

# Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES

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

A Wellington milk vendor was recently fined heavily for selling adulterated milk. The Magistrate said that it was one of the worst cases he had known, the evidence having proven the addition of water in considerable quantities.

"To labour is to pray." Ah! that maxim, old and gray,  
Is as false as many others of its ilk;  
For I'm d—d if I can see where the piety can be  
In the work of pumping water in my milk.

It would seem that to Howard Elliott the end justifies any means, however vile. He is evidently ready to stoop very low to conquer the "Scarlet Woman." When facts fail him—well, his fecund imagination is always ready to breed something that will supply their place. Passing over his cowardly insinuations against the late Richard Seddon—though they show that a live ass can still kick a dead lion, and get credit for it with some—I note that he charges the "Mother Church" with instigating and fostering the present terrorism in Ireland. In doing so he displays either incomprehensible ignorance or reckless malice. The reverend mischief-maker might, with equal truth and profanity, have blamed her for the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah or the San Francisco earthquake. The plain fact is that the Home Rule question is not a religious one at all—except in so far as the Howard Elliotts of Ulster have made it so. The movement for Irish autonomy is a purely patriotic one, and would continue, with unabated vigour if all England were miraculously converted to Romanism to-morrow. That it is intrinsically non-sectarian is shown by the fact that many of its most eminent leaders have been Protestants. Moreover, as Joseph Hocking—who must surely be acquitted of pro-Romanism—concluded, after months of patient observation on the spot, the R.C. Church has absolutely nothing to gain from its success. As for the charge that that church condones murder and outrage, we read daily of the fearless condemnation of such by its priesthood. And these same priests have, more than once, been told, in effect, to go to—! and mind their own business. At the very time of writing, it is the Catholic hierarchy which, more than any other element, is working most earnestly for peace and mutual good will. I am no Catholic; nor do I think the Catholic Church faultless; but I do think that it should be judged by its own real fruits, not by those of Howard Elliott's disordered imagination.

Sectarian bitterness is, in the main, a pitiful thing. Still, there is always the savour of good in things evil, and from the mutual antipathy of the sects, the on-looker may often get a little unexpected fun. Take, for instance, the case of Paddy—a true son of "Mother Church," of course—who, when Mick enquired what he was working at replied gleefully: "Begob, I've got the best job I ever had. Fifteen bob a day, and I'd willingly do it for nothing."

"Phwat's the job?" asked Mick.

"Pull down a d—d Protestant Church."

Said the Rev. W. Dunlop at a recent meeting of the Christchurch Presbytery: "There seems to have come into our (Bible) classes an ungodly spirit regarding dancing and drinking. The suggestion was made one evening that the churches should buy out all the public houses and sell the liquor with a Christian spirit!" Well, why not? The idea, though startling in its novelty, is nevertheless fascinating in its possibilities. Mere financial considerations apart, think of the immense other benefits that would accrue from such a course. The Church would then, through its pubbery department, attract more sinners in one day than it now does in a decade, thereby enormously enlarging its sphere of influence. How its membership rolls would be augmented by a proviso that only members should be supplied! And the whole traffic could be lifted to a far loftier plane under church

control and conduct. Just picture the Rev. — (your fancy can make its own choice) engaged in his uplifting work at the beer pump, the while that dainty and demure Bible class damsels—for, presumably, the ladies would participate also in the good work—handed round the stuff that is a mockery, and the other stuff that is raging. The prospect is a pleasant one, and really involves no anomaly, after all. For if Byron was right in his claim that "rum and true religion" are of equal efficacy in soothing the soul, then surely there is nothing incongruous in the association of tracts and tanglefoot, piety and potables, benedictions and beer. There is, moreover, an obvious metrical relationship between "No. 10" and the "Old Hundredth." Every drink could be served with a text, and the parson—or should I say the publican's?—should be made the occasion for a dissertation on the evils of prohibition, and other similar subjects. Under such conditions we would take our "spots" in a chastened spirit, and get drunk in a staid and sober way. Verily, that brilliant young Bible student's suggestion is an attractive one, and our churches would be well advised to drop for once their foolish conservatism, and give it their careful and prayerful consideration.

Pulpit, platform, parliament, and press unite in voicing the general alarm at the growing increase in sexual offences. Various means of dealing with the evil have been suggested, some silly, some savage. Few, however, of those who so glibly discuss the question recognise the fact that the waxing danger to our womenfolk is largely due to our own prudery, which insists on the suppression of passion's safety valve, the Papian. I know that, in making such a daring statement I shall deeply offend the moral susceptibilities of the unco' guid, but facts are stubborn things, and it is an incontestable fact that where the prostitute is tolerated, there the decent woman is safest. Comparatively few men are capable of absolute and lifelong continence, and in many the sexual instinct often attains ungovernable intensity. Yet a considerable proportion of these, in every community, are precluded by their circumstances from marriage. It is chiefly for these that the woman of the town (often, as Miss Ettie Roat stated, less from the pressure of poverty than from free choice) caters, and, in closing the avenue of relief afforded by her we enlarge and intensify the menace to her more chaste sisters. It is, I grant, an ugly subject, but it will have to be frankly faced some time, so why not at once? To attempt to cope with the evil—as is so often proposed—by flogging or emasculating the offender were not only savage, but futile, since passion does not stay to weigh consequences.

"Member I said last week that women was funny things?" queried Bill, as he patted the dog.

I assured him that his remarks were still vividly clear in my memory.

"Well, Jax," he continued, "I've proved it again. Also that Bible texts ain't always what they're cracked up to be. It's this way. The ol' woman's lately took up with a sorter religious crowd—the 'True Believers,' or something like that, they call themselves, to show they're different from other believers. The other day one of 'em—a young woman—comes to the 'ouse, an' 'er an' the ol' woman starts in to convert me, or 'plack a brand from the burning,' as they called it. The young woman gives me a tract, which says, 'Always do to others as yeh'd 'ave 'em to you.' Well I reads the 'eadin', an' then I shakes my 'ead, an' sez, 'It won't do! 'Yes, it will,' sez the girl, 'It's in the Bible, so it mus' be right.' 'But,' sez I, 'it wouldn't always work. People might get riled if yeh did it sometimes.'"

"Ow could they," sez she, "when yeh'd only be obeyin' the good book?"

Well, with that I walks over to 'er—she was a real tasty lookin' piece—an' kisses 'er fair an' square on the lips. Did she snort? Eh, what! Fireworks was nothin' to it. I'd never 'a' thought that such a pretty little mouth as 'ers could 'old so many 'ard names for a feller. I tried to explain that I'd only done to 'er what I'd like 'er to do to me, but it was no good. She called me a 'vile

'eathen,' 'a son of Belial,' 'an uncouth brute' an' a whole lot of other fancy names, an' then banged outer the door, sayin' she'd never, never enter such an abode of iniquity again. An' what sort of a time did I 'ave afterwards with the ol' woman? 'Ate to think of it. I only 'ope to 'ell nobody else ever brings any more Bible maxims into our 'ouse. They're too dangerous."

And Bill walked slowly and pensively away.

## DRAUGHTS.

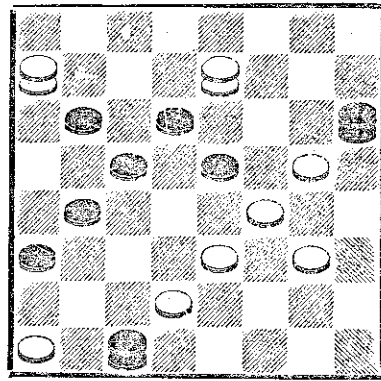
(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

Let science give release  
To minds o'erwrought by care and thought;  
Let the checker board be brought—the battlefield of peace.

Those who wish to maintain interest in the kingly game of draughts are invited to send along games, problems or items of interest to the readers of this column. Address, Draughts Editor, "Digger," 28 Biggar street, Invercargill.

### PROBLEM 40.

(By L. Williams, Wrexham, in the the "Draughts World.")  
Black.



White.  
Black to play and win.  
Black 9, 10, 14, 15, 17, 21. Kings 12, 30.  
White 16, 19, 23, 24, 26, 29, Kings 5, 7.  
Ingenuously Constructed.

### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 29.

Black 4, 14, 17, 20.  
White 12, 29, 32, King 19. White to play and win.  
29.25, 17.21, 25.22, 21.25(a),  
19.23, 25.30, 32.28, 30.25, 22.18, 14.17,  
12.8, 4.11, 18.15.—White wins.  
(a).—20.24, 19.28, 21.25, 32.27, 25.30,  
28.32.—White wins.

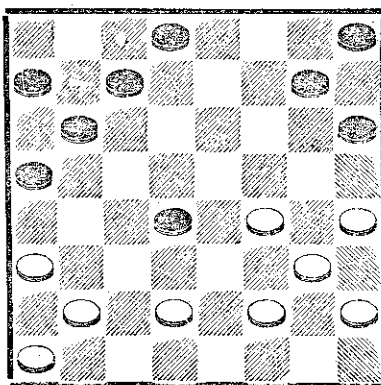
The subjoined game was played by correspondence in 1906 between Staff-Sergt. F. W. Slade, Secunderabad, Deccan, and Drummer J. W. Gamsby, 2nd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Agra, Bengal:—

### GAME 2153—CROSS

Black—Slade.		White—Gamsby.	
11.15	14.23	6.9	32.27
23.18	19.10	24.20	14.18
8.11	7.14	1.6	22.15
27.23	26.19	27.24	11.18
1.10.14	9.13	3.8	* 30.26
23.19	A.31.27		

\*.—See diagram:—

Black.



White.  
Black to play.  
2.7 20.16 13.22 19.10  
26.22 6.10 25.18 13.17  
7.11 24.20 14.23 21.14  
22.15 10.14 16.11 9.18  
11.18 27.24 8.15 Drawn.  
A.—30.26 is the usual move here, but I think the text move is equally as good, and leads to some interesting play.

### VAR. 1.

4.8	22.17	3.7	19.16
23.19	15.24	25.22	12.19
10.14	28.19	11.15	23.7
19.10	8.11	31.26	2.11
14.23	32.28	15.24	26.22
26.19	9.13	28.19	10.15
7.14	26.23	7.11	22.17
30.26	13.22	22.18	14.18
6.10	25.9	1.5	17.14
24.20	5.14	18.9	15.19
11.15	29.25	5.14	Drawn.

—J. W. Gamsby v. R. Menzies  
Comment is often made on the length of time some players take to consider moves

As a rule players do not object to their opponent taking their own time in a critical position, what is irritating, however, is when a player takes minutes to consider a move that is obvious to an ordinary player. In the championship meeting at Timaru last Easter a rather amusing incident occurred. The champions in the early stages of a game would move without wasting much time or even in the later stages where the move was obvious, but, realising what was at stake they would take perhaps 20 or 25 minutes at critical stages, and no objection was made. An old fellow happened to come in at one of these times and asked the doorkeeper where the champions were playing. The table was pointed out to him and he tip-toed over to it and sat down. He looked from one to the other of the contestants and after five minutes had passed he began to wonder and looked round at the spectators, all seemed to have their minds intent on the board. He looked again at the players but no movement, each had their eyes on the board. When a quarter of an hour had passed he tip-toed back to the doorkeeper and saying: "Them fellows are no' playing they're just looking at the board," passed out.

## NOTES FROM CALCIUM.

Mr C. Lindsay, of Waiianiwa, is in the district with his house-shifting plant. He is engaged in removing a cottage recently purchased from Mr Teviotdale by Mr McFarlane, of Drummond.

Shearing operations are proceeding slowly on account of unfavourable weather. Farm work is well advanced and turnip-sowing should be completed before Xmas. A fair amount of grass is being saved for seed, and the prospects for a heavy crop are good. Business in stock is at a standstill. At present prices farmers do not care to part with stores as long as feed holds out.

Invercargill will have its usual complement of visitors from this part during the week. Weather prospects are favourable for a successful show and the tent-men should have a profitable day at Reuben's expense.

## VICTORIA CROSS FIGURES.

The thousandth V.C. was awarded to Private Henry Dalziel.

Of this number, no fewer than 478 have been won in the present war, and two soldiers, Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Martin-Leake and the late Captain Noel Chavasse, qualified for the Cross twice over, and were awarded bars in consequence.

Notwithstanding many statements to the contrary, these two cases stand alone, no other award of a double V.C. having been gazetted during the last sixty odd years that have elapsed since the decoration was instituted.

Fifty of the one thousand Crosses have been won by two regiments, the English Rifle Brigade and the Prince Consort's Own, which tie for first place with 25 each.

Next come the South Wales Borderers and the King's Royal Rifles, each with a score of Crosses to their credit.

The Lancashire Fusiliers, which four years ago possessed not a single Cross, now has thirteen, all gained in the recent war, and there is not now a single regiment in the British Regular Army without its Cross or Crosses.

The Royal Army Medical Corps has sixteen Crosses, for the corps has also the only two bars conferred.

## RATS AS FOOD HOARDERS.

Several extraordinary performances of rats have come to notice during the clearing away of badly infested premises in Barnsley. The infestation was due to that very common cause—a defective sewer—which had given the vermin easy access to the shops and warehouses. In one case the rats had conveyed a heap of monkey-nuts, sufficient to fill 23 baskets, not to mention quantities of raisins and other foodstuffs, from a grocer's into a linen-draper's shop. In a three-storeyed grain store, the rats had packed the spaces between the floorboards with corn of all kinds, sufficient in amount, at a rough estimate, to fill 200 to 300 sacks. These individual instances are a sufficient index to the damage rats can do to merchandise.

Nearly 2000 French women would like to marry Marshal Foch. This is one of the results of a campaign instituted by a Paris fashion magazine, which has published the answers from more than 5000 women in response to the question: "What great man would you marry if you could?"

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