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## HOW THE WOUNDED SOLDIER DIED.

(Dedicated to J. P. Malcolm, My Teacher, by "Columbine.")

We were waiting, oh so patient, for the ambulance to come,

As we sat beside his stretcher against the wall,

I was propping up his head, when he looked at me and said,

"Matey! I think it is the 'Call.'"

I want to thank you for your care.

You have saved me many a pain.

Oh! my body, how it aches.

Just lift me once again.

(I'd love to feel the breeze once more),

And place my rifle near my knee,

And the dear old khaki that I wore

Out on the battlefield.

Oh! we had stirring times, Bill.

It seems just like a dream,

And now comes the awakening,

But fraught with bitter pain.

Oh! Bill, do you remember when we

were late on leave.

How our captain stormed when we

returned,

And how we worked out our reprieve.

But the little girl I left behind, was

a stunner without a doubt.

I wonder will she think of me when I

go "Out."

She has promised and that's half the

worst.

I'll still believe her true,

And see, she has given me a token.

This little badge of blue,

I've worn it here amidst the fray, all

through the storm and strife.

I'd love to live to wed her, and call

her my own wee wife.

But Fate's decrees must be obeyed,

And I'm weak from wounds received.

If I could only see her once again

My mind would have relief.

But, Bill, old boy, it's no use grieving,

I know I've got to die;

I can't hold out much longer.

Hark! I hear the Aussie's cry.

The good old fellows, how they fought,

Without a single spell.

But Oh! those blessed machines of war,

Kept spitting out their shell.

'Twas murder from the start, Bill,

But I wouldn't let on, you know.

War must be fought at any price

To save the monarch's throne.

And I'd go through it again, boy, if I

only had the chance,

But it's willed I'll never fight again

On the shores of La Belle France.

Take this packet to the mater, if you

get through the scrap.

There's things there women treasure

And a line for the dear old chap.

I know they will take it rather hard,

But listen, don't breathe a word

About the little lassie, that's a secret

'twixt you and God.

Oh! how my limbs are paining—when

will the van arrive?

My flesh has felt the foemen's steel.

How could it be otherwise.

I've just been up against it, and I tell

you it makes me reel,

But I smashed the Hun that hit me,

I'm sure of him at least.

But another one came at me, a great

big bloated beast.

He probed me with his bayonet be-

tween the shoulders so

It makes me tremble, when I think

what I'd do with him now!

But his time will come, I know he will

die,

As a traitorous cove should die.

He certainly wasn't a hero, though he

wore an Iron Cross,

And the Kaiser's cowardly army would

only feel the loss,

And they won't beat us, eh! Bill, you'll

carry on, you say.

Yes, old man, just hold my hand, I'd

trust you any day.

As long as we keep together, we will

gain the victory.

Though cruel foes surround us and

treachery on every side,

We'll still keep on believing in Him

Who gave His Son to die.

He will give us the power to conquer,

though bitter be the strife.

Thank God, we have the men, Bill,

willing to lay down their life,

And Bill, mine's ebbing fast away,

just hold my hand awhile.

I fancy I see the "Visitor" with such

a heavenly smile.

It's "Good-bye," mate, the ambu-

lance will take the body now.

The Spirit will be "Up Yonder" where

the streets are paved with gold,

And where all the tears shall be

washed away.

For God's Word has told us so.

Don't forget the packet, Bill, for the

loved ones I leave behind,

And tell them, should you reach

Blighty, just how their first-born

died,

And kiss my sister, your sweetheart

Nell; tell her we'll meet on the

other side.

## Tell my parents you smoothed my pillow, and calmed my every wee.

Tell them you were at the parting (but don't hint about the wound),

And that I saw an Angel stand with a robe of spotless whiteness,

And a harp within his hand.

And I knew that it was Jesus to whom we were taught to pray,

When quite little infants beside our parent's knee.

And if you could only say a prayer, Bill, I feel I could stand at ease.

So there and then beside his bunk, with my knees on the sandy soil,

I uttered up the Lord's Prayer, And I felt the Holy Presence within the tent had come.

I crossed his hand upon his breast and upon the badge of blue,

And wondered in my inmost heart would the donor be likewise true

And then as I said "Good-bye, mate," and kissed him reverently,

I closed his dear blue eyes, boys, his tears were washed away.

## GARDEN NOTES.

### THE LAWN.

Lawns should have a good rolling after rain. It is wise to run the lawn mower over the lawn regularly, as by so doing the danger of daisy-seeding is removed. Neglect in this will not only increase the daisies, but spoil one's labour to keep a nice and presentable lawn. During the time bedding out is in progress it often happens that minor matters get in arrears, but as soon as this is done no time should be lost in getting things up-to-date.

### THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

The main crop of celery may be got out now as fast as convenient. There are several ways of growing fine heads of celery. There is the single-row system, and useful celery may be grown in double or treble rows in trenches. As for the single row, this should be dug out one foot deep, and one foot wide for the row, and so on for two or three rows, but the bottom spit turned up and a liberal supply of manure added at the same time.

Leeks are planted in a similar manner. Asparagus must be kept cut regularly, as growth demands, and none left to grow up whilst cutting is in progress, but all should be cut as it appears until you are prepared to stop cutting, and this should take place not later than the first week of January, for if some are left to grow up and make large tops the cutting will be spoiled for the season. Care should be taken to see that no young seedlings from the previous year's ripe seed tops are allowed to grow up amongst the permanent plants, or in a short time the beds will get demoralised and spoiled.

Seakale is at this time of the year very liable to send up large seed spikes. These should all be removed by cutting, and this should be just below the crown; then, instead of one bad crown, three or four good ones will form at the top of each stem for the next season's use.

Globe Artichokes.—As soon as the heads are past being fit for use—and that is when they show flower like a huge Scotch thistle—is the time to remove them, before they are a drag upon the plant.

### THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Pot now chrysanthemums, zonal pelargoniums, and other plants for winter blooming. Chrysanthemums, after potting, should be fixed in their summer quarters, and the tops of the stakes made secure against winds, but the final potting should not take place before the five or six-inch pots are well filled with roots. Care must be taken that this is not overdone, or the plants will suffer by being pot or root-bound.

### THE ROSE GARDEN.

The requirements in the rose garden just now are various. Look over the bushes to see that no curled leaves are about. Whenever you see a leaf curled up, do not hesitate to give it a good squeeze, for you are almost sure to find something go squash, indicating that you have put an end to a fat caterpillar. If these are left long in their seclusion they will have the centre out of one of your pet rosebuds. Another point requiring attention is as to suckers. If they come up at all, they will assuredly come up at this season. The early spring is always the worst time for suckers. If they are on the stem, rub them off; if they come up from the roots, pull them up. Do not cut them off under the surface, or they will come up as bad or worse than before. By giving them a good sharp jerk they are pulled out right at the base, and are not likely to trouble you again. In the case of roses on their own roots this will not be required, as the young shoots or suckers that appear will make fine flowering wood for another season and many will flower the same season.

The thinning-out of superfluous growth should also be attended to. Remove cross shoots. Select only those that point outwards, and if you require really first-class blooms you must harden your heart and rub out a lot of the surplus shoots, retaining only a few of the most promising growths. From six to eight good, strong shoots are quite sufficient for really good blooms. Some will say: "What a waste of good material." This may be so if quantity is the object, but not so for good blooms, and, after all, nine out of every ten, I feel sure, would have more pride in one beautiful flower than in a basketful of inferior quality.

After many promises the Paris Chamber of Commerce has at last succeeded in issuing two-franc coupons. About 30,000,000 francs (£600,000 approximately) worth of this temporary money is at present in circulation.

## ABRAHAM WACHNER