, 1oz; soda, 1 teaspoonful; salt, a pinch.

Method: Put dry ingredients into basin, rub in fat, add sufficient milk to moisten.

Dust a board with oatmeal, turn out the dough, roll out, and cut into squares. Bake in a moderate oven.

DERBY BISCUITS.

Ingredients: Butter, ¼lb; sugar, ¼lb; flour, ¼lb; grated rind of lemon; egg, 1; currants, 1oz.

Method: Cream the butter and sugar until thick, beat eggs and add, stirring quickly. Add lemon rind. Stir in the flour and currants. Turn out on to a floured board, roll out thinly, cut into rounds, put on a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. Should be quite pale when cooked.

FIG AND DATE ROLLS.

Ingredients: Figs, 1lb; dates, 1lb; almonds or peanuts, 3 tablespoonfuls;

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 L.

ADVERTISERS!

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

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

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

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

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

INVERCARGILL MILK SUPPLY

Phone 556. 53 Yarrow street.

MILK MILK MILK

and and and

CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

From the finest pastures in Southland.

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

A BOON FOR BABIES.

Our Motto: "Purity."

MILK MILK MILK

and and and

CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

Invercargill Milk Supply,

53 YARROW STREET.

wine, ½ wineglass, or essence vanilla, two teaspoonfuls.

Method: Mince the figs, dates and almonds, and work together with the wine or essence. Roll into balls and then in cocoanut.

ANNIE'S CAKE.

Ingredients: Flour, 1lb; butter, ¼lb; sugar, ¼lb; eggs, 3; milk, ½ cup; saltanas, ¼lb; soda, ½ teaspoonful; lemon peel, ¼lb; cream of tartar, ½ teaspoonful.

Method: (1) Cream butter and sugar, add the eggs one at a time, unbeaten, beat all well together. (2) Sift soda and cream of tartar with the flour, add gradually with the milk. Stir in the fruit and peel, and bake in a moderate oven about 2 hours.

COCOANUT ICE.

Ingredients: Sugar, 2 large breakfast-cups; milk, 1 large breakfast cup; butter, 1oz; desiccated cocoanut, 3 tablespoonfuls.

Method: Boil milk and sugar together for ten minutes, and then test in cold water, when it should form a soft ball. Take off the fire, add butter and cocoanut, divide and colour, and beat till rather thick. Pour on to white paper, one on top of the other. When cold, cut into squares.

JERSEYS AND JUMPERS IN AL

THE NEWEST COLOURINGS.

JERSEYS from 59/6 to £5 10s.

JUMPERS from 79/6 to £5 5s.

MISS BREY,

THE PARAMOUNT, ESK STREET.

TO HOUSEWIVES.

HAVE you a Sewing Machine? If the greatest care should be bestowed on its upkeep; especially does it apply to the method of oiling, and the class of oil used. A Sewing Machine may be ruined in a very short time with poor oil, whereas the machine should last a lifetime if properly maintained.

WEKA BRAND.

SEWING MACHINE OIL.

is a pure mineral oil of the finest possible quality, with only a faint taste and smell. It can even be swallowed without any ill effects. It has more body than any other Spindle or Machine Oil on the market. Also the WEKA OIL.

WILL NOT MARK OR STAIN

the finest fabric, which is a distinct advantage, as often valuable garments are practically ruined by oil stains. We have no hesitation in recommending this. It is used throughout the largest Woollen Mills in the Dominion, and is pronounced by experts to be better than anything else have previously used.

Also on sale—

DUSTOL,

STONE OIL,

RAZOR STROP OIL,

LARISSA LEMON CREAM,

Etc., etc.

Each of these preparations carries the hall-mark of Perfection.

DUSTOL is a preparation for using dusters for furniture, etc.

RAZOR STROP OIL has been produced with a special view to keeping a razor in perfect order, thus ensuring reliable and keen-edged razor.

STONE OIL—The action of this oil on a stone is to remove the rust from the edge of the tool, and sharpened. It has been tested and pronounced perfect.

LARISSA LEMON CREAM—This Cream is a protection for the skin under all conditions of exposure to wind and sun; it is also a valuable hand emollient, and is specially recommended for use after shaving, as it is very soothing to tender skins.

Ask your Storekeeper for these preparations. Or write direct to—

GARDEN NOTES.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

The hoe should be employed among rising crops and in all vacant plots and borders—in fact, all parts of the garden, whether it be fruit, flowers, or vegetables—for once the hoe has gone through the ground the weeds disturbed are doomed to certain destruction.

Thinning of crops should take place before the plants encroach upon each other in the seed beds or in the permanently sown crops.

Watering must be attended to if the ground is at all dry, and when this is done it is very necessary that it be well done, even though it be seldom. When the nights are cold and the days hot and dry, this operation should be commenced as soon in the afternoon as the sun is on the decline, and after a good watering allow the surface of the soil to become dry, then hoe and pulverise the ground, so loosening the surface. This means the less need of watering. On the other hand, if the ground be left, the surface hardens and cracks, and the moisture is allowed to escape.

Asparagus beds should now be in active bearing. The cutting of the young sticks should be done with great care, or many young buds that are coming up under the surface will be destroyed. Cut all as they become ready. Allow none to grow into top, or the bed will be spoiled for the season.

Sow for succession peas of the larger and main crop kinds, such as Edwin Beckett, Sharp's Queen, Satisfaction, and Dwarf Defiance. Sow also French beans.

Sow for succession the main lot of the intermediate carrot, also turnips. Early-sown turnips become hot and rather strong in flavour when left until fully developed; consequently they should be grown quickly, and only a small quantity sown at a time. Each successive sowing should take place when thinning the preceding lot. By this means a regular supply is maintained, and of fine quality.

Scarlet runner beans should be got in at once. Sow in double drills. Lay the line, and draw a drill on either side of the line, and drop the beans in 6 in apart in each drill. When they have come through and are strong stake them with straight poles or long stakes.

Sow silver beet. To have this fine vegetable in perfect condition, it should be grown in a rich, strong soil with plenty of liquid manure. The growth then is quick and robust, and produces a large mid-rib, which is the part used for cooking. Each stalk, as it becomes matured, should be pulled, and not cut. As the stalks often turn black when cooking, it is advisable to put a few drops of lemon juice into the water in which they are boiled, and it should be served up in the same manner as asparagus. It thus makes a very fine dish, and is considered by many superior to asparagus.

Early-sown celery should be far enough advanced for pricking out. This should be done upon a rich bed, with well-rotted stable manure upon it. It is also important that the bottom of the bed be made very firm and hard, and the soil and manure, mixed, placed about 4 in thick upon this hard bottom. The seedlings should be pricked out about 3 in apart. The hard bottom is to prevent the roots going down, so that when the plants are transplanted they may be cut out in little blocks with roots intact. They will thus suffer very little by the shift into the trenches or permanent quarters. It is important that celery should receive as few checks as possible. If they are allowed to get very dry a time or two they are almost sure to run to seed, and then the crop is spoiled. The main crop should be got in at once, if this has not already been done. It may be sown in rich soil in the open, in a well-sheltered position.

THE TOMATO-HOUSE.

The work in this house will be coming on apace, and such work as staking, tying, and pinching out of the young side shoots will have to be attended to. Side shoots, if left on the plants too long, rob them of a great amount of the sap which should go towards the building and strengthening of the main stem that has to support the fruit. Watering will also have to be attended to. Give a liberal supply when required, say, about once a week, but do not be always dribbling water about them and keeping them in a wet state, or trouble will be sure to follow in the plants damping off or taking the sleeping disease, mildew, or some other such trouble.

A great deal has been said and written about the pollinating of the blossoms to secure a good crop of fruit. I do not think this necessary at all if the conditions suited to them be carried out—viz., good soil, judicious watering, and ventilating, and the removal of superfluous growth—but I do not say it is not helpful. If any

wish to try the experiment they will require a camel's hair brush, a saucer, and time to do it. Choose a dry day, when the plants are in bloom. Go over them with the brush gently, removing the pollen with the brush from one and dusting the others with the pollen attached to the brush. A sharp tap will also cause free setting. This liberates and distributes the pollen from one flower to the other. When tapping or shaking the plants in bloom hold the saucer under them, and much pollen will be saved, and this can be used with the brush for pollinating the other flowers. This all takes time, and, as I said above, I do not think it necessary if the plants are well cared for.

SCIENCE NOTES.

CABLE CONSTRUCTION.

Despite the great development of wireless telegraphy, submarine cables are still being constructed, and with the great increase in commercial and journalistic messages are still regarded as a necessary alternative to wireless, and by no means obsolete or likely to fall into disuse. In fact a new cable to the Far East from Great Britain through the Mediterranean, involving a length of 7000 miles, is being laid section by section as ready, while the possibility of a new cable from Vancouver to Fanning Island is now being discussed.

MAZOUT.

Mazout is the name given to the new fuel being tried in France. It is described as "petroleum residue," which presumably is the coarser leavings after the lighter parts have been refined away. France produces, and believes in, mazout as a complete substitute for coal on her main-line railways, and is being greatly encouraged by its many advantages. Already 400 engines on one French railway have been converted to burn the new fuel. It gives forth no smoke or sparks. It requires less labour, for the stoking is done by turning a tap. It will get up as much steam in forty minutes as coal will in 180 minutes. It will run an express train at 60 miles an hour and drag 60 twenty-ton wagons on a long journey.

MAP PROJECTORS.

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has been devoting much attention of late to the subject of map projections, and has issued several interesting memoirs relating to the projections which have been little used, together with specimen maps. The latest publication of this sort is a new outline base map of the United States on the Lambert zenithal equal-area projection, scale 1:7,500,000. This is the first map of this projection ever published by the survey. Besides its useful property of equal area, the projection has smaller scale and direction errors than the polyconic projection map which has been so frequently used for political census, and miscellaneous statistical purposes.

ELECTRICAL TURN INDICATOR.

There has recently been introduced in German flying circles an instrument that indicates the difference in air speed between the two wing tips, which is but another way of expressing the rapidity of turns. Two venturi tubes are used, one over each wing tip. Each venturi contains three resistance thermometers, one in the throat, one in the entrance section, and one in the exit section. The temperature difference between the throat and the entrance and exit can thus be obtained for each venturi. By combining two instruments differentially, the differences in temperature between the two throats can be measured. This temperature difference will depend on the rate of turning. It is claimed that the electrical recorder has very little lag.

INTENSITY OF WIRELESS SIGNALS.

A method of measuring and comparing the intensities of signals received by a radio station has been worked out in France with good results. This method which can be employed only for undamped waves, essentially consists in comparing the intensities of reception of the signal and of the sound produced by a local source of oscillations, of the same frequency and form, constituted by an ordinary heterodyne. By modifying the intensity of the action of the auxiliary oscillation-generating device upon, say, the antenna, a rough equalisation is first obtained, afterwards, by manoeuvring convenient shunts to the telephone an absolute equality of intensities is obtained. The ratio of intensities is proportional to the shunt resistances. Moreover, by inserting a thermo-galvanometer in the antenna the absolute value of the intensity of the auxiliary signals can be obtained. The error in the practical use of this method is from 5 to 10 per cent.

MOTORING NOTES.

CLEAN OUT DIRTY OIL.

Dirty oil is injurious to an engine. It also means worn oil, which has been used too long and needs replacing. Once a week for the more used parts is not too frequent. A bearing on the ignition unit, the armature bearings of the lighting generator and starting motor should be oiled as directed by the manufacturer.

"WOBBLY" WHEELS.

"Wobbly" wheels cause the tyres to wear twice as fast as they should. The wheels, therefore, should be watched constantly and tightened up as soon as they show a sign of wavering. Worn bearings might cause looseness in the rear wheels, and the front wheels wobble because of play in the bearings, spindle bushings, or steering connecting rod bushings. Demountable rims not firmly bolted to the wheels may also cause trouble.

TO OVERCOME JERKING.

The fact that the car jerks when it is throttled down below 15 miles an hour indicates that the carburettor is poor. If it is impossible to adjust the carburettor to overcome this jerking it is probably caused by worn intake-valves. If these valves are loose enough to spin there is probably enough leakage to prevent good carburettor adjustment. This condition allows the outside air to come in direct contact with the valve when it comes in contact with the gas taken through the manifold. It causes condensation and a choking effect which makes the engine pull irregularly, causing the car to jerk.

LOOSENESS OF TREAD.

Trouble is often experienced in getting the tread to stick on small tyre repairs. This may be due to anyone of several reasons, the most common of which is that the cement has been applied over wet fabric. The moisture in the fabric, even if very slight, will blow the tread loose. Another common cause for loose treads is the failure to roughen up the old carcass sufficiently. In this case the cement will not hold properly, and after a few miles of running the repair will separate. It is also well to make sure that proper pressure is being applied to the repair when it is curing, so that the patch will be thoroughly embedded in the tyre.

CARE OF THE FAN-BELT.

Undoubtedly, the crudest part of the engine is the fan-belt, and yet it is a most important part. It certainly is a most frequent source of trouble, and by that token demands frequent and careful attention by the car-owner. All fan-belts are provided with an adjustment, some easy, some less so, and these adjustments are necessary. The wise motorist will not forget to give the fan a twist every time he has the bonnet up. The best results are attained when it is possible to turn the fan with considerable resistance, but not to spin it. If a quick twirl of the fan is followed by a little turning, after the hand is removed, then the belt is too loose. Do not have it any tighter than necessary, for then it is under excessive strain and will stretch, wear, or break the sooner.

THE COST OF SPEED.

The law is just as immutable in that it collects a greater cost for speed in a motor car as it does of any machine of man. If you run fast, if you work hard, you require more food. If you drive your car at a fast speed all the time, it requires more fuel, more petrol and more oil. If you work fast and hard, you wear out more quickly, and so does an automobile. Tyres, for instance, last twice as long on a car this is driven 15 miles an hour as they do upon cars that are driven at 30 miles an hour. Remember that the service your car gives you is much dependent upon the manner in which you operate it as is your own health dependent upon the manner in which you care for it.

As little children outgrow, Among the things they seek to know, Are sordid truths we dare not tell; And camouflage is just as well. But simple facts need no disguise, Plain terms with such are safe and wise— A child with croup, of course, is sure To know of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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A VERY IMPROBABLE STORY ABOUT LOVE

HIS ROAD TO RUIN.

"No, I'm sorry, but I cannot become your wife."

The speaker was a pretty fair-haired girl of twenty, whose name was Vera Wilson. The spoken-to was Wilfred Polycarp Blitherington, a young man of mild demeanour, placid habits, knobby features, and twenty-four years or thereabouts.

It was four o'clock on a bright October afternoon when the incident of which I am writing took place. The scene was one of the crowded tea-rooms in the End House, which is, as everyone knows, a gigantic popular restaurant owned by the famous catering firm, Messrs Tigers, Ltd.

There is no one else in the world, I am sure, other than Wilfred Polycarp Blitherington, who would choose such a public place as this to make a proposal of marriage to the girl he loved. Yet, as the shrewd reader has already probably guessed, that is what actually happened.

The result was a foregone conclusion. Even when he summoned up sufficient courage to put the fateful question, Blitherington did not fancy, as people say, his chances.

He had fallen in love with Vera Wilson at their last encounter. From that hour he had become her slave and chattel. He adored her. She knew it, too, and with delightful feminine inconsequence had succeeded in making him easily the most miserable man on earth.

She snubbed him before strangers, she kept him waiting when they had arranged to meet, she coldly criticised his opinions and even his clothes—in fact, she thoroughly enjoyed herself at his expense.

And yet in a way she secretly liked him.

But he did not know this. So his manner when he asked her to marry him was distinctly diffident. It was additionally unfortunate that he was so lacking in a sense of the romantic that he chose such a place to make his proposal.

He had ordered tea, with chocolate eclairs and indigestible mysteries of a similar character, and then, when they had arrived, put forth the tender question.

"Vera," he said, toying unsuccessfully with a messy cream concoction, "there's something I want to ask you this afternoon."

"What is it," said Vera—"another of your funny riddles?"

"No, no," he replied, removing with a knife some of the cream that had shot out most unfairly on to his sleeve. "It is something serious—something momentous—something cataclysmic."

"Go on," said Vera, her mouth full of eclairs. "I'll buy it. What is it?"

"Will you be my wife?"

Before Vera had time to recover from her astonishment, a shadow fell athwart the table.

"Will you have your bill now?"

"Oh," said Blitherington.

"Will you have your bill now?" repeated the waitress.

"No!" replied Blitherington irritably. "Go away."

The waitress flounced away in a state of intense, though suppressed, indignation.

But the interruption gave Vera a most valuable moment to recover herself. It was then that, in nicely modulated tones, she had uttered the words I have already quoted.

"I'm sorry," she repeated.

Blitherington made as if to clear his throat. Although Vera's answer was not unexpected, nevertheless it came as a shock. It was unlucky, too, that the band in the tea-room should have chosen that moment to render Tosti's "Parted," which it was performing with extraordinary depth of feeling. When it got to the bit that goes: "How can I live without you," Blitherington felt a lump rise in his throat that seemed the size of a golf-ball.

For some time they sat without speaking, Blitherington busy with his thoughts, Vera with pastries.

At last, after pondering deeply, he said, with a trace of bitterness in his voice:

"I suppose I'm not good enough for you?"

"Don't be absurd!"

Blitherington bent towards her.

"Look here, Vera," he said earnestly.

"What is it that's wrong with me? I wish

you'd tell me candidly. There's something—I know there's something. I'm so ineffective, somehow. Yet I never do any harm—deliberately."

"That's just the trouble," she blushed, "if you really want to know!"

"I do."

"Well, it's just that. You're so absolutely harmless. You're too good altogether. I never knew a man with such an unblemished character. You don't smoke, you don't play cards, you've never backed a horse in your life, you don't even go to the pictures. You go to bed early every night, and you get up at half-past six every morning. You never flirt with girls, you pay your tailor's bills—why, you've never so much as tried to kiss me!"

"It never occurred to me," said Blitherington miserably.

"That's exactly my point!" retorted Vera, with a note of indignation. "If you were a real man, it would have occurred to you. It's no good, Wilfred, you need dash; you've no Cave-man in you. You're too polished, too civilised."

Blitherington flushed a dark cerise colour and offered no reply; but there was an angry glint in his eyes.

Shortly afterwards they rose and departed. As they did so, by a singular coincidence, the band began to play that popular ditty, entitled: "I'll make you want me."

Blitherington ground his teeth.

Together they left the restaurant and took a "bus" to the suburb of Bramwell, where they both lived. The journey was accomplished in silence, partly because Blitherington had to stand all the way, thus obtaining but few facilities for conversation, and partly because he was in no mood to talk even when opportunity presented itself.

At length they alighted. Blitherington escorted Vera to her home with an air of sardonic politeness. At least, he imagined it was an air of sardonic politeness, though as a matter of fact, Vera thought he was merely sulking.

When they arrived outside her house he bade her a cold farewell, and marched away to his lodgings.

For the first time in his life he gave way to a fit of savage anger. He strode along gritting his teeth, with an expression of startling ferocity upon his features.

"Slight's me, does she?" he muttered to himself grimly. "Says I'm too good! Ha! He laughed contemptuously. "All right, I'll go to the dogs. I don't care! I'll become a really bad man, and see how she likes that!"

Even as he spoke the words he found himself passing a tobacconist's. With an air of utter recklessness, he dashed in to the shop and purchased a packet of cigarettes; then, tearing the packet open widely, placed a cigarette between his lips.

"A penny change, sir," said the tobacconist, as Blitherington rushed out of the shop.

"Keep it!" replied Blitherington carelessly.

He continued his homeward journey with a vigour that proved greatly to the inconvenience of such other pedestrians as he encountered. Once he inadvertently exclaimed "Sorry!" to a man whom he bumped against, and could have bitten his tongue out immediately the polite apology had left his lips.

At length he arrived at his lodgings, produced his key, and let himself in. He mounted the stairs to his modest bed-sitting-room and lighted the gas.

Then it was that he remembered that he omitted to perform a similar operation to his cigarette. It was still gripped between his lips unlit.

"Dash it!" exclaimed Blitherington, and crossing the room he regarded himself intently in the mirror which stood upon his chest of drawers.

"I want to be bad," he groaned. "Oh, I do want to be bad."

II.

Wilfred Polycarp Blitherington was employed as a clerk at a business known as The Hope Investment Corporation, Limited. It was a prosperous concern, and much praised in the (advertisement) columns of the less reputable financial papers. Its advertisements usually took

the form of an inquiry, such as: "Why invest your money for a miserable 12½ per cent., when by becoming an affiliated member of The Hope Investment Corporation, Limited, you can obtain 120 per cent.?"

Every morning he either caught or missed the 8.23 train from Bramwell Bridge. On the morning following his decision to go to the bad he caught it.

Settling himself comfortably in a corner of one of the less crowded compartments—there were only fourteen seated and 8 standing that morning—he opened and began to peruse his morning paper.

His eye was at once arrested by the headlines of a half-column article, of which he at once read every word with avidity.

The article concerned a young man who had commenced his bright career of being sent to a reformatory at the age of 12. When he left there he was put in prison for striking a policeman with his foot, behind, in the centre, when the policeman wasn't looking. After that he got a job, but embezzled his employer's money, which he subsequently lost by backing losers. He continued his prismatic career by committing bigamy, and stealing tumblers out of the canteen of a police-station. From that it was a short step to burglary, arson, and forgery—the proceeds from, which he lost by gambling on the Stock Exchange. His latest offence was highway robbery with violence.

Blitherington read the article through three times, an envious glitter in his eyes as he did so.

"Why can't I be like that?" he murmured. He arrived at the office with his mind still centred upon the young man of whose scintillating deeds he had just read.

The day being Saturday he received his weekly salary. He had hardly extracted the money from its envelope when an idea occurred to him.

"I will back a horse!"

It was a thing he had never done in his life before. Nevertheless, he would do it. Now that he had fully decided to go to the bad there should be no holding him.

In the office was a clerk of sporting tendencies, whose name was Jenkins. He was known to be what is popularly termed a Blood. Upon his own admission he frequently backed horses, and once even, through the mistaken efforts of a jockey who didn't know his business, Jenkins had won half-a-crown.

Blitherington approached Jenkins.

"Know any Good Things for this afternoon, Jenkins?" he asked casually.

Jenkins looked a bit surprised. He knew Blitherington. But all the same he was a sportsman, and as such did not keep the good things to himself.

"There's a 'cert.' for the 3.30," he said. "Little Vera!"

"Little Vera!"

"That's it. Simply couldn't lose if it wanted to."

"Nothing else any good?"

"Nothing at all worth mentioning. In fact, there one frightful outsider—Money for Jam it's called."

"Er—could you put something on for me?"

"Certainly, old man. How much? A bob?"

"Put on a sovereign," said Blitherington calmly, handing over a pound note.

"A quid! Phew! You're going it, aren't you?"

"Can't you put it on?"

"Oh, I'll put it on for you, old man. Just as you like. On Little Vera, eh?"

"Yes," replied Blitherington huskily. "On Little Vera."

At four o'clock that afternoon Blitherington purchased an evening paper containing the results of the 3.30 race. Despite himself he was trembling slightly as he opened the sheet. It was his first gamble, and he could not for the life of him restrain a certain natural eagerness to discover the result.

If this were other than a faithful chronicle, the horse he had backed, namely Little Vera, would, I suppose, have won in a sensational manner at forty to one. It would only be poetic justice. Actually, however, it did nothing of the kind. The result in the Stop Press column ran something like this:

3.30. 1, Money for Jam; 2, Topsy; 3, Gold Club. Eight ran. Six to 4, 3 to 1, 5 to 1.

From which he inferred that he had lost.

"There doesn't seem much in it," he muttered ruefully to himself. "I don't feel any worse than I did before."

Later in the afternoon he chanced to run against Jenkins.

"Oh, Blitherington," said the latter, "you're just the chap I wanted to see. Here's that pound note you gave me to put on Little Vera."

Blitherington looked at him blankly. "Don't you understand? I put it on at starting price, and the horse didn't run. So there was no bet. Bit of luck, eh?"

Blitherington took the note with a feeling of depression. In his present condition he would almost rather have lost it. And this was what they called betting—the wickedness of which he had always been warned against.

Stifling his regrets, he cast about in his mind for some other form of crime. What could he do? Murder? Well, for the moment he couldn't think of anyone he wanted to kill. He had no enemies, unfortunately. Burglary? A chap couldn't very well go and break into a house in broad daylight without some experience.

III.

It was another newspaper paragraph that decided Blitherington to make what he called a coup.

He had been reading of a number of remarkable motor car robberies; and he became inflamed with the spirit of emulation.

"I wonder if I could steal a motor car," he debated within himself. "It seems rather a bad thing to do."

He could drive a car well enough—that was an accomplishment he had acquired whilst in the army.

"I will steal a motor-car," he said. "And then when Vera reads of me being sent to goal for five years, she'll break her heart. And a jolly good job, too!"

Though secretly, you know, he had serious doubts whether Vera really would break her heart.

It was a week after his first resolution to go to the bad. So far his efforts had not been crowned with success. In a mild way he had acquired the cigarette habit, but as a packet of ten lasted him three or four days, he could scarcely be termed a slave to nicotine.

After his first failure, he had abandoned horse-racing. One day, in a tea-shop whilst partaking of his modest lunch, he had launched upon a desperate flirtation with the waitress, but she had reproved him with such a motherly air that he hadn't the heart to carry on with the affair.

Thus the uneventful days had passed until he was smitten by the desire to become a motor car bandit.

Saturday afternoon he chose for the carrying out of his plan. When the day arrived, it was bright and sunny, and Blitherington made his way to the West End to carry out his nefarious plans.

For some time he wandered aimlessly about, looking at cars with a gleam of avarice in his eye.

Presently he turned off the main thoroughfare along a quiet side street, intending to make a short-cut. But half-way along the street his eyes encountered a sight that made his heart thump violently.

An attractive touring car standing unattended outside a house!

He glanced around. There were but few people about.

He thought rapidly.

Supposing he started up the car quickly, jumped in, drove off, and turned into the busy thoroughfare at the end of the street? What then? Take the car to a garage and sell it? He could try, anyway.

Blitherington sauntered up to the car. There was no one about. Yet now that the moment had actually come he felt a curious disinclination to go through with the business. In his heart of hearts he didn't really want to steal the beastly thing at all.

Then the memory of Vera's stinging words recurred to him. He underwent a spasm of anger.

Quietly he walked up to the car and turned on the switch. Trembling with excitement he ran lightly to the cranking-handle, and giving it a sharp half-turn, he was rewarded by hearing the engine commence to throb. Then he darted back, and sprang into the driver's seat.

A moment later he had slipped the gear in mesh and let in the clutch. The car glided gently forward.

Well, the die was cast now. There could be no going back. He had committed himself to a course of crime. He had started on the road to ruin.

"By jove!" he muttered suddenly, as the thought struck him. "I haven't even got a driving license!"

He neatly steered the car round the end of the street into the main thoroughfare. Even as he did so he fancied he heard a shout behind him.

The owner of the car, no doubt. Already the loss had been discovered and the chase begun!

At first the car was a little difficult to handle, for it was an unfamiliar make, but he quickly got it in hand. He was not an unskilful driver.

He threaded his way through the

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traffic, and made for one of the great arteries that lead from London. In a matter of twenty minutes or so he was upon the Great North Road.

So far, so good. Up till now he had been so occupied with what he had been doing that he had no time for other thoughts.

But now he realised that steps may have been taken to acquaint the police of the theft, and already information by telephone might be buzzing round to the various police stations.

Suddenly he flashed past a garage. Immediately he let out his clutch and braked up. Then, turning the car, he drove back and stopped.

Jumping out he was about to enter the garage when a mechanic in overalls came out.

"Why, it's old Blitherington!"

"Hallo, old man!"

It was Grigsby, a former colleague of his when he had been in the Army.

The two shook hands.

Scarcely had he done so when Grigsby stared at the car with bulging eyes. He ran up to it and rapidly examined it.

"Great Scot!" he exclaimed. "Did you bring that car?"

Blitherington nodded.

"You lucky beggar! How did you get hold of it?"

"I—I—" Blitherington floundered helplessly.

"It's all right, old man," said Grigsby in a reassuring voice. "You needn't be afraid to tell me. I only asked out of curiosity. I'll take you along to the gov'nor in a minute. The reward's yours all right."

"The reward—"

"Yes, the fifty pounds!"

Blitherington stared at his friend in amazement. Fifty pounds! What was Grigsby talking about?

The latter caught him by the arm, and led him into the garage, where he found himself confronted by a keen-looking, heavily built man of fifty.

"The stolen car's turned up, Mr Soward," said Grigsby.

"What, the Daimler which was stolen from our Ilford branch?" exclaimed the garage manager, in startled tones.

Grigsby nodded assent.

"Just brought back by this gentleman, who has come to claim the reward."

In a flash Blitherington saw it all. The car he had annexed was a stolen one. By the curious working of Fate he had driven it with the idea of selling it to one of the very garages owned by the company to whom it rightly belonged.

The next few sentences of Mr Soward confirmed his deductions. Asked how he came to get hold of the car, Blitherington explained that he saw it standing outside a house, and just took it—an explanation which delighted both Grigsby and Mr Soward.

They both thought, of course, that Blitherington had seen the advertised description of the car and the reward offered.

"The thief will be pretty sick," chuckled Grigsby, "when he finds out how he has been done!"

"You'd have looked sick yourself, though," said the garage manager to Blitherington, "if you'd got hold of the wrong car by mistake. Anyway, I'll just satisfy myself that everything's in order, and then I'll give you a cheque."

Half-an-hour later the would-be motor bandit was walking to the railway station richer to the extent of fifty pounds, a cheque for which he carried in his pocket.

Yet he wasn't satisfied.

"Hang it!" he complained. "It's no use. When I try to be bad good comes of it. What's the good of fifty pounds to me? Without Vera life is a hollow sham! I shall commit suicide—it's the only way out."

But he didn't commit suicide for when he saw Vera again and told her of his experiences, and mentioned the fifty pounds, she came to the conclusion that he wasn't so bad as she had thought.

So instead of continuing on his road to ruin and going to the bad, Blitherington became engaged instead, which his men friends told him was worse—much worse.

But when a man is in Love he does a lot of foolish things.

The End.

A new furnace which has just started work at the Ebbw Vale steel works in South Wales, took over three years to build, and cost £1,000,000. When working at full blast it will produce 3000 tons of steel a week, or enough to build an Atlantic liner every month. The first fires were started on July 4, and now they will never be allowed to go out. When the second giant furnace is completed the twin engineering wonders of South Wales will produce 300,000 tons of steel every year.

WILL SCOTLAND GO DRY.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," London, August 17, 1920).

After the United States, Scotland! An active campaign in favour of prohibition is being conducted north of the Tweed as a result of the Act which was passed seven years ago. The measure is known as the Temperance (Scotland) Act, 1913, and under the first section it is provided that its powers shall become operative "on the expiration of eight years from the first day of June, 1912," which brings us to the present year of grace. Ten per cent. of the electors of any ward—with not fewer than 4000 electors—of a large borough may make an effective demand for a poll on what is usually known as "the drink question." The same right can be exercised in any smaller burgh or combined small wards or country parish. Such requisitions will be handed in during next month all over Scotland, and if the provisions of the Act have been complied with the local authority has forthwith to give notice of a poll by ballot, which will take place either in November or December. The electors will have submitted to them three choices—first, no change in the existing licensing facilities; secondly, a reduction of one-quarter in the number of certificates for the sale of excisable liquors; and, thirdly, complete prohibition, except as regards inns, hotels, and restaurants, the main business of which consists of the supply of meals. That, in simple language, is the range covered by the ballot paper; there are the two extremes and what may be called the "half-way house." It is laid down that "if 55 per cent. at least of the votes recorded are in favour of a no-license resolution and not less than 35 per cent. of the electors for such area on the register have voted in favour thereof, such resolution shall be deemed to be carried." Each elector will have, of course, only one vote; but it is ingeniously arranged that if "the whole-hoggers" fail to get the requisite proportion of their side, all their votes shall be regarded as being in favour of "the limitation resolution." If, when this transfer from the extreme temperance wing to the platform of moderation has been made, it is found that there is a majority of "the half-way house," and that that majority represents 35 per cent. of the electors, then the hatchet will fall on at least one-quarter of the licenses in that particular burgh, ward, or parish. Finally, should a bare majority be obtained for "no change," or should neither of the other resolutions be carried, there will be peace for a period of three years, when the same process of polling may be repeated. It will be seen, therefore, that under this Act the strict teetotallers and the moderate reformers, each holding their separate points of view, may, in the event of the former failing, find themselves in the same fold. The provision opens up a double possibility to those who would entirely extinguish the retail trade, for if they do not sell all they desire their votes will go to swell the demand for 25 per cent. reduction in the number of licenses. Should the poll go in favour of either prohibition or limitation, the resolution will become effective on May 23 next.

As long ago as 1880 the House of Commons passed an abstract resolution in favour of the principle of local option, and repeated its affirmation in the following year, and again in 1883. On the last occasion 264 members supported the proposal, and only 177 were against it, but, nevertheless, no legislative action was taken. The subject came up once more when the Local Government Bill of 1888 was discussed, but as a good deal of objection was raised to the proposals for compensation the licensing clauses were withdrawn. Now, for the first time in the United Kingdom, public opinion is to be tested on the issue—"wet" or "dry," to borrow the American phraseology. The experiment is being tried, not in England, with its traditional devotion to beer, but in Scotland, famous throughout the world for its whisky, and possessing over 100 distilleries, some of them of large size. The beverage, with a varying amount of dilution, is not only consumed throughout the United Kingdom, but constitutes one of Scotland's principal exports. Though some people may have forgotten that the liquor issue was to be raised in Scotland this year, preparations for the campaign have been in active progress for a long time. Operations may be said to have really opened when a large number of "missionaries" representing the Anti-Saloon League of the United States, flushed with victory, crossed the Atlantic last spring. The friendly invasion of these well-intentioned Americans followed very shortly upon the visit to these shores of Mr Johnson, "Pussyfoot Johnson," as he was nicknamed. He is, it is reported, again coming among us, and will probably go northwards in order to assist his

compatriots who are advocating prohibition. But in the meantime the native supporters of this measure have been marshalling their forces all over Scotland; a National Citizens' Council, representing the Protestant churches and the various temperance organisations, has been at work for some time surveying the field. Meetings are being held and "literature" is being distributed far and wide. Now that the matter is shortly to be put to the test of the ballot, opposition is taking shape; a veto defence fund has been formed, public gatherings arranged, and more "literature," putting the other side of the case, is being sent broadcast throughout the country. In short, Scotland is in the throes of one of those domestic agitations with which, in various guises, we were familiar before the war clouds descended on us, diverting attention from questions of internal politics and submerging the familiar party barriers. Whatever may be the arguments for and against local option and prohibition, it is, perhaps, no bad thing that we should be lowering our eyes from the wide range they have been taking of late years, and directing them on home problems. There was a time when contempt was expressed for "parish pump politics," but during the past six years we have been forced to go to the other extreme; every man, whatever his degree of ignorance has fancied himself as something of an expert in foreign affairs, and has been tempted to forget questions under his very nose. The agitation in Scotland over the drink trade, which may spread to this country, is an indication that the pendulum is swinging back again. It is a strange circumstance that in such a domestic political movement "back to the home," advanced temperance advocates from the United States should be taking a prominent part. Whatever their attitude to the League of Nations, a section of Americans are themselves interesting in the future of the people of the United Kingdom. The progress of the American-Scottish campaign which the Act of 1913 has rendered possible will be watched from this side of the Tweed with lively interest, for it may be that the issue will prove of intimate concern to us. If Scotland were to go "dry," that event would certainly react on England, and any day we might find ourselves also involved in some campaign of the same character.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

An Englishman and an Irishman, happening to be riding together, passed a gallop.

"Where would you be," said the Englishman, "if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone, I guess," said the Irishman.

Groceryman: "Pat, do you like apples?"

Pat: "Shure, sor, Oi wudn't ate an apple for the world."

"Who, how is that?"

"Ough! didn't me ould mother die av apple plexy?"

"Now, Pat, you see the disgrace these low politicians have brought on the city, why don't you cast your vote for honest, respectable, men? Now, if Mr Rutherford Stuyvesant were put in your district, would you vote for him?"

Patrick: "Pasant, sor? Where does he kape his saloon?"

Patrick O'Mars, a private in the 9th. regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two week's leave of absence.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered: "Me wife is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye don't mind, she would like to have me at home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said: "Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home, that you were a nuisance and raised the devil whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick. It would not be well for me to do so under the circumstances."

It was Patrick's turn to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say something to ye?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if I say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick, what is it?"

"I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in me life."

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Binks (reading): "It says here that sleep is conducive to beauty."
Banks: "Rats! I don't believe it. Just think how plain-looking some of our Government officials are."

CATASTROPHE.

Pedestrian (to motor cyclist who is looking bewildered at his machine): "Lost anything, mister?"
Motorist: "Yes."
Pedestrian: "What is it?"
Motorist: "My girl."

HOW HE DID IT.

Jones: "Dear me! You say you often lay down the law to your wife? How do you do it?"

Smith: "Why, all you need is firmness. I usually go into my study, lock the door, and do it through the keyhole. All you need is firmness—in the door."

SOFT ANSWERS.

It was Scripture lesson, and the class had just repeated the old adage, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

There was a slight pause, then the teacher said: "Yes, my boys, that is why we teachers are so good-tempered."

LENGTHY PROCESS.

She: "Jack, dear, give me one more kiss before you go!"

He: "I am afraid, darling, that I shan't have time. My train goes in an hour."

PREMATURE.

"The trouble with Bob is that he's ahead of the times."

"How's that?"

"Well, he went to look for work and found there was a strike on. So he joined the strikers before he got the job."

A MATTER OF MONEY.

At the workmen's institute there arose a fierce discussion as to whether woman should be given a chance of filling the high appointments.

"I wouldn't do!" said a youthful and newly-married firebrand. "Just think of a woman as Secretary of the Treasury. What do they know about finance, anyway?"

His effective pause was spoiled by an older man who said solemnly: "You just go home to the missus next Friday night £1 short in your pay and you'll find out!"

HOW IT WAS DONE.

An American agriculturist was telling tall tales of big broods of chickens. Twenty chicks from twelve eggs appeared to be quite an everyday event in the States—if the stories he told were true.

"Happen you never see so many as a hundred hatched by one hen at a sitting?" asked a Suffolk man across the table.

The Yankee guessed that he'd never seen quite such a brood as that.

"Well, I hev, then, mister," retorted the Suffolk man. "Down Ipswich way we fill a barrel with eggs an' set 't'owd hen on the bung-hole!"

IT DIDN'T DISTURB HIM.

Captain Brown, a bluff old seadog, was paying a visit to his next door neighbour, gushing Widow Jones.

When ordinary topics has been exhausted the widow remarked, "I suppose, Captain, you often hear my daughter practising her vocal exercises?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," responded the Captain dryly.

"I really hope," continued the widow, "that it doesn't disturb you."

"Not at all, ma'am," answered Captain Brown, "for during my active career on board ship I got quite accustomed to 'squalls' on the 'high C's.'"



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