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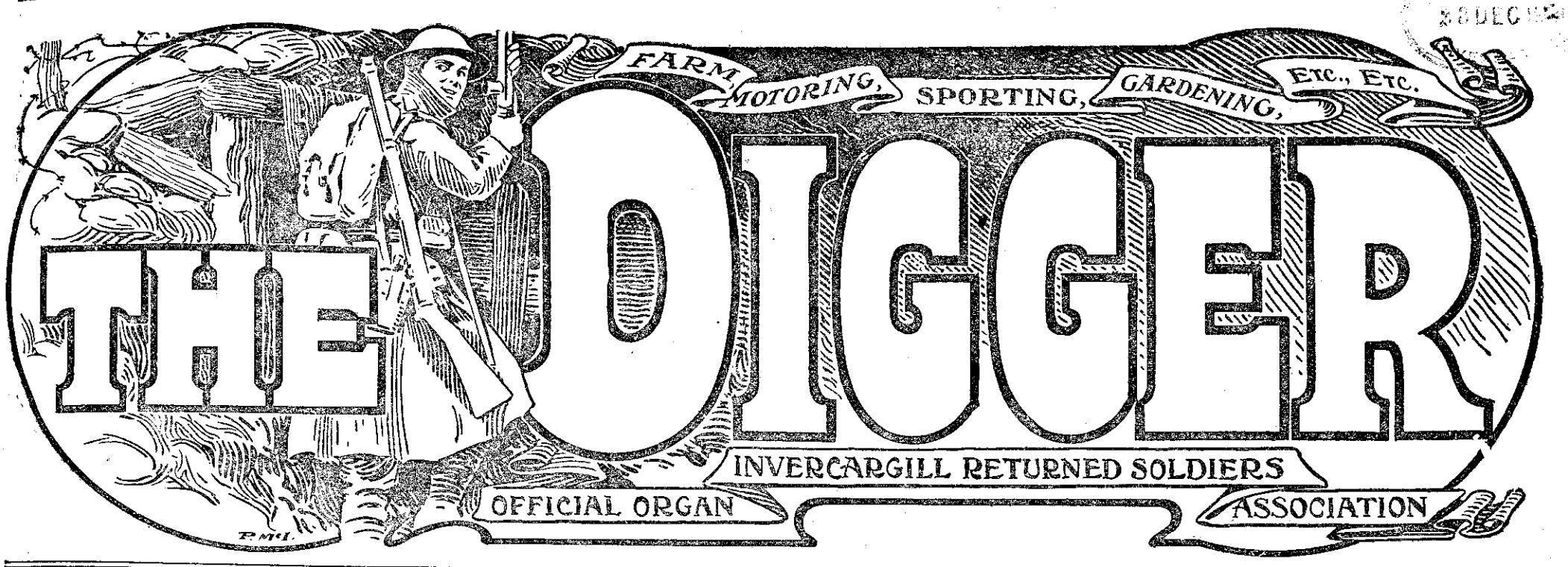


NO. 41. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24. 1920 PRICE—THREEPENCE.

THE ATTACK AT DAWN.

"At every cost," they said, "it must be done."
They told us in the early afternoon.
We sit and wait the coming of the sun.
We sit in groups,—grey groups that watch the moon.

We stretch our legs and murmur half in sleep,
And touch the tips of bayonets and yawn.
Our hands are cold. They strangely grope and creep.
Tugging at ends of straps. We wait the dawn!

Some men come stumbling past in single file.
And scrape the trench's side and scatter sand.
They trip and curse and go. Perhaps we smile.
We wait the dawn! . . . . The dawn is close at hand!

A gentle rustling runs along the line.
"At every cost," they said, "it must be done."
A hundred eyes are staring for the sign.
It's coming! Look! . . . . Our God's own laughing sun!

ANZAC COVE.

There's a lonely stretch of hillocks:
There's a beach asleep and drear:
There's a battered broken fort beside the sea.
There are sunken trampled graves:
And a little rotting pier:
And winding paths that wind unceasingly.

There's a torn and silent valley:
There's a tiny rivulet
With some blood upon the stones beside its mouth.
There are lines of buried bones:
There's an unpaid waiting debt:
There's a sound of gentle sobbing in the South.

—From "Songs of a Campaign," by Leon Gellert.

The tonnage of the merchant shipping of the United Kingdom is 18,111,000 tons, and the tonnage for the whole Empire, including the British Dominions, is 20,143,000 tons. The United States comes next with 12,406,000 tons, the total for this country having thus grown since 1914 when it was 2,027,000 tons.

THE SILENT WIFE!

Remarkable Drama of Married Life.

By MARK ENGLISH.

THE FIRST PART.

Doris Thobury, the sister of the childrens'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 . Will you be my wife?" She looked at steadfastly as she answered "Yes. was some 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.

Paul Weston, a young doctor and her former lover, with whom she had been forced to break her engagement. He obtains for her a post as a nurse at a private house, which she thankfully accepts.

A few days after, she reads in the paper that the "missing Mrs Armer" has been found drowned, but actually the unrecognisable body that was discovered belonged to an unknown girl to whom Doris had given her clothes.

Then one day a new housekeeper arrived at Mr Farr's house, and Doris was horrified to recognise in her one of her thief-husband's accomplices.

One day Mr Farr's house is burgled and Doris, recognising her husband's work in this, rushes off to her old home to warn him. From the garden, she sees the figures of Armer and Isobel Vane silhouetted on the blind

Then one day Mrs Vanderdecken, the owner of a famous pearl necklace, is invited to dinner.

Roger who is there, manages to steal it and in the excitement passes from the house, and is soon in a train speeding away from the scene of his theft.

Meanwhile Doris, who knows that he is the thief, bicycles over to Westways Court to warn him that a celebrated detective in on his track. She arrives at the lodge gates to discover he has had a motor accident, and that Isobel Vane is nursing him.

"ROGER, ROGER! I'M HERE!"

She paused. A deadly faintness came over her as she recalled the character of the man whom she now knew she loved better than all the world.

A thief of the worst description—a man who set all the laws of God and man to defiance!

Well, it didn't matter what Roger Armer was. She loved him!

Any moment, too, the police might come. Sick, helpless, Roger would be at their mercy. He could not defend himself. Was it in her power to do so?

She didn't know. Her mind was in a whirl. All she knew was she must be beside him—that no power on earth should prevent her taking her rightful place beside her husband's bed.

Mrs Beasley had re-entered the lodge and shut the door. No one saw the slender figure flit up between the trees. The front door was shut, probably bolted. No use to try that.

But on the upper landing, leading to the veranda that ran round her own rooms, Doris noticed an open window.

With swift, unfaltering steps, she ran lightly up the staircase, and, crouching down, gazed into the well-remembered room. Except for the fact that the arrangement of the furniture was different, it was exactly the same as on the day she had left it—as she thought, for ever.

No one was in the room, though several electric lights were still on.

It was an easy matter to slip in and gain the corridor that led to Armer's room. The door of his was ajar.

"I won't be five minutes, Miss Vane," she said. "The water should be hot by now."

She waddled away.

"Well, be quick," Isobel said. "I'm afraid to be left alone. He looks awful!"

Doris went boldly forward, and entered the sick room.

"I am not afraid, Miss Vane, she said quietly. "I will relieve you of further attendance on Mr Armer. I am his wife.

Isobel started so violently that she almost dropped the bandage she was clumsily rolling.

But it was not on Isobel Vane that Doris's eyes rested. It was on the still form, the face of which was almost hidden by medical bandages. She dropped on her knees beside the bed.

"Roger! Roger. I'm here! I'll never leave you again. No matter what happens, I'll stand by you, my dearest!"

"YOU MUST REMAIN DEAD."

Doris's passionate appeal to Roger Armer fell on deaf ears. His eyes remained closed to the anguished face that bent over him as he lay upon the pillow.

"Roger! I'm here—beside you! Your wife—Doris! I'm not dead, as you imagined, I'm with you. This is my hand on your forehead"—she laid her cool hand on the pallid brow—"my lips that touch yours." She pressed her warm lips to those unresponsive ones. "I've come to be with you, and nurse you back to life. I'll never leave you again, Roger! I'll save you, too, my dearest!"

By this time Isobel had recovered from her amazement.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Mrs Armer!" she said, in a hard voice that shook with anger. "I don't know by what trick you made everyone—Roger included—believe you to be dead, but you succeeded only too well. And so you must remain dead! You are not wanted here. I am in charge of the sick room, and I must ask you to leave it!"

Doris rose from her knees, and faced her enemy.

"It is my right to be here, and I remain. It is for you to leave this house, not me!"

"I decline to leave it," retorted Isobel Vane. "It was by Roger's express wish I and my aunt left our cottage, and came to the Court. Roger doesn't want you, and I don't wonder! Your sullen temper, your silence, made life unbearable to Roger Armer. It is not likely that, should he recover—which is unlikely——"

Doris went whiter than ever. The expression of agony on the lovely face would have touched most people. But not Isobel. She rejoiced that she was able to cut her rival to the heart.

"He will never want to see you again," she went on bitterly. "If you had not appeared again, one day he would have married me. Were you not satisfied with making his life wretched all those months of silence, without wanting to ruin it for ever?"

The cruel, lying words, as Isobel well knew, stung the young wife like a whip. There was just sufficient truth in them to make Doris wince.

Her vow of silence had set up the barrier, crushed the little seed of love that, unknown to herself, had taken root in her heart. But on barren soil it had lived and thriven, until it had grown to be part of herself.

"Is this true?" she asked.

"Yes, it is true," Isobel said. "Roger always cared for me. What madness induced him to make you his wife, Heaven only knows! He has bitterly repented his folly ever since the time you disgraced him at the wedding ceremony. Why should he love you? He has no reason to love you, nothing to thank you for. And when the news of your supposed death came, I tell you he was glad—glad! 'I am free!' he said. 'Free once more! My life is still before me, unfettered by a woman I could never love, a cold, silent woman who disgraced me!' "

"Is that what he said?" Doris put out her hand, and steadied herself against the the bed rail.

Isobel spoke in a low, hissing whisper; Doris's clear tones were also subdued. The man on the bed knew nothing of the fight that was going on so near him—the unequal fight that must end in defeat for the weaker of the combatants.

And love made Doris weak—lamentably, deplorably weak.

"Is it true he said that?"

"Is it true he said that?"

For just a moment Isobel Vane hesitated to deal the final blow; but only for a moment.

"Yes, he said that—and more. I will spare you as much as I can, for once you were his wife——"

Here Isobel made a fatal mistake.

"I am his wife!" Doris's pride was roused. Her spirit, that dauntless spirit that had helped her through so many trials, rose in revolt. "I am his wife," she repeated, "and until Roger Armer bids me to leave the house, I stay!"

Going quietly from the room, she sought the housekeeper. Like Isobel, she was tremendously amazed at seeing the mistress they had all believed dead, standing quietly before her.

"Is it a ghost?" She sank into a chair, trembling violently.

"No, Mrs Spry. It was all a mistake. One day—if the master wishes—you shall be told how it all came about. In the meantime, I am going to remain here."

Then she went back to Isobel.

"I am taking up my place here," she said quietly. "I am very much obliged to you for anything you have done for my husband, but I must ask you to relinquish your position of mistress in this house. I shall be delighted for you and your aunt to remain as our guests."

Isobel lost her temper. She literally choked with rage.

"I won't remain a day in your house!" she said. "Only wait till Roger regains consciousness. It will be you who will go then!"

"I shall be quite ready to obey my husband's wishes," Doris said coldly.

"Oh, ho! So you're going to play the model wife as a change from the silent one!" sneered Isobel.

Doris did not take up the challenge.

The undignified scene was cut short. Doris re-entered her husband's room and closed the door.

Every movement in the house startled her, for she thought it might be the police, coming to question her about the robberies. She was sure that Mark Lewis suspected that she was shielding someone.

Suppose they arrested her, and put her in prison! She would be powerless to help Roger then.

Of course, he had met with this accident on his way home from Mr Farr's.

She wondered what had become of Mrs Vanderdecken's necklace. Was it in Roger's possession, or had he managed to pass it on to one of the gang? In this miserable state of apprehension she remained till Dr Weston arrived.

His amazement at seeing Doris seated beside his patient, instead of Isobel Vane, can be easily imagined.

"Doris!" he cried. "How did you come here? Is it prudent?"

She looked at him with her beautiful, haggard eyes. His heart ached for the girl he had once hoped to make his wife.

"I had to," she said simply. "He is in danger."

He strove to cheer her.

"Oh, you mustn't despair. He certainly is in a serious condition, but it is by no means hopeless."

"I wasn't thinking of Roger's injuries though, Heaven knows, they seem bad enough."

Paul looked at her closely, but he made no remark. This was not the time to force confidences. He was ready to hear all Doris had to tell him, to sympathise, advise and help her to the best of his ability; but he was willing to await her pleasure.

He thought it a mistake, coming to her old home like this. But he reflected that she had the right to nurse Roger Armer. She was his wife.

"Have you brought a nurse?" she asked, and he wondered how she knew one was expected.

"No. I'm sorry. The nurse I hoped to engage was suddenly called away to a case in my absence."

"I am glad, for now I can nurse him alone. If only I could get him away from here! It is not safe for him to remain at the Court."

"Not safe?"

"No. Paul, I can't explain everything. I've told you as much as I dare. If you knew all you would understand——"

She broke off, unable to go further. He took her hand, and gazed gravely down into the beautiful, troubled face.

"I think," he said slowly, "that, in a measure, I do understand—now."

She sighed restlessly, and then murmured half-unconsciously:

"If only I could get him away from here! If only I could hide him away safely, where they couldn't find him! Just he and I—alone together!"

Paul Weston, not having the key to the situation, imagined her anxiety to get her husband away from Westways Court was due to her very natural jealousy of Isobel Vane.

Most certainly the young wife was placed in an extraordinary position. Believed by husband and friends to be dead, she was yet alive, a living, loving, emotional woman!

And oh, how he pitied this victim of an unhappy marriage. Yes, he would help her to the utmost of his power, in any way possible.

"Do you really wish this?" he asked her.

"More than anything else in the world," Doris answered, so earnestly as to leave no doubt on the subject.

"I had thought of suggesting that Mr Armer should be taken to a nursing home. I have an interest in one. A friend of mine is the physician in attendance; the matron is my cousin."

"That would be splendid, if you don't think the removal would hurt him." Doris's eyes sparkled with hope.

"Not in his present condition," Paul said. "Later on he would have had to be moved. An operation will be necessary."

Doris went white.

"Is it as bad as that?" She clasped and unclasped her hands.

"Don't look so unhappy." He comforted her as best he could. "All, I hope, will be well. In the nursing home he will have the best advice, and I will arrange with my cousin that you shall nurse him."

And so it was decided; and so quickly were Dr Weston's arrangements made, that in a very short time Roger Armer was conveyed in an ambulance to Dr Graham's nursing home in London.

Isobel had not yet left the Court. She did not intend to yield up her position in the house without a fight to retain it.

Much depended on her holding her own, for Roger Armer, believing Doris to be dead, had made a will practically in Isobel's favour. If he died, Isobel would be a very rich woman.

She had thus a two-fold reason for her hatred of Roger Armer's wife.

Isobel's apartments were situated in a distant wing of the house, and as soon as she reached them after her interview with Doris, she retired to rest.

"I shall need all my strength," she thought. "I am worn out, as it is. A few hours's sleep will fit me to fight for my rights."

This was how Miss Vane looked at it.

Unfortunately for her, she slept so soundly that she heard nothing of Roger's departure. It was from Mrs Spry she heard that the master had been taken away to a nursing home by Dr Weston's orders.

"And Mrs Armer?" Isobel cried. "Did she go, too?"

"Yes, the mistress went with the master. After all," said the good woman, who did not like Miss Vane or her methods of ruling the household, "it's quite right an' proper for a wife to nurse her own 'usband. I can't think however it got about that the mistress was that poor thing they buried by mistake."

Mrs Spry was apt to get a little mixed occasionally.

"No, Miss Vane," in answer to Isobel's frenzied queries, "I don't know where they went. The motor ambulance came, and they put the master in, and drove away, that's all I know."

"And if I did know, I wouldn't tell her," Mrs Spry said to herself as she waddled away. "Comin' between husband and wife like she does! She thought to have been missus here one day, and now she's mad because the rightful missus has turned up!"

WHAT THE DETECTIVE LEARNT.

Needless to say, the search revealed no trace of the stolen pearls. To Mark Lewis it was a mere farce; for he knew it was not on either Mr Farr's guests or servants Mrs Vanderdecken's pearls would be found. The woman who held the clue to the mystery was gone!

But it was Lewis's intention to follow Nurse Angela, and watch her movements.

And then into his head flashed an idea so extraordinary, so wildly improbable, that at first he dismissed it as impossible But was it? Was it so impossible as it appeared?

He had no doubt at all that Nurse Angela and Doris Armer were one and the same, and that she was screening someone dear to her. Who was she screening?

Was it Roger Armer?

He took out the handerchief with the initials R.A. upon it. Did they stand for the name of "Nurse Angela's" husband, for Roger Armer? If they did not, it was certainly an extraordinary coincidence.

But in the course of his professional career, Mark Lewis had come across many stranger coincidences than this.

The female searcher had found nothing of an incriminating nature in Nurse Angela's room.

"Not so much as a torn letter," she reported.

"I'll go to Westways Court," he decided. "It's absurd, of course, but somehow I can't help thinking that Roger is in this! The affair of the telephone confirms me in the belief. And yet, Armer is a power in the city. His credit is good, his reputation as a sound man is beyond reproach."

For some time the detective sat deep in thought. Then he went to Morton Farr, and asked if he would be so good as to place a car at his disposal.

"Of course. Take any you like. I have three. Robbins is a capital chauffeur."

"Thanks! But I'd sooner drive myself," Mark Lewis declared; and soon he was seated in a small car, driving rapidly towards Westways Court.

As he approached the magnificent mansion, his retentive brain recalled the occasion of his previous visit. Every detail was clear to his mind. The words of the anonymous letter Roger Armer had shown him, of which he had made a copy, came vividly before him.

The writer had referred to Mr Armer's "double life"—warned him that "exposure was bound to follow."

Suppose Doris Armer had written that letter! Now that he knew Doris was alive, the detective went back to his original theory, that Mrs Armer was the writer of the anonymous epistle that had mystified both him and Armer.

And, if she had written it, she knew as much about the robberies as the gang who were responsible for them!

Only a couple of hours had elapsed since Roger Armer, accompanied by Doris and Dr Weston, had left the Court, when Lewis's car drew up at the front entrance. His quick eye noticed the traces of wheels on the damp gravel.

"A car has been here lately," he thought.

"Can I see Mr Armer?"

"I'm afraid not, sir; but Miss Vane is at home. What name, sir?"

The dectective drew out a card on which was inscribed the name of Jeffrey Smart. The footman was new, and did not recognise it as that of the detective Mr Armer had engaged to trace his wife and the jewels.

But Immediately Isobel recognised it, and was all excitement.

"Show him up at once! Quick! Don't lose a moment!"

Though Isobel had not met Jeffrey Smart personally, she knew all about him. Roger had confided many things to Miss Vane he would have withheld had he not believed Doris to be dead.

She went eagerly forward.

"Have you brought me news, Mr Smart? Did Mr Armer send you with a message?"

He looked his surprise.

"No. I've come to see Mr Armer, but I understand it is impossible to see him.

"It is!" shrilled Isobel. "Roger Armer's wife has been here. Where she came from, or where she has been hiding ever since the news of her supposed death, I don't know. But Doris Armer turned up during the night!"

"Are you sure it was Mrs Armer?"

Jeffrey Smart watched Isobel closely. He saw at once that she hated beautiful Doris. He could have no better tool for his purpose than this red-haired woman, who evidently regarded Roger Armer's young wife as her rival.

"Sure?" Isobel cried contemptuously. "Of course I'm sure! She took her place as coolly as though she had a right to nurse him——"

"Then Mr Armer is ill? Too ill for me to see him? It is important, or I wouldn't press the point."

"Ill—terribly ill. But she has taken him away, and Paul Weston has helped her.

"Try and calm yourself, Miss Vane," the detective urged quietly. "Tell me everything. I am acting in Mr Armer's interests—not in Mrs Armer's."

He emphasised the last words, but Isobel looked at him suspiciously.

"How am I to know that?"

"Isn't it to my interest to be on Mr Armer's side?" he said quietly. "Mrs Armer did not seek my services. It is Mr Armer's interests I am watching."

Jeffrey Smart drew from Isobel all that there was to know; which, after all, amounted to very little.

"I suppose," Smart rose to go, "Mr Armer was coming from Mr Farr's dinner-party when the accident occurred?"

"Oh, no. He wasn't there at all! He was coming from London. He sent an excuse to Mr Farr that important business would prevent him joining the party. It's a pity he was not there. He would have avoided the accident, and might have been of assistance in helping trace the thieves who stole Mrs Vanderdecken's pearls. Is there no trace of the gang?"

"None at present. Only a clue that I am following up. Did Mr Armer write or 'phone to Mr Farr?"

"He said he would ring him up. But, really, I don't know. I only know he left for London, and was brought back unconscious."

"Was no one with him?"

Isobel shook her head.

"No one. Mr Armer prefers to drive his own car, and leaves it in a garage near the station. You will let me know where Mr Armer is?"

(Continued on page 4.)

THE SILENT WIFE.

(Continued from page 3.)

"Certainly," said Smart, "when I find him."

"Surely that should be an easy matter. A man in the condition Roger Armer is in cannot go far."

"Oh, I don't know. In these days of motors, one can go a long way in a very short time."

Mr Smart bowed himself out. He left his address with Isobel, who promised to let him know directly she had any information of Roger and Doris Armer's movements.

But days merged into weeks before any news came of the Armers. Paul Weston would give no information as to his patient's whereabouts, even though Mr Smart called upon him, and warned him that he might be placing himself in a very unpleasant position by withholding Roger Armer's address.

"Surely," Dr Weston said "you can't imagine that either Mr or Mrs Armer are concerned in these robberies, beyond the fact that Armer's house was burgled. It's ridiculous, Mr Smart! Mr Armer is a friend of mine. He is a hard, man, but he is honourable and straight as a die. His wife is an old friend of mine, and without their permission I cannot give you their address."

"I think," the detective urged, "that if you would inform Mr Armer that I want to see him, he would agree to see me. You see, in a manner, I am acting for him."

"Mr Armer," Weston said gravely, "is quite incapable of seeing anyone. I may tell you there is danger of permanent loss of memory. The operation has not been as successful as we could have wished. His health is gradually improving, but his brain—that is quite another matter. So you see that even if I consented to your request, you would gain nothing by seeing him."

Jeffrey Smart's face fell. His one hope of solving the mystery had been taken from him. Bad luck indeed!

For the present he could do nothing. He had come right up against a dead wall, and could only await the course of events.

Not that Smart left it quite at that. He began a search for the bogus housekeeper, the woman whom Doris had called Wanda.

"I HAVE GROWN TO LOVE YOU SO DEARLY!"

And whilst they were searching, Doris was going through a season of trial.

The house to which Roger had been taken lay in a quiet, unfashionable suburb a few miles out of town. This house was run more as a hobby of Dr Graham's than for profit. Miss Weston was practically responsible for the perfect arrangements of Dean House.

Only a limited number of cases were admitted. But everything connected with the house was perfect in its way, and Doris was charmed with everything.

She regarded Dean House as a haven of rest; a quiet spot away from the world, where she could have Roger to herself, and nurse him back to health and strength.

What would happen to them both when this was accomplished, she did not dare think. She lived in the present—her sole thought her husband's welfare.

fare.

Paul Weston had hesitated to tell the devoted young wife how very serious Roger's condition was.

Of course, Doris saw that her husband's brain was in no normal condition. Her hospital training had been sufficient for that; and she had hoped much from the operation, and was bitterly disappointed at the result.

"He doesn't recognise me, matron," she told Miss Weston, with tears in her eyes. "He takes me for a stranger; calls me 'nurse.' "

"You must be patient, my dear," Mary Weston consoled the girl, of whom she had grown very fond. "Paul thinks it possible that Mr Armer's memory may return to him suddenly. The cause removed, his brain may become normal any minute. Now, don't worry, my dear. Cheer up; all will yet be well!"

It was easy advice to give, but difficult to follow, as no one realised more than poor Doris in the long days and weary nights she spent waiting, watching for a sign of recognition in the man she now loved dearly.

One day, as they sat in the sheltered, old-world garden, basking in the spring sunshine, Doris working, Roger reading a paper, she looked up, and caught his eyes fixed upon her with a strange expression. Instantly she was all attention.

"Do you want anything?"

He shook his head.

"No, thanks. I was only trying to remember who it is you remind me so much of."

He pressed his hand to his brow, and Doris's heart leaped high with hope. Was memory about to return, as Dr Weston had predicted.

"Do I remind you of Doris?"

His hand fell instantly on his knee.

"Doris? I can't recall anyone called Doris, and, yet, the name does seem familiar. But it hurts my head to think.

He sighed. The light died out of his eyes, he looked tired and worn.

It was a bitter disappointment to Doris but she bore it as she had done all her trials, bravely.

"Don't try," she said. "When you are stronger you will remember everything."

"Shall I?" he said dreamily.

Day by day Roger Armer's health improved, till at last he looked quite his own self once more.

"He is quite able to leave Dean House," Paul Weston told Doris. "The question is, when is it best for him to go? Personally, I think he should return to his own home. Already there are unpleasant rumours going round."

"That Mr Armer is being kept out of the way on purpose?"

Paul hesitated to repeat all he had heard.

"By me?"

Paul nodded.

"You see, Miss Vane has been talking freely. She sent a notice to the papers contradicting your death. I purposely kept the paper from you. I didn't want you to be worried more than is necessary."

Doris uttered a little exclamation of annoyance.

"I might have known Isobel Vane would do a thing like that. Ah, well, if the papers have published my return to life," she smiled wanly, "perhaps it would be best to go back to Westways Court."

"I certainly think it is your wisest course. Armer's health is perfect. The return to his home may even prove beneficial."

And so it was arranged that Armer and Doris were to return home together, Paul Weston undertaking to inform Mrs Spry of their coming. By doing this the secret of their present hiding-place would be kept from inquisitive neighbours.

No sooner had Doris Armer consented to this arrangement than she began to regret it. That Roger would be watched by the tectives she felt pretty sure.

Mark Lewis had his reputation to consider, and now his suspicions, about Roger were aroused, he was not likely to let them off without very close questioning.

He might even go further. He might cause them to be arrested, and brought before a magistrate.

For the first time, Doris was glad that Roger had lost his memory. Anyway, he could not be questioned. The condition of his mind precluded this.

Paul Weston had mentioned a certain date for his patient's removal to his old home. True to his promise, he had seen the house-keeper, and bade her prepare to receive her master and mistress.

Much to Dr Weston's indignation, he found Isobel and her aunt still installed in their comfortable quarters. In plain language he told Miss Vane she must leave the Court.

Isobel defied him, hinting that it was to his interest to deprive Mr Armer of his friends, that he—Paul—was in league with Mrs Armer to keep Roger in the condition of mind she understood he was now in.

"If he is as bad as you say," she said vindictively, "he is more fit for an asylum than to come here."

"And yet," Paul spoke firmly, "Mr Armer is coming here, and Mrs Armer will accompany him. It is her wish that you should leave before her arrival."

In vain Isobel stormed and raved. Paul was firm, and at last, in a rage, she flung out of the house.

"A good riddance!" Mrs Spry declared, and all the servants agreed with her. They did not like Isobel; she was too arrogant and overbearing.

"It's my belief," the housekeeper confided to Jenkins, "that Miss Vane made a deal of mischief between master and missus. I shouldn't be surprised if she was at the bottom o' the mystery of missus's disappearence."

"Myself," said Jenkins, "I hate mysteries. I only hope there'll be no more here. We've had our fill. What with mistress's death—as wasn't a death at all—and them robbers, and her never speaking to master——"

It was Doris's task to prepare Roger for a change of residence. She found him basking in the sun, his eyes fixed on a bed of daffodils in full bloom.

"How beautiful the flowers must look at Westways Court now." So she opened the conversation.

"Westways Court? Where's that?" He looked at her wistfully.

"Don't you remember, dear?"

She sat down beside him, and took his hand in both her own. Tears filled her eyes. How changed he was from the stern man, full of life and vigour, she had known, and sometimes feared, in the old days that seemed, now, so far away.

She wondered if she was doing right in taking him from this quiet spot, and bringing him up against the hard world that can be so cruel to the weak and defenceless.

And when she recalled that Paul Weston had said her husband might at any time recover his memory, and it was only right and fitting that when that longed for and yet dreaded moment should arrive it should find Roger Armer in his own home.

"Where you used to live, Roger—you and I."

"I don't want to go," he said, "unless you go with me, nurse. Can they spare you?"

"Yes, they can spare me. I am going with you, Roger. Don't worry about anything."

"How can I help worrying?" he said; and his hand went to his head with the pathetic gesture that wrung Doris's heart afresh each time it occurred. "I've forgotten everything, you see, except the fact that I met with an accident, and have been very ill, and that you've been an angel and nursed me back to health. You see, I don't even know if I'm married or not. And so—and so I can't tell you something I want to tell you."

He paused, and Doris's heart leapt within her, for she guessed what it was he wanted to tell her.

"It wouldn't be fair to you," he said presently.

"Yes, yes, it would!" She pressed the hands she held more tightly.

"I've grown to love you. I'm never happy unless you are with me. Your voice is music in my ears. The touch of your hands on mine thrills me as no other woman's touch has ever done. Angela, I have grown to love you dearly. If ever I regain my memory, and I find there is no reason why I should not ask you to be my wife, will you marry me?"

Surely, thought Doris, when she had time to think at all, never was woman placed in so extraordinary a position. Her own husband was asking her to be his wife!

Just now she could think of nothing but the fact that Roger loved her, that the past of which now she was bitterly ashamed, was blotted out.

If only she could make him understand that she was already his—bound to him by bonds sacred and unbreakable! But Paul had warned her against forcing memory.

"Let it all come back naturally," he had said. "I am convinced that one day it will."

"Yes," she said forcing down her emotion. "Yes, Roger. When that day comes I will take my place beside you as your wife."

He looked at her strangely.

"Will you give me just one kiss, Angela? I will ask no more."

She leaned over him, and laid her lips on his. She had the right to kiss him.

"Thank you," he said simply. "I can wait now."

Doris, her whole being thrilled by that kiss of love, hurried away to finish packing. They were to start early next day in Dr. Graham's car. There was still a lot to do.

hour later Nurse Angela went back to the garden. She had told Roger to sit where he was until she came to fetch him for a walk. To her surprise she found the seat vacant.

At first Doris was not anxious, Roger, beguiled by the beauty of the spring day, had doubtless gone for a tour of inspection on his own account.

But though she searched the gardens and greenhouses, nowhere could she find Roger Armer.

Now thoroughly alarmed, she returned to the house, and sought Miss Weston.

"Have you seen Roger?" she asked breathlessly.

No. The matron had not seen Mr Armer since Nurse Angela had taken him into the garden.

A search was organised at once. In vain! Roger Armer had disappeared, leaving not the faintest clue behind him.

(To be Continued.)

Already the margarine industry has been enormously stimulated by the price of butter (says the "Taranaki Herald"). According to "Weddel's Review" the supplies of margarine in Britain increased from 197,000 tons in 1914-15 to 360,000 tons in 1919-20.

Since jellyfish are largely composed of water, they evaporate when they lie exposed to the sun, and nothing remains but a small silvery mark. They are not to be envied, for even when they are in the water they seem at the mercy of the currents and quite incapable of directing their own course.

ANGLING NOTES.

(By "Creel").

GOOD FISHING GREETINGS.

The festive season cycle is round once more.
Old friends now dwell on many a foreign shore.
Still memory sweet to many fondly clings,
We wish each one all joy the season brings.

To anglers scattered round both far and near,
We wish 'em all full creels this coming year,
And may their fishing days all pleasant be.
I'm sure they wish the same to you and me.

—"Creel."

Conditions atmospherically last week-end were very changeable, with hot and sultry weather and thundery looking skies. Under these conditions the water is generally unsatisfactory, as it wears a glassy appearance and fish are very hard to move. The mirror-like surface of the water tends to magnify one's tackle and I think it is the cause of anglers "rising" fish that do not "take." The Makarewa river when visited by "Creel" recently presented these conditions, and no good results were obtained until towards evening. Even then two nice heavy fish were lost through that blessing (to the fish) American 'duck weed." At the present time it is very bad, being apparently at the full growth and consequently very strong. To the fly exponent it is therefore a 'blue duck' fishing this river at the present time, although the runs between the weed-banks must be a veritable paradise for the angler with the natural bait, such as cockabully and smelt. The Oreti and Aparima are wearing a very nice appearance for "fine" fishing, both streams being fairly low and clear, consequently light casts and traces are essential for satisfactory results. Should the present weather hold throughout the holidays I have no doubt some fine bags will be obtained, and many pleasant hours be spent by numerous anglers on our Southland rivers.

Messrs R. Kidd (Railway), and G. Brenton, visited the Oreti at Lady Barclay, last Saturday and despite the hurricane "northerly" experienced, creeled twenty fish, the heaviest 1½lbs. Female Marin Brown, Red Spinner and Owaka were the popular flies.

Three local rods at Benmore landed 76 fish on the fly. The heaviest fish weighed about 2lbs. Flies with red dressing seemed to be the most effective killers.

Messrs Welham and Findlay fishing the Oreti at Winton, at back of racecourse, creeled some 50 fish in good condition. Mr Welham landed a beautiful specimen 7¼lbs (cleaned weight), on the Peveril of the Peak fly. Mr Findlay also landed a fine fish 5¼lbs on Hardy's Favourite fly. Last Thursday week on the Makarewa below Underwood, Mr Welham creeled six fine fish on the fly. The heaviest fish weighed 6lbs. Small pattern flies were the most effective killers.

Messrs Hoffman and Baldwin for the week and caught 28 fish on the natural smelt bait on the Oreti. (Their donation of fish to "The Digger" staff was greatly appreciated. The "orfis boy" has put his share of trout in pickle and vows he will have a five course Xmas dinner).—"Creel."

Messrs Olsen, Aitken and Sparkes, fishing the Waiau for the week-end landed some 30 fish. The heaviest fish weighed 15lbs and was on exhibition in A. and W. McCarthy's window, and made a striking contrast to another exhibit referred to further down these columns.

On the "Paloona," amongst the passengers landed were some Australian anglers, who purpose fishing our Southland rivers, and "Creel" wishes them the best of luck amongst the "speckled beauties."

Owing to not receiving any information, I am unable to publish the result of the recent competition held by the Lumsden Angling Club.

EXPENSIVE TROUT.

In Messrs A. and W. McCarthy's window, the ranger made an exhibit of trout illegally netted in the Estuary. They made a shocking show as the bulk of the 200 fish could not measure 9in in length. They ranged from 4½ins to 18ins and were a striking example of the methods adopted by some folk to deprive the legitimate angler of "good" fish. As one spectator remarked. "If they had the chance to grow, they would attain the dimensions of the 15-pounder."

The following is an extract from the various resolutions passed at the recent conference of Acclimatisation Societies' representatives. Mr A. H. Stock, attended the conference on behalf of the Southland Society:—

FISHERIES ACT (PART II.).

(Recommendations to be sent to the Hon. the Minister of Marine.

1.—That Section 82 of the Act be amended to provide a maximum penalty of £20 and a minimum one of £10.

2.—That penalties for dynamiting, liming, and any other means of wholesale destruction of Trout and Perch, should be increased, the minimum to be not less than £20, and the maximum not more than £50.

3.—That, for the reasons already urged, and as the fishing for Quinnat Salmon for the last three seasons has proved a failure, the Government be requested to withdraw the regulations declaring the Waitaki and the Rangitata "Salmon Rivers," and be asked to legalise the taking of Quinnat Salmon under the same license and conditions.

4.—That the penalties for taking fish out of season or at any time in sanctuary be increased; the minimum to be not less than £10 for the offence and £1 additional for each fish so taken.

5.—That the Government be requested to prohibit all netting at the mouths of rivers.

6.—That the Minister of Marine be urged to abolish licensed netting for trout in river estuaries.

7.—That the Government be asked to instruct the police to take a more active part in the suppression of breaches of the Animals Protection and Fisheries Acts, and further that rabbit and county inspectors be appointed Rangers under both the above Acts.

9.—That amendments be made to the Fisheries Act 1908 and the Animals Protection Act 1908:—

1.—Granting Justices full power to issue Search Warrants in all cases where there is reasonable ground for suspecting that a breach of either Act has been committed.

2.—Making it an offence for any person when charged by a Ranger with having committed a breach of either Act refusing on demand to give such Ranger his correct name and address.

(To be Continued in Next Issue).

ISSUE OF MEDALS.

WORK BEING PUSHED ON.

The issue of medals and Illuminated Certificates of Service for the N.Z.E.F. is being pushed on with all possible speed by the Defence Department, and to date practically all 1914-15 Stars have gone out, while 25,000 certificates have been issued. Where there have been delays the soldiers themselves are said to be wholly responsible by reason of the fact that they have failed to notify their change of address or have not returned to the Department the B.R. 388 (draft of service particulars) sent to them. These forms, showing the medals earned, the period of service, and theatres of operations, are addressed to soldiers in the following terms:—

"As it is hoped that it may shortly be possible to issue the British War Medal and Illuminated Certificate of Service, it is desired to give you an opportunity of agreeing with the information held by this office concerning yourself, and which will be contained on the medal and certificate or other documents yet to be issued, as medals and documents once issued can only be altered at the recipient's expense. Will you please, therefore, check the particulars on the back hereof and return this form complete to me as early as possible after appending your signature in the space provided at the foot? Do not omit to advise this office of any change of address."

Addressed and stamped envelopes are enclosed with the forms, but despite this, forms posted to soldiers early in August have not been replied to, and as a consequence no medals or certificates have been issued in these cases. On the other hand, many ex-members of the N.Z.E.F. have expressed appreciation of the opportunity offered them by the Department to check their service records, and have rendered all the assistance necessary by promptly returning the forms. There are more than 200,000 medals and 80,000 certificates to issue, and the success of such an undertaking demands strict adherence to the system employed, therefore Diggers are assured of early attention if the above request is complied with, and only lengthy delay in issues and additional cost to the Department, in leaving it "until to-morrow."

In his own interests each soldier should bear in mind that the form signed by himself becomes the Department's authority to make the issues and that medals and certificates to which he is entitled cannot possibly go out until this authority has reached the Officer-in-Charge War Accounts and Records, Wellington, to whom changes of address should also be notified.

In connection with the issue of medals the Defence Department also states that it is posting the Illuminated Certificates of Service in strong postal tubes, the cost of which has been a heavy item, but the expense is justified, as the certificates should reach the soldiers undamaged. That many Diggers have shown great carelessness in attempting to extract the certificates is evidenced by the fact that a large number of forms have been returned to the Department slashed with knives, and in some cases the tubes have been cut in half, the certificates, of course, suffering a similar fate. The certificate can be easily removed by withdrawing it from one end of the tube with the fingers.

One gallon of petrol contains enough power to move 15 tons of freight one mile.

When the war broke out, the number of automobiles in use in Canada was 67,415, but to-day the number is 400,000.

Pat Kelly came home one night a little to the bad from whisky and went to bed with a somewhat hazy idea of things. In the night he was aroused by the cry of "fire," and in his anxiety to make a hasty toilet and not wholly recovered from the effects of his indiscretion earlier in the evening, he donned his trousers hind side before. As he started down the stairs, he slipped and fell, rolling to the bottom of the flight. A friend rushed to his assistance and exclaimed, "are you hurted, Pat?" Kelly got on his feet slowly, and after an intent and analysing examination of his trousers said, "no, but I got a h—l of a twist."—Col. Brown.

Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

Possibly Mr Massey can, by some sort of mental legerdemain, reconcile his actions and opinion of yesterday with those of to-day, but certainly no one else on God's fair earth can. A little while ago, when discussing the proposed regulation of butter prices in the interests of Dominion consumers he laid particular emphasis on the danger of attempting interference with the "iron laws of supply and demand," and pointed out New Zealand prices must be fixed by the world's markets. Yet, with most brazen change of face, he is, at this very moment, fighting tooth and nail (but in the interests of the wool growing fat man this time) to beat he aforementioned "iron law" to a jelly, and make New Zealand the arbiter of the world's prices—at least so far as our wool is concerned. To this end he proposes to still further inflate our paper currency (while the rest of the sane world is striving desperately to shrink it in order to avert disaster) and so push the cost of living up to such a height that in a little while a pound note will buy nothing but another pound note. How on earth the wily William manages to wrench these opopsing attitudes into harmony with each other, or both, or either, with his promised square deal, or all with his conscience (charitably assuming his possession of such a thing) is one of those things that some of us would give a lot to find out.

An unnamed Dominion has recently placed contracts with Germany totalling £400,000, the lowest British price being £690,000." This item of news was, a few days since, shrieked out to us by the cableman in a tone that plainly indicated horror and alarm at an ominous patriotic laxity somewhere within the Empire. That any Dominion (unnamed) should place its orders with our late enemy for the sake of a beggarly £280,000 is past the understanding of that shopkeeping mind, which regards passive and humble submission to robbery—provided the robbers are our countrymen—as an essential of true patriotism. Well, there are some who think differently, and who hold that in the British profiteer we have quite as powerful and deadly a foe as we had in Fritz, and who will have to be taught just as severe a lesson. For my own part, I consider that the amplest atonement that Germany can make for her manifold past inquiries is to assist in the speedy and utter smashing of the piratical crew who, while assiduous in voicing the loftiest patriotic sentiments, have so long made their country's extremity the occasion of shameless plunder. And the man or Dominion that will not assist her in the good work should seek out a good thistle patch—that is, if the profiteer is not there with a lien on it.

"Creel," who runs the Ananias's (beg pardon, the angling column) in this paper evidently takes his hobby very seriously. At times he grows quite sentimental over it, and, like Silas Wegg, "drops into poetry" of the passionate order, mixing up "fishing brogues," "God," the "Devil" "lost loves" and other things in delightful promiscuity. At others, he becomes distinctly religious, and descants on the spiritualising influences of "flies," "tackle," "seven-pounders," etc. The fisherman, we are told, "on the banks of the babbling brook, with the canopy of the heavens as his church, and the song of the sweet birds filling the air like some grand celestial choir, feels within himself full reverence for Him who made this universe of ours, etc., etc." Well, "Creel" is to be congratulated on his discovery of a new type of angler. I must confess that I haven't met that sort yet. The kind that I know are more concerned with the state of the weather and the water in "the babbling brook," the likliest place for a catch and other prosaic things like that, than with "giving thanks in an unostentatious duly reverent manner" to the Deity for "blue skies" and "free air." Certainly, I grant "Creel" that, say, a week's fishing will make its impression on the spirits. One can see that by counting the empty bottles around any old fishing camp. "Creel" says: "To the true angler it is a grand world." I wonder what the fish, which has just been landed with a hook in its gullet, would have to say to that.

Which reminds me. It was in the back parlour of Bert Stiven's tavern, and the talk was of fish and fishing. After all the other liars had done, the quiet little fellow with the bald head spoke from his corner. (It was not "Creel," by the way). "Well, you can say what you like, but for big fish the Waimatuku beats anything else that I know. Was out there last Saturday, and at the first throw hooked the biggest thing in fins and scales that I've ever seen. Took me three hours to land him. Talk about a whopper!"

"How big? What weight?" came from the other envious and expectant liars.

"Well, unfortunately, I omitted to weigh or measure it. And I'd hate to make up figures, or otherwise lie about it. But one thing I did notice: that was that as I yanked him out the river fell about three inches."

(Again I say it was not "Creel.")

Few maxims will bear close analysis, especially such as are called from the writings of poets. Many are very like soap bubbles—pretty to look at, but hollow and fragile. They are plentiful (there is one or more for every possible occasion) and cheap, which is, perhaps, why we are so prodigal of them. We scatter them, daily, right and left, without ever stopping to examine them; we are quite satisfied that, because our favourite poet, or someone else, has said something before us, it must be true. Nor are we always careful as to its applicability. I am moved to the present grumble by the fact that four times within the last week I have met in my reading Burns' famous couplet:

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

And in every case it seemed to me its use had dubious warrant. Possibly the Prophet of Ayr never intended the lines to have the wide and reckless application that Scotsmen everywhere give them. But, be that as it may, the pious wish was of very doubtful wisdom. For what others see of us is often but a very small part of a very great whole. They see the deed only, and not the circumstance; and, in judging us on the little that they see, they often err as much on the side of severity as we ourselves are prone to do on the side of charity, when surveying our own action. If every man saw himself only as others see him, and so judged himself as others judge him, there would be few outside the walls of the insane asylum in a very little while. It seems the more strange that Burns should have written such lines in that few men have suffered more from the harsh judgment—based on the little that they could see—of his fellowmen than he.

Bill's face wore a smile of reasonable benevolence when he came over last evening. No, he did not want to borrow anything, just came for a yarn.

"Well, Jax," he began meditatively, "Cris'mus is nearly here again. They seems to come quicker an' quicker every year. When yer a kiddie, they're ten years apart; when yer on the down grade from fifty there's on'y about ten weeks between 'em. Funny things, Cris'musses. 'Bout the on'y time yeh can eat all yeh want without bein' called a glutton, an' can be respectable with a skinful of beer. All over the town the womenfolk 'ave been 'ard at work fer the last week gettin' everything ready fer the big gorge. Cakes an' puddin's all made; geese, turkeys, an' other feathered things mostly plucked an' ready fer bakin'. New potatoes an' green peas stacked up in the scullery, an' the ol' man's little keg ready fer the tap. An' think what it means to the kiddies—yeh was one yerself, Jax, if I'm not mistaken. They've been looking' forward to it fer months—ever since last Cris'mus, in fact. It means as much as they can eat of the things they like best, an' chance the castor oil next day. An' old Sandy Claus is sure to come—dad an' mum 'ave fixed the white whiskered ol' fellow up alright, as yeh could see if yeh could look into the locked wardrobe. I'm not very soft, Jax, but I 'ate to think there's any kiddy anywhere that ol' Sandy'll ferget to call on. Jus' fancy 'ow the poor little devil would feel. It would be too tough, altogether. Pr'aps the best thing about Cris'mus, Jax, is that fer one day in the year we get very near to bein' properly civilised. Fer that one day we stop cuttin' each other's throats, an' doin' to others the things that make you mad when the others do them to you. We 'ave a sort of truce, an' everybody wants to shake everybody's 'and, an' wish 'im all sorts of good luck. We all grin an' ferget our troubles—unless 't may be that an' empty chair at the Cris'mus table brings a sigh or two. We do our best to be real decent to each other for once, an' find, to our surprise, that it's not so 'ard, after all. It's a great pity, Jax, that we don't all make a big try to carry that fine, old Cris'mussy feeling right through the other three 'undred an' sixty four days of the year as well." Just then we heard his wife calling him to "come an' kill the geese," and he moved off. Bill is very obedient to authority.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

(By "Commentator").

A friend of mine who has just returned from a trip up Otago Central tells me that he is to be prosecuted by the Railway Department for using a ticket dated three days before. His explanation that the date referred to the day on which he started his journey will probably be accepted by the magistrate.

On being asked by the Railway Unions and Public Service Associations when they could expect the increased bonus granted by the Arbitration Court; Mr Massey replied that he could not give them an answer until Cabinet had met, which somehow reminds one of Hans Breitmann:—

"Und to all of those queries he only
reblies
If you tells me no kvestions I ask you
no lies."

Apropos of the above a public servant of my acquaintance has relieved his pent up feelings somewhat, by discharging the following:—

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, I cannot say
when."

The Press is inundated at the present time with fiery resolutions passed by trades unions protesting against the action of the Arbitration Court in reducing the weekly bonus from 9s to 3s.

This agitation will never cease while the cost of living remains at its present preposterous price per bottle.

You and I know that prices have dropped. Mr Massey knows it. The newspapers know it. Won't it be splendid when the shopkeepers know it?

Signs of the Times.—The Bottle Oh! with his barrow is now very much in evidence.

One of the things that are sent to dry us:—Mr J. S. Baxter.

The latest maxim of the hatless brigade—reduce the cost of living by starting at the top.

"Will there be a corner in mistletoe this year?" asks a newspaper. A more vital question is: "Will there be mistletoe in a corner?"

The Jews harp please:—

For Phyllis I have bought a fan,
For Jane a diamond dart,
For Daphne (who has turned me down)
A ruby broken heart.
A jade affair for Ermytrude,
But nothing yet for Flo.
To her I want to give a ring
And something soft and lingering
Beneath the mistletoe!

Mr Dennis Hunt, who has been carrying out important work at Sunnyside for the Electric Power Board, has just returned to town for the Christmas holidays. He will submit his report on the flora and fauna of the district to Mr C. Campbell in the course of a few days. In the course of conversation, Mr Hunt cryptically remarked that the district was an ideal one but very dry.

Disraeli used to say that although he was always forgetting their faces and never remembered their names he had no difficulty in being pleasant to his followers in the House of Commons.

"When I meet somebody in the lobby whom I don't know from Adam and I see that he expects me to know who he is, I take him warmly by the hand, look straight into his eyes and say: And how is the old complaint? I have never known it to fail!"

Strolling casually down Dee street on Saturday afternoon, I met an old crony whom I had not seen for some time. After the usual salutations, I asked: "Who are you working for now, George?" "The same old firm," he said sadly, "a wife and seven children."

Speaking from the Rotunda recently Sir Thomas Mackenzie remarked that he had known Southland in the early days, "when it was like the description of the Globe in Genesis, without form and void."

We all know that "Tam" has had many unique experiences in his day, but assuredly, a trip to Southland during that interesting period would be one to remember. Sir Thomas should be much sought after by exponents of the nebular hypothesis and Sir A. Conan Doyle.

HUMOUR IN THE LAW COURTS.

To the average individual proceedings in the Law Courts would not appear to be a very promising field for the seeker after humour. And in general it is true that the business of the Courts is of such a nature that anything approaching levity would be quite out of place. In the Criminal Courts the cases are often too momentous and generally too sordid; in the Civil Courts, whilst they seem and may be are of great importance to the parties, they are, as a rule, very boring to mankind at large. Nevertheless even the sombre Halls of Justice sometimes ring with laughter at a witty sally or a humorous rejoinder. True, the laughter is speedily hushed, but the wit is often bright, the humour genuine, if sometimes unconscious, as the following examples, selected from different sources, will show.

Sir Edward Carson is one of the brightest (and most biting) wits at present practising in the Old Country. On one occasion he rose to cross-examine a witness with an obviously red nose. "You drink, my man!" he said bluntly. Witness: "That's my business!" Sir Edward: "Any other business?" Collapse of witness. On another occasion the Judge pointed out to him a discrepancy between the evidence of two witnesses—one a carpenter and the other a publican. "That is so, my Lord," said Carson. "Yet another case of difference between Bench and Bar." Jests concerning drinking recall a story told of Mr Plowden, perhaps the best known magistrate in the City of London. He was once asked if he had ever tried gin and ginger beer. "No," he said, "but I've tried lots of fellows who have."

Mr Hardinge Giffard, better known as Lord Halsbury, in a case where he appeared for a local body in South Wales, displayed great vehemence on behalf of his client. So much so that Baron Bramwell remarked on his enthusiasm. "You are not a Welshman, you know," he observed. "No," said Giffard, "but I have had a good deal out of them in my time." "Ah," said the Judge, "then we may take it that you are a Welshman by extraction." Bramwell, indeed, was a naturally witty man. It was he who invented the well-known classification of perverters of the truth. "Liars, d—d liars and expert witnesses."

A case was once being tried before the Scotch Judge, Lord Young—"Crabbe v. Crabbie" was the name of it. "I may explain, m'lud," said the advocate, "that my client, Crabbe, is a nephew of our opponent, Crabbie, but a few years ago he dropped the 'i' in his name for the sake of euphony." "Oh," said the Judge, "he has Biblical authority for that—'If thy 'i' offend thee, pluck it out.'"

But, as in other types so in Law Court humour, some of the most scintillating gems come from Ireland. Towards the latter end of the eighteenth century Curran probably stood supreme as the readiest wit and most brilliant advocate in the Irish Courts. Small of stature and ugly of face he was endowed with a keen mind and a ready tongue. One burly counsellor who was once opposed to him tried to make capital out of his physical insignificance. "If you go on so, Mr Curran, I'll put you in my pocket." "Egad, if you do," retorted Curran, "You'll have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head." Nor was he averse to giving the judges a "dressing-down." "If you say another word I'll commit you," shouted the Judge on one such occasion, To which Curran replied, "If your Lordship shall do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing your Lordship has committed."

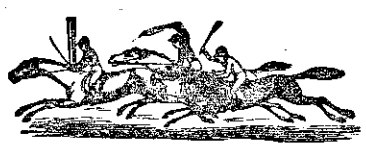
Of present day Irish counsel Mr Timothy Healy is possessed of a rapier wit. He was once engaged in a marital case at Dublin as counsel for the husband, the defendant. The plaintiff's counsel made an impassioned address on behalf of his client, an address which moved both judge and jury to tears; at length himself overcome, the advocate sat down and buried his face in his hands. Mr Healy rose, he looked at the Judge, he looked at the jury, he looked at the opposing counsel; again he let his eye travel round the weeping court and then began: "My Lord, never since Moses struck the rock has there been such a miracle," Irish witnesses too have been responsible for much of the humour of the courts. One was asked by the Judge if he knew what an alibi was. "Sure," said Pat, "it's just like this—it's to be afther proving that ye wasn't where ye was when ye committed a crime that, sure, ye never committed at all." Here is another specimen. Judge: "Mike, I wouldn't think that you would hit a little man like that." Mike: "Suppose that he called you an Irish slob." Judge: "But I am not an Irishman." Mike: "Well suppose he called you a Dutch slob." Judge: "But I am not a Dutchman." Mike: "Well, suppose that he called you the kind of slob that you are."

Women in the witness box sometimes—only sometimes—get a bit flustered as witness one who when asked if all her children were born in wedlock, replied, "No, sir; they were a' born in Paisley. I've never been near the other place in my life." Quite clear and to the point was the reply of one who when asked, "Did your husband hit you between those dates?" answered "No, in the eye." Which is on a par with this one "Did you marry him on the spur of the moment?" "No, sir, at the Registry Office."

In conclusion let me tell the story of a case tried in a County Court, in an action for the wrongful detention of a donkey. The plaintiff was a costermonger; the defendant was a costermonger; they conducted the case in person. At one o'clock the Judge said: "Now, my men, I'm going to have my lunch, and before I come back I hope you'll settle your case out of court." When he returned the plaintiff came ni with a black eye and the defendant with a bloody nose. The defendant said: "Well, your Honour, we's taken your Honour's advice; Jim's given me a dam good hiding, and I've given him back his donkey."

There is not much difference between the average life of a dog and of a cat. A dog averages 12 years, a cat 10.

The amendments to the Shops and Offices' act, 1908, become operative as from January 1, 1921 The principal provisions are that shopkeepers will be limited to only one night in 'Xmas and New Year weeks, and the hour is fixed at 10 o'clock instead of 9 o'clock and 11 o'clock as before. Also, if a shopkeeper observes his ordinary late night on the Thursday before Good Friday, he must give the Holiday on Saturday, thus giving the employee a holiday from Thursday night in Easter week till the following Tuesday. If, however, he chooses to make his late night say Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, he need not give the Saturday holiday. The amendments also provide for a 48 hour week instead of 52. Shopkeepers are advised to make themselves conversant with these amendments.



SPORTING.

Wild Queen and Wild Duffy will be absentees from the Gore, Invercargill and a few after meetings.

The Auckland Cup will be run next Monday and though several are fancied I pin my faith to Hector Gray and Oratress again.

The Railway Department announces that the express trains from Dunedin on both Monday and Tuesday will stop at Wingatui. That should suit Southlanders.

Percy Price will start Tin Soldier at Wingatui next Monday. He is nicely treated but may race better after he has had a race into him.

Diggers did you ever hear of a horse called Thixendale? Have a good look at him at Gore next Monday, and if Andy Pringle is aboard have a little on the pair.

They say Kilbrony will win a hack race during the Wyndham or Invercargill meetings. She belongs to a firm noted for its good luck on the turf, and the touts may be right.

The holiday racing carnival will commence at Gore next Monday with the trotting meeting, and on the following day the Cattle Flat meeting will be held near Balfour.

President Bill Hazlett won the Wallacetown Stakes on Tuesday, two of his fat bullocks topping the market. Everything comes to those who wait so he may win a race yet.

Roy Berry and Miss O'Neil (the pacer I mean), had a roll on the local track the other morning. The lady had a few scratches on her nose but was not otherwise hurt and will be able to do her best next Monday; but she's rattle-headed anyhow.

George Smart is spending some good printer's ink over his show on New Year's Day, and it won't be for a want of printing and advertising if the Wyndham races of 1921 aren't a record. A grand train service has been arranged.

Digger Eric Russell's yearling got badly staked one night last week, and required Councillor Millar's services next morning. Eric has gone off to see Arrowsmith win the Railway Handicap at Auckland next Monday.

It looks as if Bill Massey and Co. are in earnest with their gaming regulations all right; but its still dead easy to lose a quid or so if one really wants a bet. They tell me several members of a leading club in Southland are at the game!

Golden Age, Greenstripe and Cold Water, three names that appear together in the list of handicaps for the Oreti Trot at the Invercargill meeting remind one very much of Bluff. Charley should know something of that combination.

If Alex McKenzie has taught Hineamaru to stay out a mile since the Winton meeting with only 6lbs above the minimum she will be hard in the Waihopai Handicap at Invercargill on Monday week. This mare can go like a scalded cat and given a start in she looks a very likely winner.

The Gore Trotting meeting on Monday will commence at 12.20 p.m. and an excellent train service will land intending patrons right opposite the course in plenty of time, always provided of course, that Bill Massey's engine doesn't break down as they very frequently do now-a-days.

There is a six furlong race at Wyndham named after the ditch they get some good fly fishing in, and in that race on his Gore and Winton running, a neddy called Wild Night (a name that appeals to a lot of Diggers), must have a royal chance. Swanny Smith's luck hasn't been too good lately, and a win is well due him.

When sizing up the amount of your next bet on Red Admiral, don't take any notice of his Winton form. On that occasion his rider was too busy getting round the last bend to have his mind on winning, and if he starts at Wyndham or on the first day of the Invercargill meeting he won't be carrying the same pilot.

According to some critics the new portion of the Southland Racing Club's course will prove false going at New Year time. I have had several looks at it, and all I can say if anybody could have done more in the time and with the money allowed him than Tom Marshall has I would like to see the man. A great many horses will have galloped on worse.

Post Haste passed out on the local course on Tuesday morning after breaking a blood vessel. Ever since coming to Southland he has been a liability instead of an asset to his owner. Young Gibbs who was riding him at the time received a broken collar-bone when he fell, and so will be a looker-on at the holiday meetings.

My sporting friend on the evening contemporary last Saturday set out a comparison of Messrs Dunne, Gibbs and Henrys' handicaps, so it is no good repeating the figures. I do not know that his comparisons pointed to any winners in the four races he chose, but they certainly did point to what we used to call "cribbing" when I was at the night school.

Bill Stone appears to have a "grouch" against all handicappers, and the latter certainly do look after Silver Peak. By keeping the minimum up to seven stone in the local Flying Handicap, Mr Dunne, has made her carry 7lbs more than she would have done with 6st 7lbs minimum. Perhaps in copying the Federal Handicap weights he did not notice that the minimum in the local six furlongs sprint was 6st 7lbs. A little learning is a dangerous thing!

Both Messrs Gibbs and Dunne have a very exalted idea about Willie Swale's Breton. I can understand Mr Dunne's handicapping of him, but how the Wyndham adjuster makes him give Lady Pallas and Wartone weight, well only a Gore handicapper could explain it. Keep your eye and a few bob on Wartone, she's some good, and promises to be one of Warstep's best progeny. Gee what a stanner Warstep was!

Though his cobbers on the Winton Jockey Club did their best for him old Jimmy Duffy has had to go for six months after all. I never for one moment thought the Trotting Association would stand for the Winton decision, but Jimmy's luck was in in only getting six months. Had he done the same thing up north the rest cure would not have been for six years, but for all time. We must keep our sport clean.

Mr Henrys handicapped Corn Rigs to give Mantua 2lbs in the Burnside Handicap at Wingatui next Monday. In the Mimihau Handicap at Wyndham also over six furlongs Mr Gibbs makes the difference between the pair 10lbs. That was a judicious bit of advertising Bill, the prompt scratching of your horses, including this filly, at Wingatui, and the Wyndham race should suit the Winton Stakes winner.

On Monday the Dunedin Summer Meeting will commence, and Southland punters will be well advised to keep most of their money in their pockets and their eyes wide open. Remember there are three days racing in Southland to follow, and a line to form should be worth money one of those days. Fancy trying to pick forty winners in the five days, and there will be plenty who try to. One good thing in the five days will do me, either if it wins or loses.

This column has now been going for just over nine months, and I have to thank my readers for their patience, and my friends for the paragraphs they have supplied me with, quite often I know without any idea at the time of them ever seeing them in these columns. I have always tried to be fair in my criticism, at times a little personal, but always without any spite. If any of my thursts have hurt, all I can ask of those hurt is to remember the fun the other chap has had. This is a season of peace and good will to all men, and trust that my punting friends will have a good time at the holiday meetings, and that all will enjoy

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

IN MEMORIAM.

MEAGER.—In loving memory of Private William Charles Meager, who died of wounds 2nd Australian General Hospital, Wimereaux, France, on December 18, 1917.

You are lying now dear Will, in a sad but honoured grave,
Your name is often spoken in the home you died to save;
But our hearts are all united with the same fond love for you,
And loving thoughts are cherished of one so kind and true.
Father in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now our loved one sleeping.

—Inserted by his loved ones. 4688

BLANCH.—In loving memory of Private Walter Blanch (9th Reinforcements), who died at Auckland, on December 21, 1916, of wounds received in France, dearly beloved son of Mrs F. Blanch, Herbert street, Invercargill.

You are lying now, dear Walter, in a soldier's honoured grave;
Buried with military honours for a home you died to save.
And our hearts are all united with the same fond love for you;
While loving thoughts are cherished of one so brave and true.

—Inserted by his loving mother, sisters, and brothers. 4819

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

OWING to the XMAS HOLIDAYS the next issue of—

"THE DIGGER"

will be on FRIDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1921.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920.

CHRISTMAS 1920.

Once more, with the near approach of the time of peace and goodwill, we would take the opportunity of extending to our readers and Diggers everywhere, the warmest greetings and good wishes for this Christmas season. Another year has passed us by, "Borne from us on the wings of time to the dim realm of the past." We find ourselves again on the eve of Christmas—the third we have now spent apart from the more harrowing associations of war—the droning of hostile 'planes—the howl of 5.9's, and the deep-voiced thunder of guns uplifted in the grim anthem of hate.

We have, in the interval, passed through the transition period of reverting from things military to things civil and social, and we cannot but feel that it is a matter for the heartiest congratulations that the thousands whose stamna was so severely tested on active service, have so quietly and industriously taken their places once more in civilian community life. In the strenuous days of 1914-18 we took pride in the manner in which "our boys" responded to the challenge, and, forsaking the fields of peace, became in the face of a great necessity a fighting force of the first order in the fields of war. In many ways we felt it to be a matter for ever greater pride, that, with so few exceptions the same men have so speedily and so wholeheartedly returned to steady labour and the quiet life.

Christmas is ever the season of memories, and especially will this be so for the men who have came back from over seas. To the quiet fireside of many a returned man, memories will at this time come crowding from the other scenes of past battles on the various fronts. The stinging frost, the driving rain and sleet, the eternal mud of Flanders, the slippery duck-walks, the shell-sprayed road over which the rations had to be brought up, the pitiful attempts to remember Christmas peace and cheer, while Fritz was pitching the tune and raising Cain with high explosive and poison gas. Some padre's honest but oftimes hopeless effort to prove to fellows "fed up" beyond words that it wasn't God's fault that men had lifted the lid and let Hell loose on the earth. Memories of straffes and raids, of dugouts and billets in a hundred different places will paint their pictures in the fire for many a returned man this Christmas. Those "other Christmases" will speak to him again out of the past. From the first to the last of "the piece" he will have them all in mind—those in France or elsewhere and that one that found us at length on German soil—keeping out watch on the Rhine—the time when we had to drop at last the well used: "Je ne vous comprends pas" of France, and learn to express the same thought, and difficulty in the less elegant: "Ich verstehe sie nicht," of Germany.

But the most sacred memories of all must ever be the memories of the "mates" we left behind,—the undying dead. These have a place among the things that remain. Already "out here" the shell holes are being obliterated and overgrown with grass and flowers. War battered cities—Phoenix like are rising from the ashes of their former beauty. Barbed wire entanglements—those cunningly spread spider webs of the devil, are being rolled away from miles of quiet countryside. All is being changed! It is well that it should be so! But the memory of these comrades of ours does not change; it remains! We can scarcely think of them as dead, the men we knew. We see them still as they marched with us over the cobbles of France. We hear their voices as they called their laughing thanks to Madame as she wished them "Bon chance" from her open door as they passed. We see them in the summer-time resting on some green bank at a wayside shrine as they "moved up" towards the line. We see them coming back from a swim swinging their towels and singing at the top of their voices. They did not return: but in some mysterious way we feel that we are one with them still.

And perhaps it is just because of Christmas that this thought comes home to us all the more strongly. The message of Christmas is a message of hope. We have just come through hell and have not yet recovered from the scorching, but the smoke is beginning to rise around us—we begin to see more clearly. We are coming again to understand what truest wisdom has ever known,—that back of all the madness of men—behind the smoke of battle and the clash of arms, one still remains who though He permits such things as men in their blind folly commit—never wills them. One who is still God though clouds and darkness are round about Him; and if the whole of Revelation is not a lie and if Christmas means anything at all that One came to earth to share man's burden—born in a manger nineteen hundred years ago, in Bethlehem on the world's first Christmas morning. The Prince of Peace they named Him. We cannot understand it yet, but in spite of the difficulty the world shall see at last and be glad, for the things that perplex us are but of to-day—He remains and to-morrow is bright with hope.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be.
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord art more than they.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

To those of our community who were privileged to be "over yonder" during the latter part of the war; it was very apparent that the security and effectiveness of the aeroplane as a means of transit would be turned to commercial advantage after the war. This was not long in doubt in Britain and in Europe; and to-day aeroplanes are a regular feature in passenger work and as a link in the general post mail services. New Zealand, though far removed from the "hub of the universe," is nevertheless not behind in realising the value of the latest advance in the means of communication; and Southland, in particular, is at present receiving considerable attention as a possible headquarters for a company to operate between Timaru and Invercargill. When one considers that a business man could leave Timaru at 6.30 a.m. and be in Invercargill in time for office work one is struck by the contrast with present methods of travelling when a dusty and uncomfortable train journey of nine hours' duration is needed to accomplish this same operation. No doubt the novelty of an aeroplane journey from Invercargill to Timaru or to Christchurch would for the first two years, handsomely pay the promoters of the scheme, but by that time the value of the rapid means of transit would be so well recognised that a large fleet of 'planes would be necessary to cope with the traffic. At present there is afoot a scheme to establish locally a "hangar" with its staff of pilots and mechanics, to form the terminus of the Timaru-Invercargill aerial service. In Timaru, in Christchurch, and more particularly in Auckland, the sight of a 'plane overhead is no longer regarded as a novelty; and if those of us who live to the south of Dunedin are to keep abreast of the times, we must see to it that we do not lag behind in this latest commercial venture so popular in the north, but so far almost unknown in Southland. That the commercial utility of the 'plane is realised in Timaru was well proved on Friday last when the arrangements made by our local representatives to fly from Timaru to Invercargill were forestalled by an enterprising party who took advantage of the fast aeroplane service to connect with the ferry service.

The annual musical examinations, this year conducted by Mr Schilsky, were concluded on Monday, the talented examiner expressing himself highly pleased with performances of the local candidates. Special mention was made by Mr Schilsky upon the performance of Miss Marjorie Manson, who was awarded highest marks in the Dominion. It speaks highly for the interest displayed in music in Invercargill, when we consider that 150 candidates presented themselves in Invercargill, while in Dunedin, a town four times the size of our southern capital, there were only 300.

During his tour of New Zealand, Mr Schilsky has examined 3000 candidates, and speaks very highly of the standard of work it has been his pleasure to examine.

A party of "Diggers" mindful of long marches, bad food and bivouacs are evidently suffering a relapse. Not content with all the comforts so fondly thought of while abroad, they propose penetrating the "Unknown" that lies to north-west of Hauroko. Some of the party in pre-war days had experienced the intermingled pleasure and hardship that the Fiord country affords. Bush dripping with water, tired limbs, short rations, supple jack entanglements are the inevitable accompaniments of such excursions. During a notable trip from Manapouri to Doubtful Sound one tall member of the party expressed a determination to spend his next holiday in a consumptive sanatorium by way of contrast. Yet the spirit of the explorer has triumphed, and he is making enquiry at the Defence Office for a valise, the "Diggers' portmanteau," in which he was accustomed to carry upon his back all his wordly possessions. The campaign is to last about two weeks and we shall welcome an account of their trip in a later issue.

There have been lately many indications that the Government intends shortly to tackle the important question of Forestry in a business-like way, and in the applications invited by the Public Service for men qualified for Conservators and rangers there is proof that the necessity of action is necessary.

Early in the year the N.Z. Government brought from Canada to this country Captain Ellis, a fully qualified expert, to make an exhaustive report on the country's timber resources, and to include in his report a plan to obviate the depletion of the vast forests which once covered most of our mountain lands. Captain Ellis has spent most of the year inspecting our forests, and it is to provide the machinery to put his proposed plan into execution, that applications for men with experience in forestry are being called. Those Southland people, who a few months ago, met this Canadian lumber-man, recognised that he was one who would make good in the task he had undertaken.

That our natural forests were being rapidly cut down, without any really consistent effort being made to replace them, is a fact that has lately been only too obvious to the thinking man; but until the appointment of Captain Ellis, little had been done.

It is to be hoped that, under the control of this gentleman, the new Department of Forestry will be of real value in this country, and that before long we shall see efforts being made to get the most value from what is a very valuable natural asset, the permanency of which has only lately been growing more and more doubtful.

We hope to see returned soldiers having a chance in the new appointments to be made; and no doubt as Captain Ellis is an ex-member of the C.E.F., he will recognise that the arduous and exacting tasks of the Field made men who will be of use to him in his gigantic task.

Southland has been badly neglected in the matter of tree-planting; and the fact is the more remarkable when one considers the great need that exists in this Province, for shelter belts of trees to afford protection for stock against the wintry blasts of the prevailing south-west winds. Probably the early settlers had such an amount of fine timber within easy distance, or perhaps they overlooked the fact that sooner or later trees planted would be valuable; but whatever the reason, visitors to our district always remark n the absence of well-arranged belts of trees, such a cmmon feature of the landscape in the north.

Our many soldier settlers in Southland should be made well aware of the fact that they are able to obtain from Tapanui Government nursery 500 trees for plantation purposes. They should, too, be instructed that there is no use planting trees unless fences to keep stock from the young trees are erected. Many men go to much trouble to plant trees; but neglect to take this precaution, with the result that the stock immediately ruin the trees put in. This important work of inducing farmers to plant suitable trees for shelter and later for milling purposes, will, no doubt, form a part of Captain Ellis' scheme.

The late Dr McNab was surely a pioneer in Southland in the realm of afforestation; and the trees planted some 16 years ago by that gentleman on his Knapdale estate, are now not only yielding immense benefit to the stock, but are already attracting considerable attention on account of the marketable timber in the belts. They have, at the same time, time contributed much to enhance the beauty of this fertile part of the country.

A number of our young men who after the armistice undertook a course of study under N.Z.E.F. scholarships, have devoted their time to the study of forestry, and on their return to this land, they should be very valuable to take their places in the Forestry Department, and to help to preserve our commercial areas of fine timber.

"Diggers" are reminded of the many thoughtful and kindly messages that were wont to be sent to them when "The Boys at the Front" was the first thought of friends at home. Send your Christmas greetings this week if you have not done so before.

Invercargill is to be well and worthily represented at the forthcoming Band Contest at Nelson, where the Hibernian and the 8th Regimental Bands are to try conclusions with the other crack bands of New Zealand. No stone will be left unturned by the respective conductors Messrs Wills and Siddall, to have their bands well trained to participate in the contest.

It will be interesting to watch the career of the Hibernian Band, especially when one considers the highly creditable position occupied by this enthusiastic young band at the recent Dunedin Contest.

The Band of the 8th Regiment, popularly known as the "Garrison Band," has behind it a fine record, and its bandroom possesses trophies won in many contests not only in New Zealand, but in Australia as well. Recently reorganised and now under the capable baton of Mr Siddall, the son of the popular and gifted conductor of the old redoubtable Garrison, the Regimental, will, like the Hibernian, give a good account of it-

self in Nelson. The "Digger" congratulates both these organisations on their efficiency and keenness; and wishes them the very best of luck.

From the "Digger" window I look across Dee street's whirling traffic, to the fine new shop of Messrs Davis and Prentice, where dwells an interesting "Digger" whose interest in coloured beverages recently brought him closer to the pearly gates than all the lethal advices of Jacko and Fritz. The prompt steps of this young mechanic when he discovered that the taste of the fluid did not come within his tabulated and varied assortment of "thirst quenchers," led him to the "Boss Digger" at the hospital, where effective methods were quickly taken to rid him of the "spirits of salt," which had somehow got into the wrong bottle. We are pleased to see our young genial friend once more speeding about on his reliable and well-known Indian as "smart" as ever.

Since last issue one of our most enthusiastic and oldest draughts players has passed away in the person of Mr James H. Whitaker, vice-president of the Invercargill Draughts Club. At one time a prominent chess player he forsook it for draughts and has been a constant supporter of the club and a regular attender since. His was a kindly cheerful disposition, and he had many fine qualities. Modest in his victories over the board (he was in the front rank as a natural player and never relied on the book). He was never vexed with his losses and was always ready to give credit to those who won from him. His presence at meetings of the club will be much missed. His bereaved family have the club's sincere sympathy in their sad loss.

"SETTLING DOWN."

It is now over two years since the Armistice and more than a year since the majority of the soldiers were repatriated, and it is interesting and gratifying to note the way in which the returned soldiers have settled down to civilian life. Doubts were expressed as to whether or not the returned men would "settle down." It has been noted in other parts of the Empire that employers were not anxious to employ V.C. winners, inclining to the opinion that the psychology of these men unfitted them for civilian life. The same lack of faith in the returning men was noted in this country when opinions were expressed that the experience of war would have a very unsettling effect on the majority of the men. Two types of individuals could be looked for—the ordinary working civilian who didn't go abroad, and the returned soldier whose chief characteristic would be his indolence. It must be very gratifying to the prophets to see their prohpecies failing already, to note the way in which the returned men have settled down and to observe the part that they are playing in the community. We now find returned soldiers in every walk of life fulfilling their obligations as citizens in the same manner as they fulfilled their duties as soldiers. Occasionally we do find a returned soldier breaking the laws of the country and bringing trouble on himself, but the great majority—probably ninety-nine per cent.—of the men capable of working have accepted work willingly and cheerfully as their lot in life henceforth. In this consideration it is pleasing to know that the men who have been financially assisted by the Government to go on the land and acquire houses and businesses are fulfilling their obligation. It is authoritatively stated that the arrears of interest on borrowed money is a very small amount compared with the total due. This proves beyond doubt that the returned soldier has "settled down" and is now playing his part in the civil life of the community in the same spirit that he played his part at the war. His part now is work and he has not taken long to realise it. Unfortunately we have in our midst too large a number of those who by reason of wounds and disease cannot work, but it is safe to affirm that the returned men who can work are now working. Of course in every community there are to be found people who endeavour to rub along and live without rendering any services in return, and amongst returned soldiers, men of this class may occasionally be met with. When they are discovered it may be reasonable to assume that the war was not responsible for their present indolent ways, that the habit was acquired prior to the war, that they were of little use at the war, and now get very little sympathy from the great number of returned soldiers who are playing an important part in the life of the country. Fortunately the number of indolent ones is almost a negligible quantity and it is satisfactory to be able to say that the returned soldier has now "settled down."

BOXING

"DENNY" MURPHY v. "SEAMAN" BROWN.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3.

Keen interest is being shown in the arrangements for the forthcoming professional boxing contest between "Denny" Murphy and "Seaman" Brown to be held in the Municipal Theatre, Invercargill on 3rd January next for a purse of £100 and the welter weight championship of N.Z. Since their opening announcement the committee have been fortunate in arranging a match between Brian McCleary (amateur Australasian heavy-weight champion) and the local boxer, C. Whitaker, who has just returned from Wellington after a course of instruction under Fritz Holland, and is showing much improved form. McCleary is bringing with him a very clever light weight in McAleer, who will be matched with J. Mitchell, of Dunedin (winner in the recent Wairongoa Shield Competition held in Dunedin against Canterbury). These bouts with the addition of W. J. Sycamore v. L. McDonald (Dunedin), M. J. Neylon v. S. Mackey (Dunedin) and D. Adams v. W. Rowe (Dunedin) should provide the best programme ever staged in Invercargill. The local committee are sparing no efforts to make the fixture a success and carpenters have been busy engaged in building suitable staging in the theatre to accommodate some 200 ringside patrons. The box plan opened at the secretary's office Esk street, on Monday last, and patrons would be wise to secure a seat as indications all point to a record house.

Admission:—Ringside, £1; Dress Circle and Orchestral Stalls, 10s; Back Stalls, 5s; Gallery, 3s.

WYNDHAM RACING CLUB.

NEW YEAR'S DAY ACCEPTANCES.

The following are the acceptances for the Wyndham R.C.'s annual fixture on New Year's Day:—

New Year Hurdles (one mile and five furlongs).—Compulsion and Farrister 10.9, Awahou and Mandrake 9.13, Achilleas 9.8, Calma 9.6, Staff Officer 9.5, Goodstart, Moonglow, and Red Tape 9.0.

Trial Plate, £120 (five furlongs).—Breton 8.13, Hard Cash and Frenchman 8.12, Lady Knight 8.10, Clothilde 8.8, Killory 8.7, Admiral Fisher, Gleatruin, Herbert, Lady Blissful, Markilla, Moereka, Rockhampton, Royal Admiral, and Strowana 8.5.

Victory Class Trot (harness), £200, class 3.50 (one mile and a-half).—Dark Rosine, Downcast, Oaknut, Outcast, and Pessimist limit, Colchester and John Richmond 12yds behind, Kentucky Wood, Maile, Rothbell 24, St. Mihiel 72.

Wyndham Cup, £600 (one and a-quarter miles).—Eleus 8.6, Almoner and Bengeroop 8.5, Satisfaction 8.1, Kilkee 8.0, Killowen 7.12, Tin Soldier 7.9, Melee and Thaddeus 7.7, Jock and Linden 7.5, Malaga 7.2, Twinkle and Glenshine 7.0, Red Admiral 6,12, Hineamaru 6.9, Sunny Loch and Miss Muriel 6.7.

Mimihau Handicap, £150 (six furlongs). Cattach 8.10, Corn Rigs and Roniform 8.5, Filigree 8.1, Sunlit 7.11, Jazz, Mantua and Osterman 7.9, Bothnia 7.8, Blue Admiral and Wild Night 7.7, Hard Cash 7.6, Reproachful, Lady Pallas, Kokowai, and Flag Lieutenant 7.5, Clothilde 7.3.

President's Handicap, £200 (six furlongs).—Almoner and Satisfaction 8.12, Buller 8.9, Kilkee and Killowen 8.8, Kilbrogan 8.2, Rokelaine, Algidus, and Borodino 7.10, Caverock 7.5, Redshire 7.0, Helicon, Pyjama, and Link Up 6.13, Bothnia 6.12, Orderdown 6.9.

Digger's Trot (saddle), £150 (one mile).—Donside, Eppie Adair, Fashion Plate, Moor Chimes, Marvendale, and Polygon limit, Pessimist, Quickmatch, and Vitalis 24yds behind, Lord Rokeby 36, Kentucky Wood 48, Black Harold 72, Evening Chimes 84.

Visitors' Hack Handicap, £180 (one mile).—Algidus and Marching Order 9.0, Mettle Drift 8.7, Corn Rigs 8.5, Etta 8.2, Bazama 8.1, Mirza 7.8, Wild Night and Breton 7.7, Lady Pallas and Kokowai 7.5, Whipcord 6.13.

Pen P ct res of the War.

SERIES IV.

We shall conclude our comments on Philip Gibbs by quoting a choice criticism of the military clique. To the reader who, like Oliver Twist, asks for more we heartily recommend the original work: "The Realities of War," which is obtainable at the Athenaeum.

"FAWNING AND FLATTERY."

There was one whose conversation I remember (having taken notes of it before I turned in that night). It was a remarkable conversation, summing up many things of the same kind which I had heard in stray sentences by other officers, and month by month, years afterwards, heard again, spoken with passion. This officer who had come out to France in 1914 and had been fighting ever since by a luck which had spared his life when so many of his comrades had fallen round him, did speak with passion. He spoke with a bitter mocking irony. He said that G.H.Q. was a close corporation in the hands of the military clique who had muddled through the South African War, and were now going to muddle through a worse one. They were, he said, entrenched behind impregnable barricades of old moss-eaten traditions, red tape, and caste privilege. They were, of course, patriots who believed that the Empire depended upon their system. They had no doubt of their inherent right to conduct the war, which was "their war" without interference, or criticism, or publicity. They spent many hours of the days and nights in writing letters to each other, and those who wrote most letters received most decorations and felt, with a patriotic fire, within their breasts that they were getting on with the war.

Within their close corporation there were rivalries, intrigues, perjuries, and treacheries like those of a medieval court. Each general and staff officer had his followers and his sycophants who jostled for each other's jobs, fawned on the great man, flattered his vanity, and made him believe in his omniscience. Among the General Staff there were various grades—G.S.O. I., G.S.O. 11., G.S.O., 111., and those in the lower grades fought for a higher grade with every kind of artfulness, and diplomacy, and backstair influence. They worked late into the night. That is to say, they went back to their offices after dining at mess—"so frightfully busy, you know, old man!"—and kept their lights burning, and smoked cigarettes, and rang up each other on the telephone with futile questions, and invented new ways of preventing something from being done somewhere. The war to them was a far-off thing essential to their way of life, as miners in the coal-fields are essential to statesmen in Downing street, especially in cold weather. But it did not touch their souls or their bodies. They did not see its agony, or imagine it, or worry about it. They were always cheerful, breezy, bright and optimistic. They made a little work go a long way. They were haughty and arrogant with subordinate officers, or at the best affable and condescending; and to superior officers they said, "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "Quite so, sir," to any statement, however absurd in its ignorance and dogmatism. If the major-general said, "Wagner was a mountebank in music," G.S.O. 111., who had once studied at Munich, said, "Yes, sir," or, "You think so, sir? Of course, you're right."

If a lieut.-colonel said, "Browning was not a poet, a staff captain, who had read Browning at Cambridge, with passionate admiration, said, "I quite agree with you, sir. And who do you think was a poet, sir?"

It was the army system. The opinion of a superior officer was correct, always. It did not admit of contradiction. It was not to be criticised. Its ignorance was wisdom.

G.H.Q. lived, said our guest, in a world of its own, rose-coloured, remote from the ugly things of war. They had heard of the trenches, yes, but as the West End hears of the East End—a nasty place where common people lived. Occasionally they visited the trenches as society folk go slumming, and came back proud of having seen a shell burst, having braved the lice and the dirt.

"The trenches are the slums," said our guest. "We are the Great Unwashed. We are the mud-larks."

There was a trench in the salient called J.3. It was away out in advance of our lines. It was not connected with our own trench system. It had been left derelict by both sides, and was a ditch in No Man's Land. But our men were ordered to hold it "to save sniping." A battalion commander protested to the head-quarters staff. There was no object in holding J.3. It was a target for German guns and a temptation to German miners.

"J.3," came the staff command, "must be held until further orders."

We lost 500 men in holding it. The trench and all in it were thrown up by mines. Among those killed was the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce, the husband of Camille Clifford, with other husbands of women unknown.

Our guest told the story of the massacre in Neuve Chapelle. "This is a death sentence," said the officers who were ordered to attack. But they attacked, and died, with great gallantry as usual.

"In the slums," said our guest, "we are expected to die if G.H.Q. tells us so, or if the Corps arranges our funeral. And generally we do."

That night when the snow lay on the ground I listened to the rumbling of the gunning away in the salient, and seemed to hear the groans of men at Hooge, at St. Eloi, in awful places. The irony of that guest of ours was frightful. It was bitter beyond justice, though with truth in the mockery, the truth of a soul shocked by the waste of life and heroism.

. . . . When I met him later in the war he was on the staff.

We now leave Gibbs and turn to a writer of distinction on the works of the Navy.

SUBMARINE v. SUBMARINE.

Rear-Admiral Sims of the American Navy has written a series of articles on "The Victories at Sea," with special reference to the American Navy. To any Digger who had a high opinion of the actual fighting contributed by the Americans to the cause of the Allies we would recommend the original articles which are being published in "The Worlds Work," and may be obtained from the Municipal Library.

He praises the Allied submarines as being the most effective agency in the destruction of German underwater craft. The Allied destroyers, about 500 in number, sank 34 German submarines with gunfire and depth charges; Auxiliary patrol craft, such as trawlers, yachts and the like, about 3000 in number, sank 31; while the Allied submarines which were about 100 in number sank 20.

The German submarine, in search of harmless merchantmen, spent most of its time on the surface with its conning tower and deck exposed, thereby keeping its batteries fully charged against the event of being attacked. The Allied submarine when once on its hunting ground spent all the daylight hours under water with only the periscope visible from time to time for a few seconds. Just as the U-boat could spot an Allied destroyer at a great distance without being itself seen, so could the lurking periscope invariably see the U-boat on the surface long before this tiny object came within the view of the enemy's conning tower. Our submarine commander could remain submerged, sweep the ocean with his periscope until he had picked up the enemy; then, still unseen beneath the water, he could steal up to a position within range and discharge a torpedo into the U-boat's fragile side. The German submarine received the same treatment that it was itself administering to harmless merchantmen, being torpedoed without warning.

The combat was usually one-sided and the issue was determined in a few minutes. More often than not our torpedos missed for the U-boat is a small target. The missile would usually pass a few feet ahead or astern or would glide a few inches over or under the submarine bulk. Once an American torpedo hit its enemy squarely on the side but failed to explode. If once the torpedo struck and functioned, however, it was all over in a few seconds. A huge geyser of water would leap into the air; the submarine would fly into parts in a dozen directions, then the water would gradually subside leaving a mammoth oil patch in which two or three members of the crew might be struggling in the waves.

One of the most interesting exploits is that of the E.35, a British submarine, in May 1918, patrolling in the Atlantic about 200 miles west of Gibraltar. Two or three miles away appeared a low lying object which to the practised eye at the periscope soon revealed itself as a huge U-boat proceeding north at a leisurely pace and never suspecting that one of its own kind was on its trail. Several times the British commander dived to forty feet and made at full speed towards the German, coming up to periscope depth from time to time to make sure of his distance. When the range had been decreased to 250 yards the missle was launched in the direction of the foe. But this was only one of the numerous occasions when the shot missed. A surface ship, from its elevation would have seen the tell-tale wake of the torpedo and probably escaped by flight; but the U-boat awash with the waves sailed nonchalantly on its way never suspecting for a moment that torpedo had missed its vitals by a few feet.

The E.35 crept still closer and fired two torpedoes simultaneously, both hit at the same moment. A terrific explosion was heard, a mountain of water rose in the air, then in a few seconds everything was still. A small patch of oil appeared on the surface this gradually expanded; and then a few German survivors came up and swam towards the British vessel.

Admiral Sims claims that the inventor of the modern submarine was an American, an undergraduate of Yale University, named David Burtwell, who in 1777 invented an under water craft which contained all the principles of construction embodied in the submarine of to-day. His chief inspiration was his hostility to Great Britain which was at that time at war with America, but his invention failed to account for any of the British war vessels which were then anchored off the coast. His successor, Robert Fulton, was inspired by a similar ambition. In 1801 Fulton took his "Nautilus" into the harbour of Brest and blew a merchant ship into a thousand pieces. This dramatic experiment was intended to convince Napoleon that there was one way in which he could destroy the English fleet. The demonstration failed to convince Napoleon of the value of the submarine and Fulton eventually returned to America to become famous in developing the steam-boat.

HOUSING LEGISLATION.

A review of the amendments to the Housing Act made last session has been supplied by a member of the legal profession, by whom the principal changes effected by the new legislation here been summarised. The powers of magistrates have been widened, and there are several points of importance which both landlord and tenants will do well to note. The reviewer states that until 1916 the law of New Zealand was much the same as that of England as to dwellings, in relation to landlord and tenant. If a tenant was a weekly tenant, a week's notice to him, or from him, was sufficient, but if there was no agreement as to the term of the tenancy or the notice required a month's notice on either side was necessary. The war brought changes. Many wives during their husband's absence came to live in towns, and rents went up. Many were turned out to make room for better paying tenants, and to relieve the situation the War Legislation Amendment Act, 1916, contained provisions against the increase of rents. Rents were fixed at what they were for the dwellings on August 3, 1914, or if not let on that date, the last rent paid before that date or the rent paid when first let after that date. Increases were allowed when improvements and additions were made during the tenancy. This increase was fixed at 8 per cent. on the cost of the improvements and additions. In addition to fixing the rents, the Act limited an owner's right to get possession. He could get it only when he needed it for himself or his family, or someone in his employ, or some other ground satisfactory to the Court. A landlord could not increase rent where the increase was allowed unless he gave 28 days' notice to the tenant with certain particulars added. There were other restrictions, but these need not be mentioned.

—Protection for Soldiers.—

After this many soldiers began to return, most of them ill or wounded, and the difficulty they had in getting housing led to further legislation. The War Legislation Act, 1917, further interfered with the rights of owners of dwellings let to tenants. A tenant could apply in writing to have the capital value of a house determined by a magistrate, in order to have the rent fixed. The Act was made to apply to furnished dwellings, the proportion to be paid in respect of the furniture to be fixed by the magistrate. The difficulties occasioned by the returning soldiers were not removed, and, in 1918, it was enacted that no order for the ejectment of a soldier, discharged soldier or the wife or window of one, should be made as long as the tenant paid the proper rent and otherwise observed the conditions to be followed.

In the case of anyone else but a soldier, his wife, or widow no order for ejectment could be made, except where the owner required the place for his own occupation, or he had sold to another who wanted to live in it, or some other reason deemed sufficient by the Court. In the case of a dependent of a soldier the Court was not to make an order if it would not be just or equitable, or would be the cause of undue hardship on the tenant. "Dependant" means the father, mother, stepfather, a sister's child, stepchild, illegitimate child, wholly or partly dependent on the soldier. The Act in ordinary cases only applied to a house the proper rent of which was not more than £104 per annum. There was more legislation in 1919. By section 56 of the Housing Act it was enacted that the Court may refuse to make an order in any case where it is of opinion that the making of the order would cause undue hardship to the tenant.

The amendments of the law during the session just closed are contained in the Housing Amendment Act, 1920. They are briefly: The provisions of the Act of 1916 are not to apply to any house first let after the 1920 Act comes into force, that is, November 9 of this year. That would mean new houses completed after that date. A landlord may apply to a magistrate for relief. The magistrate, after taking into consideration the outgoings in connection with the house, such as rates, insurances, and other expenditure, may fix the standard rent at 7 per cent. net on the value of the house on August 3, 1914. He is also entitled to take into consideration, in fixing this rent, deterioration that could not be made good by repairs. Any rent paid by the tenant in excess of the standard rate fixed by the magistrate may be recovered by the tenant.

The payment of any bonus for the purpose of getting a house or the acceptance of any such bonus or the payment of any money for the purpose of getting possession of the house already occupied by another tenant are made offences and punishable by a fine up to £100. Any moneys paid as such may be recovered as a debt. As another ground for an owner recovering possession any tenant letting a portion of the dwelling house and making a profit out of it may be ordered to give up possession.

A magistrate may determine a standard rent of rooms let, whether furnished or unfurnished. In questions of hardship that which the tenant may have to bear in quitting is not the only one. The magistrate may consider the hardship that may be suffered by the owner of the premises in the event of the refusal to make an order for his possession.

INVERCARGILL MOTOR CLUB.

AIMS AND OBJECTS.

Lately there has been a good deal of talk about the benefits to be derived from a Motor Club. As a Club has just recently been formed in Invercargill a few instances of what has been accomplished by sister clubs will be of interest to all those who have the welfare of motoring at heart. In order not to get too far from our own centre let us quote what the Otago Club has done not only for its own members but for every user of the road. In scores of places where roads were bad or metal put on a road and left unblinded the Club has been instrumental in inducing the County or Borough Council concerned to rectify matters. In some cases working bees were formed by club members to assist in the work and monetary aid often forthcoming where the borough did not feel justified in spending allocations on one paticular part of a road. Throughout Otago sign posts have been erected and warning signs on dangerous corners. Bridges and culverts have been erected on the recommendation of the Club and a hundred and one things which go to make motoring a real pleasure have been accomplished. There is plenty of room for improvements in Southland and if we are to maintain our progressive policy we must have a body which is alive to the needs of the community and able to point the way. We trust the Southland Motor Club will fill the bill in this respect.

There has never before been such a need for motorists to stand shoulder to shoulder as there is at the present time. Next session of Parliament legislation is to be brought down taxing motors. No reasonable motorist objects to a tax if the money derived therefrom is to be expended on the roads. Various suggestions have been made as to the form this tax should take; one suggestion is on the h.p. of the car. This is manifestly unfair, as one man who has a high powered car may only use it a few days a week, and another man who has a low-powered car may use the car (and the road) every day and night and only pay half the tax the first man does. It is the opinion of northern motor clubs that the only fair tax is a tyre tax. This not only gets at the man who uses the roads a great deal but it gets the fast and reckless driver who while fast driving damages the road and wears his tyres out quicker. This form of tax would be very easy to collect through the Customs. Unless motorists unite they will have no say in the matter, so it behoves every motorist in Southland to join up and as a collective body tell the legislators what form of taxation should be levied

THE FARM.

(By "Furrow").

HOW OFTEN MILKED?

It has long been known that the quantity of milk which cows will give, even the quality, is dependent upon the way in which the manner of milking is carried out, says an exchange. Therefore the value of good and quick milkers is obvious. Much has been written about the extra milk which can be obtained by more frequent milking, but it seems from competent judgment that this has been much overrated, not so much as to the amount obtainable as to the feasibility of carrying it out in practice.

Indeed, practical results indicate that milking three times a day only gives six to seven per cent extra milk, and this may not pay in many herds, though four times daily may be an improvement with deep milkers, because it is found that the milk continuously increases the oftener it is drawn, though there is a limit to this. In some interesting experiments where this was put to the test at twelve, six, four and two hours' intervals, the milk drawn increased in about the following proportions, 5¼, 6¾, 8½, 9¼, up to 10 at hourly intervals, but suddenly dropped to 1½ when the interval was curtailed by a quarter of an hour.

It seems pretty clear that the more empty the udder is of milk the faster it comes along into the teat, even if it is not manufactured to a large extent during the process of milking, which is one theory—for the udder cannot possibly hold it all—and it is believed at the present day that it is made from the blood by the very delicate machinery of the circulation. This may supply a reason for the greater adequacy of frequent milking, and though Nature is very retentive of her secrets in this direction, some knowledge of this kind tends to explain why cows are so suspectible to the manner in which they are milked. The advantages of quick milking are perhaps more easily accounted for by a consideration of these circumstances than are those of more frequent milking, and here there seems to be much more tendency to improved quality than increase in quantity, though this is hardly in accordance with American experience, for Dr Babcock found quality improved by 10 per cent of butterfat, while only 2 to 13 per cent. increase in the amount of milk drawn was observed.

The differences in morning and evening milk are well known, but as far as quantity is concerned perhaps this is not so common as may be imagined, for the writer recently found the occupier of a farm on which he was living was apparently unaware of this very familiar fact, or his own either. The milking was at 10 or 10½ hours' day interval, which, of course, is in favour of equal returns night and morning, likewise of equalising the richness. Some East of Scotland trials showed that twelve hours' intervals reduced the discrepancy to 60 per cent., a mere nothing from a substantial amount.

This recalls the suggestion which someone once put forward of milking once a day only by adopting the ingenious plan of advancing and retarding the two operations by one minute per day until the times coincided!

THE COW.

AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION.

Most potent of all single influences in the building of this, the mightiest nation in history, is the "cow." Her sons drew the ploughs which first cultivated the land of the new world; hauled to market the produce of the fields, and with slow energy moved the chattels and household goods beyond the mountains to new homes in the further west.

They supplied the beef which is the food of the Anglo-Saxon, a race that was never conquered since history began. They furnished the shoes of the pioneers who trod the unknown wilds, and made of them the farmsteads and cities of our present enlightenment. They gave the clothes and robes to protect the pioneer against the destroying blast of winter, and made commerce possible before the railway was. They covered the chair upon which he sat, filled the mattress upon which he slept, and glued together the furniture he used.

The old cow is the mother of the whole bovine and foster-mother of half the human race. From the roadside weed she manufactures the most nourishing of human foods. She is the ready aid of the farmer, the pet of the rich man and the ever-present help of the poor. She is the economist of the people and the conservator of their resources. She partakes of the grass of the fields, and leaves the farm the richer for her presence.

The Poultry-Yard

(By S.Q.M.).

HOW TO SELECT THE LAYERS.

The times are changed since those days when poultry breeders were content to produce fowls of undeniable high quality, as shown in type, markings in the feather, and other fancy distinctions, but had an utter disregard and a cool contempt for economical egg production. The fact is to-day palpable, whatever may be the reason, that poultry breeders, whether their object is for exhibition birds or whether their idea is to produce fowls with inordinate power of egg production, work on a more business-like basis. They must have a reason for their existence other than type, "feather," and those other etceteras that go towards making up the poultry exhibitor's ideal of beauty.

In the past I have heard breeders say—and say it with a certain amount of pride—that several of their blue-blooded hens would not lay more eggs than sufficient for a couple of hatches in the 12 months; but they added that half of the hatched birds would turn out winners at the next season's shows. But now he would be a venturesome man who would advertise the fact that his hens would be, from an economic point of view, practically a burden to their owner. Such a class of stock, whether the strain be "exhibition" or "utility," is unwanted at the present time. For it may be taken for granted that every breeder of poultry, unless he carries his head in the clouds, insists that his hens be a profitable proposition.

Having these matters in mind, and desiring to keep in touch with the times, it is essential that some means be devised by which the selection of profitable stock may be ensured. These means are very necessary in establishments where pedigree is non-existent, and where there is little or no accommodation for the individual testing of the breeding hens. But, in all cases, no matter what the device is or methods for gaining accurate knowledge of a hen's productive capacity may be, there is always the unsolvable present. For we may have pedigree, appearance, measurements, and other methods which are applied for the selection of bountiful egg-producers, and yet the individual hen may as a producer, turn out to be a rank failure.

This uncertainty is markedly noticeable in the lists issued by various egg-laying competition establishments, where a number of hens from the one breeder is competing. A couple of those hens may be in a good position in the published list, while three, four, or more, may be near the bottom. Yet these hens are probably of the one strain, have been as well cared for as the leaders, and, without doubt, have been submitted to the particular methods adopted for the better selection of egg-producers. All systems break down before the unsolvable. And the unsolvable is secreted in the breast of Nature.

In seeking for the best layers, do not pin your faith in the tests of pullets, for the simple reason that in the first year's laying results the pullet is at its best, and may give good to excellent results—results that may prove in the end "too sweet to be substantial." And whether you judge for production by pedigree or appearance, let soundness of constitution be the first essential.

There are many points to be considered when culling for the best layers. The chief of these points are the age of the bird, the time of the year, the quality of skin and bone, the condition of the bird, and its general apeparance.

The age of the bird is important, for after the first laying season the production of eggs varies considerably, and if, as it should be, a second, third, or even a fourth season hen is required for the breeding pen, this variation must be fully allowed for. The variation of production is invariably on the lower grade, according to the age of the bird. A fall of 15 per cent. in egg production between the output of the pullet and the second season hen may be taken as a groundwork in estimating the likely production of the latter, a further decline of 10 per cent. has to be considered per annum as the age increases. If such a hen gives fair returns and continues in bodily vigour, she is not to be despised, and may be bred from in the firm belief that her progeny will be able to earn their oats. It is not the hen with an abnormal capacity for egg production that ensures success; so having fair results from a sound constitution hen, be content, for such a hen properly mated may, with advantage, be relegated to the breeding pen. The time of the year is a factor that is inseparable in any system of selection. In the early autumn, and during the moulting time especially a hen is weakened in its power for egg production.

THE 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, 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.

THE LEGEND OF ST. DOROTHEA.

Have you ever read the legend of St. Dorothea? It is told by Charles Kingsley in his essay on "The Poetry of Sacred and Lengendary Lore," and from his version Uncle William will give part of the old but very beautiful legend.

In the province of Cappadocia and in the city of Caesarea, dwelt a noble virgin whose name was Dorothea. In the whole city there was none to be compared to her in beauty and grace of person. She was a Christian, and served God day and night with prayers, with fasting, and with alms.

The Governor of the city, by name Sapritius, was a very terrible persecutor of the Christians, and hearing of the maiden and her beauty he ordered her to be brought before him. She came with her mantle folded on her bosom and her eyes meekly cast down. The Governor asked "Who art thou?" and she replied "I am Dorothea, a virgin and servant of Jesus Christ." He said, "Thou must serve our gods or die." She answered mildly, "Be it so, the sooner shall I stand in the presence of Him whom I most desire to behold."

Then Sapritius ordered her to be carried back to the dungeon. He sent to her two sisters whose names were Calista and Christete, who had once been Christians but who from terror of the torments with which they were threatened had renounced their faith in Christ. To these women the Governor promised large rewards if they would induce Dorothea to follow their evil example; and they, never doubting their success, boldly undertook the task.

The result, however, was far different, for Dorothea, full of courage and constancy, reproved them as one having authority, and drew such a picture of the joys they had forfeited through their falsehood and cowardice that they fell at her feet saying: "O blessed Dorothea, pray for us, that through thy intercession our sins may be forgiven and our penitence accepted!" And she did so. When they had left the dungeon they proclaimed aloud that they were servants of Christ. Then the Governor, furious, commanded that they should be burned, and that Dorothea should witness their torments. And she stood by bravely, encouraging them and saying, "O sisters, fear not; suffer to the end, for these transient pains shall be followed by eternal life."

Thus they died, and Dorothea herself was condemned to be tortured cruelly and then beheaded. The first part of her sentence she endured with invincible fortitude. She was then led forth to death. . . . . When she came to the place of execution she knelt down and prayed. Then she bent her head and received the death stroke.

WHY HE LIKED HIS CAP.

There was once a city missioner who worked much in mean streets and looked after the people who lived there. Kind friends who were well-to-do sent him a number of quite good suits of clothes their own boys could no longer wear, and when he received them he rejoiced, for he knew lots of boys who would be glad to have them. One suit had knicker-bockers and waistcoat and coat all made of the same cloth, and in addition there was a cap of the same material.

Very quickly the city missioner decided to which particular poor boy this suit should go, and one day he sent for him. Into the classroom of the Mission Hall, which was both wardrobe and dressing-room, the poor boy came, and the clothes he was wearing were a sight. His coat was just one big tear with lost of holes tied up with rags. Though it was winter he had no waistcoat, and his knicker-bockers were too big for him and extremely well ventilated.

"Off with your clothes," said the city missionary to the boy, and hoping very much that he was not going to have a bath, the boy took on his rags and flung them into the corner of the room. "Leave them there," said the city missionary, "I am going to burn them later on. Now put on this suit." He gave the boy the other suit, and very quickly he was magnificently and wonderfully arrayed. Fortunately; they do not keep looking glasses in the classrooms of mission halls or else the boy would simply have swollen with pride. He said "Thank you," in his own strange way, and then just as he was going away he went over to the heap of rags he had just discarded and picked up something.

"What's that?" asked the city missionary quickly. "My old cap, sir," said the boy. "Oh, never mind that, my lad," said the missionary. "It's true I never saw another like it, but it is dirty, and torn, and old, and I want to burn it with the other rags." "Well, sir," said the boy, "I'd rather keep it if you don't mind!" "Why?" asked his friend. "Oh," exclaimed the boy, "it's a home-made cap. My mother made it out of a piece of lining of her dress, and I like mother." He smiled a large smile when he said this last, and, of course the missionary let him have his way.

Great boy, wasn't he? And how well he deserved his suit.

THE HOME.

ICINGS.

Most people prefer to ice their cakes shortly before they are needed; but for those who like to ice them some time before Christmas, the following recipes will be found useful. Make the icing of such a consistency that it will keep its shape if dropped on a tin plate. If it runs, it is too thin, and more icing sugar must be used. If the top of the cake has to be cut flat make the first coating of icing thin enough to pour over, and harden it in a cool oven, otherwise the crumb of the cake is apt to mix with the icing. Apply the icing with a broad knife, dipping it into hot water while smoothing the icing. Rubbing the top of a cake lightly with flour makes the icing stick. If the icing is wanted to stand up round the sides, pin a band of oiled paper round. Apply two or three coatings of icing according to the thickness desired. Let each coat harden before applying another.

Royal Icing.—1lb of sieved icing sugar, whites of three eggs, juice of one lemon. Put sugar and lemon juice in a basin, whisk the whites very stiffly. Add some to the sugar, and stir with a wooden spoon. Continue adding the white until all the sugar is mixed in.

Almond Paste.—Skin ½lb of sweet almonds, pound into a mortar to a smooth paste, using a little orange or rose flower water to keep them from oiling. Mix with 1lb of powdered sugar, and add sufficient white of egg to make a soft paste. When the cake is cold trim the top and spread the almond icing over and leave it to harden, preparatory to adding the sugar icing.

Cocoanut Icing.—One pound of icing sugar, white of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, two ounces of grated cocoanut, green colouring. Roll the sugar free from lumps, and rub through a fine sieve. Then take three-quarters of a pound of the sugar, put it in a bowl, add the lemon juice to it and enough whipped white of egg to form a paste. With a knife dipped in hot water spread a thin coating of this over the top of the cake and a little way down the sides. The cake should first be trimmed free from rough edges and made as smooth as possible. Take the rest of the icing sugar, mix it with the cocoanut, a few drops of green colouring, and a little white of egg. Place this on the centre of the cake, forming it in rocky waves with a fork. Colour the icing left from coating the cake a pale green.

Marzipan.—Cover the top of the cake with a layer of marzipan, which may be made very simply. For a cake of about 12in. in diameter use 1lb of icing sugar, ½lb of ground almonds, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice, one yolk of egg, and a little cold water. Sieve or roll the sugar to remove lumps, put into a very clean pan with the almonds, and mix. Beat the yolk (this may be omitted and water only used), add it to the lemon-juice and two tablespoonfuls of water, stir among the almonds and sugar; heat the mixture slightly, beating it vigorously and adding more water if necessary. The marzipan should be the consistency of a firm, short crust paste. Brush with egg and roughen with a fork, put into a quick oven to brown. The top may simply be marked, and neither brushed with egg nor browned. A very pretty design may be worked out on the top with cherries and angelica to represent holly. Cut thin strips of angelica, and cut the cherries in quarters, arrange clusters of the holly round the edge or in the centre, leaves being cut out of angelica. Real holly might be used instead. The decoration may be fastened on with white of egg, icing, or preserve. Various things may be used as a decoration—crystallised violets or rose leaves with stalks of angelica, crystallised fruits, silver pellets.

THE RIGHT KINDS OF BATHS.

Cold chest bath in the morning serves to harden the skin and to protect against changes in temperature. A warm neutral bath at night is good, and if the child is very tired a hot bath will restore the circulation and give rest without over-stimulation.

A child should be taught to bathe properly. He should be thoroughly clean in the morning and at night, but there is a good deal of sense in his own idea that he can do his job in this line morning and night and not bother too much about it between times. In both home and school there is often too little opportunity for contact with clean, wholesome dirt, and the desire for cleanliness at times amounts to an obsession.

The malnourished child needs to use sea bathing with care. The test is the condition shown when he comes out of the water. If he is shivering and blue the bath does him harm. On the other hand, if his reaction is good, his skin glowing and red, all is well.

Rubbing is of special value in connection with all bathing, as it increases the activity of the skin and helps in eliminating waste matter from the body. We have heard men say that the best thing they learned in their college course was the value of exercise with the bath and rub down following it. When children come in from violent play perspiring, tired, and irritable, remove the clothing, bathe, rub dry quickly, and put into bed for a short rest. By these means you insure good results from exercise which would otherwise cause exhaustion.

MY FOOT-REST.

My foot-rest is home-made and old-fashioned, but it has been admired so frequently lately by people who had not seen its like that it seems to me the idea might be worth passing on. It is made very simply of three pieces of wood. Two of them are 19 inches long and nine inches wide, and the third is 11 inches long, and may be narrower than the others. The long pieces are joined to form a T; the smaller is used underneath to support the join. That is all the making necessary. While the narrow edge of one-half of the top of the T stands on the ground, the feet rest flatly against the other half. There is then a length of 19 inches on which the legs rest. This reaches to well under the knees—just where the tired feeling is strongest—and gives a feeling of the greatest restfulness and comfort. A foot-rest of this kind can be used with any chair. It makes a comfortable lounge of the most ordinary sort, and may be carried easily to any odd corner of the verandah or garden where you cannot move your armchair.

AN EFFECTIVE HOME-MADE FOUNTAIN.

Procure a five-gallon oil drum, remove the handle, and pierce to take ½in. hoze nozzle, to which is attached enough ½in hoze to reach within an inch of the bottom of the drum. Then procure an inch plug with flange to take a leather washer, for placing in the bung-hole. Both these should be firmly soldered in. This is for pumping in air to provide the motive force. The fountain now requires filling. Four gallons of water is sufficient. Then pump up hard, and when the tap is turned on a magnificent jet is the result—at first ten feet high, diminishing to five feet after about ten minutes, but it is double that time before the air is completely expended.

THE COMB.

My mother sat me at her glass;
This necklet of bright flowers she wove;
Crisscross her gentle hands did pass,
And wound in my hair her love.

Deep in the mirror our glances met,
And grieved, lest from her care I roam,
She kissed me through her tears, and set
On high this spangling comb.

GARDEN NOTES

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

The principal crops of vegetables will be coming in soon, and for some time peas, beans, cauliflowers, carrots, cabbages, and other things will all be in at once. Abundance at one season and a dearth at another. It is no great trouble to produce lots of vegetables during the summer months, but to have good vegetables and a plentiful supply of them all the year round requires a considerable amount of forethought and skill. We will presume that a good supply is provided for the next three months or so. The next thing is to secure a supply for the winter and spring. We will suppose that such things as parsnips, intermediate carrots, beetroot, and onions are already in, as previously advised. The next thing should be a good plot of celery, and leeks may be planted in the same manner, but they do not require so much moisture as celery.

The next and principal crop is cauliflower, broccoli, savoy, curled kale, Brussels sprouts, and a good garden swede or purple-top turnip, the latter not standing the winter. If the swedes are not in already, no time should be lost in getting them in, also the turnips.

Brussels sprouts should be got in at once to secure good sprouts.

The next to be planted is autumn giant cauliflower, in good rich soil; then comes the broccoli, some of the late autumn late Queen or Latest of All to follow. These will carry you until well into the varieties, then Winter Mammoth, with spring.

Curled kale is very highly appreciated for winter use, especially after it has had sharp frosts. It is something like parsnips in that respect, being improved with frost.

Garden rubbish is apt to accumulate in odd corners and become offensive, especially from cabbages and cauliflowers. They give off the most obnoxious odours that might become quite offensive to one's neighbours. Therefore get rid of them. The best and most profitable way to do so is to put them into the bottom of the trench and dig them in. In preparing ground for future crops not only do they cease to be a nuisance, but become a valuable manure.

The sowing of French beans for succession should continue, but be sure not to sow too thickly—2in or 3in between the seeds is quite thick enough, as a finer crop and better beans are procured than if sown thickly. Sow peas for succession, but the kinds sown now should be of the early kinds, so that the crop will be matured before the early frosts occur, which generally make their appearance about April, and sometimes earlier; so it would be useless to sow the tall kinds that are much longer in maturing.

Plant out leeks in trenches, also celery in showery weather. Potatoes, where there is a good crop of an early kind, may be lifted without waiting for the tops to die down. The tender skins will be damaged if this work is done roughly, but they will soon harden and ripen in the store. as well as if left in the ground. The advantage gained by this early lifting is twofold, Firstly, if they are wanted for seeds for next early spring planting, they are better for sets from the early lifting than they are from those left in the ground until the tops die down; and, secondly, it gives very suitable ground for the early planting of winter greens, such as broccoli for coming in in late autumn, winter, and spring, also savoys, curly greens, and Brussels sprouts. All these are better and finer if got in in early January than if left until later on in the summer, as late planting does not give them time to get sufficiently advanced before winter sets in.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Gladiolas are very liable to be damaged by high winds; therefore it is necessary that they should be staked singly, or if they are in rows they may have a stake at intervals or at the ends of each row, with good stout material run around them to hold up the heads of the flowers.

Wallflower may still be sown. Sow in shallow drills 6in apart in good free loam, thin out the young plants to 3in apart, and transplant the thinnings, and when they are strong lift and plant them with the trowel, taking a ball of earth with them. By this they start into growth right away.

Sow also aquilegia for next season's flowering.

THE TOMATO-HOUSE.

As the fruit becomes well advanced, increase the ventilation, and do not give them quite so much water from the time they are beginning to ripen, but do not let them suffer for want of it.

SCIENCE NOTES.

RAPID PHOTOGRAPHY.

One second is a brief period of time, and if we concentrate our attention on such a period, and then try to imagine the taking of 15,000 separate successive photographs during that time, the feat will appear to most of us absurd and impossible. However, there appears to be no limit to the ingenuity of man. Provided that a definite problem is set, and attacked by properly trained men, with facilities for experiment and research, a successful solution may sooner or later be confidently anticipated. It is so with rapid photography. It was about 40 years ago that the use of certain "rapid" photographic plates made it possible, for the first time, to obtain a photograph of a cannon ball in flight. Certainly all that could be seen was a black, smudgy line, marking the path of the projectile, but the achievement was regarded by man as something distinctly in advance of previous efforts.

Later, an Englishman further perfected apparatus and plates and obtained a distinct picture of the projectile during its flight. Then came the idea of a series of rapid pictures, and scientists saw at once the value of this for noting matters that were too rapid for the eye to see, such as the wing movement in a flight of birds, insects, etc. One experimenter, working on the flight of pigeons, perfected apparatus that enabled him to take 12 photographs a second. To-day ordinary moving picture photographs are taken at the rate of 250 per second, though about 15 a second is said to be the most generally useful speed. A Frenchman, M. Bull, first succeeded in taking 3,000 pictures a second, and has followed up this success, using a process invented by a fellow-countryman, by taking 15,000 photographs per second. Only a limited variety of things can be so photographed: the passage of a rifle bullet, for instance.

It is, of course, impossible to conceive of a camera shutter that could open and close 15,000 times a second. This difficulty is overcome by using the electric spark. Each spark lasts a few millionths of a second, and thus the necessary rapidity and illumination are obtained together. The travelling bullet passes in front of the spark and its "shadow" is projected on to a moving film; the "photographs" so obtained are quite clear cut and definite. The apparatus is arranged so that the firing of the gun sets the whole thing in motion, and the bullet, as it passes away, cuts certain threads and thus stops the apparatus. One of the workers, M. Abraham, has still further perfected the control of the sparking apparatus, and contemplates the possibility of taking similar pictures at the enormous rapidity of 80,000 a second.

THE LAZIEST OF ELEMENTS.

Chemically active elements are those which, like oxygen or chlorine, are anxious to combine with other elements. There are a few elements classified as lazy or inert, desiring as it were to be left alone, and entering into combination with other elements only under special and rare conditions. The nitrogen of the air has such characters, but modern chemistry has shown several other gases even more inert. Of these the chief is the gas Argon; this gas forms one per cent. of the atmosphere, and was discovered by Sir William Ramsay, about 1894. It has been noted that when nitrogen was obtained from the air it was heavier than nitrogen obtained by chemical means from various compounds; this puzzling feature was not understood until it became known that atmospheric nitrogen was accompanied by the gas argon, as well as by minute amounts of other rare gases. Even when argon became known, it was regarded as a useless asset as far as man's industrial activities were concerned. Now, however, the very inertness that caused it to be regarded as valueless is found to be the character that renders it valuable.

Not many years ago our electric light bulbs were made to enclose a vacuum. Dr Irving Langmuir, in that great wonderland of recent discovery, the research laboratories of the General Electric Company, U.S.A., discovered that it was an advantage to fill the bulbs with argon. The metallic filament in these bulbs is made of another equally wonderful element, the metal tungsten, only recently found to be valuable, and for which new and important uses are continually being discovered. By filling the bulbs with 90 per cent. argon, the heat from the filament is less readily conducted away, the evaporation of the metallic filament is decreased, and thus a much higher efficiency and the construction of more powerful lamps is made possible.

MOTORING NOTES.

LOOK TO YOUR BRAKES.

How about those brakes of yours, Mr Motorist? Have you paid any attention to them lately? Do you know how long it takes you to stop when you are going 20 miles an hour? Do you know whether or not you have good brake lining? Your life may depend on these matters, and it is high time that you took an interest in them.

A REMEDY FOR A LOST FILLER CAP.

A missing petrol filler cap is not an infrequent occurrance, and the difficulty in finding another one of the same size and thread is generally considerable. Quite an efficient temporary cap can be made from an old syrup tin lid and a piece of lead. A hole is bored in the centre of the lid and a piece of wire approximately six inches long is attached. A piece of lead is secured to the end of the wire, which has the effect of holding down the lid over the filler hole when placed in position.

SUNLIGHT AND THE TYRES.

Automobile tyres are wrapped in paper by the manufacturer because tyre makers know that sunlight and air sap the strength of rubber. It should be protected until it actually goes on the rim for road service. Statistics prove that a tyre good for an average of 6000 miles when it leaves the factory will lose approximated 2000 miles of life by being carried unprotected, as a spare for one year. Neatly covered tyres look so much better hanging on the back of the machine than do bare tyres. The covers are waterproof and can be washed without injury as often as the car is washed. They come in colours to match the body finish.

PNEUMATIC TYRE SUBSTITUTE.

An efficient substitute for pneumatic tyres on motor vehicles is said to have been perfected by a Norwegian. It involves the use of steel springs tangentially applied to the wheels, with an outer rim of solid rubber, steel, wood or other material. The inventor claims that spring wheels manufactured to his designs may be used on motor trucks and street cars as well as on lighter vehicles. The shortage of rubber in Germany and neighbouring neutral countries made it necessary to develop spring wheels as a temporary expedient during the past war, but there is no record of these designs being successful enough to displace pneumatic tyres when these were available.

A PROPELLER MOTOR CAR.

Running about the streets of Paris is a small motor-car that has caused quite a sensation because of the novelty of its mechanism. It is run by an aeroplane propeller at the front instead of by driving wheels on the ground. The great advantage claimed for this method of propulsion over the ordinary method is that it does away with so many delicate and complex parts, for the engine works directly on the axle of the propeller, so there are none of the differentials, speed changing gears, clutches, etc. Again, the suppression of all these parts considerably lightens the load to be propelled, and the whole car can be built very much more lightly. The entire mechanism consists of one eight-horse-power motor with two cylinder in a V and cooling apparatus. The propeller has four blades, it is four feet six inches in diameter, and is surrounded by a circular protecting band. The motor acts directly upon the axle without gears or chains. Notwithstanding the small power of the motor—only eight horsepower—and thanks to the form and lightness of the car and the absence of all power wasted in mechanical transmissions, it goes easily fifty miles an hour and runs between 60 and 65 miles on a gallon of petrol. The car complete weighs 500 pounds and its wheel base is a little more than 11 feet.

The Great Kimberley diamond mine in South Africa is more than 4000ft deep.

The making of candy, is now the sixth largest industry in the United States.

A French firm of winegrowers has recently caused to be made a bottle that holds 300 quarts of champagne.

A STORY FOR DOG LOVERS.

The Outcast.

When with expedition born of long practice the circus struck tents and filed off in the dawn light, a supernumerary member of its complement in the shape of a lurcher was left behind. She was no great loss, except to the stableman, her owner. Her qualities were peculiar and not outwardly apparent. The shamelessness of her ancestry cried aloud to the skies and evoked jeers, but from it she had inherited two sterling points, speed and intelligence, and that was why her master, who had a natural eye for these things, acquired her. It was assumed among the circus folk that she had been stolen. Without assenting too readily to that, it may be said that a farmer in his cups lost an animal just becoming really useful to him, and that the stableman obtained a companion for his poaching expeditions who grew to be invaluable.

The lurcher took to her new life, and her new master, readily. Like a shadow, never wholly with him, never absent from him, she drifted along about him in an aloof sort of way until some signal called her up for action. It was that habit of hers that contributed to their severance. That night the show was ending a two days' stay at an up-dale market town, and before the performance closed the stable-man slipped away to sooth a chronic thirst. His going was furtive, and like a furtive wraith she slid behind him. As they crossed the open market place, fitfully lit by naphtha lamps, she nicked a piece of meat from one of the stalls, and thereafter, drifted along on the edge of the half lights and shadows until she saw the swinging inner door of an inn close upon her master. For herself, an empty stable in the inn yard seemed to await her, and she settled down there to enjoy her meal.

A rising wind, eddying and blustering about the yard, clashed to the upper and lower halves of the stable door, imprisoning her. She was in no wise dismayed. Life with a travelling circus-menagerie is one full of surprises and the unexpected, and she had learned to await the comings and goings of her master in all circumstances, and to await in silence. He had taught her that, and because of her aptitude, the pair were villainously clever poachers. But when the unexpected happened it was beyond all precedent: he forgot her. It may be that he was to be excused, for the inn people had speeded the departure of their guest more urgently than courteously. At the same time, the animal was guilty of what lawyers would term contributory negligence, for, under the influence of a meal unusually good and plenteous, and a warm bed of straw, she had slept, slept even through that emphatic leave-taking. She did not put in appearance when the bacon was frizzling over the morning fires, and when it dawned upon him that he had lost her, he was explosive and unapproachable.

It was daylight when the lucher awoke, for there were reasons other than plenteous food and a warm bed why she slept so soundly. Of late she had begun to tire easily. Langour was growing upon her. She was less active, and she ran low on the ground when she ran at all, and a snooze in what comfort she could get it was her delight these days. When daylight awoke her, she stretched herself, yawned, then was on her feet padding about examining her surroundings. There was nothing to interest her, she did not find a scent that brought more than a twitch to her ears, and after a brief, half-restless pacing, with longing sniffs at the crack between the threshold and the door bottom, she returned to the straw and snoozed again. The hours passed. She was wide awake and alert now. Things were happening in the yard. There were passing footsteps that she did not know, and they brought up her hair, bristling. Iron-shod hooves clattered on the cobbles of the yard, wheels rattled and rumbled. But no one came to the stable, and she did not betray her presence. Sooner or later—it was the outstanding article of her creed—master would appear, and she awaited his pleasure. Nevertheless she was growing restless, angry, for there were inward physical urges. Hunger assailed her, and thirst, which was worse, was beginning to torment her. Yet she was silent.

The carter who opened the door was startled at the sight of the smoke-grey form which met him and slid between his legs. He lost his head and his temper and did foolish things. Even as she slid through his legs—they were badly warped and that was why her action made him lose his temper—he slammed the door to again in vain and belated effort to stop her, then lashed at her with his whip. Instantly he was conscious of his folly. The lurcher was no coward. She feared no man and recognised but one devil, her master. Moreover, she shared the red raw rations of the ancient beasts that comprised the menagerie portion of the show, and had a temper in keeping with her evil looks when once aroused. As the whip cut her flank she turned, silently but very business-like, and at the sight of her the man went backwards over the closed lower half of the door with a celerity that amazed him when he was sufficiently cool to thing about it. He was just in time, for her teeth clashed within half an inch of his flying heels. When he picked himself up on the inner side, bruised, furious, but wholesomely afraid, the yard was empty.

She was no farther away than the market place, casting about for traces. An up-dale wind was blowing, and presently she nosed something familiar, the trail of which brought her to the deserted field and the litter left by the departed show. She followed her nose on to the high road, but there lost the scent. It was noon now, and a hot day. The road was a trunk highway. Since early morning it had been thronged with motor cars heading the coast at the further end, and they churned up the dust, sterlised the scent of the show with their still more pungent exhaust fumes, and had kept going a low-lying current of air that had effectually dissipated all traces of that procession in the dawn light.

But of these things the lurcher knew nothing. What assailed her now, in addition to hunger and thirst, was fear, fear that she had lost her master. It shook her, gave desperation to her efforts. Up and down long stretches of the road she cast, all her craft going into it, tongue lolling, sides heaving, her thirst a fierce torment now. Constantly the swift speeding cars harassed her and harried her. Her temper was in rags now as, with ever-increasing difficulty, for she was tiring, she dodged them. One car nearly got her as it shot round a sharp bend. The mudguard scored her flank, and the blow, the soreness, the terror of her escape, fired her to savagery. Foam dribbled from her jaws, her eyes were red and swollen, she growled as she ran, heavily and lumbering to and fro. A stray pedestrian, coming upon her, climbed the fence and made swift for the riverside path, assuring himself that it would be cooler and more pleasant there than on the hot highway. Besides, he wasn't in a great hurry. But the dog neither saw nor heard him. She was strung up to an acute pitch now, a danger, a terror to look upon, her sanity trembling fearfully in the balance. It was then that another car hurled round the bend, and the man at the wheel, startled at the sight of the saliverous, swollen-eyed beast turning round and round in the middle of the road and growling at nothing, tried to run her down. Her blind, maddened burst for safety carried her headlong through the fence and across two fields before the effort expired and left her exhausted under a hedge. When she recovered breath and some sanity she scented water. A minute later she was knee deep in the river, lapping eagerly.

For a while she rested, the fiercest of her pangs eased, but only to make room for the play of the pangs of hunger. They smote her insistently, bitingly, and presently, winding a faint but appetising odour, she was on her feet, her nostrils working. The trail of it took her across the stepping stones and up the fell side. She drifted furtively into the farm yard, which was damnatory and proclaimed her unease, and is moreover the way of poacher dogs, whereas the honest working farm dogs makes bluff and breezy entrance. It brought her under that type of suspicion that acts first and thinks afterwards, wherefore, she retired before a volley of sticks, stones and emphatic language. Her unwelcome was obvious and one stone, rebounding from the cobbles and smiting her painfully in the side, emphasised it. She had wisdom if of an evil kind, and she vanished, but she went with teeth bared and with the rims of her eyes glowing red. Again she had to rest, for her side pained her. Later she climbed the fell side further, slantwise, and found another farm. From this also she had to flee. Upwards again, tired in every limb now, her eyes bloodshot, foam flecks on her coat, in her heart a black rage, loping, limping, snapping, and snarling.

That was how she came upon still another farm, perched remote under the very summit of the fell. It was her ill-luck that the farmer himself should be standing in the porch as she slid into view between the gate posts. "Lord ha' mercy," he cried in amazement, "Way wi' thou," and he waved his hands. She came to a pause, forefeet out, teeth bared, snarling. "Lord ha' mercy," cried the farmer again, "it's a mad dog." "Lord help us." And also he reached for his gun lying on the porch seat. Stranger dogs are at no time welcome on these hill tops where moor and fell pastures meet and where range thousands of sheep. Still less welcome are they, nay, they invite trouble, when they slide into sight with furtive feet, jaws white and wet, foam on the coats and with wild eyes and bared teeth.

The lurcher sensed trouble, just in time. The shot harmless though it was, sped her harder up to the very top of the fell. She strained and was spent. She sobbed, she growled, snapped furiously at the air as she ran. She was a thing of the wild now, a scourage, an outcast.

The wide, lone moors swallowed her up.

Her coming was no secret. Winged things, with sharp eyes and sharp claws, things with thin, sinuous bodies and furtive of feet soon knew of her presence and watched her from afar. And they had grown accustomed to her, accepted her as part of the scheme of things before ever it dawned upon man's slower-working intelligence that there was a new-comer. It is true that keeper Duke had half suspected something because of the manner of the other inhabitants of the moor, and once he thought he saw something working its way through the heather, but the distance was great, too far, to be sure of a shot. It was Shuttleworth Binns who saw her first—Shut, for short, was his name among his fellows on the dale. He was crossing the edge of the moor on his way to inspect some cattle, young stock he had put out on Withill, and as he went he lamented the loss of his old dog. Shut had a rare understanding of doggy nature, and he missed her sadly. There was also a practical side to it. It was coming dipping time shortly, when there would have to be a thorough round-up of the sheep scattered along the wide moor top, and at this work man is helpless without his dog. As yet, Shut had been unable to get one to replace old Nell—he could have had a pup, but that was, and would be for some time, useless as a worker, and he disliked having to rely wholly on the other farmers in the co-operative sweep of the moors.

He was turning it over in his slow way when he became aware of a sudden agitation among the grey blobs in the distance, grey blobs that represented sheep, his sheep. From the way they ran, stopped, ran again, and because of the ordered converging movement of them, it was clear that a dog was at work. Shut was hot with anger at the instant. Someone was dogging his sheep, and to have one's sheep driven about the moor by another man's dog is a matter that, more than any other, breeds ill-will between the fell land farmers. Shut looked round for the owner of the dog, ready to let loose white-hot opinions. There was no one in sight, and, listening, he could hear no whistling, none of those signals by which a sheep dog is worked. He was only the more suspicious. With heavy craft he crouched behind a pile of millstone grit, sure that if he waited he would see the offender. But still there was no whistling, no shouting, no figure appeared moving across the moor.

Yes, there was a momentary glimpse of one, and it brought Shut, amazed, to his feet. A slim, smoke-grey form sprang across a little patch of green moss where the moor ran to bogginess, and was lost in the heather again. It was a stranger dog, he saw that at a glance; there was no farmer in the dael had a lurcher that colour. And he was aware, too, very soon, that it knew how to work sheep. For they were on the move again, and Shut, keenly alive now, his anger now turned to curiosity, noted that never once was the converging flock over-driven. It was the quiet, persuasive effort that kept the whole going and preventing the bolting of the stragglers, that only dogs with aptitude and well-trained, acquire.

It was then a rare thing seized him, an impulse. Jumping on to a rock, he tucked his stick under his arm, thrust his fingers into the black cavern of his beard, and whistled. It was a short, sharp command, and instantly the sheep stopped, and that told him the dog had answered to his call. Again he whistled, a long, shrill call that rose and then fell in steady cadence. Moved by some unseen agency the sheep, already breaking away at the edges of the flock, gathered together again, wheeled about and broke towards him. He guided them with calls, flute-like, sweet, quick, commanding, all in turn, and easily and gently the fleeces were worked towards where he stood. Presently they were halted in front of him, whilst in the rear was a smoke-grey lurcher, panting, ears cocked, her bright eyes on him, every muscle at tension ready to dart off at the next command. Shut was moved to rough praise. "By gum," he cried, "but thou's a rare dog, an' all. I'se taking thee home."

But for once his dog craft was submerged by his eagerness. He was too impetuous, too impatient to possess. Stepping down, he moved towards the animal, using all his arts to entice it to him. For a moment it seemed as if she was about to respond. Her ears pricked, her tail wagged, and then, as he made one quick move, thinking the victory won, her tail drooped, her hackless rose, her lifted upper lip discovered a range of white teeth. She snarled, turned and vanished. "Dang thee," cried Shut hotly, moved more than he knew at his failure, "but I'll hev thee yet."

He kept his counsel, aware that anyone of his fellows would be glad to have a dog of such quality, and steadily ranged the moor and the fell sides in the hope of coming across her again. It took him three days to find her, and then it was to be filled with black rage and disappointment. For he saw her down in the bottom of High Gill, the narrow, deep cleft in the limestone rock that drove up into the moor, and she was feeding off the carcase of a sheep. In the hot anger and shock of the discovery Shut forgot that the sheep might have tumbled over the edge of the cliff—the one thought possessing him being that the dog was a sheep-worrier. For that crime there is but one law in the fell land, a law stern and unbending—death, the sentence to be executed as speedily as may be. He had not his gun with him, but uprooting a piece of limestone the size of his head, he poised it a second, then dropped it. It missed the animal, but rebounding, crashed on to her paw.

. . . . .

"I hev thee, anyhow," he cried with angry exultation, yet sore that so fine a worker should have broken the great law. He made his way down to the entrance to the gill, intent on finishing off his work, and traced her by blood stains and by her passage through the rough grass, to a small cave at the foot of an overhanging shelf. His approach was greeted with menacing growls, and with something else that brought a swift feeling of shame.

"Nah, lass," he said, soothingly, addressing the dark hole of the cave. "I hadn't thought o' that. Poor owd lass. What didn't thou let us knaw for? Come on then, sitha."

He spoke coaxingly, cracked his fingers, whistled softly, did all he could to ingratiate himself with the dog, and presently, in spite of warning growls from within, a sprawling puppy, its eyes only just opened, wriggled into sight. Shut spoke it fairly, softly. The little thing wagged a wisp of a tail, wriggled nearer, gave a dozen and one signs of pleasure, with little red tongue licked his hand.

He knew too much to over-fondle it. It was the mother he must win, and it cheered him, as he passed down the Gill again to make certain preparations, to note being at close quarters now that the dead sheep was a victim to a fall, and not to a dog. Presently he was back. He was carrying a flat shallow dish which he filled with clear spring water, and with his stick carefully pushed into the cave. He soon had the satisfaction of hearing the mother lapping. A little bit of meat followed, a dainty cooked ball that no dog could resist. That also was accepted. And all the while he talked to her, soothingly, caressingly, yet masterfully, so that presently she limped forth. Gently he stroked her ears and her head, all the while continuing to talk to her. She suffered him, reluctantly at first, but finally she looked up at him, and there was a pleading in her limpid eyes.

He understood. "Nah, then, we'll have a look at it." He took the injured foot, bathed it, treated it with liniment, bandaged it. And all the while the puppy sprawled about him and tried to get at his hand to lick it. "Poor owd lass," he said, as he bound up the injury. "To think it wor me 'at hit thee. An 'a deead sheep, an' all. Howsumever, we'll soon have thee right again."

He took her in his arms—she licked his face trustfully as he raised her—took also the one surviving member of her family of five, and carried her off to where his trap awaited him, with a deep, cosy bed of straw.

. . . . .

"That's a reight sooart o' dog thou's getten, Shut," said his neighbour Ibbotson, as the big drive on the mors halted for a snack. "Wheer didst thou come across her? She limps a bit, like, doesn't she?"

"Aye, a bit," answered Shut, evading the major question. "Fooit's a bit sore, but she'll sooin be reight after a bit of a rest."

LAND POLICY.

COMPREHENSIVE R.S.A. SCHEME.

The main plank in the land policy of the N.Z.R.S.A. has been, and still is, the compulsory acquisition of land. By that is meant that the large land-owners should have land taken from them by the Government until those in need of land have been satisfied.

Theoretically, this would seem to be the proper and logical method of obtaining land for closer settlement, but in practice it has proved a failure, since not a single soldier has been settled on the land by this method.

We still have about 4000 soldiers who desire to take up farms, but who remain without land, and in order to get them placed where they will do most good the R.S.A. Headquarters has put forward a "bustle-up" policy, of which the main features are as follows:

Since it is a national concern it is proposed to direct matters from a central Bureau at Headquarters, with the object of finding land for the soldiers, and soldiers for the land.

In order to find land it is proposed (a) To send circulars asking for information regarding suitable farms to chairmen and clerks of county councils, chairmen and secretaries of Farmers' Unions, managers of dairy factories, and schoolmasters in the back-blocks. (b) All replies (which it is hoped will be received monthly) are to be properly filed in a land book kept for that purpose. (c) A retired farmer, and one friendly to soldiers' interests, would be chosen in each land district to act as honorary adviser, to inspect the properties offered in his district, and to send into N.Z.R.S.A. Headquarters a report as to the suitability, quality and value of such properties.

To discover the soldiers for the land a circular will be sent to every R.S.A. and branch asking the name and number of every member of such association who requires land, and his experience, if any, as a farmer. The circular will also ask for names of two or more (mates to be encouraged to form themselves into syndicates) the land district in which the land is desired, and the class of land desired.

As soon as the Government has valued and taken over a property (one, say, suitable for the settlement of five men), headquarters will select a syndicate to apply for it. Men from a particular land district will, if they so desire, receive land in that district, in so far as it is possible to make such arrangement.

The men selected will be interviewed by the Honorary Adviser for their district, who will report to headquarters regarding their suitability and experience.

It is also proposed that the Land Bureaux already existing in connection with R.S.A.'s should devote their energies mainly to the settlement of soldiers in homes, the Dominion Bureau to perform the larger task of settling the soldier on the land.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

MAXIMS OF THE PEASANTRY.

In the September number of "Discovery," the "monthly popular journal of knowledge," published by Mr John Murray, there appears an article on "Russian Proverbs," by Mr Louis Segal, M.A., head of the Russian Department in the University of Birmingham.

A number of Russian proverbs, says Mr Segal, have their equivalents in English and other languages, the thoughts being alike, but the expression differing in form. "More haste, less speed," becomes in Russian "Hurry, and you will become ridiculous." The English "In the land of the blind, one-eyed people are kings," has its equivalent in "Where there is no fish even crabs are fish."

Proverbs which indicate the popular view of private property are of interest in view of the attempts made by the Bolsheviks to abolish it, and substitute national ownership of the means of production and distribution. Proverbs such as "Every man is a king in his own house" indicates the complete right exercised by the owner over his property. The landowner had full right to all that came from the land; "Whose land, his corn," or "Whose forest, his timber," show the popular view of the question.

The general view was against leaving money to one's children. The dictum of the late Mr Carnegie, "I would rather leave my son a curse than a dollar," had several precursors in Russian folk-sayings. "Don't leave money to your sons; the silly will squander it, while the wise can make their own," expresses in somewhat milder form the same idea; while, "That is not property which one inherited from one's father, but what one earned oneself" expresses the same idea from a different point of view. The popular belief that what is easily acquired (or inherited or won) brings no luck is also expressed in many sayings.

Russians are justly reputed for being very hospitable. "When a visitor is in the house, God is there," declares one adage. Another stamps the unsociable man as "evil." "He is evil who pays no visits and invites no guests." It is an overbold statement, but no doubt it reflects the general opinion in Russia.

Idle life is pointed out as the source of ill-health. "The poor man is looking out for disease, while the rich is sought out by it." "Idleness does not feed a man, but only makes him ill," is another truism.

A number of precepts advocate the necessity of being charitable. Charity is considered the essence of true religion. Stories like Tolstoy's "Where love is, God is," fully embody this national conception. Also in folk-lore we can trace the same ideal in sayings like, "Don't build a church, support an orphan"; or "Don't build seven churches, bring up seven orphans." One cannot help thinking, had the whole world been permeated by the principles dominating, to a large extent, the illiterate peasantry of Russia, this earth would now be a pleasanter place to live in.

WHEN THE WHOLE IS LESS THAN ITS PART.

Euclid tells us very emphatically that the whole is greater than its part. In fact this obvious proposition lies at the very basis of the geometry of space. But just as Mr Gladstone once solemnly declared that "in the arithmetic of the Customs two and two do not always four," so in the arithmetic of industry it does not necessarily follow that the whole is greater than its part. That this is no mere joke appears from a very interesting fact.

A few weeks ago, things being slack, a big firm of hosiery manufacturers in Leicester intimated that they could only find work for three days a week for a certain number of men. Unless this plan was adopted they would have to discharge some men altogether. To their credit be it said the workers preferred half-time for all rather than full time for half. At the end of the first week, the men, all of whom were paid by the piece, drew nearly as much wages as they had averaged for a full week before. In the second and following weeks they actually drew more, showing that in industry the half may be more productive than the whole. And the reason they gave was most interesting and very human.

Being on holiday for three days a week, they wanted more to spend so they promptly set to work to earn it. The results are noteworthy: the men got more money and more leisure, the employers got more leisure and a much more productive use of their machinery and raw materials, and the public got more hosiery.

WOMEN WHO KEEP SECRETS.

The theory that women cannot keep a secret is being destroyed by experience. The Grand Lodge of French Freemasons evidently thinks so, for it has declared itself in favour of the admission of women to Freemasonry.

Women in the business and professional world are no longer considered incapable of secrecy. A thousand important and confidential facts must come daily to the ears of Miss F. L. Stevenson, Mr Lloyd George's private secretary, who is able to hold her post. The secretary at the Spanish Embassy is a woman, and a young and charming one, but evidently one who can keep her own and other people's counsels.

Women doctors must hear confessions that they may not divulge, and must see interesting sides of their patients' characters about which they must not gossip. Telephone girls are sworn to secrecy about the conversations they overhear, and telegraphists and post office clerks must consider the messages that pass through their hands as sacred.

Women in every business are learning that it is not only "bad form" but dishonesty to repeat their office affairs to outsiders, and even the youngest shop girl is learning through business training to keep a secret as well as a man can.

There exists in the Cambridge School of Forestry a wonderful specimen of the oblong tree, which has assisted the discovery of a secret of growth. The trunk in question is about 30in by 2in. Its curious shape is due to no more than a little bruise or two which persuaded it to grow in one direction and not at all in any other. Other discoveries and experiments prove that an artistic bruise—it may be no more violent than strong pressure with the finger-tips—can make a tree expand in a desired direction.

REDUCTION OF DEFENCE STAFF.

AN OFFICER'S SURVEY OF THE POSITION.

Discussing the projected reduction of the Defence staff, a military officer in a responsible position said that the officers were hardly being treated fairly by the Government. Not only were they not being paid proportionately so well as before the war, but they had been kept in suspense for months, not being given an inkling as to whether they were going to be kept on or dispensed with. Since the war there had been a general cry for efficiency in all matters affecting defence How were they to get efficient work out of officers whose attention was diverted from their duties by a threat of dismissal? It could not be done.

With every expert in the world saying that the next arena of war would be the Pacific, the Government had decided to cut down its military expenditure, because of the silly catch-cries of people who vapoured about the evils of the "military caste," when it was plain that such a caste could not exist in a democratic atmosphere such as we had in New Zealand. If such people only read a little more, and had imagination, they would see trouble glaring at them. That New Zealand was not in a state of military preparedness was the fault of the drastic cut in defence expenditure, and now 50 per cent. of the officers did not know where they were, and were looking round for opportunities outside the profession of arms. Despite the lesson of the late war, and the threat in the Pacific, nothing was being done that should be done. One of the greatest advances in the art of defence and offence, as demonstrated in the war, was the efficiency of the war-'plane, either as a means of reconnoitring or destruction, but so far New Zealand had not even the beginning of an air force; and another was the use of submarines. New Zealand had been given exceptional chances to equip herself in both respects, but nothing had been done, and the Dominion was left naked to whatever enemies might develop at any time. A good deal was heard of the National Defence League, and it was doing good propaganda work, but at the back of it there should be at the very least a solid basis of a practical defence force. Instead of that the basis was a trembling uncertain structure, which scarcely knew whether it was required in the scheme of things at all.

MOTTOES.

DESTINY DETERMINED BY A MAXIM.

Many men who have left their mark on the world have been powerfully influenced by some motto or maxim. Many a great man owes his success in life to the inspiration of a single book, a chance remark, a lecture, or perhaps a sermon. A high ideal crystallised into a motto and constantly held up before a young man has often, says Orison Marden in "The Woman's Magazine," determined a whole destiny.

Ruskin always kept on his desk a piece of chalcedony inscribed with the word "To-day." This was to remind him of the preciousness of time, and of the possibilities of what could be put into a day in the way of achievement, of growth and of enjoyment.

Here is a motto which had a great influence upon Garfield's life: "There are some things I am afraid of—I am afraid to do a mean thing." Another was: "Things do not turn up in this world until somebody turns them up."

Not long since I saw this motto in a business man's office: "Be brief. We have our living to make, and it takes considerable of our time to do it."

Here are a few mottoes which have inspired men and women who have brought things to pass:—

"Don't worry, it won't last—nothing does."

"On the great clock of time there is but one word—Now."

"We get out of life just what we put into it."

"What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life."

"We stamp our own values upon ourselves, and cannot expect to pass for more."

"Every day ahead of you is precious, the days behind you have no existence at all."

"The energy wasted in postponing a duty for to-morrow which ought to be done to-day will often do the work."

"You must take joy with you, or you will not find it even in heaven."

"The first thing to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work."

"A lazy man is of no more use than a dead man, and he takes up more room."

THE HUMOUR OF THINGS.

There was a cheery little party who had been doing themselves very well indeed, and were zigzagging in a bunch down a London street about 2 a.m. Presently they stopped before a big house, and a heated discussion took place. At last one of them advanced and began pounding upon the door. Immediately a female head appeared at a window on the first floor.

"Are you—hic—Misshus Smith?" hic-coughed the man on the steps.

'Yes, I am!" snapped the lady.

The other regarded her with a fatuous smile.

"My dear lady," he gurgled, "will you—hic—come down here—hic—and pick out—hic—Mishter Smith? Resh of us want—hic—to get home!"

It was very late in the "morning after the night before," but he still slept on an armchair in his room doing duty as a bed, while he had forgotten to take off his dress clothes before putting on his pyjamas. At about noon a chum who had called round to see how he was getting on was told by the landlady that she could not wake him. "I will," said the chum," and taking a big Chinese cracker from his pocket he lit it and placed it under the chair in which our hero was sleeping. As it went off with a terrific bang he half opened his eyes and observed in a far-away voice, "Only half the soda, waiter," and went to sleep again.

THE CADDY'S PROPER END.

In a certain town is a lady, socially prominent, who enjoys the reputation of being a modern Mrs Malaprop. She is credited with having said once that she intended to hire a local clay modeller to make a bust of her hand. On another occasion, referring to a trip she had taken in an aeroplane, she declared that she certainly was glad when the machine descended and she set foot once more on terra cotta. The latest speech attributed to her had to do with the ancient game of golf.

"I've often thought," she said to a friend, "that I'd like to take up golf, but somehow I've never gotten round to it; and besides, I don't know the first thing about playing it. Why, if I wanted to hit the ball I wouldn't know which end of the caddy to take hold of."

FRUITS OF POLITENESS.

A guileless rustic who tried for a situation on the railway emerged from the examination room and informed his expectant relatives that he was colour-blind.

"But you can't be," said his father; "you are no more colour-blind than I am."

"I know that feyther," was the reply, "but it all comes o' bein' polite."

"What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Well, feyther, I went into the room an' a chap held something up for me to look at. 'Come,' said he, 'this is green, isn't it? You are positive it's green'—quite pleadin' like, an' though I could see plain enough it was red, I couldn't find it in my heart to tell 'im so. So I agreed wi' him, and they bundled me out."

HIS FATE.

Two "kilties" from the same Scottish town met in a rest camp "somewhere in France," and started to exchange confidences.

"Whit like a send-off did yer wuman give ye, Sandy, when ye left fur France?" asked Jock, presently.

Sandy lit a fresh cigarette before replying:

"Says she, 'Noo, there's yer train, Jock; in ye get, an' see an' do yer duty. By jingo, ma mannie, if I nocht ye wud shirk it oot yonder I wud see ye was wounded afore ye gang off!' That's the send-off she gaed me, Sandy.'

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Printed by the Southland News Co., Ltd., for the Publishers, The Invercargill Returned Soldiers' Association, by L. S. Graham, 13 Morrell street, Invercargill.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920.