

No. 33.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1920.

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That haunt the grey years of the
war,
I'm tired of the thoughts of the sor-
rows,
Of mothers whose sons are no more.
I'm waiting and watching for some-
thing,
A glimpse of a land and a sun,
Where the laughter and freedom and
stillness
Will banish all thoughts of the Hun.It's a land that endears and entices,
Of space and stars without end;
A land where the wild bush keeps
calling,
And nature, abundant, unkind,
Where Rata's stretch gaunt arms to
heaven
And the soft winds, and rustle of
wheat,
Like the passing of some fairy goddess
Through the vestas of gold at your
feetWhere the women breed men of the
boldest,
Those women undaunted who wait;
Where the hand of the Lord must
have lingered
In the making; and marvelled its fate.
It's a land of gladness and sunshine,
Of promise—and the blue of the
sea
Around the shores, match the eye of its
maidens,
New Zealand the land of the free.

F.M.P. (In Homewards Bound.)

THE LAND GIRL.

"Where are you going to, my pretty
maid?"
We once asked a land girl so neatly ar-
ranged
In brown boots and leggings, with soft
hat and smock
But the answer she made fairly gave us
a shock:
"I'm about," said the damsel (a pail in
her hand),
"To proceed to the structure where
quadrupeds stand,
Of the species called 'bovine,' from
whom with much tact,
The fresh lactic liquid I daily extract."It is estimated that the United States
originally possessed 850,000,000 acres of
timber land, of which only about 545,000,
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for this season of the year. We ask
you to especially note the prices. In
a short while we will have a

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one hears so much. Meantime these are
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Rice, 8d.
Prunes, 1/3.
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Small Tins Glaxo, 1/3.
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Dried Peaches, 1/10.
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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.

She found her husband domineering, and determined to break her proud spirit. She discovered, too, that she had been won by a trick, for her father's business had never been anything but perfectly solvent.

"I WILL NEVER OPEN MY LIPS TO YOU AGAIN."

"We must give a large dinner-party, Doris," Roger said one day.

"As you please," she said listlessly. "If you will give me a list of the guests you desire, I will send out the invitations."

"You shall have the list of City guests," he said. "To you I leave the county folk. And, Doris, I wish no expense spared. Please get yourself something quite new and splendid in the way of a dress."

He hesitated. He realised he had not spoken quite as he intended, but did not know how to alter his request. Doris smiled bitterly.

"I see," she said. "You want people to see that, after all, you didn't pay too big a price—that I am worth what you paid."

"You are just," Armer turned coldly away, and for a few seconds Doris felt sorry she had spoken so bitterly.

"But it's true!" she clenched her hands. "All quite, quite true! I am like everything he possesses—of the best. I rank only with those old historic masters he has

purchased, with his superb automobile; his stable of blood mares; his kennel of pedigree dogs. His wife ranks but a little above these because she is flesh and blood, and he can wound her through her tenderest feelings."

It was in this mood, a worse than which cannot easily be imagined, that Doris Armer was destined to meet the man to whom she had once been engaged.

The October leaves were falling fast round Doris Armer's feet, as she passed along the woodland path that led to the village. It was a still afternoon, rather melancholy, but this well suited young Mrs Armer's frame of mind.

How utterly hopeless did the future appear! She had just reached this pessimistic conclusion when, round a bend in the path, she almost ran into Paul Weston.

For a space, neither spoke to the other. Their surprise at meeting there was too intense, at first, for speech.

"You—here, Paul?" It was Doris who spoke first. "I thought you were miles away. Miss Dalty told me you had joined her exploration party—after—"

She broke off, confused. What was she saying?

"After—?" Doctor Weston spoke quietly. "After your letter breaking off our engagement. Yes—I started. But before we had got far our leader died suddenly, and the affair fell through."

"But how do you come here?" the girl asked, still bewildered by this unexpected meeting.

"I have bought a partnership with Doctor Leech. My partner lives in Westways."

"Didn't you know?" cried Doris, "that my home is at the Court?"

His voice was not quite under control as he answered:

"If I had, do you think I could have come here—to find you—a happy wife with another?"

She made no answer. Loyal as ever to her husband and her wifely duty, she would not utter a word that might appear the reverse.

"You are happy?" Paul said quickly. The shadow in the face that had once been the dearest to him did not escape his keen eyes.

"Is anyone in the world really happy?" she asked lightly, evading a direct reply.

"I suppose not." He sighed, and absently plucked a golden brown leaf.

"Where are you going?" Doris asked after an awkward pause.

"Strange to say, I was on my way to—to your house. I had a letter from a Mrs Spry, asking me to call. One of the maids is ill. Naturally, I imagined this Mrs Spry to be the mistress of the Court."

"Mrs Spry is Mr Armer's housekeeper," Doris said coldly. "She should have informed me that it was necessary to send for a doctor."

Paul Weston's vague suspicion that all was not well with Doris Armer deepened. The very fact that his late fiancée was another man's wife completely changed his feelings with regard to her.

One of the most honourable minded of men, Paul Weston looked upon the marriage tie as the most sacred bond on earth. No one, in his eyes, was so despicable as the man who tried to break it. He was only deeply grieved that the girl he adored should be unhappy.

Love was not for him; but friendship remained. He would always be Doris Armer's friend, though he had lost her love for ever.

"I will walk back with you," she said, and, turning the conversation into impersonal channels, they walked up to the house together.

Somehow, hearing of old friends brightened Doris wonderfully. As she approached the house she found herself laughing at a quaint story of one of his small patients.

Roger, sitting in the portico, had never heard that silvery laugh from his wife's lips, looked up for the cause. He saw her pass by, accompanied by a tall man with a pleasant, kindly face.

"Who can he be, to make her laugh like that? I never have."

She passed from his sight, and Roger experienced a quick stab of jealousy. He envied the stranger who could win a smile like that. Presently she joined him, the smile still on her beautiful face. The maid's illness was but a trifling one, Paul Weston had hastened back, to send up the medicine. He would call again the

next day. Doris had invited him to their dinner.

"I want you to meet Mr Armer."

"I shall be delighted to make his acquaintance," Paul Weston smiled back. He did so want to make sure he had been mistaken in his first hasty judgment.

"Who was your friend?" Roger asked, in a strained tone.

Unfortunately, Doris hesitated a second before replying. For the first time it struck her that possibly Roger might not care for Paul Weston's acquaintance.

"That was Doctor Weston. He—he is Doctor Leech's partner. One of the maids is ill. Paul—I mean Doctor Weston—is attending her."

Suddenly a furious gust of passion shook Roger Armer.

"Then that man shall not enter my house again. Do you hear?" And then, as Doris shrank from him: "How long has this been going on?"

"I only met Doctor Weston just now. He wants to—to meet you, Roger. I have asked him to be one of our guests next week."

"And I refuse to see him. Go in and say you have made a mistake in inviting him, that I—the master—forbid you to speak to him again."

"And what," cried Doris, her whole soul in revolt at this unjust tyranny on Roger's part—"what if I refuse?"

"You will not refuse. Let me tell you, once and for all, now you are my wife, I will be obeyed," he said, his face working with anger.

For the moment he had lost complete control over himself. Roger Armer did not often lose his self-control, and when he did it was like the loosening of a fierce torrent that nothing could check.

"Do you understand? Write to—to your former lover, and say I—I forbid him to set foot inside my house."

"I cannot do that," Doris spoke quietly, though inwardly she, too, was raging with outraged pride. "I have invited a good and noble man—my friend—to our house, and I see no reason to insult him."

"You—you call Paul Weston your friend?" Roger looked dangerous.

"Certainly do. One of the few real friends I possess."

"Have you forgotten that he was once your acknowledged lover? I have not."

She looked at him, her face very pale; but in her steady grey eyes Roger read something that shamed him. They were proud and pure and true."

"I have never forgotten," she said quietly, "that Paul Weston and I were once betrothed to one another. That except for—a lie, I should have been his wife. But, Roger, I am your wife now—your loyal wife—and why do you object to my keeping up my relationship with a man to whom I behaved badly? Paul Weston has one of the finest characters in the world. He does not know the meaning of dishonour. You are jealous, it seems, a paltry characteristic, and in your case it is not even dictated by love. It is simply to prove your power over me."

There was so much truth, and yet so much that was not truth, in Doris's words, that Armer's anger rose to a higher pitch. For there was love for this lovely creature who dared him so courageously—love, but no pity.

"You will take steps to prevent Doctor Weston attending our dinner party," he said coldly, as he turned on his heel.

Later on—when too late—Roger Armer would have given the whole world not to have laid this order upon Doris, his wife.

Upstairs, in her own room, Doris wrestled with herself. Her conscience told her to obey her husband. Inclination whispered contrarily, "What harm is there in having an old friend to see you in your husband's house? Don't give way on this. Let Roger see you are mistress if he is master. He will not disgrace himself, and you, by making a scene in public."

So the argument went on and ended in no letter being sent to prevent Paul Weston entering Mr and Mrs Armer's house as their guest.

Doris looked wondrously beautiful as she ascended the great staircase, dressed in an exquisite creation of her favourite white and green. It was the production of a celebrated maison in Hanover Square.

After all it was Roger's desire that she should look her best. Also, she wanted Paul to believe she was a happy wife,

and her lovely clothes expressed the cheerfulness which she had forced on her face.

If her husband should again forbid her to invite her late fiancée to the house, she had made up her mind to obey. After she had sworn obedience not so long before God's altar. Nothing could alter that.

Roger's face flushed with love and anger as this peerless being entered the drawing-room. Isobel, looking extremely handsome in a black sequined dress, fitted her rather full but graceful figure like a sheath, had already arrived, and was in earnest conversation with Roger.

The guests arrived rapidly. Merchants and their portly, supercilious wives, mingled with the more frigid country folk, one and all curious to see how the bride would comport herself at this, her first formal dinner-party.

The hum of conversation filled the study room. Every moment they expected to hear the portly butler announce dinner. Suddenly the door was flung wide, and Tompkins did appear; but it was no announcement of dinner that he made!

"Doctor Paul Weston!"

With a sweet, shy smile at her husband Doris went forward.

"Roger, this is Doctor Paul Weston. And then the enormity of the wrong she had done to Weston, in allowing him to come without her husband's sanction was born in upon her.

Looking apprehensively into the stern handsome face of Roger Armer, she saw it change into an expression of such deadly hatred that her very spirit sank.

Paul advanced, his good-looking face full of pleasurable interest.

"How do you do, Mrs Armer?" The he turned to Roger. "I am very pleased to meet you, Mr Armer. Your wife—"

The words died on his lips. On no human face had Paul Weston ever seen so diabolical an expression. What was going to happen?

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Doctor Paul Weston, nor do I intend to know him. He has thrust himself into my house in spite of my wishes."

Roger placed his hands behind his back, and faced Weston sternly. Then he turned to Doris.

"You have disobeyed me. I am going to send for Doctor Weston's car. He does not dine at my table to-night."

The guests stared at each other, and at three central figures in this horrible scene.

Deliberately Roger rang the bell. "Doctor Weston's car," he said to the amazed Tompkins.

But before Paul Weston could realise the full humiliation which had befallen him Doris's clear voice rang out.

"One moment, Roger Armer. This insult reaches the utmost limit of my endurance. I have kept my bargain with you—the bargain you gained with a lie. I am your wife and your wife I must remain, but I hate you now! You are beneath my notice—beneath my contempt. Never will I open my lips to you again!"

WHAT THE SILENCE LED TO.

To depict the consternation that followed Doris Armer's extraordinary speech would be impossible. Some the guests were too taken aback for words, others whispered excitedly among themselves.

"What does it all mean? Not open lips to him again! Why, the thing is impossible—no wife could live in the house with her husband and not speak—if it was only to nag at him."

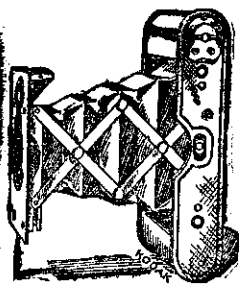
The last remark was made by a certain Mrs Vandeleur, a woman renowned for her nagging propensities.

The man she addressed looked thoughtfully at Doris, as she stood a little apart, her face white, stern and set, displaying outwardly no emotion, unless the beating of the laces on her breast could be so described.

"I'm not sure about that. There is something about Mrs Armer that shows she is no ordinary woman. But if she keeps her word I pity Roger Armer. By Jove!—the mere idea of living with a Silent Woman—and such a woman as Doris Armer—makes my blood run cold."

Mrs Vandeleur laughed contemptuously. "As if she meant it! Not much."

But Doris did mean every word she had uttered. Wounded in her pride, outraged in her own house, one of her guests—her old friend—insulted before the whole



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But this was no time to give way to
her feelings, to analyse the passions that
had forced such a dreadful decision publicly
from her lips.

She forced a laugh, and turned to her
embarrassed friends.

"I must apologise for treating you to a
domestic scene. Mr Armer entirely forgot
himself—for the moment."

She touched the bell, and when the
butler appeared, bade him announce dinner
in five minutes' time.

During that five minutes Doris glided
about among her guests, trying to set
them at their ease.

One only was missing. Unable to conceal
her triumph, and also to satisfy her
curiosity, Isobel Vane had slipped out of
the room, and followed Roger Armer and
Paul Weston into the hall.

"Will you kindly give me some explanation
of the extraordinary manner in which you
have resented my presence in your
house, Mr Armer?"

Although seething with anger, Paul
Weston, for Doris' sake, forced himself to
speak quietly.

"Certainly, Dr. Weston. Come this
way."

They both entered, and the door was
shut. Isobel, remembering that a small
ante-room opened off Roger's den, slipped
into the little dark chamber. To her
gratification the door of communication
was ajar, and she could hear every word
that passed between the two men.

"I demand the reason for your insult,
Mr Armer. Mrs Armer gave me an invitation
to her house, and I availed myself of it."

"I countermanded that invitation, and
yet you forced yourself into my house. By
doing so you laid yourself open to any—
unpleasantness—"

"Hold, sir! There must be some mistake
here."

An unpleasant smile crossed Armer's
stern, cold face.

"None, Dr. Weston. I instructed Mrs
Armer to write and inform you that it
was not my pleasure to receive you. You
ignored my very natural request. And so,
for all that has happened you have
yourself to blame." He looked at his
watch. "If you will excuse me, I must
return to my invited guests."

The emphasis on the word sent the hot
blood flying to Paul Weston's face, but he
made no remark.

"Your car is at the door," said Armer
as he left the room.

As Paul Weston drove off, he thought
of Doris and her strange declaration of
silence.

"She never wrote—she disobeyed him.
Were I not certain that this is so, I would
have struck his cold, cruel face! Oh,
Doris! I grieved when I lost you! But I
thought—I hoped—you would be happy
with the man for whom you deserted me.
But you're not, my dear, my dear. You're
heart-broken! If only I could comfort
you! But—I may not." He sighed deeply.
"How will this tragedy of an unhappy
marriage end? Who can tell? There
was something relentless in Armer's face.
Oh Doris!"

But to what he read on his old sweet-
heart's, he could give no name.

The Armers' guests, though not all as
well-bred as they might have been, yet
had sufficient good sense to appear indifferent
to the unpleasant scene enacted
before their eyes. They took the wisest
course; they ignored it.

The dinner was excellent, the wines
priceless. Roger had ordered that no expense
was to be spared, and he had been obeyed.
Doris, at the head of the table,
beamed and sparkled as though she had
not a care in the world. Those watching
her furtively marvelled at her self-control.

"She evidently liked making scenes! Look
at the humiliation she brought upon
Roger Armer in the church!" Thus the
women.

The men, more lenient to a beautiful
woman, condemned their host's conduct.
"Jealousy, of course! Paul Weston was
his wife's old sweetheart, and the fact
rankles. All the same—he'd no business
to insult the man as he did."

They ate and drank, and apparently enjoyed
themselves. But there was a feeling of
restraint on all present, and after dinner,
one by one the guests dropped away.

Once or twice Roger pointedly addressed
Doris, but she made no reply. The long
period of silence had commenced.

Isobel was the last to go. Perhaps she
was hoping to be invited to remain the
night, as she had been on previous occasions.

But Roger was impatient to be alone
with his wife; anxious to learn if the
girl had really meant what she said.

When Isobel stooped to kiss her hostess
goodbye, she ventured to whisper:

"You didn't mean it I know. No one
could live with dear Roger, and keep up
—spite against him."

She waited for a reply, but Doris only
smiled inscrutably, and was silent.

Roger sent Miss Vane home in the car,
and then returned to the drawing-room,
where he found Doris preparing to retire.
Closing the door, he went up to her.

"Doris, what possessed you to disobey
me? You are responsible for all that occurred
to-night."

She only looked at him; a strange, cold
little smile upon her tightly-closed lips.
His temper began to leap up. If she
showed temper, so could he!

"Answer me!" He seized her white
wrist. Still no word issued from those
soft red lips he longed to kiss.

"By heavens, I'll make you speak!" He
shook the wrist he held. "Answer me! Say
something! Explain—I order you to speak!"

The faint smile remained. But for that
smile it might have been the face of a
dead woman on which Roger Armer's
eyes rested.

For, like a flash, it came to him that
she had meant what she said. Never
more would she open her lips to him! Never
again would that sweet voice address
him!

The idea was so appalling that, loosing
her wrist, he shook from head to foot. He
was afraid of himself—of what this unnatural
silence might tempt him to do—

But it wouldn't last. It couldn't last.
To-morrow she would forget, and speak,
and all would be well; or, if not exactly
that, they would settle down as other ill-
matched couples did. Even that was
better than this weird dumbness!

"You had better go to bed," he said
curtly. "If you still persist in this
childish course of action, I will take steps
to force you to speak. But I do not think
you will."

He was turning off the electric light
when he felt a light touch on his arm.
Doris was holding out a sheet of letter
paper, on which she had written some
sentences. Curious to see what their pur-
port might be, Roger perused them.

"It will be no different to-morrow, or
for all the to-morrows after. My lips
remain dumb. My vow of silence was
not lightly made. It shall be kept. It is
going to be kept. We live beneath the
same roof. Heaven help me, I am forced
to do this. The bargain which a lie
made possible shall be kept—but you cannot
force me to speak. I register my
vow on paper. I will never open my lips
to you again—Doris."

Before he had finished reading, Roger
heard her light footfall cross the hall and
ascending the stairs. His ears automatically
sensitive, heard the door of her suite open
—shut. A key turned in the lock—

From henceforth he was alone. He
owned no wife.

And then through his veins such pas-
sionate anger ran—the kind of anger that
breeds madmen. He laughed wildly, and
his laughter echoed through the quiet
house. But none heard. All, save
Doris, were at rest.

"Not force her! By heavens, I will
force her! I will lock her up in her room;
keep her a prisoner; deprive her of all
she cares for! I will break her stubborn
spirit—I will make her speak!"

For hours he sat brooding over the dy-
ing fire, his sombre eyes gazing on a
sparkling object that lay on one of the
tables. It was a diamond tiara which
Doris had worn that night, and in which
she looked so regally beautiful. She had
quietly removed it.

"I'll ask her why she left it here to-
morrow," he said.

And then he remembered she would not
answer him.

In the morning he woke unfreshed—
with a sensation making life almost in-
supportable. But for his masterful na-
ture. Roger Armer might well have given
in, and left his young wife the victory.

But in the man was that dogged, al-
most brutal strain that some strong na-
tures possess. Not lovable natures, per-
haps, but interesting, uncommon ones.
Accustomed to be obeyed by his subordi-
nates, he could not brook rebellion in his
wife.

The days that followed were intensely
wretched ones to him. What Doris felt
remained locked within her breast. They
met at breakfast, and again at dinner.

No word was spoken on either side, for
Roger had given up attempting to unseat
those closed lips, about which there was
a sad droop that might have caused a less
hard man infinite pity.

Visitors came during Roger's absence
in the city, where just now he was very
busy. Mrs Armer was always a charm-
ing hostess, turning off all sly allusions
to the fateful dinner party so adroitly that
they began to think that Doris's conduct
had been but a flash of girlish temper.

After all, Roger had behaved abomi-
nably!

It was left to Isobel to act the spy, to
carry tales to each other. To Roger it was:

(Continued on Page 4.)

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Redfirm Covers, 26 x 2½	4 5 0
Dunlop Railroad Covers, 29 x 3½	7 19 0
Dunlop Railroad Covers, 28 x 3	6 11 0
Goodyear Covers, 28 x 3	5 15 0
Bates Covers, 28 x 3	5 12 0
Federal Covers, 28 x 3	5 15 0
Dunlop Tubes, 29 x 3½	1 3 6
Dunlop Tubes, 28 x 3	0 15 0
Dunlop Tubes, 26 x 2½	0 11 0
Dunlop Tubes, 26 x 2½ x 2½	0 12 0

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LADDERS, Etc.

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WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEM.

The Silent Wife.

(Continued from Page 3.)

party—such a tempest of anger and
despair swept across her that frightened
her."She's ever so lively! Quite jolly, I may
say! It's only when the hour for your
return is near she settles down into sil-
ence."

To Doris she would say:

"You poor dear! How I sympathise
with you! I'd be just the same myself.
Your old sweetheart was asking after you
only the other day. I met him at Mrs
Vandeleur's. What a charming fellow
Dr. Weston is! I don't wonder you are
still devoted to him." And then, as a
glint came into Doris's eye, she added
hastily: "As a friend, of course."When Isobel, despairing of discovering
what was actually taking place, had gone
reluctantly away, Doris sent for Mrs
Spry.The good woman came quickly. It was
impossible to conceal from the servants
that something was very much amiss.
Some took the master's part, some the
mistress's. Mrs Spry, little guessing
that Doris regarded her as a spy and
jailer, beamed with hope."Now it'll be all right. Missus will
speak, all will be well; for it's a drear
house as it is!""Mrs Spry," said Doris coldly, glancing
up at her, "I wish you to wait on Mr
Armer every morning for his instructions.
The continual writing of orders which pass
through my hands does not please me.
Mr Armer will give you his directions.
Any that apply directly to me—of course
you will bring me."Mrs Spry looked positively scandalised.
"But, madam—you're the mistress,"

she objected.

Doris's face became frozen.

"In name only. Kindly do as I desire."

Mrs Spry left the room "shaking," to
use her own words, "like a jelly.""It's unnatural, and it needn't be.
Master's the one to be pitied. She's
naught but a frozen image, is the missus."

To be Continued.

HERE AND THERE.Glasgow Corporation electricity accounts
show a loss for the year of £54,000.The Director-General of the London
Housing Bonds Campaign states that sales
are now well into the third million.The battered gun which was served by
Jack Cornwell, V.C., in H.M.S. Chester,
at the Battle of Jutland, has been added
to the War Museum at the Crystal Palace.Mrs Amelia Spurgeon, aunt of the cele-
brated preacher, celebrated her 101st
birthday on Saturday at her home at Up-
per Norwood. Her mother reached the
age of 90, while her sister and brother
both lived to be over 80.A defendant in Clare County on refus-
ing to pay a Sinn Fein claim was shut
up in a vault containing five coffins and
terrorised into compliance.The New Jersey State Boxing Associa-
tion has tentatively decided to investigate
the Carpentier-Levinisky fight.The great central arch of glass at the
Crystal Palace is being strengthened by an
elaborate system of steel supports, the
stanchions and girders used weighing over
80 tons. The arch has only undergone
minor repairs since the Palace was built,
nearly 70 years ago.A strong exhortation to maintain the
greatest moderation in all political ques-
tions is stated to have been addressed to
Archbishop Mannix by the Consistorial
Congregation at Rome.Ex-soldiers in the Cheviot village of
Wooler for the second time within a fort-
night have thrown a German gun into the
Tweed, in the presence of a large crowd
of cheering onlookers.The quantity of new books placed during
the year in the University Library at Cam-
bridge, as measured by shelf room re-
quired to contain them, amounts to about
880 linear feet.From a single seed potato Mr Arthur
Cook, a Braintree allotment holder, has
dug 106 potatoes.Walsingham (Norfolk) Rural Council
have given the foreman builder in their
housing scheme an uncompleted house
"to hurry him up."On the arrival of a Great Western
train at Newport (Mon.), the body of a
child packed in a parcel was discovered
in one of the carriages.**THE LAND BILL.**

SOME OF ITS PROVISIONS.

The Land Laws Amendment Bill, intro-
duced in the House of Representatives
last week, proposes to amend the
law relating to exchanges of national en-
dowment land for other land. The Land
Act, 1912, provided that national endow-
ment land might be exchanged for other
land of approximately equal value, the
cash payment by way of equality of ex-
change not to exceed 25 per cent. of the
value of the endowment land. Section
17 of the Bill proposes to omit the refer-
ence to "approximately equal value" and
to permit the payment of "any sum by
way of equality of exchange."

The Land Laws Amendment Act of 1915
made provision for the remission of rent
in the case of disabled soldiers up to
six months after discharge from the
forces. The Bill proposes to extend the
provision in the cases of lessees or
licensees "who may be wholly or partially
disabled by reason of their military ser-
vice."

The clause of the Bill dealing with the
order of preference at ballots under the
Land Act was misunderstood when the
Bill was introduced on Friday night. The
four classes of applicants named—(1)
landless applicants with dependent child-
ren, (2) landless applicants who have
been twice unsuccessful at ballots, (3) ap-
plicants who served overseas with the
Expeditionary Force, and (4) applicants
who served overseas with other forces
and were bona fide residents of New Zea-
land before the war—are to have prefer-
ence equally over all other classes of ap-
plicants. It appears that the four groups
are to meet on equal terms at the ballot.

The Bill makes lengthy provision for
investigations with reference to land al-
leged to have been acquired in contra-
vention of law. The provision is to cover
the acquisition, whether before or after
the commencement of the Act, of any
estate, right, title, or interest in Crown
land, native land, or private land.
"Wrongful acquisition" means acquisi-
tion in such manner or by such methods
"as to contravene any provision of any
statute relating to Crown land, native
land, or private land, and includes the
making or procuring or being party to
making any false declaration."

The Government may appoint commis-
sioners to make any investigations that
are considered to be required. These
commissioners will have the powers of a
commission of inquiry. No person is to
be excused from giving evidence of privi-
lege or on the ground that he might in-
criminate himself, but a witness who
answers fully and faithfully is to be en-
titled to a certificate of indemnity from
the commissioners.

THE LOAN PROPOSALS.

(By "Spectator.")

Don't it seem so very funny,
Invercargill's needing money;
Ratepayers with uneasy feeling,
Find the Councillors appealing
For authority to raise
Loans and still more loans always.
Now to have a right and thorough
Renovation of the Borough,
The Council thinks it won't be erring.
If a quarter of a million sterling
Be authorised for them to spend,
To by-and-by attain that end.
Several departments need
Some thousands each with all due speed,
And citizens must willing be.
To grant the call for £.s.d.,
For Gasworks now, the estimate
To keep them truly up-to-date,
And the department much alive
Require in thousands, twenty-five.
The Tramways, too, they also count
Will quite absorb a like amount,
While fifty thousand pounds will be re-
quired for electricity.
Some fifty thousand quid, they deem,
Won't more than do the sewerage
scheme,
And eighty thousand nicely meets
Their estimates for roads and streets;
And reclamation on the shore.
Accounts for fifty thousand more.
To build the war memorial,
They think it more advisable,
And say in most emphatic tone
The right proceeding is by loan.
Now citizens will have to say,
Upon the chosen polling day,
Whether it is really sane
To so increase the rates again.
"Spectator" asks them to remember,
The poll takes place on 1st December,
And in the meantime ruminate,
Before alas! it is too late!

Japan's total exports for the first five
months of 1920 amounted to £90,000,000
and her imports during the same time to
£140,000,000.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

A lady one day in need of some small
change called downstairs to the cook and
inquired: "Mary, have you any 'cop-
pers' down there?" "Yes, mum, I've two;
but if you please, mum, they're both me
cousins," was the unexpected reply.

An Irishman, describing the trading
powers of the genuine Yankee, said, "Bed-
dad, if he was cast away on a desolate
island, he'd get up the next morning, and
go round selling maps to the inhabitants."

An Irishman, newly appointed crier in
the county court in California, where
there were many Chinese, was ordered by
the judge to summon a witness to the
stand.

"Call for Ah Song!" was the com-
mand.

Pat was puzzled for a moment. He
glanced shyly at the judge, and found
him as grave as an undertaker. Then,
turning to the spectators, he blandly sim-
pered:

"Gentlemen, would any of you favour
his honour with a song?"

"What trade are you?"

"Shure, now, your honour, an I'm a
sailor."

"You a seafaring man! I question
whether you were ever at sea in your life."

"Shure, now, an' does your honour
think I came over from Ireland in a wag-
gon?"

An honest Hibernian, being in bed in
a great storm, and told that the house
would tumble over his head, made an-
swer: "What care I for the house? I am
only a lodger."

Polite Conductor: "Shall I help you
to alight, madame?"

Miss Murphy: "Much obliged, young
man, but I don't smoke."

An Irishman charged with assault, was
asked whether he was guilty. "How can
I tell, your honor, till I have heard the
evidence?" was the reply.

A wag who thought to have a joke at
the expense of an Irish provision dealer
said, "Can you supply me with a yard of
pork?"

"Pat," said the dealer to his assistant,
"give this gentleman three pig's feet."

"I meant to have told you of that hole,"
said an Irishman to a friend, who had
fallen into a pit in the Irishman's garden.
"No matter," said Pat, "I've found it."

An Irishman was asked if his horse was
timid. "Not at all," said he; "he fre-
quently spends the night by himself in a
dark stable."

An Irish lady was up before a judge
for assault on one Patrick Gilhooly.

Judge: "The testimony proves that you
threw a brick at this man."

The Lady: "The testimony proves more
than that, judge. It proves I hit him."

A priest the other day, who was exam-
ining a confirmation class in the South
of Ireland, asked the question, "What is
the Sacrament of Matrimony?"

A little girl at the top of the class an-
swered: "Plaze, your riverence, 'tis a
state into which sows enter to prepare
them for another and a better world."

"Put her down," says the curate, "put
her down to the fun of the class."

"Lave her alone," said the priest, "for
anythin' you or I know to the contrary
she may be perfectly right."

A man arrested for murder bribed an
Irishman on the jury with a hundred dol-
lars to hang out a verdict of manslaughter.
The jury were out a long time and finally
to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter.
The man rushed up to the Irish juror and
said, "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did
you have a hard time?"

"Yes," said the Irishman. "A h—l of
a time. The other eleven wanted to
acquit yer."

Inquisitive Party: "And do you go up
that ladder all day long?"

Pat: "No, sur; half of the toime oi
come down."

"Ellen, how did it happen that when
we came in last night after the theatre,
there was a policeman in the kitchen?"

"Shure, mum, Oi don't know; but Oi
think the thayather didn't last as long as
usual!"

Reporter: "It is said that yourself and
your comrade, Mooney, were calm and
collected after the dynamite explosion at
the quarry."

O'Toole: "Wull, it was loike this, Oi
was calm an' Mooney was collected!"

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1920 FORD 3-seater Coupe, self starter,
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RENAULT, 3-seater; colonial body; £220.

SAXTON, 3-seater, £265.

FORD, 5-seater, £130.

BUICK (6), 3-seater, £450.

CHEVROLET, 5-seater, £350.

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INVERCARGILL.

PUBLIC WORKS STATEMENT.

GRANTS FOR SOUTHLAND.

WELLINGTON, October 22.

Waiau Extension. — Construc-
tion which was suspended in 1915 owing
to war conditions, was resumed in Octo-
ber 1919. Owing to the scarcity of labour
it was concentrated mostly on the com-
pletion of culverts to enable formation to
be laid on vigorously when additional
labour becomes available. Fifteen men are
employed on the work.

Construction is in course of preparation,
and will be brought before the House,
provision for the Government
taking over the control and maintenance
of the main roads. With the aid of this legis-
lation it is hoped to improve and main-
tain the main roads of the Dominion in
accordance with the standard demanded by
modern transport requirements. Should
proposals be carried out, I hope to be
able to employ the most up-to-date meth-
ods in connection with roadmaking and
maintenance. The work will be carried
out on a large scale in accordance with a
definite programme and under the control
of a well-organised staff.

The construction of the Invercargill
le range necessitates the reclamation of
out 270 acres. The material for filling
being obtained and conveyed to the site
by tram, and latterly a dredge has also
been employed to assist in this work. An
additional 140 acres have been purchased
as a danger-zone. It is anticipated that
the whole undertaking will be completed
during the present financial year, and a
scheme is being provided on the Estimates for
this purpose. Prison labour is being used
on the work.

THE ESTIMATES.

	Vote.	Spent.
	1920-21.	1919-20.
	£	£
Vinton-Heddon Bush rail- way	8000	—
Irepuki-Waiau extension	—	1445
Lawrence-Roxburgh	5000	—
Invercargill Estuary Farm	8000	—
Invercargill Prison—	1500	—
Land and buildings	450	4176
Warders' cottages	7000	—
Workshops, swimming baths	1000	—
Invercargill Police-Sergt's residence	1000	—
Invercargill-Gladstone Police Station	850	—
Invercargill North Police Station	700	—
Irepuki Police Station	700	—
Tokonui Police Station	775	—
Tuatapere Police Station	1000	—
Waikiwi (offices and lock- up)	250	—
Winton Police Station	1000	—
Invercargill Post Office (parcels)	3000	—
Invercargill P.O. (raising tower)	720	—
Lumsden Post and Tele- graph	2200	—
Nightcaps Post and Tele- graph	2250	—
Orepuki Post and Telegraph	1000	—
Lumsden Agricultural Inspec- tor's residence sit	50	—
St. Helen's, Invercargill	100	—
Stewart Island, Halfmoon Bay, boat slip	100	—
Mossburn-Te Anau, road and bridges	250	—
Riverton, subsidy "The Rocks" road	100	—
Te Anau, jetties, etc.	150	—
Te Anau-Milford Track	400	—
Waikiwi River Board (sub- sidy for widening Wai- kiwi)	1000	—
Grants for bridges, roads, and maintenance for In- vercargill road district, total	79526	22655
Roads and goldfields, Southland district	924	50
Roads to open up land, Invercargill district	15592	2327

Votes for Roads.

	Vote.	Spent.
	1920-21.	1919-20.
	£	£
Anderson's road, Kaunau	75	—
Barkly road (£ for £)	100	—
Benio School road (£ for £)	100	—
Black road, Otatara (£ for £)	50	—
Blondill road	100	—
Broadbent's road	300	20

Brown's to settlers' reserve	165	136
Caulfield road (£ for £)	250	—
Cemetery road, Forrest Hill	200	—
Collinson road (Grove Bush)	200	—
Cross road Titipua	300	100
Dairy Factory road, Hedge- hope	50	—
Davidson's road, Titipua	100	100
Devereaux road	100	—
Dry Ridge road	97	—
Duck Creek road	200	—
Dunn road, Otatara	100	—
Forest Hill Hundred	100	—
Glenare to Josephville	350	—
Gorge Road—Waituna	300	—
Gore Protective works	15000	4917
Invercargill block 24 (access to section 23)	100	—
Kelly road	200	—
Lamont Settlement road	200	—
Lochiel to Wilson's Crossing	100	—
Lumsden to Balfour	150	—
Lumsden to Kingston	150	—
Maitland School road	100	—
Mataura River bridge (Py- ramid)	500	—
McIntosh road, Glencoe	100	—
McKenzie road, Lochiel	100	—
McKenzie road, Waikaua	100	—
Mill Road, (south)	100	—
Mokoreta School to Church road	100	—
Nally road, Waimahaka	200	—
Old Oteramika road	150	—
Pope road, Croydon Bush	200	—
Pullar road (Grove Bush)	200	—
Pomona road (£ for £)	100	—
Ryal Bush to Grove Bush	300	—
Sandstone to Kingston Cros- sing	150	—
Thomson's Crossing, east road	200	—
Tramway road, Mabel	100	—
Turnbull road	100	—
Wadsworth's to Lora road	150	—
Waikawa foreshore road	300	—
Watt road, Longbush	75	—
Watt road, Otatara	50	—
Wilson and Tanner road	100	—
Young's road	50	—
Golden Bay to Thule	100	—
Birchwood road	100	—
Broomhall's road	1900	600

LADIES' BLOUSE AND HOSE WEEK.

- 10 Dozen of the newest shades in Ladies' Voile Blouses, 16/6. These are in the very latest colour effects.
1 Dozen Fashionable Striped Luvisca Blouses, 22/6.
10 Dozen Ladies' House Blouses (dark patterns), 6/11
1 Dozen Ladies' Coloured Crepe Blouses, 11/6.
24 Dozen Ladies' White Voile Blouses (handkerchief front), 15/6.
12 Dozen Ladies' Hose in Black, Tan, and Nigger (English make), 3/11 pair.
20 Dozen Ladies' Silk Ankle Hose; all the newest shades, 6/6 pair.
14 Dozen Ladies' White Cotton Hose, 2/9 pair.

TULLY'S DRAPERY SUPPLY SALE,

NEXT NEWS OFFICE, DEE STREET.

Davis and Frenz road	100
Falls Creek road	100
Jacob's River bridge	200
Kaka	100
Lynwood protective works	100
Lumsden to Mossburn	100
McInerney to Waiboaka	100
Pourakino bridge to Traill's mill	100
Ruahine to Wakapatu (£ for £)	100
Scott's Gap, lower	100
Sinclair bridge to Lambie corner	50
Slattery road (£ for £)	50
Stephen and Robinson (£ for £)	100
Thornbury bridge on ac- count (£ for £)	500
Tuatapere domain road (£1 for £2)	100
Waimeamea stream, Round Hill, No. 1 block	700
Wakapatu to Round Hill	300
Ward road, Fairfax (£ for £)	100

FLOUR BINS! FLOUR BINS!

We have another stock of them made up, so to avoid disap-
pointment order at once as the supply is never equal to the demand

For price and particulars apply to—

GEO. MOIR & SON,

FURNITURE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

72 and 74 TAY STREET.

(Next Price and Bulleid.)



A Southland Times report recently discovered that there was to be a decline in prices. The Southland News suggests that the decline will be gradual, and the Christchurch Labour Representation Committee has called upon the Government to "arrest" profiteering, but for our own part we suggest the "arrest" of the profiteer.

Nat. Greaves,

MAIN STREET, GORE

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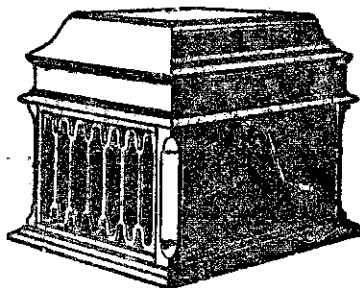
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Plants and Trees, go to

TINY DANIEL

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Southland Floral, Plant,
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Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

The strenuous life. A Wellington clergyman did some groaning recently over the day's burdensome programme. "To-day," he said, "I had a funeral at 10, a wedding at 2, a meeting of clergy at 2.30, a garden party after that, and then tea. And I've got to prepare two sermons for Sunday. And they say the clergy are not a hard worked lot." Well, that fellow has my sympathy. It would take very little more—say a rubber at whist and a visit to the picture show—to break him down altogether.

I know Mr Gavin Brighton to be a sober and God-fearing, albeit somewhat pugnacious citizen. That he should deliberately and of malice prepense perpetrate a practical joke is as inconceivable as that he should forego any opportunity of combatting others' views on theological or kindred matters. I must, therefore, accept his attack on me in last week's "Digger" as written in all seriousness. Which makes it the more humorous. Listen. He says, inter alia, "Telepathy . . . is a means by which two persons can, without visible means 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." Presumably Mr Brighton intended this passage to have some meaning but, for the life of me, I cannot discover it. Whether one is the other, or the other is one, or each is both or neither, is more than I can make out. If Mr Brighton will write it all over again—in a slower, louder, clearer voice this time—I will have another wrestle with it; when perhaps some glimmering of light will penetrate to my dull brain.

Again, later on he says: "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 the earth; so some of them have fallen to try and purge and make them clean." Really, Mr Brighton should be more careful; to write like that is an even more serious matter than to put "Pigs in Clover" into one's hands.

Socialism is a damnable thing; closely allied to atheism, Bolshevism, and all those other isms that make us shudder. We have been told so over and over again by the press, the pulpit, and the Premier. And their multitudinous warnings against the horror have received full confirmation in the disquieting reports which are reaching us, with growing frequency, from across the water. Only the other day came the harrowing news that the Government trawlers were pouring fish into Australian cities in such vast quantities that it was only bringing the miserable price of twopence per pound. True, there was a profit, even at that price, but the profits were so far less than usual that all right-thinking men must regard the action of the Government as a deliberate attack on the sacred institution of private enterprise. Also, the Commonwealth merchant fleet is seriously hampering the laudable efforts of private shipping companies to build up fat dividends for their shareholders; the State woollen mills are selling tweeds, etc., at prices that are simply ridiculous; and in Queensland—if Mr McManus is to be believed—prime meat is being retailed at from 3½d to 5½d per pound over the counters of the State butcheries. All of which goes to prove that the Australians are mad, sir, made as a March hare; and that the country is rapidly drifting in the direction—as Mr Mantalini would say—of "the demned bow-wows." It is reassuring to us, however, to know that Mr Massey has no sympathy with such nonsense—as is shown by his declared intention of taxing any municipal trading enterprise that may threaten the time-honoured privileges of that bulwark of the Empire, the profiteer.

Who says the church does not move? Perish the slander. It is only a few years since the clergy of all denominations were fighting tooth and nail the vile doctrine of

Darwinism—"that gospel of dirt," as it was contemptuously styled. Thousands of sermons and clerical pamphlets were levelled against it, and the last years of the venerable scientist's life were embittered by what amounted to systematic persecution. The evolutionary propagandists who followed him fared no better. Huxley's whole life was one long fight with superstitious ignorance, and it was a good thing for him that his mind was cast in such a mould that, as he himself once said, "he didn't care a damn" what his clerical detractors said of him. Having regard to these facts it is refreshing to see that at least an odd cleric here and there is, more or less grudgingly, conceding the scientific truth of the evolutionary doctrine. The latest is Canon Barnes, who, in a paper read before the Southland Church Congress, admitted that "Man was not created by God, but is the end of a vast evolutionary process"—though he qualifies this by adding, "of Divine design." It is comforting, of course, to science to receive this clerical concession, but most evolutionists would be sorely puzzled to discover in "the vast evolutionary process" any evidence of "Divine design." "Nature is one with rapine," and "from scarped cliff and quarried stone" we get abundant evidence that she was never any better than she is now. The story written there of the progress and development of life makes ghastly reading. Moreover, the many blundering, blind alley experiments that Nature seems to have been constantly making make it difficult to discover the operation of omniscient beneficence. Still, if Canon Barnes can perceive it, he is, perhaps, fortunate in his faith.

McSweeney is dead—self-immolated to his country's cause. The world had been long and eagerly watching the unequal fight between one weak, solitary man on the one hand, and the tremendous forces of constituted "law and order" on the other. There was something at once sublime and pathetic in the spectacle; sublime in McSweeney's heroic, self-sacrificing devotion to what he believed to be right and truth, and pathetic in the hopelessness of the struggle. Many of us—even other than Home Rulers and Irishmen—had hoped that some ingenious brain would discover a reasonable and satisfactory means of escape from the impasse that had been created, without loss of dignity or sacrifice of principle on either side. Therefore the news that McSweeney had been allowed to die brought to us not merely a thrill of horror, but a feeling of despair. For it is not too much to say that the incident destroys every hope of our reconciliation with Ireland, who will now look on us as having declared war to the knife. Surely we, in our greater power, could have found some way out of the difficulty without any injury to our prestige. Clemency is not necessarily weakness. It seems to me that we have harped too much on the dignity of the nation and the majesty of the law, and too little on the strings of justice and mercy. And we will most assuredly pay the price later on. We have had few friends among the nations in the past; we will have still fewer in the future. Perhaps dead McSweeney is destined to win a greater victory over us than we like to think of now.

KINGS AND PRINCES I HAVE MET.

SULTAN STIVEN.

A little journey to the northward of the desert of Driazel lies the beautiful and restful oasis of Wolistoun—which, translated, means "The City of Good Times." There, in the caravanserai which he has established—which he has benevolently established—for the saving of lives, reigns Sultan Stiven the First, the kindest autocrat of whom history bears record. Thither, from surrounding arid parts, flock many pilgrims, with cracking throats, husky voices, and spittle like wads of cotton, to pay him homage and nimpence a "spot." It was a red letter day in my career when the editor's instructions, my own thirst, and a taxi took me to that delightful spot to interview his mirthful Majesty. I found the chambers, corridors, passages,

and other parts crowded with his subjects. These were, for the most part, very merry fellows, full of laughter and speaking a strange, but pleasant tongue. I caught and memorised a few of the words, such as: "Cumanavaspot," "Fillemup-agane," "Sameasbeforburt," "Avan-otheralongome," and others which, though not understood by the uninitiated, yet strike musically on the ear.

The Sultan, however, seemed to speak all their languages, and evidently knew all their ways and tastes, and so never once failed to satisfy the craving of each particular soul. To one he would hand out a "wiskispot" (as it is called in their tongue); to another a "longum" or a "meelum" (according to capacity); to a third a "portagaf"; to a fourth "ginan-bitters"; to another "samewithdash," and so on. And each would take his gifts and shout his praises, and blow off the froth (which, I understand, is a religious rite), and smile at each other, and wink and say "Eresluck," "Appidays," "Thousanayear," and other fraternal and friendly greetings. Thereafter silence would follow, save for a pleasant gurgling as the lotions trickled down to the easing and healing of tormented throats. There were one or two cases, however, in which the passage downward of the liquor was followed by a distinct hissing and a slight cloud of steam, as when water is thrown on a hot ploughshare. This, the Sultan explained, was due to their foolish persistence in saving up a prize thirst too long. However, by repeating the cooling operation frequently, the fever in each case was at length assuaged, and the relieved ones patted themselves on their Little Mary's and said, "Aha! Richard is himself again." We knew then that all danger was past.

As the old saw has it, "All roads lead to Wolistoun." Every one ends at the door of the Sultan's caravanserai. No one passes without halting. In fact, it is in common report among the people that every motor car with a vestige of self-respect, automatically stops there and refuses to proceed until its owner has alighted and entered to see the ruler, or his Grand Visier, Ferid el Baldey, about a dog or any other old matter. When the business is concluded, and the owner emerges, with a moist upper lip, a smiling face, and a pronounced bulge in the region of the hip pocket, the car again becomes tractable, and proceeds on its way, purring contentedly in the consciousness of duty faithfully performed. And it is said that even a Ford will, in its mad elation, attempt sometimes to shatter records when its master has tasted happiness in the tavern.

There is little need to descant on the physical appearance of the Sultan, since that is well known to all the Rubinoses, who constitute the great majority of his subjects. Passing reference may, however, be made to his pleasing and happily increasing rotundity. This, he modestly claims, to be the natural reward of a good life—that is, good living. His paths are virtuous and his habits regular. He takes frequent exercise at certain pumps that he has fitted up for that purpose; he has only a few, or more, meals a day, and he never drinks anything stronger than whisky. These things, combined with the daily performance of his benevolent duties and plenty of fresh air on race days, have given him a corpulence that is a joy to himself and every one else but his tailor. That luckless individual declares that if the monarch puts on any more "binjies," he will have to get him to hold one end of the measuring tape while he (the tailor) walks round him with the other.

In his good work of manipulating the pumps, handing out the bottles, saying "Givitanameboys" and piling the shekels into the treasury, the Sultan is ably assisted by his Grand Vizier. And this good and faithful servant has also his reward in a comforting and comfortable adiposity. But, as one star differeth from another, so does the Sultan's corpulence differ from that of the Vizier. For while that of the former inclines more and more to the front so that it threatens shortly to hide his feet for evermore from his sight, that of the latter tends to extend backward, until even now it keeps the chair he sits on a long way away from the rest of his body. The Sultan's fatness has been likened to a coming event that casts its shadow before, but the Vizier's to a stern reality. However, they are good fellows both, and may their shadows never grow less.

At present there are 26,513 steamers in the world, with a tonnage of 54,000,000 tons, while the sailing ships number only 5082, with a tonnage of less than 3,500,000 tons, or one-fifteenth that of the steamers. In 1888 the tonnage of steamers was 36,200,000, and of sailing vessels 12,600,000 or more than one-third of the steamers. In 1850 the steamers and sailing ships were about the same—6,500,000 tons each.

ANGLING NOTES.

BY "CREEL."

It was a very bright summer's day, the heat and warmth of life radiated from the earth, and brought the beads of perspiration to the angler's brow. Fish were shy so my chum and I adjourned to "Ye olde English tavern," presided over by mine host "Bert." In the cool of the evening bath room life seemed easier, and the fish easier to catch. Seated on a barrel—er—chair, was of course the oldest inhabitant. Addressing my chum and I he said, "Well, gents, you been fishin'?" We assented. "Well," he said, "I don't mind havin' a dr—er talk with you fellers. (He got it), and then proceeded thus: "Yer see, gents, I used to be some angler me'self in me young days, and I remembers a day similar ter this, when it was very 'ot an' dry. (Yes, thanks, gents, the same again). An' I wuz fishin' the Noo River at Oporo, just below the railway bridge. Fish wuz very scarce, but 'arter a while a good nor'-wester started to blow, an' the fish began to take alright. I landed some very nice fish, when all of a sudden I strikes a regular beauty, twenty pounds weight, if an ounce. (Here he wiped his lips and Baldey accepted the hint.) Well, gents, I played that 'ere fish up an' down the river just below the railway bridge for an hour, and at last got him near the top of the 'ole, ready to gaff him quick. Jest at that moment, blowed if a train didn't come over the bridge, an' a spark from the engine landed on me line, as I stooped to do the trick. There was a suddint straightenin' of me rod, and the beautiful fish disappeared from sight. Yes, gents, that wuz 'ard luck; blowed if the spark from the engine didn't burn through me line. I've never fished since; took on racin' instead. (Yes, Bert, I'm going home now). Goodbye, gents, take my tip an' never fish near the railway engine." (The editor and "Jacques," arrived just too late to hear this interesting fisherman who lied in the er—West).

Incidentally I would like to inform Jacques, that under circumstances as related above, not only fisherman—but others—will lie anywhere.

RE ANGLING CLUB AT GORE.

On making enquiries recently I was rather disappointed to learn that nothing definite had been done in the way of forming a club. I am sure it only wants the convening of the initial meeting to establish a club, and I was assured by some of the anglers, who reside up Mandeville way that they would give the project their whole-hearted support. I would suggest to Messrs J. P. Wylie, Y. Young, L. Popplewell, J. Gillies, Jas. Hoffman, J. McArthur, and other enthusiasts, to make a special effort to inaugurate a club, and the members of the Southland, Mataura, Wyndham, and other clubs, would be only too pleased to send delegates, to give advice, and the benefit of their club's experience in drawing up rules, arranging competitions, etc. Let's hope to get intimation very shortly that the movement is in train.

Mr J. McArthur, Gore, creeled 11 fish recently for one day's fishing on the Otamita. Included in the take were two splendid fish that scaled 3lbs 15ozs each. They were caught on the red body Wai-pahi fly.

Owing to a typographical error in last week's notes, Mr A. C. Lyon was credited with two bags of fish secured by Mr H. A. Lyon (ex railway guard).

Mr Geo. Friend, Balfour, fishing the Waimea recently, landed 14 fish averaging about 2lbs. Red body Wai-pahi was the killing fly.

On the Dunsdale last week a local angler creeled 15 nice fish on the fly. He reports the river as being exceptionally low for this time of the year and also states that the weed and slime are very bad, the river requiring a good "fresh" to clear it out.

The following is the result of the "bare fly" competition held under the auspices of the Mataura Angling Club on Labour Day:—

Name.	No. of Fish.	Weight.
		lbs. ozs.
D. Cameron	51	39 4
H. Cotterell	37	29 4
D. McGowan	22	17 —
J. Murdoch	21	13 4
	131	98 12

—Novice Competition.—

W. Murdoch	14	8 4
R. McLean	6	4 —
	20	14 4

TRIANGULAR CLUB COMPETITION.

We hear that the annual Shield Competition between fourmen teams representing the Southland, Mataura, and Wyndham A.C.'s respectively, will be

decided in all probability on Wednesday, 10th November. This year the waters of the Oreti, in its lower reaches close to Invercargill, are to be the scene of the contestants' finesse and skill with rod and line.

Wyndham Club are present Shield holders.

Wyndham's team is Messrs J. R. Mitchell, A. Udy, G. Strang and C. King, with Messrs G. Bogue and D. Caldwell for emergencies.

BIG HAUL OF TROUT.

The second competition of the 1920-21 season promoted by Wyndham Angling Club took place on Wednesday afternoon, October 20th. The conditions, although fairly favourable, were not first-class, a blustering sou'-wester interfering with the best-laid schemes of the competitors. There was an entry of 12 rods, and when "time" was called in Gray's Sample Rooms, at 9 o'clock, 10 anglers had weighed in. The count showed that the aggregate number of fish tallied with the number—134—brought along to the club's opening competition on 1st inst. The total weight this time was fifty 104lbs heavier—114lb 13ozs to 94lb 4ozs. Most of the fish were in prime condition. Mr Gerald Bogue produced the heaviest single fish—scaling 3½lbs. The following was the result of the weigh-in:—

Competitor.	No. Fish.	Lbs. Ozs.
Dave Caldwell	21	19 8
Allan Udy	21	17 8
John E. Mitchell	18	15 12
George Strang	12	14 12
Gerald Bogue	10	11 —
Allan Young	6	9 4
Peter Barnett	12	8 4
Chas. King	15	8 0
A. A. Aitken	9	6 0
J. B. Macpherson	10	5 0
	134	114 13

It was a competition governed by sealed handicaps; and so soon as "weight adjusting" was over, the following were announced as the prizetakers:—

Caldwell (plus 10 p.c.), 21lbs 7 2ozs 1
Udy (scratch), 17lbs 5ozs 10 4
Barnett (plus 100 p.c.), 16lbs 8ozs 4
The other handicaps were:—Mitchell (scratch), Strang (10 p.c.), King (20 p.c.), Young (25 p.c.), Bogue (50 p.c.), Aitken and Macpherson (50 p.c.).

The formal proceedings over, the surplus fish were distributed among the members of the club.

The Southland Angling Club held their initial competition on Labour Day, and some twelve anglers weighed in after their strenuous efforts with rod and line. The conditions were any legal bait on any river in the Southland Acclimatisation district. Some very good bags were caught, and the following is the final result, after the handicaps and conditions were taken into consideration.

Name.	No. of Fish.	Weight.
		lbs. ozs.
R. Sinclair (Dipton)	30	30 8
W. Steel (Invercargill)	30	19 6
J. Ogilvy (Lumsden)	15	14 0
W. Brown (Winton)	30	17 13

—Other Competitors.—

A. W. McBean	24	18 13
H. Kelly	30	18 0
N. R. MacKay	29	17 0
H. A. Lyons	30	16 8
A. Branks	30	15 13
H. Hammond	30	15 12
A. Macdonald	16	13 13
W. Jenkins	20	8 6
	312	211 8

ASSISTED PASSAGES.

It has been decided to extend the "boat-innated passages" system to enable any permanent resident of the Dominion to nominate persons residing in the United Kingdom. This can be done irrespective of questions of relationship or occupation, providing that an undertaking is given that employment will be awaiting the nominees on arrival and that adequate provision will be made for their maintenance after arrival. A considerable number of immigrants are awaiting opportunities to secure berthing accommodation to enable them to proceed to the Dominion. In future suitable domestic servants will be granted free third-class passages together with an allowance of £2 for expenses. It is hoped that this may be the means of securing a much larger number of suitable girls for the Dominion. The Imperial Government has commenced its new immigration scheme for ex-service men. These ex-service men, with their dependants, will receive free third-class passages, provided they are approved under one of the agricultural settlement schemes of the overseas Government or are proceeding to assured employment, and are otherwise acceptable to the Government of the territory to which they desire to go.

GORDON BROWN.

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

600.—Very superior seven-roomed house, slab-tile grates, art mantels, picture, and wide freizes; commodious room. Full 1-acre freehold in handy block. Terms: £500 down, balance

Comfortable six-roomed house; water; one-eighth acre freehold area. A handy home. Terms: balance 6 per cent.

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

800.—Special new five-roomed Bungalow with porcelain bath and panelled half-acre freehold land with ample room for another house. Real good thing. See it.

GORDON BROWN.

UNION BANK CHAMBERS,
TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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BUILDING CONTRACTOR,

WINDOW FITTER AND SHOW-CASE
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I have the staff and material to do any
work required—and do it well.

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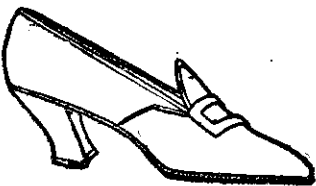
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TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:

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

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!

spairs that can't be beat.



J. A. HAWTHORNE.

BOOT REPAIRER,
TAY STREET.



SPORTING.

Moneybags will be in the winning list before long.

Hoch Aye and Miss O'Neill were two costly horses to follow at Gore.

Sunlit let her supporters down badly on two occasions at Gore.

Nellie Scott broke her gear on Monday, and did a circuit with a broken bridle.

Jock ran very badly at Gore. His late owners quitted him at the right moment.

Mirza doesn't finish gamely. Perhaps he will do better later in the season when he gets more seasoned.

Look out for Tin Soldier next week. He ran second in the last Winton Cup and should improve on that effort this season.

With the wins of Bengeroop, Kilkee, Almoner, and Palladio, "Put" Hogan was again the top dog trainer at the Gore meeting.

Cattach is a very useful sprinter when placed in the right company, and he found the surroundings on Monday to his liking.

Willy Wilson has Matty's Boy well. He was handicapped at 4min 50sec on Monday, but would have had to break 4min 45sec to have won.

Ferry Wallace on the limit and winning in 2min 25sec was a sweet thing. Roseberry would have had to break 2min 10sec to beat her.

Kilkee was served up hot in the Chart-ton Handicap on Saturday, and being in a generous mood he won fairly comfortably at the finish from Revolution who tried to win all the way.

Thaddeus is an in and out beggar. At Wingatui the second day he beat a good field. At Gore each day he was the very last to finish in his races. He would need to belong to a saint to be above suspicion.

Frank Young has quickly attained a high degree of efficiency as a secretary. What Frank doesn't know now about the job isn't worth bothering about.

The price of paper is very high just now, but still a bob a time for a "Kor-rect Kard," must show some profit, and several hundred more race-cards could have been sold on the course on Saturday.

What a difference an apprentice jockey made to Etta's running. On Saturday under Arty Wilson's handling she won very easily. On Monday under the guidance of an apprentice she was unable not only to foot it at the finish with Twinkle, but Galway also gave her the go-by at the finish.

War Scot (one "T" please in future Mr Young) was splendidly handled in the two mile harness trot on Monday. Had Coldwater been as well driven I think he would have won.

Bengeroop was not able to give his stable mate, Almoner, a stone on Monday. Certainly Billy Robinson made a lot of use of him, but he had the rails all the way and it would have been bad judgment to have waited anywhere but in front.

Considering his performances Almoner was extremely well treated in being handicapped only three pounds above Silent King in the Gore Cup. He was well, and ran one of the best races since Hogan has trained him.

Silent King is not a good stayer yet, but with time he may yet get to the end of a mile and a quarter. I should not think he will survive the next N.Z. Cup payment.

Linton, owned and trained by Albert Ward at Riverton, is quite a different sort of liability to Linden, who ran second to Bengeroop, and beat Kilkee on Monday evening. Linton was whispered about on Saturday morning as a good thing for the First Hack race, but he wasn't amongst the first half-dozen at the finish. He may be a better bet when the opposition is not so strong.

Dunmure couldn't go the pace in the Wantwood Steeplechase and was toiling a long way behind all the way.

Eleus and Jock started sixth and seventh favourites in the Waikaka Handicap, and finished seventh (last) and sixth respectively. Eleus isn't ready yet, and Jock isn't racing up to his winter form at all.

If Jack Kennedy had given Mademoiselle Fedelina a little shorter name he would have pleased sporting reporters, and it wouldn't have made very much difference to her pace.

Dave Calder's Sartolite won his heat easily on Saturday, beating a very hot favourite in Sunlit. He led all the way, and won with a bit to spare at the finish. Jimmy Thistleton has this nedly very well just now.

Bill Stone's Winton Stakes, not Wyndham Stakes, as our evening contemporary has it, candidate Mautau, was given a run on Saturday and finished fifth. She will have to do better than this if she is to win at Winton.

Billy Robinson must have done a good starve last Saturday, for 8st 9lbs was the lightest he could ride Vice Grand in the Dominion Hack Handicap, and he rode Bengeroop at 8st 3lbs in the Gore Cup on Monday.

Take Down had too much pace for Palladio in the steeplechase on Saturday, and after Precious Metal fell at the post and rails she had nothing to extend her. She jumped more carefully than usual after getting into the first fence.

Precious Metal made the pace very merry in the Wantwood Steeplechase, and gave a fine exhibition of jumping until he made the fatal mistake at the post and rails. He broke both hind fetlocks and had to be destroyed.

Once again the Michaela crowd were too clever. They put their dough and an inexperienced apprentice on the ex-Stewards' Handicap winner and both went down. She was left several lengths at the post and never looked like joining the field.

Silverpeak is some sprinter all right! She carried her 9st 6lbs on Saturday like a real race horse and perhaps over-confidently ridden by George Young she just shoved her nose in front of Satisfaction in time to catch another £105 for Bill Stone.

Miss O'Neill was paying under a thirty bob dividend in the Mile Trot and never left the mark. She showed she had some pace running along the back but it was too late then.

Alex McLellan made no mistake with Sweet Chimes in the Otama Trot. He got her well away and stayed in front to the finish. Sweet Chimes shook off Swanny Smith with St. Mihiel very easily at the end of a mile and a quarter, but St. Mihiel with a little more training will catch a stake before long.

When Jack Winter fell out of the cart attached to War Chimes in the Otama Trot, Coldwater ran right over him, but did not hurt Winter. Coldwater's chances however were spoiled.

Bengeroop made hacks of those opposed to him in the Waikaka Handicap, and Tommy Metcalfe quickly realised that he should make the most of his light weight so took him to the front and raced Silent King off his legs before a mile had been covered. At the finish Linden was only half a length away, but I think Bengeroop had a good deal up his sleeve.

Etta was too good for anything else in the First Hack Handicap at Gore on Saturday, and romped home an easy winner from the Wairoa trained and owned Blue Admiral, who just got up in time to beat Moneybags for second money. Marching Order, who was second favourite, was never in the hunt.

Couldn't the committee of the Gore Club devise a better method of admitting its patrons who arrive by motor car? On Monday a friend motored a couple of

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WATSON'S No. 10
WHISKY.

lady friends and your humble servant up. We all had tickets, yet we had to dismount at the motor enclosure gate, excepting the driver. It was a fine day so it didn't matter a great deal, but supposing it had been a wet day, the ladies in our party would have got wet through before they found the car again. The idea seems to me to be a senseless one in every way, for in addition to the inconvenience to passengers it also causes delay at the entrance. Surely all ticket holders should be admitted! Amongst the many hundreds I talked to in the enclosure on Monday I did not find one person who did not condemn the idea.

I don't know the gentleman's name but he deserves credit all the same for having not only the racing track in first-class order, but also the grounds and gardens looking at their best. The Gore Club sure have some caretaker! It was quite a pleasure to be on the grounds each day, and Frank Young has certainly improved the layout since taking up the reins of management.

Fred Wallis was in good form at the starting barrier at Gore on Saturday, and his work compared more than favourably with the starting of a lot of professionals. There were no delays at the start, and no horse was left during the afternoon.

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FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANDERSON.—In ever fond memory
of our precious son and brother, Private
H. C. (Bert), Anderson, N.Z.M.C., 20th
Reinforcement, who died on October 23,
1917, from wounds received at Passchen-
daele. "So loved so mourned." For the
Empire's cause.—Inserted by his loving
parents and sisters.

MACKAY.—In loving memory of Eric
V. Mackay, killed in action at Vertigneul
Farm, on October 23, 1918.—Inserted by
L.D.M.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1920.

OUR DUTY TO THE CIVIL COMMUNITY.

A great deal has been heard on many
platforms, since the soldiers of the New
Zealand Expeditionary Force commenced
to return in large numbers, of the duty
of the civil community towards the re-
turned men. Less has been heard of the
duty of the returned soldier towards the
civil community which is making, by
means of the various repatriative meas-
ures, an organised effort to get the men
back into civil life as far as circumstances
permit, so that, in the shortest possible
time, every soldier may stand on his
feet as one of the ordinary members of
the civil community, and a self-supporting
one at that. A huge amount of money
and much time has been spent by the Gov-
ernment and various local bodies in as-
sisting men back into civil life, and the
time has arrived when in fairness to the
community, we must individually ask
ourselves: "Are we doing all that we
civil community might reasonably expect
us to do for ourselves?" Government
assistance can, in the nature of things,
be only temporary in character, and every
returned man ought to recognise that fact,
and use his utmost endeavour to make his
way in life and direct the whole of his
energy to increase the country's produc-
tion. We must endeavour to remember
that every sum of money raised for our
benefit, whether by voluntary effort or by
compulsory loans enforced by the Govern-
ment, casts an additional burden on the
community of which we form part, not
only directly by the added interest charges
which have to be raised in the future from
the taxpayers, but also indirectly owing
to the fact that every contribution to

such fund reduces the capital that would
otherwise be available to start new in-
dustries, or to extend those already estab-
lished. It is in this direction of the
establishment of new industries and the
extension of existing ones that we must
depend for a large measure of our repatri-
ation. We may speak of the provisions
of the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement
Act, and the large field for repatriation in
this direction; but we are not all farmers!
In New Zealand the development of our
primary industries stands pre-eminent, and
must be developed as much as possible.
It is nevertheless true that they do not
represent the whole of our industrial
activity, or possible avenues of industrial
development. It is therefore evident that
the channels of effective repatriation are
in the whole realm of our industrial activ-
ity—a sphere which will absorb all classes
and conditions of men, whether farmers
or not. Whatever may be our lot in
the community, let us keep the problem
of increased production steadily in view.
It is the duty of the returned man to
direct his energies towards the increase of
production, by every means in his power,
and to throw the influence of his weight
behind law and order, to discountenance
any revolutionary tactics, no matter by
whom advocated, and while insisting on a
fair deal to himself and his comrades, to
be equally ready to insure a fair deal to
others. The soldiers of this Dominion
must play their part in citizenship and
should take an active part in the political
destiny of the country. It is imperative
that new energy be infused into our political
life. The Dominion to-day has not a
Government that represents and possesses
the confidence of the people. Liberalism
is dead and the proposed farmers' party
is doomed to failure. It is unable to
absorb the mass of the workers. The pre-
sent Government cannot do it, and a New
Zealand party with a man of General
Russell's type leading it could success-
fully embrace all sections. It must be a
party for the advancement of New Zea-
land, and free from the hypocritical ten-
dencies in our present day political activ-
ity.

DIGGERS' LETTER BOX.

Our review of the activities of the
Electric Power Board at Monowai will
appear next week.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Let us pray! Yes, let us pray for
the writer of "Kings and Princes I have
met." According to his version—if true—
he must have had a terrible time of it
listening to me for "six or eight hours,"
and we are having the evidence of the
effects, as witness the "Digger" of 22nd
inst. Dreams come of the multitude of
business. He must have had a very bad
one and instead of getting up and letting
go bilge water, he has let go a lot of
matter as coming from a "natural." We
may have to get him examined, as this
may be the after-effects of shell shock or
gas. There is no accounting how they
may develop. There must be a screw
loose somewhere, either in him or myself,
when he wrote re "I would give him a
fiver if he could prove there was a
heaven." I am not an idiot. Let him
read in Gen. 1st from 6th to 9th, and he
will find where heaven is. There is
another passage in the Bible that declares
that Heaven is God's throne and the
earth is his footstool. Therefore, while
praying for his recovery, I remain, etc.,
GAVIN BRIGHTON.
Nightsaps, October 27, 1920.

THE MARRIAGE ACT.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—This subject has been exercising
the minds of a good few, especially the
church and her daughters. In quoting the
following resolution, no exception is to be
taken because it was passed by the Roman
Catholic congregation at Hawera, but is
to extend to the Church of Rome and her
daughters (daughters is to include all
churches, from Church of England down
to Salvation Army, Presbyterians in-
cluded). Resolution: "That whereas no
power has authority to break the bond of
christian marriage duly contracted and
truly consummated, and a repudiation of
this bond is an outrage against nature,
a crime against society, and a sin against
God. And whereas the civil law has
given new facilities and therefore new en-
couragements for the violation of the
marriage bond, and whereas the Legisla-
tive Assembly made immoral and in-
iquitous amendments to the marriage law
intended to compel Christians to approve
of immoral conduct, it is resolved that
the Catholics of Hawera request the
Government to remember that marriage is
an ordinance of God against which the
State is powerless, and that the Govern-
ment be advised to keep within their own
sphere and be content with regulating the

civil effects of marriage, and not degrade
the Dominion by accepting the amend-
ments of the Upper Chamber, which are
without precedent." As this resolution is
the embodiment of all the churches who
would like to usurp the authority of all
the people by claiming that marriage is a
sacrament, from whence do they derive
this authority for such an attitude? Not
from the Bible. It has always been a legal
binding or contract entered into by a man
and a woman before witnesses and the
fact registered, the woman being given to
the man by those whose right it was to
give her to the man, and were known as
husband and wife as long as they lived,
under the Mosaic law. A writing of
divorcement was obtainable for several
reasons. But our Lord only allowed the
man to put away his wife for fornication
only and both were debarred from marrying
again during the time both were living.
The marriage vow, like all other vows,
was always to be considered sacred, no
matter how and before whom they were
made. And when the priest, clergy, or
parson took upon themselves to say that it
was by them the marriage vow was made
sacred therefore it became a sacrament,
they did what they had no authority for
doing. But now that the power by which
they have held the people in slavery is
being taken away, they are disturbing
the peace and threatening rebellion by
playing on the ignorance of the people or,
as the Bible says, making merchandise of
them. Where does Bishop Richards ob-
tain his authority for saying, as he is
reported to have said in St. Paul's
Cathedral on Sunday, 19th September:—
"In such circumstances our Lord Himself
would be imprisoned for giving his teach-
ing on marriage and divorce?" Several of
the Canons of the Church of England de-
clare it to be no less than prostituting
one's daughter to give her in marriage
without the blessing of the priest—(see
Concil Winton A.D. 1076; Constitut.
Richardi Episc. Sar. 1217 Spelm. Tom.
11). Truly verse 3, of 2nd Peter, Chap.
2 has come to pass and is very active
now at this time. So "through philosophy
and vain deceit" have the churches taken
upon themselves the right to perform the
marriage ceremony, but from the begin-
ning it was not so. The Bible from which
the churches are supposed to take their
authority is silent as giving them that
authority. Marriage has always been a
legal contract. We have a very good in-
stance in the marriage of Boaz and Ruth
—(see Ruth 4th, read the whole chapter,
especially from the 9th to the 14th
verse). It was only when a man was
troubled by jealousy that he had to appeal
unto the priest, there being no witnesses
against her (see Num. 5th from 14th to
end of chapter), were there any witnesses,
the law was swift and sure. The New
Testament is silent as to the marriage
ceremony as a sacrament. In Southland
Times, dated 30th September, Dean Burke
makes the statement in his letter to the
editor under the name of W. Burke, cor-
recting the Rev. H. Sharp, who had
stated that "But the Roman Catholic
Church claim that he (the priest) is neces-
sary for all marriages." He, as W. Burke,
denied that statement, and says "The
Catholic teachings is that not the priest
but the contracting parties are the minis-
ters of the sacrament of matrimony. The
priest is only the church's witness at the
ceremony and may be done without." He
says this as W. Burke, but as Dean
Burke in doing his duty he would have to
say at what a cost the priest can be done
without. The Roman Catholic Church is
well organised, for under certain circum-
stances the several sacraments can be ad-
ministered by one who is not a priest but
belonging to the church. It is owing to
these several provisions that they hold the
people in slavery as it were and her
daughters are walking in her footsteps.
Whereas our salvation is founded on the
believing of the fact that Jesus is the
Christ, the Son of God. This enables the
believer to enter into His Father's House
in which there are many abiding places.
Some enter in and abide in the vestibule
instead of pressing on into the guest
chamber where they will be treated as
guests, for our Lord has said, "He will
come in and sup with him and he with
me." God has said in his word, "Who
is among you that feareth the Lord that
obeyeth the voice of his servant, that
walketh in darkness and hath no light.
Let him trust in the name of the Lord and
stay upon his God." Dean Burke may be
the servant of the Lord and walking in
darkness having no light, yet those of his
flock who obey him fearing the Lord it is
well with them. The fault is not theirs,
but that of their teacher. Had they
been taught right, they would have done
right just as they have done wrong, which
they had believed was the right. I mean
no offence to Dean Burke in using his
name. I have done so just to illustrate
the Scripture.—I am, etc.,
GAVIN BRIGHTON.
Nightsaps, October 27, 1920.

MARKET NOTES.

BRAY BROS. REPORT.

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

Potatoes (seed).—Inquiry is for prime
hand-picked samples.

Potatoes (table).—Large supplies. Price
for prime quality from 5s to 5s 6d per cwt.
others, 5s to 5s 6d per bag.

Onions, Victorian to 35s cwt.

Oats, 15s to 24s per bag.

Chaff, 5s 6d to 6s 6d per bag.

Meggitt's Calf Food, 27s 6d per bag.

Bran, 11s 6d per bag.

Pollard, 15s per bag.

Molasses, 12s 6d per tin.

Mutton Birds, 1s 1d per bird.

Posts and Stakes.—We accept orders
o.t. for Totara and Broadleaf.

Fruit.—Supplies now show a consider-
able decrease and prices have advanced.

Apples (dessert), choice Sturmers, 12s 6d
to 10s; Rokewood, 11s to 10s; Beauty,
to 9s; cooking apples, prime
quality to 9s; others 7s to 8s. Peas.—
Scarce, 2d per lb. Rhubarb, 2½d to 3d
per lb. Cabbage to 10s.

General.—Lepp Salt Lick 2s 3d per
brick. Cow Covers, 22s 6d to 30s each.
Horse Covers, £2 15s to £3. Honey in
10lb tins, 11s.

Furniture.—We have a special line of
dining room suites in moquette, tapestry,
etc., at our Spey street warehouse. Also
a big selection of linoleum, rug, do-
or mats and seagrass mats. Several nice oak
sideboards in latest designs at reasonable
prices. Visit our showrooms Spey street,
and compare our wholesale values against
retail prices elsewhere.

Land Department.—Six-roomed house in
Liddel street, gas, h. and c. water, con-
crete paths, 4-acre section, ten minutes
walk to P.O. No tram fares. Cash price
£600. Bray Bros., Agents.

SOUTHLAND MARKET REPORT.

Since last reports the demand for oats
for local consumption and for seed pur-
poses has been strongly maintained, even
though the sowing season under such con-
ditions as have existed should be consid-
ered over. Almost without exception
merchants' cleaning plants are still busy
dressing to meet the exceptional demand,
the quantities arranged for in anticipation
of requirements having been absorbed
some weeks back, which shows the new
crop is undoubtedly very much greater
than for some years past. This can be
gauged not only by the quantities of oats
sold for seed purposes, but by the consid-
erably increased quantity of grain now
being sent out by manure merchants. The
new crop, so far as Southland is concerned
cannot affect the position regarding South-
land supplies at the earliest before the end
of April. It is evident, therefore, that
there will be a very small surplus over
and above the needs of the local trade left
in merchants' hands when that time comes
along. The same feeling of confidence in
the future of the market still exists, de-
spite northern quotations, which it is re-
ported have been made as low as 4s,
f.o.b., s.i.

Considering the tone that exists in
respect to oats it is not surprising that
prime quality chaff finds a ready sale at
£7, on trucks, and that the demand much
exceeds the supply. As farmers get
busier sowing their turnip crops the pos-
ition will become even more strained.

During the past week or 10 days several
lines of 50 to 150 sacks of ryegrass have
been offered at figures on the basis of 7s
to 7s 3d for 27lb seed, and 5s 6d to 6s
for 21lb seed, for fairly well dressed lines
from the mill. There is very little activity
in the hemp market, except for the de-
mand which exists for good fair, of which
only very small stocks are held. Low fair
is worth £32, on trucks.

During the past week the stock market
has remained quiet, excepting for a little
business in ewes and lambs, while a few
lines of good forward lambs have been sold
for forward delivery. A few fairly large
lines of forward-conditioned fat hogs have
gone north, prices in northern mar-
kets leaving an opening for this class of
business. The fat sheep market remains
unchanged, and there is no prospect of
an early improvement, as the number of
fat sheep in Southland is likely to exceed
local requirements. At Winton on Thurs-
day ewes and lambs and good ewe hoggets
were selling well, while ordinary ewes
and hoggets were practically unsaleable.
Prices may be quoted:—

Fat Cattle.—Prime ox beef, 70s; heifers,
65s; cow, 50 to 60s; extra prime bullocks,
£33; prime, £18 to £24; lighter, £15 to
£17; prime cows, up to £18; good, £15 to
£15; lighter, £9 to £11.

Fat Sheep.—Extra prime wethers, 60s;
good, 42s to 46s; lighter, 35s to 40s; heavy
ewes, up to 40s; lighter, 28s to 32s.

Store Cattle.—Good forward three-year

bullheads, up to £13; 2½-year-olds, £9 to £11; two-year-olds, £7 10s to £8 10; yearlings steers, £3 to £5; yearling fers, £2 10s to £4; two-year-old empty fers, £6 to £8; empty cows, £7 to £9; ry cows, extra good, 25s to 28s; good, 5 to £18; ordinary, £10 to £14.

Sheep.—Good forward wethers, 30s to 40s; lighter, 32s to 35s; good ewe hoggs, up to 28s 6d; good mixed-sex hoggs, 22s to 24s 6d; smaller sorts, 20s to 22s; a few lines of ewes and lambs have been hands during the week at 17s to 18s (all counted), with not over 100 per cent, according to age and quality.

TENNIS.

With the Davis Cup fixtures at Auckland during the Xmas and New Year holidays, the New Zealand championship tennis is to follow immediately, and a S.W. team to visit New Zealand at the time, the coming tennis season will be one to rank amongst the most important experienced by players.

A certain section of the seating accommodation at the Davis Cup matches is being set apart for each affiliated association if requested, so local players will have an equal opportunity, as the other people, of securing good seats should they be making the trip to Auckland.

A tennis annual edited by Mr Henry Mason of Wellington, is to be published shortly, and is to be sold per medium of the affiliated clubs. This should be an exceedingly interesting book as particulars of celebrated past and present players of the Dominion, together with all interesting matches and tournaments that have taken place, are included therein.

The local enthusiasts are getting in practice prior to the inter-club matches commencing next month. All the clubs are overcrowded with members, and one or two even have waiting lists, so everything argues well for a successful season.

Most of the Clubs have gone in for extensive improvements, and is considered that at present the Invercargill Club is perhaps the finest to be seen in the South Island, its general condition and appearance and court accommodation being excellent. It is still doubtful whether their top lady player—Miss W. Tucker—will be able to take her place with the team when the matches commence, as her ankle still shows ill effects through the accident which befell her during the progress of the inter-provincial match in Dunedin last March.

Good tennis is expected this season as several of the clubs are reported to have strong teams—Gore and Winton, from the city, and Southend and Y.M.C.A., as well as Invercargill, from the city, and several new clubs are asking for affiliation with the intention of competing in the matches. Of course we might mention Taupau, Edendale, and Orepuki.

A. and B. grade fixtures will be held both Saturday and Wednesday, and it is hoped that a start with these will be made early in the month.

SOUTH SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

The usual monthly meeting of the South School Committee was held on Tuesday, 26th inst. Present were Mr A. W. Jones (chairman), Messrs T. Lennie, J. Gardner, C. Longuet, Mesdames Parkin, McGregor and Garrett.

Headmaster's report stated the roll number as 708, average attendance 513, a low average being due to the prevalence of mumps, whooping cough, and measles, of a severe type amongst the scholars.

The boys are working steadily at the garden plot, and their labour should produce excellent results at the end of the season.

A cricket team has been formed with 15 boys. Mr Cann has offered to coach the club, and has already accomplished some excellent work with them.

The amount to the credit of the scholars at the Savings Bank is £120.

Mr Lennie reported that the trees and shrubs recently planted in the garden are all thriving vigorously. Parsnips, carrots and potatoes have also been planted in the plot. A lawn mower has been purchased and he suggested that a clock should be placed on the gate. Mrs Parkin kindly offered a prize for the best garden plot kept by a girl. Mr G. Yer also donated one guinea for the best garden kept by a boy.

It was decided to donate £5 towards securing materials for cricket for the boys' team.

It was decided that a set of nine-pins, oak's Ark story books, and material for French knitting be procured for the infant department.

The balance sheet of the school concert was read and received, the results of the

concert adding the amount of £79 10s to the school funds. The committee expressed their gratification with the splendid success of the concert, and a vote of appreciation was passed to the teachers, and also Mr Reed for the assistance he gave with the physical drill items for the programme.

Accounts to the amount of £8 16s were passed for payment.

COUNTY ELECTIONS.

Attention is drawn to the advertisement of Mr Thomas Fraser who is contesting the Wallacetown Riding seat at the forthcoming county elections. We have watched Mr Fraser's activities very closely during the time he has been on the Power Board and can confidently recommend him to the ratepayers. Messrs Cody, and Bowmar are also contesting seats and we can confidently recommend these members of the Power Board to the ratepayers. These are the members of the Board who are playing an active part and contesting the elections. Ratepayers will be amply repaid by placing them at the head of the poll.

SIR KEITH SMITH.

CIVIC WELCOME.

There was a large gathering at the station on arrival of the express this afternoon, when a civic reception was accorded the famous aviator, Sir Keith Smith, who, with his brother, Sir Ross Smith, made the first air voyage from England to Australia. His Worship the Mayor (Mr Jno. Stead), Town Councillors, and representatives of the Returned Soldiers' Association were present.

The Mayor extended a hearty welcome to the distinguished visitor and said the exploit of Sir Keith Smith and the other members of the crew was a great one, and was so recognised by the King.

Sir Keith Smith, who was received with enthusiastic applause, returned sincere thanks for the welcome. He would, he said, pass on the kind greetings to his brother, and the two mechanics who accompanied them on the flight to Australia. Later, in an interview, Sir Keith said that the idea of the flight originated more as a joke than anything else after a dinner in England, at which Mr Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, was present, together with one or two Australian flying officers. Conversation drifted on to the topic of coming home after the war, and one of the flying men said it would be a good idea to fly home. The party jumped at the idea, and someone suggested that Mr Hughes should put up a prize to cover expenses. Later, towards the end of 1918, or beginning of 1919, the Commonwealth Government offered a prize of £10,000 for the first flight from England to Australia within thirty days in a British-built machine, manned by an Australian crew. The machine used on the flight fulfilled those conditions entirely. She was built by Vickers, and the party owed a tremendous amount to Vickers for the splendid machine provided. Everything about the machine was British, including the raw materials used.

There was no other country in the world that could build a machine of that type. Their principal trouble before the flight started was procuring a sufficient supply of proper maps for such countries as Siam, but finally all the maps required were obtained. The people on the route were wonderfully good, and gave every help in their power. The thirty days' limit was designed to show that a flying service could be made a commercial proposition, and one faster than the steamship service. The flight proved that the journey could be accomplished in the thirty days, but with a proper relay system laid out, the time could be cut down by half. The flight had undoubtedly opened up an air route between England and Australia, and had helped to bind the Empire closer together in contrast to the forces of disunity involved in the revolutionary and Bolshevik propaganda. He was a Britisher all the time, and was glad to have been of some service in promoting the unity of the Empire. He had often been asked what had become of the machine. The machine had been handed over to the Commonwealth Government as a present from Vickers. It was now in Melbourne, and he believed was to be placed in a museum, for Vickers wanted the machine kept as a permanent record of the flight. In conclusion, he paid a tribute to the splendid work of the mechanics on the great flight.

During the strike of editors and sub-editors on country newspapers in Germany, it was shown that temporary substitutes wasted more money in useless telephoning than the increase demanded by the strikers.

SOUTHLAND HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

SMOKE CONCERT,
SMOKE CONCERT,

NOVEMBER 3rd.

FLORAL TEA ROOMS,

All Old Boys are requested to be present.

Sub. ... 2/6.

G. E. S. BRODIE,
Hon. Secretary.

TO THE RATEPAYERS OF WALLACE-TOWN RIDING.

I WISH to inform you that I am again a Candidate for the office of Councillor for the Wallacetown Riding at the Elections on WEDNESDAY, November 10th. If elected I will endeavour, as in the past, to administer impartially the affairs of the County in general and your Riding in particular.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS FRASER.

Waianiwa.

BACON PIGS.

WANTED IN ANY QUANTITY—

PRIME BACON PIGS.

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TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

Tempting Prices for Prime Pork. We Pay Railage.

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INVERCARGILL AND GORE.

NOTICE

TO MOTORISTS.

I WISH to apologise to the Motoring Public for having been compelled to turn work away owing to lack of accommodation in the past, but now that I have taken over the premises lately occupied by McNie Bros. (adjoining my present premises) I have now the largest Garage accommodation in Southland capable of storing over 200 cars.

There will be no charge to leave your car here, so why leave it in the street in all weathers.

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ENGINEER AND MOTOR EXPERT.

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Millinery Models.—A special display of millinery models, of distinctive refinement and originality. A charming representation of summer's most captivating styles at prices to conform with the economy movement. Trimmed hats, 25s 6d, 29s 6d, 35s, to 47s 6d. Matrons' black and coloured toques, 22s 6d, 27s 6d, 37s 6d, to 49s 6d. Black lace and tulle hats, 25s 6d to 35s 6d. Semi-trims, 12s 6d, 15s 6d, 18s 6d, to 25s 6d. Ready-to-wears, 14s 6d, 17s 6d, 25s 6d, ranging to 39s 6d. Leghorns, 19s 6d, 25s 6d, to 39s 6d. Panamas, 5s 6d, 8s 11d, 12s 6d, to 22s 6d. Straw shapes, 5s 11d, 9s 11d, 14s 6d, to 23s 6d. Washing hats, 2s 11d, 4s 11d, to 7s 6d. A choice selection of flowers, fruit, and mounts. Novelties in costumes, coats, silk jerseys, wool jerseys, feather boas, skirts, blouses, dressing gowns, dressing jackets, corsets, and underwear. See windows and showroom upstairs. One shilling in the £1 discount on all cash sales. All alterations free of charge. At H. and J. Smith, Ltd., Progressive Drapers, Tay street, Invercargill and Main street, Gore.

Fascinating Blouses IN DAINTIEST MATERIALS

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SEE OUR BLOUSE at 8/11. Good dark materials. Unbeatable for morning wear; 13 to 15½-inch.

In JAP SILK BLOUSES, splendid values at 19/6 to 35/6. All styles, including the latest American.

A BIG FEATURE in our BLOUSE DEPT. is the special showing of Crepe-de-Chine and Georgette Blouses. Most attractive in style and glorious in colour. Prices 33/9 to 90/- each.

MODEL BLOUSES from the leading London Houses represent the daintiest goods we have ever handled. No two alike. Prices moderate.

A late arrival is a nice fine LACE BLOUSE, lined net, in sizes 13½ to 14½. These are offered at a special price of 32/6 each.

THE NEWEST SHAPES may be seen in Coloured Striped Crepe and Zephyr Blouses; guaranteed to retain shape and colour. Sizes 13½ to 15-inch. Price 13/6 each.



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INVERCARGILL.

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"B.P." Paint

(Prepared).

WRITE TO US TO-DAY

FOR COLOUR-CARD AND PRICE-LIST.

BROAD SMALL
AND CO.

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

We are, personally, glad that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is not being lauded as the prophet of a new and beneficent revelation by all the Australian papers. Some of the papers are refreshingly candid. No less a paper than the "Argus" speaks thus:—

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is visiting Australia and he comes here not as the creator of the prince of amateur detectives, but as a representative of spiritualism, and at the instigation, he would have us believe, of the spirit world. . . . Spiritualism, however, is more than a mere modern American freak religion. It is part of occultism. Its other names were 'black magic' or 'Shamanism' or 'witchcraft.' It is probably as old as the Pyramids. It dabbled in 'elementals,' and to the higher social reason and instincts of men it was always 'tabu.' None but the queer, the morbid, or the vicious meddled with it. In old Hebrew law it was punished with death; and one naturally asks why was such a severe punishment allotted to such a cranky faith. Probably for two reasons. Witchcraft was a kind of rebellion against the higher life of religion, with its sanity of faith and hope and prayer. Then, besides being a kind of rebellion, witchcraft was also a kind of cruelty. It tore open and kept open the wounds of women who had lost sons or daughters, lovers or husbands. It kept on torturing them, filling them with a morbid disease, giving them a false excitement and a septic exhilaration, and generally extracting a good deal of money from them. Both as rebellion and as torture, witchcraft was condemned by the instinct of the race. Both religion and science fought against it. The abominable sport called with hunting was only a symbol of men's utter detestation of all who attempted to raise the dead. The very name of witch became synonymous with all that was vile and anti-social and rebellious. No wonder that men hated the witch. No wonder that men hate to-day all the black evil and insanity and cruelty of spiritualism. One can always know the devil by his limp. And though this modern witchcraft may come to us clothed in broadcloth and respectability, there is the same poison and the same cruelty and the same rebellion against reason in the heart of it still.

"Spiritualism bears the mark of its ancestry. The great war brought untold sorrow into the lives of many thousands of women, mothers, wives, and sweethearts. That sorrow may never die, and it will be a long time before it can be assuaged. It was natural then that men, and especially women, should seek any recourse that promised comfort in sorrow. Spiritualism lay ready to their hand. It acquired a great vogue during the war. Heart-broken women sought here some relief from their pain. All the old evils of the old witchcraft were being repeated, only with a greater cruelty and a more painful delusion. The dream of raising the dead had the old fascination for the bereaved; the hope of the chance of there being any possibility of intercourse with them gripped the minds of sufferers like a disease. So spiritualism reared its head and began its old falsehood once again. The rebellion against science and religion, the spell cast over saddened and despairing minds, the acquiring of influence and prosperity and popularity by living upon the ever-renewed sorrows of others—all the old evils of the old black magic are seen once again in its offspring to-day. Not by such help is comfort to be found. . . . We cannot welcome Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as an advocate of spiritualism. He represents a force which we believe to be purely evil. But we would join with all good citizens in encouraging more knowledge and education, more courage and endurance, more faith and sacrifice. These are the cornerstones of the life of the people. But, on the other way 'tis Kipling who writes:—

'Oh, the road to Endor is the oldest road,
And the easiest road of all!
Straight it runs to the witch's abode,
As it did in the days of Saul,
And nothing is changed of the sorrow in store
For such as go down on the road to Endor.'

He gasped, "I shall not need the car;
Lay out my night attire!"
Then bit and lit a choice cigar
And nestled near the fire.
Then, as the butler fussed around
He wheezed, "Now, Binns, be sure
To mix me up a double dose
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!"

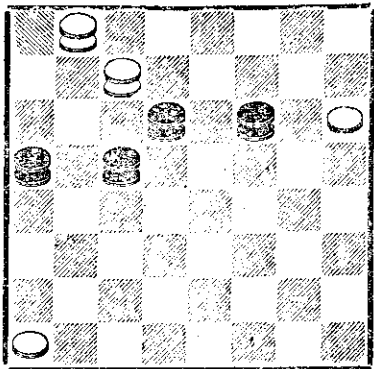
DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

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

PROBLEM 33.

By A. Jordan, Champion of England.
(No. 154 in "Yorkshire Weekly Post")
BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and win.
Black Kings 10, 11, 13, 14.
White 12, 29, Kings 1, 6.

Black has a decidedly strong finish, but extreme care is necessary to enforce the above terms.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 32.

Black 8, 14, 26.
White 7, 20, 22, White to play and draw.
7, 2, 26, 30, 2, 6, 30, 25, 20, 16, 25, 13, 16, 12, 8, 11, 6, 10 drawn.

NAE DRAW IN MY BOOK.

"An auld dambred here ca'd Wyllie,
Wad look your face wi' a smile
When you spoke o' a draw
Wi' a brief 'Play awa'.
Syne, 'Whaur's ye're draw noo?' in a
whilie." —Ogg.

GAME 2115—DENNY.

(By George W. Dent, Crook, Durham.)
10, 14 25, 21 7, 14 1, 12, 16
22, 17 6, 9 20, 16 2, 7
7, 10 13, 6 9, 13 16, 19
17, 13 2, 18 16, 11 7, 11
3, 7 30, 26 19, 23 19, 23
24, 20 1, 6 26, 10 11, 15
14, 18 17, 14 8, 15 2, 23, 26
23, 14 10, 17 10, 6 10, 6
9, 18 21, 14 18, 22 26, 30
21, 17 15, 19 31, 26 6, 1
11, 15 29, 25 22, 31 30, 26
26, 23 11, 15 6, 2 1, 6
8, 11 25, 21 31, 24 5, 9
23, 14 6, 9 28, 10 15, 10
4, 8 14, 10 W. wins.

a. The play up to this stage is the same as Game 2075 in the D.W. for March.
b. Now Mr Thirkell's position in his criticism of Mr Grey on page 386 of the August D.W.

c. I submit this to correct 6.2 as given by the Tyneside expert, and to win for White.

VAR. 1.

14, 18 9, 14 22, 26 2, 6
2, 7 11, 15 6, 2 30, 26
5, 9 18, 22 26, 30 6, 9
7, 11 10, 6 W. wins.

VAR. 2.

13, 17 15, 10 30, 26 6, 9
10, 6 26, 30 2, 6 22, 18
23, 26 6, 2 26, 22 32, 28
W. wins.

A trap in the Laird and Lady, a little gem ascribed to several authors.

11, 15 17, 14 4, 8 26, 23 12, 16 12, 3
23, 19 10, 17 24, 19 16, 20 19, 12 2, 7
8, 11 21, 14 13, 17 31, 26 7, 10 3, 10
22, 17 15, 18 28, 24 18, 22 14, 7 6, 31
9, 13 19, 15 11, 16 25, 18 3, 28 Black wins.

a. Losing move 15, 10, 6, 15, 19, 10, 17, 21 etc., draws.

The decision of the Town Council is that the smoke room at the Athenaeum shall be used for the juvenile subscribers to the library, and the Invercargill Draughts Club will therefore have to find fresh quarters. The off season is now here for draughts and it is possible that no effort may be made to secure another room until the approach of winter again. Owing to the difficulty experienced in years past, however, of getting members together again when club is disbanded, it would be advisable, I think, if suitable room is available, to secure same for the benefit of those who care to play.

The game of draughts is well worthy of support, and a never ending source of profitable amusement. Those who wish to maintain an interest in it should send along any interesting items, games, problems, etc., to this column. Address: Draughts Editor, "Digger," 28 Biggar street.

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Hydro-Electric Power.

THE GOVERNMENT PROPOSALS.

OVER £20,000,000 INVOLVED.

In the course of the Public Works Statement the Hon. J. G. Coates outlined the proposals for hydro-electric development. The Minister said:—

The main Government scheme proposed for each island consists of a complete high-tension transmission system connecting all the main points of supply of the electric power board districts and of the electric power authorities. These transmission systems will be fed from three or four large hydro-electric power sources in each case, and will also be connected up with the chief existing local sources of supply, including both the hydro-electric and steam power plants already in operation. Hence the urgent necessity of standardising the system of electrical distribution throughout the Dominion. In all recent installations the standard three-phase fifty-cycle system has been adopted, and several of the older plants are being changed over to this system in order to enable them to take advantage economically of the Government supply. Out of the fifty-five generating stations now in operation, twenty-two are operating on the standard system, comprising 26,690 kilowatts, or 58.3 per cent. of the installed capacity of the Dominion.

The main sources of supply selected for the North Island are Mangahao (24,000 h.p.), Arapuni (95,000 h.p., capable of extension to 162,000 h.p.), and Waikaremoana (40,000 h.p., capable of extension to 136,000 h.p.). In addition, supplementary supplies will be obtained from Horahora power-house (8400 h.p.), Wairua Falls (2,600 h.p.), New Plymouth Borough (ultimately 8000 h.p.), and a standby service from the large steam plants at Auckland (ultimately 26,000 h.p.) and Wellington (12,000 h.p.). Regarding the North Island, the construction of Mangahao is now well in hand. The investigation of the Arapuni dam site is practically completed, and work will be commenced at Waikaremoana forthwith. For the main transmission lines the specifications for the materials have been drawn up and the delivery of the poles has commenced.

Provided that no undue delay occurs in the delivery of plant from abroad, and coal for driving the construction plant is obtainable, and cement, the supply from Mangahao can be made available within three years.

The construction plant of Waikaremoana (1000 h.p.) has been designed to form part of the permanent installation, and to be large enough to give a local supply in the meanwhile to Wairoa County and Borough. This construction plant should be in operation within two years, and the main supply from Waikaremoana within two years thereafter.

In regard to the South Island the details of the transmission system and supply points have not yet been laid out, but the system will incorporate the existing power plant at Lake Coleridge, the Dunedin City Council's plant at Waipori Falls, and the proposed Southland Electric-power Board's station at Lake Manapouri, each of which should be developed as early as possible to its fullest extent. Proposals are now being investigated for the extension of the Lake Coleridge plant to the capacity of the site (42,000 h.p.) and the survey and construction of the line to South Canterbury is in hand. Surveys of the Hawea-Wanaka and Teviot River schemes have been carried out to locate the most economical source of supply in Central Otago in order to complete the system in the southern end of the Island.

and surveys will be put in hand as early as possible to locate the best sources of supply for the northern end (Marlborough, Nelson, and Buller districts), and for laying out transmission routes to complete the whole system on the same lines as in the North Island.

The estimates of 1918 for the North Island system (150,000 h.p.) amounted to £7,303,402. At the present enhanced costs of labour and material this will considerably exceed £10,000,000, and the South Island system will probably cost almost as much. The prosecution of these works at a satisfactory rate of progress will call for more skilled and unskilled labour than is at present available, but it is hoped that the efforts of my colleagues the Minister of Immigration will result in the early arrival in New Zealand of a sufficient number of suitable men.

The success of the schemes already in operation, and the ever-increasing difficulties in obtaining supplies of coal and fuel oil, have combined to create an insistent, widespread, and fully justified demand for the immediate development of New Zealand's water-power resources. Financial considerations require that schemes once launched should be brought to a paying stage as quickly as the available supply of labour and material will permit. Special officers, engineers and other experts, together with the necessary office assistance, have therefore been, as I have already stated, to deal specially with electric undertakings. The whole of the energies of these officers will be concentrated on the completion of the schemes, and on the supervision and the assisting of the Power Boards, and other distributing authorities. As circumstances require their numbers will be added to. Further legislation dealing with hydro-electric matters is under careful consideration. In the meantime it is proposed to set up an advisory Board consisting of business men of standing to advise the Government on various questions connected with the business management of its power undertakings, and on questions of policy in connection with the development, distribution, and sale of hydro-electric power.

Lake Coleridge Supply.

Referring to Lake Coleridge, the Minister said the revenue for the year was £45,831 and the expenses (including £7,624 depreciation reserve), £42,246, leaving a very satisfactory net profit of £3,585. The output for the year from the power-house was over 33,000,000 units. To have generated this in a large economical steam plant using the class of coal now available would have taken 45,000 tons of fuel, worth from £100,000 to £120,000. But the steam plants that have actually been replaced by Lake Coleridge power were by no means as efficient as is assumed above, and in practical running they actually consumed up to three or four times the above amount of coal, or its value in oil, kerosene, and petrol. Thus the saving in fuel to the public of Canterbury is probably in the neighbourhood of £300,000, for which they have paid to the Department £45,831—or, allowing for the distributing-costs of the twelve retailing authorities, about £110,000. The shipping and handling alone of the above 45,000 tons of coal per year (150 tons per day) would have been a large item. And, apart from the saving, the comfort that has been given in ten thousand homes, the increasing efficiency in dozens of workshops and factories, and the security and reliability of the hydro-electric power supply

during the trying period of the war, way restrictions and coal shortages, advantages of even greater importance to the consumers than the cash saving of £200,000. As the result of this success the demand now in sight is far in excess of the supply, and even of the capacity of the scheme as now laid out—with a total of 16,000 horse-power. Plans are on hand for further extensions to a capacity of an additional 25,000 horse-power (20,000 kilowatts), with distribution-lines to Banks Peninsula, Kowhai County, Otago, Ellesmere County, Methven, Ashburton, and Timaru.

Electric-Power Boards.

The function of the Government in connection with hydro-electric supply consists essentially in the construction of generating stations and the main transmission lines and sub-stations from which the power will be sold in bulk to the local distributing authorities. The latter will be left the duty of reticulation and sale. The Government policy will be to throw upon local organisations practically the whole business side of the undertaking other than the primary generation, high-tension transmission, and sale in bulk. In the past the only local authorities available have been the borough and county councils, but in order to provide a stronger and a specialised organisation the Electric Power Boards Act, 1918, was passed. This Act provides that several adjacent local districts may unite and set up an elected power board, with rating powers. The provisions of this Act have now been taken advantage of by ten electric power districts. Although the Act provides for inner and outer areas, most of the Boards have taken in the whole of their district as an inner area, irrespective of the density of settlement, thus expressing their confidence in the development of the back country and in the settlement by farmers who will be sufficiently progressive to make full use of the advantages of electric power supply. With regard to the future, the principles of which the boundaries of electric power districts should be determined are not set out in the Act, but under clause 3 the responsibility of deciding whether proposed boundaries are desirable or otherwise is cast on the Governor-General in Council. Hitherto no amendment has been made in the districts as sought in the petitions submitted, but it is obvious that if the whole Dominion is to be dealt with in the best manner possible it is essential that a comprehensive scheme should be drawn up. This has been done, and in future it will be necessary for the petitions to be submitted to the Minister for approval before they are circulated, and any necessary alterations made in the boundaries. Difficulties will probably be encountered in the districts, which include the large of the power supply undertakings, owing to the fact that country districts, though the most important part of the power board's activities, and the most profitable from the national point of view, cannot be as remunerative as the city supply because of the longer lines that are required. The cities and larger towns, however, must realise the extent to which they are dependent for their prosperity on the country business, and co-operate heartily in comprehensive systems, even including in each case substantial portions of less remunerative country reticulation. Five of the power board districts already constituted have submitted their proposals to the ratepayers, amounting all to £1,980,000. This amounts to over £20 per head of the populations of the districts concerned, and it gives some indication of the future extent and importance of the electric power board activities. The almost unanimous votes by which these loan proposals have been carried indicate, however, the public opinion on the matter.

In 1919 the Union of South Africa's exports were £32,098,752 in value, as compared with £32,949,237 for the year 1918.

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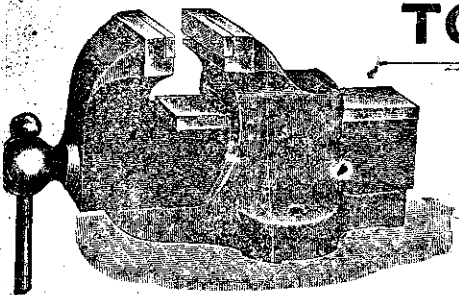
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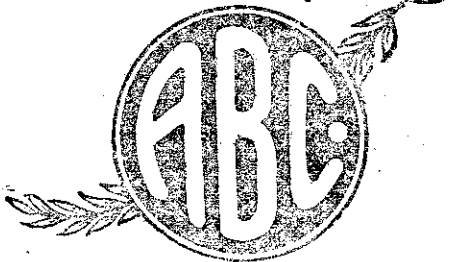
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SOUTHLAND AGENTS,
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Your Furniture.

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The Reliable Furniture House,
KELVIN STREET.

'Phone—760.

The Nature Column.

(By "Student.")

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

Dr. Tillyard has prepared a very in-
teresting report on the Neuropteroid in-
sects of the Hot Springs region of N.Z.,
in relation to the problem of trout food.
This report is of interest to nature stud-
ents because it exemplifies once again the
folly of interfering with the balance of
nature, without due regard to the con-
sequences.

Examination of trout stomachs showed
that a great diversity of food was eaten.
The green manuka beetle, *Pyronota festiva*,
was the most abundant food. Next to this
was the larvae of the Caddis-fly family
Leptoceridae, which form their cases on
a green weed (*Nitella*). Another im-
portant food was a small Mollusc *Pot-
amopyrgus* sp. Other foods were larvae
of Dragonflies, Mayflies, Stoneflies and
and other Caddis flies. Besides these, oc-
casional remains of crayfish, small fish,
and other insects were found. Some
stomachs were quite empty and others
filled with stones. A considerable number
of the fish were slabs, and this appeared
to be due to semi-starvation and indiges-
tion. In some cases the slabby condition
appeared to be caused by the indigest-
ibility of the food. The claws of large
crayfish were found obstructing the diges-
tive passage, and Dr Tillyard does not
think that the introduction of a larger
species of crayfish should be encouraged.

The Neuropteroid insects inhabiting the
Thermal Region belong to six orders and
of these the Stoneflies, Mayflies, Dragon-
flies, Alderflies, and Caddisflies, are those
important from a food standpoint. The
Alder fly larva, known as the black
creeper or toe biter, is large and fat.
Though generally abundant in N.Z. it has
been exterminated in this region. The
Stoneflies, which are a valuable trout
food, have been reduced by some 80 per
cent. The Mayflies inhabit both streams
and lakes and are a most important article
of trout diet, being soft and easily
digested. In the Northern Hemisphere
they have evolved alongside the trout and
have resorted to various devices in order to
escape attack. In this country they were
not subjected to the same rigorous weeding
out, and have not evolved the protective
expedients of similar European species.
Some of the finest Mayflies in the world
are found in New Zealand, and some
species of these have also been wiped out.
A moderate estimate of the diminution of
the Mayflies in the hot springs region is
over 50 per cent. The Dragonflies are
important trout food and they have been
much reduced in numbers. The Caddisflies
constitute another first-class food for
trout and probably not 10 per cent remain.

It will thus be seen that, in this place
where the rapacious Rainbow trout is
abundant, the native fauna suitable for
trout has been almost extinguished.

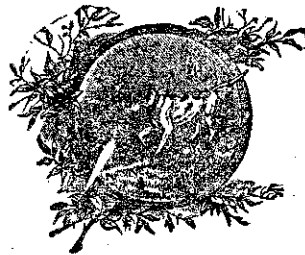
Briefly it may be stated that before the
trout were introduced the rivers of New
Zealand swarmed with an aquatic insect
fauna which had not formed protec-
tive habits. The introduced trout,
especially the Rainbow, gorged themselves
on the rich food, and soon record size fish
made the district famous. No proper at-
tempt was made to readjust the food sup-
ply, and it began to fail. Slabbiness and
disease appeared. Netting produced
some improvement. There is not enough
food for the trout now, and some of the
streams are eaten out.

Dr. Tillyard somewhat caustically sums
up the position, by comparing it with that
of a grazier who puts 10,000 animals on a
1000 acres of rich land, and when the
food begins to fail, prepares to remedy it,
by putting in a fresh supply of calves
every year.

The remedy proposed by Dr Tillyard
for the present state of affairs is one
which our Acclimatisation Societies might
well take note of. He does not propose
to import foreign insects to further upset
the balance, but suggests that certain
streams should be blocked off and the
trout cleaned out. Restocking of the de-
nuded waters would then take place
from points in the streams which the trout
have not yet reached, and the native in-
sect fauna would reassert itself. One
stream after another would thus be
treated until a normal balance between
trout and food is established. In ad-
dition a lake and its streams should be
set aside as a sanctuary for insects. At
the same time the lakes should be netted
to remove all large fish as they are a
serious detriment to the feed and to the
more normal sized fish. He says "with
the maximum possible native food supply,
a New Zealand fishery ought not to be
expected to produce anything beyond a
steady and assured supply of reasonable

sized fish." From the foregoing it will
be seen that large fish and good fishing
cannot both be had.

The members of the local Acclimata-
tion Society would do well to get Dr. Tilly-
ard's paper and read it with diligence.
It is published by the Linnean Society of
New South Wales.



Kennel Notes.

ETHICS OF THE SHOW RING.

(By Theo. Marples, F.Z.S.)

A few years ago I wrote an article on
this same subject in "Our Dogs." That
article did not, however, cover all that
might have been written; and since then
there have been little developments in con-
nection with the pursuit of exhibiting, as
well as with the honourable office of
judge, which justifies a further examina-
tion of what must be an interesting and
delicate topic to discuss.

It will, I think, be readily admitted that
I am a rather old exhibitor and judge
myself, and I also claim that my experi-
ence in connection with the show ring is
both intimate and varied, and has been
continuous, extending over a period of
forty years or more. I advance this in-
formation at the outset as some justifi-
cation for being allowed to speak upon
a question in connection with which the
good taste, integrity, and honour of ex-
hibitors and judges are so much involved.
I should like to make it quite clear, how-
ever, that the object of the expression
of my views in this matter is not to con-
stitute myself an arbiter on the conduct
or morals of either, but merely to make
suggestions upon the conduct and practice
of both, solely with a view to improving
the relations between one and the other,
and of raising the general tone of the show
ring, purely in the interests of the sport
we all love.

The fancy of to-day is fortunate in the
possession of a Kennel Club, composed,
for the most part, of high-minded gentle-
men, whose bona fides no one can doubt,
and whose practical knowledge and experi-
ence all will acclaim. Where there are
no laws there is very little honour or
morality. There are older fanciers living
than myself but I can remember the time
when association with dogs and doggy
characters carried with it a certain
amount of reproach. The great institu-
tion of dog shows was born in an atmos-
phere not connected with dishonest deal-
ing, faking, and fraud in connection with
dogs. With the creation of a Kennel
Club, by degrees the kennel atmosphere
became purified, and the Bill Sykes' methods
received their death knell. The
result has been that dog shows are now
looked upon as among the most popular
and pleasurable gatherings in the country,
at which all classes of the community,
from Royalty down, may and do attend
and take part in, without the slightest
fear of reproach. On the contrary, these
competitive exhibitions are regarded as
educational mediums in the cultivation
and improvement of the dog, "man's best
friend." By the same rule the breeding
and exhibition of dogs of "high degree"
have come to be regarded as a national
sporting pastime.

The great growth of this pastime and its
prosecution in channels of moral rectitude
and common honesty are largely due to
the beneficent influence of a powerful
kennel club, which has instituted laws to
meet the malpractices of its early days,
and guide its patrons into a more honour-
able and loftier conception of their duty
one to another.

It is an old saying that "there never
was an Act of Parliament passed that a
carriage-and-four could not be driven
through it"; and so it is with some of
the legislation of our kennel parliament.
At the same time, while we have not
quite reached a millennium in kennel mat-
ters, I am confident that a stronger sense
of honour, of right, and of justice per-
vades the show ring to-day than at any
previous time in its history of over half a
century.

Still, exhibitors and judges are but
human, and being human are liable to err,
and sometimes in a direction which no
law could circumvent. These little
errors are sometimes unintentional or the
result of incapacity, and sometimes prob-
ably the result of self-interest. Most of
us are more or less selfish in some things,
and selfishness in the civilised is a survival
of savagery.

(Continued in our next Issue.)

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"The Paragon,"

TO HOUSEWIVES.

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SEWING MACHINE OIL,

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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 Oil. It is used throughout the largest Woollen Mills in the Dominion, and is pronounced by experts to be better than anything they have previously used.

Also on sale—

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STONE OIL,

RAZOR STROP OIL,

LARISSA LEMON CREAM,

Etc., etc.

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

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

STONE OIL.—The action of this Oil on a stone is to remove the residue of steel from the edge of the tool being sharpened. It has been tested and pronounced perfect.

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Ask your Storekeeper for these preparations. Or write direct to

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.

WHEN CHIKKO STAYED UP LATE.

Chikko was one of a family of ten little black chickens, and he lived with his mother, the big black hen, and all his brothers and sisters in a little wooden chicken coop in the big paddock. They had a nice little wire run leading out of the coop, in which they could play and catch flies all day long, but at six o'clock every evening they were all safely shut up in the coop. After a time they grew so big and strong that the farmer's wife said the wire was no longer big enough for them to play in, and she had some of the long grass cut away just round the coop, and allowed the black hen to take her children out into the paddock. The hen took great care of her little family, and she was very angry if any of the other fowls came near them, and drove them away. She was careful, too, that her children did not stray too far, and said "Cluck, cluck, cluck," which means "Come back at once," as soon as she saw them running too far away from her, and she took them safely back to the coop every night at six o'clock and put them safely under her wings to bed.

Now Chikko did not like going to bed so early.

"Why can't we stay up till the grown-up chickens go to bed?" he said.

His mother told him that all chickens, large and small, must go to bed before sun-down, but Chikko was disobedient, and stole away while the others were clucking and flapping their wings, as they settled down on their perches in the big fowl house.

He had gone quite a long way across the paddock when he heard a rustling in the grass. He looked around quickly and saw a pretty little brown creature coming towards him.

He had never seen such a person before. It was much too small for a dog, he knew. It was even smaller than the old tabby stable cat's baby kitten.

"Hello!" he said. "Who are you?"

"I am Master Rat," replied the little creature.

"Oh!" replied Chikko, "I don't think I have met you before."

"No," said Master Rat, "you are not often out so late, are you?"

"That is not my fault," said Chikko. "I think myself this is the nicest time of the day."

"It is, most certainly," agreed the little brown creature, and then he seemed to give a spring and a leap towards Chikko. Just as he did so, there was a great scuffle in the grass, the thud of big boots tramping on the ground, and a sharp little squeak from Master Rat. Chikko, who had just time to creep under a dock leaf, saw Vixen, the terrier, shaking the little brown creature in her mouth, and the farmer poking about the grass with his stick.

"Good dog," he said, when he saw Vixen shaking Master Rat, and he patted the terrier and took Master Rat out of her mouth. Chikko knew the poor little creature was dead, for it was quite still and limp, and he was thinking how cruel it was of the farmer to let the dog kill it, when the farmer caught sight of him peeping from under the dock-leaf.

"Why, here's the lost chicken," he said, "and if Vixen wasn't just in time to stop that rat killing it."

And he picked Chikko up and gave him to his wife. She carried him back to the coop and said she would have a larger run made, as she could not let them run loose in the paddock if they were to be lost in the long grass where the rats would get them.

"There," clucked the black hen to Chikko, "that is all through your disobedience. Now you will have to stay in a run all day long."

When he told her about the rat, she said she hoped it would be a lesson to him to go to bed at chickens' proper bed time, for chickens always go to bed at sunset, before their enemies the rats come prowling about in search of chickens for their suppers.

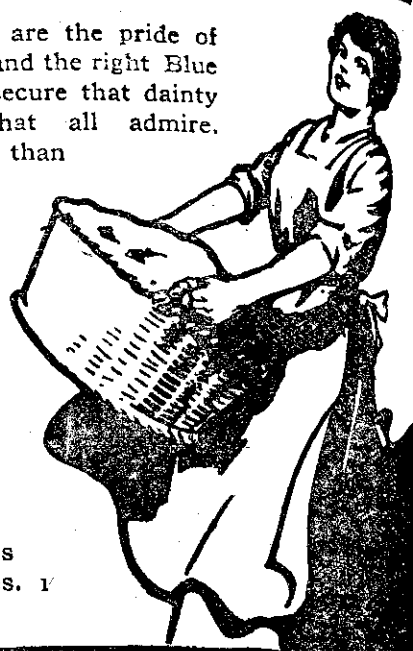
During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet were not even sore.



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The Home.

TO REMOVE VARNISH FROM POLISHED WOOD.

Dissolve 3lbs of caustic soda in half a gallon of water, stir into it 2lbs of quicklime, and add enough silicate of soda to form a paste. Apply by means of an old paint brush, and leave on until the varnish softens. It may easily be removed by scrubbing with cold water. 2.—Procure a little black ash from a chemist, and put a piece of about the size of an egg in a quart of boiling water. When dissolved, apply either hot or cold water to the wood. Scrape as much off as possible, then wash with hot water and give a coat of ordinary vinegar.

RHUBARB WINE.

Take the stems of full-grown rhubarb and bruise them in a mortar to a pulp. Put the pulp into a tub, and to every 10lbs weight of the stems, add two gallons of cold spring water. Infuse for four days, frequently stirring. Then press into a pulp, and to every gallon of the liquor add 2lbs of fine sugar, stirring until it is dissolved. Let it stand three or four days till the fermentation stops. Skim it well; put into a cask, but do not stop it, as it will ferment again. When the fermentation ceases add more loaf sugar to sweeten it, and stop it close. In two months it will be fit to bottle, add a little brandy. It improves with age.

TO PREVENT MILDEW IN JAM.

1.—The jam must be kept in a place free from damp, and if tissue paper soaked in brown brandy is fitted close over the jam it will prevent mildew. The jam should be then covered well over with the gummed paper sold for this purpose, and which must be slightly wetted all round the edge for adhesion. This paper also obviates the use of string, which sometimes is practically of no avail to keep out the air when tied up in the usual way. 2.—When boiling jam, add a piece of fresh butter about the size of a nutmeg to say 10lbs of fruit, and cover while hot.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

Meat taints quickly if exposed to moonlight.

A good waterproofing for boots can be made by melting equal parts of beeswax and mutton suet. Rub this lightly on the soles and edges of the boots.

For creaking shoes put a small quantity of linseed oil on a plate, and stand the sole of the shoe in it for a few hours. The creak will disappear, and the shoe will also last longer on account of this treatment.

To clean a serge skirt, dissolve one pennyworth of ammonia in a pint of water, and carefully sponge the skirt with the mixture. All the spots and rusty appearance will then disappear. Hang the skirt in a warm room, but on no account before a hot fire or in the sun.

A white felt hat may be cleaned thus: Get some powdered magnesia from the chemist's, make it into a thick paste with cold water. With a paint brush, apply this evenly to the felt, and when dry, brush off with a clean soft clothes brush.

When tan boots are to be turned into black ones, first of all wash them in rather strong soda water (common washing-soda), but do not saturate them with

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ADVERTISERS!

We guarantee the "Digger" to penetrate the whole of Southland, Lake District, South Otago, and to a lesser degree, a few places beyond the 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."

it. Let them dry, and afterwards black them all over, and, instead of using a brush, employ the cut half of a potato.

Laurel is one of the best washing colours. After that comes pink and blue. When washing the latter add a little vinegar to the last rinsing water. Any article at all likely to shrink should be carefully pulled into shape before hanging out to dry. It is also an excellent plan to give such things a good shaking.

If bright saucepans or kettles have to be used over a smoky fire, by smearing a little grease over the bright part it will prevent the smoke from blackening it. If washed afterwards in hot water the pan will be as bright as ever. Fresh lard rubbed over new tinware and well heated in the oven before it is used will prevent it ever rusting afterwards.

A few drops of lemon-juice rubbed briskly on black or brown leather will give it a brilliant polish.

New tins should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.

Knitters should provide themselves with a tape measure for frequent reference. Rusty black lace, which may have been long in the family, can be revived and made as fresh as new by the steam of green tea.

When baking potatoes, grease them first with a little butter, and when cooked they will be beautifully brown and crisp, with the glazed appearance that makes them so appetising.

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SKIMMING."VIKING" does the work properly
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thorough separation. Has a
capacity than any other machine of
this kind.YOUR LOGICAL CHOICE IS A
"VIKING."A—15 gals. per hour, £9 10s.
B—27 gals. per hour, £14 10s.
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DUNEDIN.

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GARDEN NOTES.

THE ROSE GARDEN.

All roses will now be making rapid growth, especially those where water can be supplied plentifully. There is one point in particular that should be attended to before the growth gets too large—that is, the rubbing out of all superfluous growth, such as those that break into several shoots from or close to an eye. Select the best one, pointing outward, and rub the rest away. Rub out also those shoots that point inward. These are likely to cause confusion and an ugly-shaped bush. Select a nice, even lot of shoots, and those pointing outward; then each and all get their full share of light and air, and fine blooms will be the result, providing other points are favourable. If the mulching or feeding has been attended to, as was previously advised, very little more will be needed, except watering, until the disbudding time arrives, and that will be very shortly. The disbudding is the removal of all surplus buds. Many roses come in clusters on the end of each shoot. To allow all these to remain on would mean only a bunch of inferior blooms. If a first-class flower be desired, then all but the centre or crown bud must be removed by pinching out; in any case, they should be reduced to two or three buds, and these will produce very nice, fair-sized blooms, and of good quality. But for show purposes leave one only on each shoot. There are many kinds that do not require disbudding, as they show only one bud on each shoot or branch. This operation should be performed as soon as the buds can be pinched off with the finger and thumb. Very probably greenfly will soon be making its appearance. When it does, spray the bushes with hot soft soap and water, with a little tobacco water added; or any of the aphid washes sold at the seedsmen's. This spraying helps to check that trouble, some creature the leaf grub, which can only be removed by hand-picking once they are rolled up in the leaf. It is very annoying to find a fine bud that you are looking forward to as your ideal of a flower cut off in its youth.

THE VINERY.

The rapid growth of the vines will necessitate prompt and constant attention by way of disbudding, as it is termed. This means rubbing out the young, superfluous growth. Select one good stout shoot on each spur—one that is showing a bunch of fruit—and rub out all the remaining shoots. Some varieties are rather difficult in getting off; therefore, in some cases where the shoots are inclined to shoot straight up, leave an extra shoot on these spurs until the one selected is tied down to the wire, as they are very liable to pull themselves out at the base, which often happens at tying down; then you will have one to fall back upon. If this should occur, do not be in too great a hurry to tie them down, as there is less risk of breakage if the young growths are left to get fairly firm before tying down, and even then this should be done by degrees. But remove all surplus growth as soon as possible.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.

Fruit trees on walls should be carefully gone over, and carefully tied or nailed in all vacant spaces, and superfluous growth removed. But in doing so do not wait until the trees have made a lot of growth and cut it off by the main, as this is a dangerous practice, especially with the peach and apricot. Do it whilst the shoots are young and tender. Then, again, if these strong young shoots are left, and not checked, they soon monopolise the whole sap at the expense of the weaker growth. It is a very bad practice to leave the fruit in bunches, as one fine large fruit is much better and worth more than three small ones that would be picked from unthinned fruit. A watchful eye must be kept upon the peach for leaf curl or blister. Immediately it makes its appearance, pinch off the leaves, burn them, and then spray the trees with Bordeaux mixture. This is a good wash for summer spraying of most fruit trees.

WINDOW GARDENING.

Sponge the foliage plants with tepid water and milk about once a fortnight. By this means dust and insects are removed, and the plants are kept in better health and have a finer appearance than if the sponging is neglected.

BULBS, ETC.

As bulb plants go out of flower, which most of them will have done by this, remove them, and leave them out in the garden to ripen. Replace with petunias,

pelargoniums, begonias, lobelias, and similar subjects.

THE FUCHSIA.

I am happy to say that in the Old Land this favourite is coming in favour again, not only as a greenhouse plant, but as a bedding and border plant. In a good sunny border outside, in good, rich soil, and made firm, they make fine objects, especially as a centrepiece in a flower bed. Nor have they received the attention they deserve, especially in regard to hybridising and the raising of new varieties, for some time back. We have been indebted to Continental growers for a few good new ones that have come out of late. As a greenhouse plant it is hard to beat for a long time in the summer months. To get fine specimens care must be taken not to let them flower right away, but to attend to pinching out all the points when each shoot has made four or five leaves or joints. If this is attended to, with a little feeding after they are in their flowering pot, grand plants and a fine display of flowers will be the result. Pot on as required. For very large specimens, such as I have seen, 6ft high and 3ft or 4ft through, they require a 12in pot, but very fine plants may be grown in 10in pots. They like a rich material; two parts old turf chopped up, one part good well-rotted manure, one part sand, with some leaf mould and a little wood ashes, will grow them to perfection.

SCIENCE NOTES.

NON-LEAKING STORAGE BATTERY.

A new storage battery said to be absolutely non-leaking has been produced. It has a special valve to let off the explosive gas, so arranged that no acid can get out. The plates are separated by strips of wood which not only prevent short-circuiting inside the cell, but retain the acid when the storage battery is upside down, giving an electrical efficiency of 75 per cent in this position. This battery is a German invention.

A SAWDUST STOVE.

The coal shortage which many of the European countries face has not failed to spur inventors in the direction of new fuels and stoves. One of the most recent attempts to solve the heating question consists of a special stove which burns sawdust. The stove consists of a cylindrical casing provided with suitable holes for draught purposes, and a container which is packed with sawdust. Once ignited, the tightly-packed sawdust is said to burn slowly and evenly, giving considerable heat. A single charge of sawdust burns twelve hours. The action it is said, is very much the same as coal as far as smooth burning and the intensity of heat are concerned.

RAILROAD ELECTRIFICATION.

Coal as a power producer will be replaced so far as possible by the use of peat and the electrification of railroads in the vicinity of the large German cities. Great hopes are being placed on the new Theissen 10,000-horse-power vertical gas turbine, two of which have been ordered for use on the German railways. It is hoped that they will be able to replace the coal-burning locomotives. In regard to the electrification of the German railways near large cities it is planned to install large central power stations, which will be equipped with peat-burning furnaces. The peat bogs in the vicinity of Osnabruck will furnish this fuel. Machinery for the working of this peat has been installed, and experiments are being made by the German Government with machinery for pressing the peat, so that it may be transported economically.

COALS FOR BY-PRODUCT COKING.

While the chemist can make an accurate analysis of coal, it is not generally understood that such analysis cannot give results in terms of by-products from gas or coking operations. The chemist determines the elements which, under suitable conditions, combine to form ammonia, benzene, toluene, tar, etc., but he does not separate the coal into these substances. The amount of these by-products which will be produced depends upon many conditions, and indeed more upon the operation of the plant than upon the character of the coal. It is necessary to coke coal under commercial conditions and even a small-scale plant can do no more than indicate the possibilities so far as our present knowledge is concerned. In all this work the laboratory and semi-commercial-scale plant is a very valuable guide, but the limitations must be recognised.

TESTING THE ATMOSPHERE.

An instrument for revealing the quantity of solid matter and the gaseous impurities in the atmosphere has been de-

vised. For instance, if there is an excess of smoke, or other extraneous material hovering over your city this apparatus would doubtless answer the question, "Is this superabundance of smoke, say from a foundry, burdened with impurities which are detrimental to the inhabitants of the city?" The device is in practical use in Salt Lake City, Utah. The instrument is able to detect and measure sulphur dioxide, and is capable of revealing the presence of one-tenth part in one million. The weather barometer, a part of the equipment, contains a filtering thimble material. The air is measured by meter, which ekes out the soot and other solid matter, and then passes through small bottles, containers of which absorb the nitrous oxide, ammonia, chlorine, and other gaseous impurities. Another bottle determines the amount of carbon dioxide. A motor-driven vacuum pump forces the air through the apparatus. The job is complete—the percentage of gaseous impurities in the atmosphere is revealed.

MOTORING NOTES.

ATTENTION TO THE SPOKES.

Too little attention is given the spokes of the wheels. After some wear, due very often to friction and shrinkage of wood, the spokes become loose, not only causing unpleasant noises, but doing serious damage to the wheel and tyre if not repaired immediately. Loose spokes throw the wheels out of the true, and the tyres soon become ruined.

A LEAKING CARBURETTOR.

When benzine is leaking from the carburettor the float valve mechanism is operating poorly. When the level of the petrol in the float bowl is at the proper height the needle valve controlling the flow of the fuel into the carburettor's reservoir should be shut off. If it doesn't, the valve and its seat should be examined for dirt and grit. Or, if the needle valve is worn, it should be ground carefully into a good seat.

CAUSE OF POOR COMPRESSION.

If you "feel" a loss of compression in any of the cylinders, watch the oil. It may be such a light or thin oil as not to give the engine a tight compression seal. Or it may be due to faulty valve adjustment or incorrect timing. A graphite preparation in oil, in suitable proportions, will help the engine's compression considerably. It will also increase the oil economy and keep the engine in better running condition.

THE LEFT-HAND DRIVE.

That the British Government is at last alive to the importance of reaching some decision in the matter of the left-hand drive car is obvious from the fact that the Inter-departmental Committee on Motor Legislation and Regulation was summoned to consider it after a period of several months' suspended animation. It has been practically decided, says the "Autocar," that some restrictive measures shall be taken, and that the only question is: To what extent shall the restrictions go? The police authorities are in favour of the imposition of a ban upon the left-hand drive car, but more moderate counsels may prevail, and it may be considered sufficient to draft regulations that will have the effect of preventing the further importation of these cars, and the rendering of those machines that are already in this country a source of less danger to the community than they are under present conditions.

A NEW SILENCER.

There has recently been placed upon the market a new silencer, which consists, very simply, of a metal chamber, to the end plates of which the exhaust pipe from the engine and the outlet pipe from the silencer are connected, the attachment being such that any size of pipe can be accommodated while keeping the body of the silencer of a standard size. Within the cylinder are a series of pressed steel baffle plates, pierced with large holes at the centre and dished, the central orifices being in line with the engine exhaust pipe. There is thus no tortuous passage for the exhaust gases, a part of which can pass freely through the silencer to the outlet pipe, but as the gas enters the space between each of the baffles naturally it expands very rapidly and, by expanding, loses that sharp crackle which is so disturbing when no silencer whatsoever is fitted. An additional advantage of the design lies in the fact that there are no small holes liable to become clogged by deposit, because there are few operations which are more tiresome than to have to take down an exceedingly dirty silencer and to clean out a number of small orifices in the baffle plates.

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A Yarn about an Enterprising young Journalist.

THE SCOOP.

Sir, Arthur Benson, the great newspaper magnate, pressed the bell on his desk.

One of his numerous secretaries entered the room, in response to his summons, and stood respectfully awaiting his instructions.

"Send Mr. Paget to me immediately, please," said Sir Arthur.

"Very good, Sir Arthur," replied the secretary, and disappeared silently.

Sir Arthur's word was a law unto itself in this great building, which was the home of "The Daily Searchlight," one of the most popular and powerful journals of the day.

It had been said that "The Searchlight" had made and broken more statesmen than could be counted on your two hands.

"The Searchlight" was really only another name for Sir Arthur Benson, for he was the presiding genius who pulled the strings.

A worker himself, he looked to his staff to work equally hard as the example he set.

A severe taskmaster, but one who was quick to spot budding talent amongst his "young men," as he called them, and to handsomely reward and encourage those who showed promise.

And this it was that he came to send for Michael Paget!

Paget had but recently joined the staff of "The Searchlight," having served his apprenticeship on a provincial paper. Then he came to London and managed to secure a post as junior reporter on Sir Arthur Benson's paper.

And Sir Arthur had been keeping his eye on this young fellow from the provinces, intending to give him his chance when the opportunity came.

It had come, now.

A few moments later, a tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking man, of about twenty-eight years of age, stood before the great newspaper man.

It was Michael Paget.

"You wish to see me, Sir Arthur?" said Paget.

"Yes," replied his employer quietly. "I have something for you to do, I know you are only waiting for your chance to show what stuff you are made of, and here is your opportunity."

"Thank you very much," said the young man gratefully. "It was very kind of you to think of me at all. What is it you wish me to do, Sir Arthur?"

Sir Arthur's eyes twinkled humorously. "Well," said Sir Arthur, looking straight into Paget's eyes, "I want you to see Lord Averingham, and obtain an interview with him, before next Tuesday, when I believe, he is to make a great speech in the House on the Budget."

The young journalist's face fell.

"The Prime Minister!" he gasped. "But Sir Arthur, you know that that is practically an impossibility! He will never even see a journalist, and as for giving him an interview—"

"Very well," interrupted Sir Arthur, "there's your opportunity. If you prefer to give it up now, without a trial, I can hand the job over to somebody else."

But young Paget was made of sterner stuff, and Sir Arthur knew it. He was only putting the young man on his metal!

"No, Sir Arthur," said Paget, in a quiet, determined tone, "I will do my level best; in fact, I will guarantee to get this interview. Is there any particular point upon which I am to question Lord Averingham?"

"Yes, Paget," said Sir Arthur, smiling at the young man's self-assurance and confidence, "I want to know what is to be taxed in this coming Budget, and, most especially, if there is to be a further tax levied upon tobacco."

"Very good, sir; you may rely upon me doing my utmost to obtain the information you require!" answered Paget, firmly.

"Thanks! That's all!" replied Sir Arthur. "And good luck, Paget!"

"Thank you, sir!"

And Paget left his chief's sanctum.

THE "LAY-OUT."

Michael Paget strolled to his diggings that evening in a thoughtful, although somewhat elated, mood.

He could not but feel flattered that that very astute business man, Sir Arthur Ben-

son, should have chosen him from amongst the ranks of a large number of journalists to perform a task, which, until this time, had proved impossible.

During the whole of his wonderful and stirring career as Prime Minister, Lord Averingham had never once allowed himself to be interviewed.

It was one of his boasts that reporters never got at him, and in the newspaper world it seemed that journalists had given up striving for the unattainable.

"If only I could do it," mused Michael, "I shall have proved that I am worth something. But how on earth am I to succeed when so many other older and more experienced men than I have failed? How can I get at him? It is well known that all his servants have strict orders to let nobody into his room without instructions from him, and it is rumoured that he even has bars bolted across the outside of his bathroom window for fear somebody should break in and beard him in his morning tub."

After a frugal supper, Paget again went into the streets, this time with a definite object in view.

He was on his way to Downing street, to spy out the land.

Upon reaching the door of the Prime Minister's house, he rang the bell.

The door was opened by a flunkey.

"Is Lord Averingham at home?" inquired Paget, knowing very well that, even if he were, he would not be admitted.

"No, sir," replied the servant. "His lordship is at Warneford House, taking a rest."

"Thank you!" said Paget, and retraced his steps.

Warneford House was the Prime Minister's country seat, as Michael Paget knew full well.

"Right-ho!" thought Paget. "First thing to-morrow morning, I make tracks for Warneford, to see what's doing down there."

Paget knew, of course, that his absence from the office would not matter, since he was on a special commission for Sir Arthur, and so, early next morning, Michael caught a train which carried him to Warneford.

Upon making inquiries of a porter, he learned that Warneford House was about two miles from the station, but, as it was still early, he decided to walk.

"I might get a brain wave whilst tramping," he muttered to himself. But when he reached the wall which surrounded the grounds of Warneford House, Paget had to admit to himself that he was no nearer evolving a plan by which he could reach the Prime Minister than when he had left London.

As he strolled along by the wall, he came to a gate leading into the grounds which was open.

Paget could hardly believe his eyes. It seemed too lucky to be true.

Without a moment's hesitation, and as though impelled by some hidden force, Paget passed through the gate.

A gardener working just inside looked up at him in surprise.

"May one look round the grounds?" Paget inquired quickly.

The gardener hesitated before replying.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "the public are allowed in here most times, but, you see, his lordship is in residence at the moment, and he never wishes to be disturbed when he's here, sir."

"What a pity!" said Michael pleasantly. "I am only here for a short time, and I've heard such a lot about the roses that I should very much like to see them; in fact, I got up early this morning and walked over purposely."

The gardener eyed Paget up and down.

"Well, sir," he said, still hesitatingly, "his lordship is not back from his morning bathe yet, so if you would like to have a quick look round, sir, you can, but his lordship will be back in about ten minutes, and he uses this gate, so please be quick!"

"Why, where does Lord Averingham bathe?" asked Paget, as he strolled along by the gardener's side. "I did not know that he was swimmer."

"It's like this," commenced the gardener, becoming quite confidential, "his lordship swims jolly well—it's one of his hobbies—and whenever he's down here, he makes a point of walking to the river every

morning, undressing on the bank, and then comes back to breakfast."

"Alone?" queried Paget, in surprise. "Yes, sir," replied the gardener. "He seems fond of his own company down here. He goes out about eight o'clock, and gets back about half-past. He was a bit late this morning, but he stopped and told me to have the gate unlocked specially early to-morrow morning, because he wants to have his swim and be back at the house again by nine, as he has an important conference with some members of the Cabinet, who are coming down here specially."

Michael Paget nodded; his brain was working quickly. It must be admitted that he paid little attention to the roses, although the gardener went to great lengths to point out the best specimens.

However, the man was quite pleased when Michael slipped something into his hand as he passed out through the gates of Warneford House once more.

"Thank you very much," remarked Michael. "I am much obliged; it's all been very interesting."

But it was the information about the Prime Minister's early morning swim to which he was referring—not the roses.

THE ACHIEVEMENT.

It was the following morning, and Lord Averingham had already taken his header.

"It's fine in the water this morning," murmured the Prime Minister to himself, as he swam slowly towards the bank of the river and climbed out.

After a hasty glance up and down the bank, he stood quite still, with a puzzled expression upon his well-known features.

Everyone knew the Prime Minister by sight. He was quite a character! He might easily have been the original of the well-known figure of John Bull, with his square set features and "mutton-chop" whiskers. More than one caricaturist had shown him as representing Britain in his cartoons, dressing him in the character of John Bull.

At the moment, however, Lord Averingham was looking for his clothes, which he had dumped on the river bank before donning his swimming costume and diving in.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he ejaculated. "I'm certain I put them there! Who the dickens could have moved them?"

Just then a little breeze disturbed the atmosphere, and Lord Averingham shivered slightly.

At that moment a young man stepped from behind a bush, whistling pleasantly.

"Good-morning, my lord!" he said cheerfully.

"Oh, good-morning!" returned Lord Averingham, in a rather impatient tone. "I've lost my clothes. I left them here whilst I swam. Somebody has had the impertinence to steal them. I suppose you haven't seen anything of any tramp who might have stolen them?"

"Not stolen them, my lord," replied Michael Paget, for it was he. "Just borrowed them for a short time, shall we say? As a matter of fact, it was I who removed your clothes. I am the tramp!" he added, with a light laugh.

"What on earth do you mean, sir?" cried the Prime Minister, in astonishment.

"If you have my clothes, bring them to me immediately. I fail to see anything funny in the affair. Bring them here at once, so that I can get back to my house, where I have an important conference to attend, with half the members of my Cabinet awaiting me. Give me back my clothes, you young scoundrel!"

"I will certainly return your clothes," replied Michael gravely, "but, of course, at a price. That is why I took them."

"Oh, all right!" retorted his lordship. "I see that you are just an ordinary thief. If it's money you want, then I'll give you ten pounds. Now be quick, and return my clothes!"

But Michael shook his head slowly.

"Not enough for me," he said.

"Then twenty pounds—thirty—forty," went on Lord Averingham angrily. But the young journalist continued to shake his head.

"Well, hurry up, young man!" cried the Prime Minister. "How much do you want? Name your own figure, but I may tell you that if it weren't that I have this important conference to attend, I'd sit here, cold or not, until somebody came along, and then I'd give you in charge of the police as a common thief. This is absolutely monstrous! Be quick, and name your price!"

"I don't want any money, my lord," replied Michael, with an enigmatical smile.

"Now, don't begin to waste more time by talking rubbish!" cried the irate statesman. "For what other reason could you be withholding my clothes from me, if not more mere, vulgar monetary gain?"

"For an interview, Lord Averingham," returned Paget gravely. "I am a journalist, and have determined to reach you

somehow, and this is the best opportunity that has presented itself."

And, as he spoke, Michael drew a pencil and notebook from his pocket.

For a moment Lord Averingham was nonplussed.

"I never grant interviews," he commenced, in a dignified tone. "I have never allowed a newspaper man to interview me—"

"Until now," broke in Michael, with his pencil poised. "But I feel sure that the time has now come when you will have to give way. Allow me make a bargain with you."

"I will do no such thing!" stormed his lordship. "I refuse to bargain with—"

"Very well, then," remarked Michael, making as if to close his notebook. "Then I will be off with your clothes."

"No, wait!" cried the Prime Minister.

"Well, listen to my suggestion," said Paget. "I have several questions to ask you, and, as you give me an answer to each one, I will, in exchange, hand you back an article of clothing, so that you need not go on giving me information unless I keep to my part of the bargain."

By the way, I have your clothes safely behind that bush. No, don't try to get them yourself, unless you prefer to miss your conference—"

And here Michael again paused significantly.

"Confound you!" cried the statesman. "Get on with your question!"

"Excuse me whilst I get your clothes," smiled the journalist.

He disappeared behind the bush, to appear in less than a minute carrying Lord Averingham's clothes in a bundle.

"Have a cigarette, my lord," he said. "You will probably be able to give me more concise replies if you smoke. Try one of your own brand of cigarettes. I can recommend them."

As he spoke, Michael drew a cigarette from the Prime Minister's own pocket, and offered it to him.

Try as he would, the statesman could not resist a smile at this young man's brazen effrontery, as he accepted a cigarette and a match.

"I'm beginning to think that you almost deserve this interview for your infernal cheek," he gasped. "Now be quick about the rest of your audacious business."

"Thank you, my lord," said Paget, now very respectfully. "In the first place, I understand that next Tuesday you are to make a very important speech bearing upon a new Budget. Am I correct?"

"Confound you, yes," replied Lord Averingham. "That is, if you only let me get back in time to arrange the final details with the members of my Cabinet now awaiting me."

"Thank you," said Michael, as he gravely handed over to his lordship a shirt. "Here's number one garment, in exchange for that bit of information."

Lord Averingham practically snatched it, so eager was he to get partially clothed.

"M," murmured Michael; "and now, my paper is very anxious to know if a further tax is to be levied upon tobacco."

"Well, let it be! I'm hanged if I'm going to tell," started the Prime Minister hotly.

"You'd look rather strange walking back to Warneford House clad only in a shirt," Paget reminded the Prime Minister. "Come, now, you'd better tell me. Is there going to be a further tax upon tobacco?" repeated Michael firmly.

Lord Averingham subsided, with a gasp of futile anger.

"Oh, yes," he said shortly, and grabbed from Paget's outstretched hand, without a word of thanks, his hat, which he crammed down on his head.

"How much on tobacco?" was Paget's next question.

If ever you have seen an elderly man, with side whiskers, clad in only his shirt and hat, you will realise just what a ridiculous picture the Prime Minister of England presented at that moment.

For a moment Lord Averingham stared at the journalist haughtily hardly believing his ears.

"Are you mad?" he roared. "Do you think I would tell you that?"

Michael Paget smiled dangerously, and, feeling in his pocket, he produced a small folding camera.

"My paper," he remarked, in a casual tone, "publishes photographs on the back page. Now, a picture of the Prime Minister clad in only his hat and shirt would, I am sure, strike a new note."

And, as the enterprising young journalist spoke, he raised the camera, and, pointing it in Lord Averingham's direction, shielded the view-finder.

"Stop!" roared the Prime Minister. "I'll tell you! It's to be twopence per ounce!"

In payment for this his lordship received his socks and one boot.

"What else is being taxed, my lord?" asked the journalist.

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"I'll not tell you!" stormed the statesman. "You've had enough information out of me for the best interview you need ever expect to get, so be off!"

"Certainly, if you wish it," smiled Paget; "but I'll be off with your trousers."

"You're a perfect fiend!" gasped Lord Averingham, giving way. "We are going to tax silk, beer, whisky, matches, and some things which have not yet been decided upon."

With a leap, he snatched the trousers, which Paget held out to him, and turned to go.

"I'll give you your other boot if you'll answer one more question," called out Michael.

For a moment the young journalist thought he would receive no reply.

"Well, what is it?" asked the Prime Minister, with a smile hovering about his lips. "I must admit that you've had the best of me, but I can take a joke against myself."

"What are your hobbies?" asked Michael.

"Sun baths on the bank of his river," laughed Lord Averingham, as he caught the other boot. "Good morning!"

And before Michael could stammer his thanks the Prime Minister had gone.

THE REWARD.

"And, sir," concluded Michael, as he related the story of his interview to Sir Arthur Benson, "I consider that Lord Averingham is one of the greatest sports that ever lived, for he took, what I consider to be rather a rotten practical joke, in quite good part."

"Good for you, my boy!" said Sir Arthur. "You've done well—in fact, better even than I expected. I knew you had it in you all right, but I had to put you to the test. You've come through it with flying colours, and"—the great newspaper magnate paused, and then continued, laying great stress upon his words—"and Harper, the chief news editor, is retiring at the end of this month. You are to take his place!"

"Me sir!" gasped Michael, in amazement.

"Yes, and the salary's a thousand a year! Congratulations, Paget! I consider you a great find!"

But Michael's heart was too full of mingled surprise and delight to do more than mumble a few inarticulate words of thanks, as he stumbled out of the room.

That evening saw Michael Paget and a little lady artist friend of his seated together in a corner of a little restaurant tucked away in a side court off Fleet street.

Michael was telling her of his wonderful luck.

"And so, Doris," he said, as he took her left hand and toyed with the little diamond ring on her third finger, "we shall soon be able to change this for a plain, gold band."

The girl nodded joyously.

"Your scoop's going to enable you to scoop me up—eh, Mike?" she said.

The End.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

The spring poet tore at his tangled hair;

In his heart was a wild unrest,
For he longed to sing like the lark in the air.

But his Muse had given him rest,
He had tried the old themes of "bud-ding leaf."

Of "blossom on branch and spray,"
But his Muse sat dumb—not even a brief

Inspiration would come his way.

He heard a throbbing away overhead,
And he turned his eyes up on high,
Where above a gallant aeroplane sped

Like a bird in the azure sky.

"O fair ship of the air," he wildly cried
"Would my spirit might soar like thee!"

Oh! let inspiration fall, that my tied
And manacled Muse may go free."

Now "the man up above" was a
"frightful Hun,"

Of poetry little knew he.

A big bomb he carelessly dropped for fun,
As he clucked with "Hunnish glee."

It hit the poetical cranium whizz!
Caused his Muse to awake with a jump,

And (maybe "twere inspiration!) slack!
It certainly raised a big lamp!

The poet arose and solemnly vowed,
As he wiped the tears from his eyes,
His Muse could "go hang" before he allowed

It again to seek help from the skies.
The moral is this: If you wish to upset
Such a thing as poetic aplomb,
You must bring to your aid something deadlier yet

Than a gentle aerial bomb!
—R.A., in "N.Z. at the Front."

MURDER OF THE TSAR.

FIRST COMPLETE STORY.

BOLSHEVISTS' GUILT.

The true story of the martyrdom of Nicholas II., ex-Tsar of Russia, and of his wife and family can at last be told.

It is based upon evidence obtained by a properly constituted legal investigation. The signed depositions of eye-witnesses are in the writer's possession, but he does not disclose the identity of the deponents, who are still in the power of the Soviets—the murderers.

At Ekaterinburg, on the night of July 16, 1918, the Imperial family and their faithful attendants—eleven persons in all—were led into a small room in the house where they had been imprisoned and shot to death with revolvers. There had been no trial of any kind. Before their death the captives were subjected to ill-treatment amounting to horrible torture, mental if not physical. After death the bodies were taken to the woods and completely destroyed. These acts had been pre-meditated and the murders elaborately prepared.

The actual arrangements for the crime began some weeks before the advent of anti-Bolshevist forces. Neither fear of rescue by the White nor plots to release the captives—the existence of which is doubtful—can be reasonably alleged in explanation of the slaughter.

The official statement issued by the Moscow Government on July 20—four days afterwards—spoke of the shooting of Nicholas as an act of necessity, but categorically affirmed that the ex-Empress and the children had been conveyed out of the city. These deliberately concocted reports of the safe removal of the family were intended to circumvent any investigation—and did so at first.

—The Tsar's Loyalty.—

It is established beyond doubt that the ex-Tsar fell a victim to his loyalty. He had refused offers from the enemies of Russia's Allies proposing that he should endorse the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Attempts to inveigle him into an unholy alliance undoubtedly preceded the murder. All the Romanovs who died violent deaths were, like the Tsar, inconvenient to Germany as well as to Internationalist plaus.

The official version of the events of July 16-17, given out by the Reds before they fled from Ekaterinburg, was that Nicholas Romanov had been executed "after trial," but that the family had been removed to "a safe place." This legend became engrafted upon the minds of a great many people, and still continues to exercise its alluring appeal. Every sympathiser with the Soviets considered himself or herself bound to foster this version, since no Russian, however hostile to the ex-Sovereigns, could find the slightest excuse or pretext for "executing" a whole family of five children, who had never taken, or been able to take, the slightest part in politics. The Russians who still belonged to the German "orientation" were also—curiously enough disposed to credit any tale of a miraculous escape. They seemed to think that a restoration of the Monarchy—which formed the basis of their political creed—would be furthered by the "miracle" theory. Some of them had more practical aims.

—Clues in the Death Chamber.—

I visited the house where the victims had lived. It belonged to a certain Ipatiev, a merchant who held the rank of captain in the Engineers. By one of the ironies of Fate he bore the name of the monastery whence the first Romanov called to assume the Crown of All the Russians. The Ipatiev of Ekaterinburg was, however, of Jewish origin.

The lower floor was tenanted by Ipatiev himself, on the understanding that no strangers should be admitted. The small basement room—the scene of the murders—was sealed up. I saw it a few days later. Sokolov took me over the premises explaining step by step the enactment of the tragedy. We stood in the little room, noted the trace of the bullets, the direction of the bayonet thrusts, and the splashes of blood on the walls. The room had been a shambles, and all the washing and scouring that, according to the evidence, had followed the murders could not remove tell-tale signs. We knew from the depositions of witnesses and the mute, gruesome language of the death-chamber where each of the victims sat or stood when the assassins fired their revolvers. The bullet-holes in the walls and in the floor had been carefully cut out; human blood had been found in the wood and on the bullets.

—Discoveries in the Woods.—

Soon afterwards I was in the woods, 10 miles north of the city, where the peasants had found jewelry and other relics of the murdered family. I saw the tracks, still clear, of heavy lorries crashing through the trees to a group of disused iron-ore shafts. All went in one direction, ceasing near a pit round which

a vast collection of clues had been discovered; precious stones, pearls, beautiful settings of gold and platinum, some hacked, broken, bearing traces of fire; metal buckles, hooks, buttons, corset frames, pieces of charred leather and cloth, a human finger intact, a set of false teeth. The character, condition, and numbers of these various articles were in themselves sufficient to indicate the sex and ages of the victims and the manner in which their bodies had been disposed of.

First on the scene had been the peasants. For three days and nights they were cut off from the city by a cordon of Red Guards placed around the wood. Knowing that the Whites were at hand, they thought the Reds were burying arms. Vague rumours had reached them of the death of Nicholas II. As soon as the cordon had been removed they rushed to the spot. Woodcraft and native astuteness quickly opened their eyes. "It is the Tsar that they have been burning here," they declared. On this very spot, a year later, I found topaz beads, such as the young Princess wore, and other gems, by scratching the surface of the hardened clay surrounding the iron pit.

From one of the Imperial servants who had escaped from a Red shooting squad it became known that several dukes and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth had been murdered immediately after the Ekaterinburg shooting, and that some of the bodies had been found in disused pits. In no case had there been any semblance of a trial. It was evident the wholesale extermination of the Romanovs had been pursued, and that all theories of the miraculous survival of the children should be abandoned.

—The Empress and Rasputin.—

There is no evidence to show that at any time during the captivity was any active attempt made to rescue the Romanovs. This applies equally to the ex-Sovereigns and to their kinsmen. At Tobolsk, Ekaterinburg, Perm, and Alapaievsk the pretext for wholesale murder was always the same; an alleged attempt to escape or rescue. And from the testimony of persons who were in daily intercourse with the imprisoned family, it is clear that, had any serious efforts to procure their escape been made, they would have met with no encouragement. Nicholas II. repeatedly said that he would not leave Russia; Alexandra hated above everything the idea of going to Germany. At that time Russia offered no sure place of refuge.

The ex-Empress was the object of hatred. She completely dominated her spouse in the imagination of the people, and occupies a place apart in the evidence.

Alexandra's personality is reflected in her family—Nicholas, like herself, an embodiment of all the domestic virtues, religious to the verge of mysticism, expert in dissimulation, never angry, perhaps never really feeling angry, incapable of a decision—so utterly had he surrendered himself to his wife; the daughters relegated to the background, entirely unprepared to take proper place in the world, Alexis monopolizing all the care and attention of his mother; the children ashamed of her belief in Rasputin, yet not daring to resent it.

Among the Court favourites, male or female, nobody exercised any real influence except in so far as it suited the Empress. Only one person appears to have been admitted for any length of time to the Imperial confidence. That person was Anna Vyrubova. Regarding her, Rasputin used to speak in the crudest terms to the companions of his drunken boasts. That was the origin of her infamous notoriety.

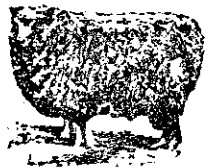
The fact is, Anna Vyrubova was Rasputin's accomplice—nothing more. She kept him in touch with everything, especially with the boy's health. It was at her house that Rasputin saw the Emperor and Empress when it became too scandalous for him to appear daily in the Palace—after the dismissal of governesses who had raised an outcry against Rasputin's familiarities with their charges.

Woman-like, the Empress regarded all things from a personal standpoint. Her malady only served to intensify her likes and dislikes. One of her particular aversions was Wilhelm of Prussia, first because the Hohenzollerns had been exalted at the expense of her own House; secondly because Wilhelm had not counted with her. Germany, ruled by Wilhelm, was ever the foe of Russia ruled by Alexandra. She could not admit the possibility of a compromise or truce with Wilhelm's Germany, any more than she would permit the Tsar to summon a Ministry composed of Rasputin's detractors and enemies. A complete and ludicrous misapprehension prevailed in Russia and among the Allied peoples about the alleged pro-German tendencies of the ex-Empress. She hated Germany with a bitterness and a fervour equalled only by her contempt and loathing for the Russians—always excepting the peasants, whom she "imagined to be endowed with all the virtues and qualities that Rasputin was supposed to possess.

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SHORT STORIES.

THE OCEAN.

"Why does the ocean rage?" of him
She sought the information.
"The ocean rages," he replied,
"Purely for wreck-creation."

A SURPRISING QUESTION.

"A man called whole ye wes out, sir,"
said Pat to his master the other day.
"Had he a bill?" inquired the master,
who was heavily in debt.
"No, sor," replied our friend in sur-
prise, "just an ordinary nose."

THE HAND.

The mere sight of the hand thrilled
him, and caused a tremor throughout his
manly form. The touch of the hand
as his fingers closed upon it made the
warm blood of romance and ambition
course madly through his veins and
momentarily dim his vision. His heart
pulsed rapturously, and the faces of the
people became nebulous and unreal, seem-
ing to float before his startled eyes like
things of another sphere come to jeer and
mock his happiness.

For he was happy—gloriously happy!
The hand which his fingers caressed had
made him happy. He could have kissed
the hand—smothered it with passionate
caresses, but a timely prudence restrained
him.

For when you have picked up "ace,
king, queen, knave, and ten" of a suit
it is not a good player's policy to adver-
tise the fact. Is it?

HIS CHOICE.

She (fond of ragtime). "Now that you
have looked over my music, what would
you like me to play?"

He: "Whist or bridge."

THE OLD "NEW" STORY.

Mrs De Smythe was feeling very poorly,
she complained of pains in her head and
limbs, so she asked her hubby (who was
rather mean), to send for the doctor, but
he didn't see the necessity.

"Why not try rubbing with some oils?"
he said. "It's probably neuritis or neu-
ralgia."

"Oh, is it?" snapped she. "Then it's
the first thing I have had 'new' for
years."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Tired Tramp: "Can't yer help an old
soldier, mum?"

Kind-hearted Lady: "Poor fellow.
Here's a shilling for you. Were you
wounded?"

Tired Tramp: (pocketing coin): "No,
mum. But I was among the missing
twice."

Kind-hearted Lady: "How terrible.
When was it?"

Tired Tramp: "Just before the battles
of Neuve Chapelle and the Somme,
mum!"

SPECULATION.

Baby Mary, aged six, was paying a visit
to her aunt in the country, and was re-
ceiving her first impressions of rustic
surroundings. Having expressed a wish
for a glass of milk, her doting aunt led
her, glass in hand, to a cow standing
in the nearest barn. Her eyes opened
in amazement to see her aunt fill the glass
from such an unexpected source, but after
a pause she remarked, "I suppose the
other three taps are tea, coffee, and co-
coa, aunty?"

A CUE-RIGOUS INCIDENT.

A local football team was being out-
classed by their opponents during a very
disastrous game. None of the home play-
ers were able to do a thing right, and
even most ardent supporters of the team
were getting exasperated.

At last one of the home backs, who
was bald-headed, jumped up to head the
ball, but it skidded on his cranium and
went through his own goal.

"Hi, Jimmy," called a voice from the
crowd, "why didn't yer chalk yer cue?"



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