

NO. 43.

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**LEMNOS HARBOUR.**

The island sleeps—but it has no delight  
For me, to whom that sleep has been  
unkind.  
My thoughts are long of what seems  
long ago,  
And long, too, ore my dreams, I do  
not know  
Those trailing glories of the star-  
stewn night  
Or the slow sigh of the wind.

I hear the rattle of the moving car  
The children crying in the lighted street.  
I walk along the same old asphalt way.  
I see the church,—I hear the organ play.  
I see the hills I wandered on afar.  
And spots of rain at my feet,

I see the dust stewn hedge,—  
the latched gate;  
The gravelled path with roses either  
side;  
The cedar tree,—the lawn where I have  
lain,  
The pots of fern,—my mother's window  
pane.  
I see the place where I sat long and late  
By the trellis deep and wide.

The red Virginia crumbles at the wall  
The bed is bare where winter snow-  
drops grew.  
I feel my dog come licking at my hand.  
I pause awhile beside the door. I stand  
And hear the well known footsteps  
softly fall  
And the voices that I knew.

I slowly creep and peep beneath the  
blind  
—My father reads his book within his  
chair.  
Some children play their games of  
dominoes.  
My mother sits beside the fire and sews,  
Her head is bowed. I know her eyes are  
kind.  
By the grey lines in her hair.  
I tap the pane to see those tears unshed.  
I see all turn, and watch them sadly  
stirred  
By the sound, and peer to see my face  
without.  
They see, and smile. I hear no welcome  
shout.  
They sit and gaze as they that see the  
dead,  
But no one says a word.

The island-sleeps. May sleep come soon  
to me,  
And lull these dreams within my shak-  
en mind;  
—These dreams that tell me I have seen  
the last  
Of those I left so,—loved so in the past.

I hear the murmur of the moving sea,  
And the murmur of the wind.

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## THE SILENT WIFE!

## Remarkable Drama of Married Life.

By MARK ENGLISH.

## THE FIRST PART.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

As a result, he loses his memory, and is taken to a nursing home by Doris, who acknowledges herself his wife. Roger does not recognise her, but he recovers, and suddenly disappears. His twin brother, Richard Armer, who is the real thief takes him to a house where he tells him the whole truth. Roger's memory returns with a shock when Richard tells him Doris is alive.

## "THE BEST THING HE COULD DO."

"Doris alive!" Roger Armer repeated. And then sternly. "You lie!"

The man who was so strangely like Roger shook his head.

"Not this time, Roger. Doris lives! She is well!"

And then he looked curiously into the now haggard face; and perhaps for the first time he realised the enormity of the wrong he had done his brother.

"Do you mean to tell me you remember nothing of what has happened the last few weeks?"

Richard was naturally anxious to know how much Roger remembered of his visit to the office; of his signing of the deeds that gave the gang powers to realise a large sum of money.

"It's all coming back to me," Roger said. And then, in a hoarse, choking, voice he asked: "How could you do it, Dick? You have parted me from Doris for ever! She will never believe that I am not the criminal she thinks I am. You see, she never knew I had a twin brother. I was ashamed to let her know that I had a criminal brother. I would not have married her—much as I loved her—had I not been certain you were dead. How did you manage that fraud?"

"Quite easily, Roger. Wanda—my wife, you know—is a brick. She stuck to me through thick and thin. One of her brothers died, and it was easy to alter the death certificate. Bill Garland lies in a far-off grave under the name of Richard Armer—as a nameless girl does in a Sussex village on the cliffs under the name of Doris Armer."

"Richard, I might find it in me to forgive your crimes against society, your frauds against me, but for this last fraud I can never forgive you. Tell me, why are you here? It would have been easy to leave me here—to die."

"That is the one thing I could not do," the man said. "I am going out of your life now; I shall never return. But Doris will. You will be happy with her. A new life lies before you and her."

He moved slowly towards the door. Roger, summoning up all his strength caught him by the arm.

"You shall not go!" he cried. "Brother or no brother, I will not allow you to go free! I will summon the police; I will hand you over to the law. You deserve punishment. Why should you go free?"

He felt his strength failing him, but never in all his life had memory been keener. Everything that had passed since his accident lay like a printed map before him. Like pictures on a screen, each event lay, and passed in order before his mental vision.

He saw the nursing home. He saw himself seated in the garden, Doris—as he had first seen her, in her dainty uniform, white aproned and capped—sitting beside him.

The next mental picture depicted him striding through the crowded streets, every nerve strained to reach his office. And the there appeared on the scene Richard and Barlow.

As of old he sat at his desk, pen in hand, whilst Barlow placed before him certain documents for signature. His hand moved—he signed his name.

To what?

The last picture was a little blurred. He was in his room, and it seemed full of people—the woman Wanda, Henry Barlow, a man they called Philip.

"Where are your accomplices?" Roger asked, as his hands fell from Richard's arms, and he staggered blindly backwards. He had miscalculated his strength.

How strange his own voice sounded. Was he fainting? Or was the awful sensation of sinking deeper and deeper—death?

For a few minutes Richard stood, silently gazing down at the recumbent form that had sunk quietly on to the carpet. He sighed deeply.

"I wish it could have been different," he muttered.

He hesitated, and then, almost reluctantly, he drew from an inner pocket a

small packet. This he transferred to Roger Armer's pocket.

"It's all the reparation possible, and I shall get into an awful row with the others when they know what I've done. But, after all, they can say nothing. He smiled grimly. "I took the risk—I take the blame. I have the right to act as I like. Maybe it's a bit of sentiment. Poor Roger! I wish Fate had given you a better brother!"

His sharp ears, trained by his long career of crime, caught the sound of a car turning the corner of the street. Quick as thought he slipped over to the curtained window and peered out.

Too well did he know who occupied the car that drew up before the house!

"Tracked here!" Richard cried hoarsely. "Trapped like a rat in a trap, for that Detective Smart has no doubt communicated with the local police."

Like an animal at bay he turned, seeking a way of escape, only to be confronted by Geoffrey Smart.

"Hands up!" shouted Richard Armer. Whipping a nickel-plated revolver from his pocket, he covered the detective.

"Not much!" retorted Geoffrey Smart—who, to do him justice, had plenty of pluck. "Two can play at that game. You don't imagine I'm such a fool as to come here unarmed."

They stood a moment glaring into each

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other's faces. Both weapons were raised, and Heaven only knows how the duel of wits would have ended, had not Doris rushed forward.

"It's Roger! Don't shoot, Mr Smart! It's Roger!"

Richard saw his chance, and took it. Taken for a second off guard, Smart lowered his weapon. Like a flash of lightning Richard slipped past him, almost knocking down Paul Weston, whom he met ascending the stairs.

"That isn't your husband, Mrs Armer!" Smart shouted angrily. "That is Richard Armer the thief, whom I hoped to capture. You have spoiled a splendid piece of work—unless I can get him yet!"

He was gone like a whirlwind; and following on his hurried exit there came the sound of a wild scuffle in the passage below.

Fate was on the detective's side. Paul Weston had taken the precaution of locking the front door. It resisted all Richard's efforts to open it, and so he was trapped!

Doris crouched on the landing above. In spite of Smart's declaration that the man who was grappling with him was not her husband, she could hardly realise that it was not Roger on whom her terrified eyes rested.

"Hold hard!" shouted Weston.

Too late! A shot rang out—a puff of smoke, and Richard Armer fell against the wall, and dropped slowly to the ground.

Paul Weston knelt, and laid his hand on the man's heart. He rose silently. No need for words.

"He was getting the worst of it," panted the detective, "and so turned the weapon on himself. Well—he shrugged his shoulders—"after all, it was the best thing the fellow could do under the circumstances. I've got a warrant for his arrest. There are no fewer than six specific charges out against him. Mr Roger Armer's losses are small by comparison with those sustained by others. Miss Farr, for instance. And now I must go to the police-station at once. I'll leave a constable in charge while I go. Why, where's Mrs Armer?"

Paul Weston pointed to an open door.

"She went in there."

Doris had immediately recognised the house as the one to which she had been brought. Instinct led her to the same room where she had lain for hours in her drugged sleep.

On the threshold she paused. A man lay on the floor, his face turned from her. But she knew it was Roger—her Roger!

Had they killed him, too? Had she come too late? Her wild cry reached Paul Weston.

Her white, anguished face worked piteously as she waited breathlessly for the young doctor's verdict.

"Is he dead, Paul?"

"Bless you—no! A faint, that's all. I've a flask about me somewhere."

In a few minutes, Doris—standing by Paul's suggestion a little way off—had the satisfaction of seeing her husband sit up and gaze round.

"Where's Richard?" he asked. "He was here a minute ago! Why, Weston, how did you get here?"

There was no coldness in Roger's manner. He addressed Paul as he would any other acquaintance he met unexpectedly.

"It's a long story, Armer," Paul said evasively. "Too long to go into now. You mustn't forget you've had a long illness. That motor accident, you know, returning from London."

"Yes—yes. Doris nursed me. Or did I dream it?" He sighed. "Of course it must have been a dream," he said. "Doris left me—"

The girl made a sudden movement forward. By an authoritative gesture Paul Weston stopped her. He feared the consequences of too much emotion. Neither physically nor mentally was Roger Armer fit for further excitement.

"Lie still just a few minutes, Mr Armer," he said. "Don't exert yourself. I have a car outside. I will drive you home."

"Home! Do you mean Westways Court?"

"Yes, I do mean Westways Court; you will soon pick up there."

Paul beckoned Doris from the room.

"There is a train to Westways in half an hour. Can you catch that, while I drive Armer down?"

"Paul, let me go with him," she entreated.

"No." Paul was firm. "Let him find you waiting for him as if nothing had ever happened to separate you," he suggested. "He will accept the situation only too gladly."

Doris Armer clasped her hands.

"Oh, if I only thought you were right!"

"Believe me, I am right. You will have time to arrange everything."

He smiled as she hurried down the stairs, casting a shuddering glance at the closed door behind which lay all that remained of Richard Armer.

Paul cleverly managed to get Roger safely out of the house without his patient knowing anything of the tragedy that had so recently happened. Smart helped him by keeping in the background.

"I shall have to interview him as soon as possible," he said. "I'll run down to Westways as soon as I get this job fixed up. I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you, Mrs Armer, too. There are a lot of documents on the man, but not the faintest clue as to the whereabouts of the remainder of the gang. What on earth induced Armer to come here, goodness knows? Perhaps Mr Roger Armer can throw some light on the subject. Ah! Here you are, inspector. Come inside."

He opened the closed door, and they passed inside, and locked it behind them.

Paul Weston took this opportunity of assisting Armer down and into the waiting car.

During the run down into Bucks, Roger hardly spoke. He was wondering what had become of his brother. By this time, doubtless, he was on his way to the nameless destination he had indicated.

Well, let him go. After all, Richard was his brother.

Only two questions which Paul found hard to answer did Armer put.

"Was I alone when you came?"

"When I found you there was no one in the room with you," was Paul's diplomatic reply.

"How did you find out where they had taken me?"

"The detective—Smart—traced you. don't worry, Mr Armer. All's well—now." Impulsively he put out his hand. "You have my best wishes."

Roger grasped it warmly.

"Thank you, Weston. I—I've been mad, I think, ever to have doubted Doris."

And they left it at that.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

To say that Mrs Spry was overjoyed to see her mistress return so quickly is to put it mildly; and when Doris told her to help her to prepare to receive her master she was beside herself with delight.

"The young couple had made it up," she confided to Jenkins. "It was all that mischievous Miss Vane's doing. She always knew she was up to no good. Of course, there was a lot to clear up; but, after all, what did it matter—what did anything matter—so long as master and missus come together again." And so on.

But though Mrs Spry's tongue wagged fast, she and her staff worked with such good will that long before the car containing Roger and Paul Weston appeared in the avenue everything was in readiness to give the master of The Court a royal welcome home.

And Doris, in her own apartments, was doing her share, too. She had asked Jenkins to do her hair in exactly the same style as she had worn it on the day on which, as the unwilling, unloving bride of Roger Armer, she had entered her "prison" house.

How all this was changed. Her heart throbbed with love and deepest gratitude. But a new fear gripped her. Would Roger allow her to remain? After all that had passed had he not the right to refuse to share his home with her? And if he did not share it, then Doris knew it would be no home to her.

Jenkins held up the same black dress which Doris insisted on wearing on her wedding night. She shuddered as she recalled all that had happened since then. "No—no! There's a white dress. I—I'll wear that. It's a—a gala night, Jenkins. I want the master to feel it is so. He's been ill, you know," she stammered, flushing rosy red as she met Jenkins' curious gaze.

As soon as the maid had left the room, Doris turned eagerly to the long mirror set in the wall of the blue and silver room she had hated. Critically she scanned the face and figure reflected therein.

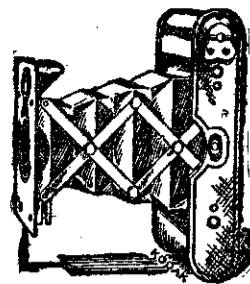
"How I have changed!" she sighed. "How much older I look; and yet, as years count, I am still but a girl. She laughed mirthlessly. "I feel a hundred! And how thin I've grown!"

She went downstairs. Nothing would do but that she should arrange the flowers herself.

She had ordered dinner to be set in the small dining-room; a pretty room, far cosier than the great room where she had eaten her first honeymoon meal—with Isobel Vane making an unwelcome third.

"She would be far more unwelcome," Doris thought, "if she came to-night. But she's not likely to do that. She doesn't know that Roger will be here."

(Continued on Page 4.)



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## THE SILENT WIFE.

(Continued from page 3.)

And then a quick thought stabbed her.  
What if Roger wanted Isobel, and did  
not want her—Doris?

Well, if he did, she would go. She  
would accept this as the punishment for  
her long silence.

Roger Armer's sensations, as he stop-  
ped the car at the great gates of his  
home, were as mixed as Doris's. Weston  
had told him that Doris would be waiting  
and a curious shyness took hold of him.

"I'll go up alone, Weston," he said  
half apologetically. "You don't mind, do  
you?"

He held out his hand, and Paul gripped  
it warmly.

"I think it far better that you should  
go alone. Doris would not thank me for  
intruding. I know."

He smiled genially; putting—like the  
unselfish fellow he was—all thought of  
self on one side.

And so it happened that Roger Armer  
saw his wife before she had any idea that  
he had come.

She was standing bending over a tall  
goblet, in which she was arranging some  
exquisite hot-house blooms.

Though the window stood open, a  
bright fire of pine logs threw out a genial  
heat. A small round table stood in the  
centre of the room, sparkling with cut  
glass and old silver.

His eyes grew dim. The gracious figure  
of the beautiful girl grew misty. With a  
yearning cry he stepped over the sill.

"Doris! My wife—my darling!"

The girl turned. The flowers fell, un-  
heeded, from her hands. With a low cry  
of rapture she went straight to his arms—  
as a bird flies for shelter to her mate.

"Oh, I beg parding ma'am!"

Mrs Spry's voice cut in upon the splen-  
did silence, and sent them, blushing like  
an engaged couple caught in the act of  
love-making to different parts of the room.

"I didn't know the master had come. Wel-  
come home, sir—welcome!" The good old  
woman beamed on the handsome couple.  
"We shan't know ourselves now with our  
master and mistress both at home. You've  
come to stay I hope?"

She looked wistfully, first at Roger,  
then at Doris, and from Doris back to  
Roger. Her expression spoke volumes,  
and was so comical, and yet so pathetic,  
that husband and wife could not refrain  
from smiling.

"Have you?" whispered Doris, with a  
look Mrs Spry could not understand.

"Have you?" Roger whispered back,  
with an expression on his handsome face  
that Mrs Spry afterwards described as  
"that touching, it made me want to cry."

It was Doris who answered the old  
woman's question.

"Yes, Mrs Spry. We've both come  
home—to stay. Roger and I are tired of  
roaming."

"Bless you, dearies!" Tears welled  
into the faithful creature's eyes. "I'm  
glad. There's no place like home, when  
all's said and done. And you'll excuse  
me, sir, but you wants kitchen physic  
now, by your looks! We must fatten 'im  
up—mustn't we, ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed!" Doris cried. "And if—  
if anyone should call—Oh, well, say  
anything, only don't let them in!"

"That I won't!" cried Mrs Spry.  
"I'll tell 'em I'll give any of them the  
sack as lets any visitors inside this place  
this evening."

She waddled away; and as soon as they  
were alone, Doris went up to Roger and  
laid her arms round his neck.

"This is our real honeymoon," she  
said softly. "That is, if you can ever  
forgive me."

Roger pressed his lips on her beautiful  
barnished hair.

Presently they went upstairs together,  
arm in arm. They had suffered so much  
they felt one could scarcely let the other  
out of sight.

For a time the joy of their re-union  
drove all else out of their minds. They  
forgot that, before they dare accept their  
full happiness, many grim details must be  
settled that whilst their cup was filled  
with joy, bitter grief filled another's.

Wanda Armer had lost her husband,  
who, in spite of his sin and weakness,  
she adored; whilst Doris, had despite  
her folly, regained hers.

Roger's identity must be proved beyond  
the shadow of a doubt before he could  
again hold up his head among his fellows.  
For rumour is hydra-headed, and bitter  
tongues are not easily silenced.

Dinner was over, and Roger and Doris  
sat in the window, gazing out on to the  
beautiful gardens.

"I beg pardon, sir, but I found this  
packet in the pocket of your coat. I  
thought it might be important." Roger's  
servant handed him a sealed packet.  
"And this letter, sir, has just come." Roger  
opened the packet first.

"What can it be?" he said curiously.

Doris leaned over his shoulder. Some-

thing told her the packet contained some-  
thing of importance.

"It's remarkably heavy," Roger laugh-  
ed.

The paper fell away, and—Mrs Vander-  
decken's pearls dropped from it!

In a flash they saw it all. This was  
part of Richard Armer's late reparation.

"We must let her know at once," said  
Roger decidedly. "Poor, misguided Dick!  
Ah, well, he paid the penalty of his sins  
if ever a man did!"

Doris laid her soft cheek against the  
haggard one of Dick's brother.

"And to think I took him for you!"

He laid his lips on hers, and so sil-  
enced further speech.

A while later there was a knock at the  
door and Mrs Spry entered. "I said I'd  
sack anyone as disturbed you to-night,"  
she said, "and now I've been and done  
it myself! But there's a pore soul as says  
she must see yer. It's a matter o' life  
an' death, she ses—"

"Her name?" Roger asked.

"She won't give no name. She's  
heavy veiled, but somehow she seems  
familiar like—"

Husband and wife exchanged glances.

"Is it Wanda?"

"Yes," a voice from the shadows said.  
"I came to bring you—these." She  
opened her bag, and poured out a glitter-  
ing heap of jewels upon the table.

Doris recognised Helena Farr's jewels  
and her own tiara. "He's dead," Wanda  
said listlessly, "and so nothing matters.  
They can do what they like with me—  
now. You have the pearls, I see."

She turned slowly away.

"You mustn't go!" Doris caught her  
hand. "You are not fit to travel! How  
did you come?"

"Mr Smart brought me." Roger rose.

"I'm going to see Smart," he whis-  
pered to Doris. "Take her to your own  
rooms, dearest. Comfort her—get her to  
stay, if possible. I will make it right  
with Smart. He is in my employ, so it  
may be possible to keep things quiet.  
Anyhow, I'll do my best. After all, she  
is my brother's widow."

It was long before the heartbroken  
woman was able to leave the Court; and  
then she left it for a tiny cottage on  
the estate.

For many days Wanda's life trembled  
in the balance; and when eventually she  
recovered, it was found that her reason  
had fled. She clung like a child to Doris,  
waiting—always waiting and watching—  
for the husband who never came.

"I don't believe a word of your story!"

These words, in Isobel Vane's high-pitch-  
ed voice, reached Roger Armer as he  
stood on the landing outside his wife's  
boudoir. "How you managed to get  
round Roger as you did, goodness knows!  
If you didn't steal the jewels yourself,  
you were in league with the gang that  
did. Why did you masquerade as a  
nurse to Helena Farr, if it wasn't to get  
hold of the fool's jewels. Ha, you see I  
know more than you imagined! Your  
vow of silence was all part of a well-  
laid plot. You broke it soon enough  
when it suited you!"

How long Isobel would have gone on  
insulting Doris it is hard to say, had not  
Roger Armer broken in on her flow of  
abuse.

"Stop!" he said sternly. "Say another  
word, and I shall forget you are a  
woman. Every word uttered against my  
wife"—and, on what a world of love  
and pride Roger Armer's voice held—  
"will be sternly resented by me. It is  
unnecessary for you to know the reason  
that made it seem desirable to Mrs Ar-  
mer to leave her home, but this much I  
will tell you. It was my fault—entirely  
my fault; and here, in the presence of  
you who have insulted one of the best  
and dearest women in all the world, I ask  
her to forgive me. Doris—will you?"

Passing the crestfallen Isobel, he put  
his arms round Doris, and kissed her.

"I was to blame as well," Doris smiled  
radiantly.

"You won't get the country to accept  
this trumped-up story!" sneered Isobel,  
maddened by the lover-like expression on  
Roger's face. "I shall take care to—"

Roger turned and seized her wrist. On  
his face was that look of strength and  
determination Doris knew of old.

"Say one word against my wife and I'll  
have you put out. Now go!"

And, strange to say, Isobel went with-  
out another word. That evening Roger  
called upon her, and the next day she  
and her aunt left the cottage.

No reason was given for Miss Vane's  
swift exit. Only she and Roger knew;  
and for different reasons the lips of each  
were sealed.

Roger and Doris Armer had chosen an  
old-world fishing village on the Devon  
coast for their holiday. They had finished

their frugal supper, and now wandered—  
like the lovers they were—hand in  
hand on the glittering sands that lay be-  
low the little inn where they were stay-  
ing.

For some time they stood silent, gazing  
out across the moonlit sea. Suddenly  
Doris leaned against her husband's shoul-  
der, and, looking fondly down into the  
beloved face, Roger saw that the sweet,  
grey eyes were full of tears.

"What—tears, sweetheart! On our  
honeymoon—our real honeymoon! How's  
that?"

"I was thinking how much time we have  
have lost, Roger, and of my wicked vow."

He closed her lips with a kiss.

"We will make up for lost time, dear-  
est heart," he said. "If you reproach  
yourself for so small a thing, what must  
I do—who won you by a trick. It is the  
one thing of which I am ashamed."

"Why did you do it?" A smile foug-  
ed the tears in Doris's eyes.

"Because I loved you so madly that I  
would have moved heaven and earth to  
win you for my own." Intense passion  
shook the man, as he held her closer and  
yet closer to his heart. "I do not deserve  
your love, Doris, but—"

"You have it, Roger. My whole heart  
is yours. I can't tell when I first began  
to love you. I think I must have loved  
you always, though I did not know it,  
even in the days when I was 'The Silent  
Wife.'"

In silence more eloquent than words,  
the married lovers' lips met in a long kiss  
of perfect love and understanding.

The End.

## THE DAIRYING INDUSTRY.

### OUTLOOK DISCUSSED.

The "Taranaki Herald" has the fol-  
lowing which may be of interest to dairy  
farmers:—What return the dairy farm-  
ers will receive for their labour in the  
season now under way is a question  
that is of interest to people other than  
the farmers, the others including those  
who say they wish they had the dairy-  
man's job of drawing big cheques. The  
return to butter suppliers is assured, sub-  
ject to slight variations in the cost of  
manufacture and incidental expenses, by  
reason of the extension of the Imperial  
Government control until March 31 next.  
The position with regard to cheese now  
appears to be tolerably clear, and it can  
be reasonably forecasted that at the end  
of the season suppliers of both butter  
and cheese factories will receive not less  
than 2s 7d per lb. of butter-fat. In a  
good proportion of cases the return will  
be greater, in some quite appreciably so.  
This means at least 7d per lb. of butter-  
fat more than was received last season  
under the commandeer.

While the outlook remains satisfactory,  
the somewhat exaggerated hopes that  
led to much of the high-priced buying  
of land in Taranaki have by no means  
been realised, and the present occupiers  
of many farms are working under a tre-  
mendous burden of interest.

As regards monthly pay-outs, butter  
suppliers are on the same basis as pre-  
viously. With cheese suppliers the posi-  
tion varies according to the arrange-  
ments made for disposing of the output.  
Many of the smaller cheese factories  
were fortunate in selling early in the sea-  
son at from 1s 2½d to 1s 2¾d per lb  
of cheese, and should be able to pay out  
for the season from 2s 10d to 3s per  
lb of butter-fat. These factories, through  
having their monthly advances guaran-  
teed by letter of credit, are able to ad-  
vance at least 2s per lb. On the other  
hand, the factories that are consigning  
their cheese are only able to advance  
about from 1s 6d to 1s 9d per lb but-  
ter-fat on account of the market having  
sagged. With the probability of cheese  
not bringing more than 1s to 1s 0½lb,  
the banks are making correspondingly  
low advances on shipments.

In Taranaki the larger cheese fac-  
tories which were consigning have in  
nearly every case turned over to butter-  
making, or are arranging their plant to  
enable this to be done. The controlled  
price of 2s 6d per lb of butter will en-  
able factories to pay out from 2s. 6d to  
2s 8d per lb butter-fat, according to  
the geographical position, and whether  
they work on the home separation or the  
creamery system. The home separating  
system, by eliminating skimming loss at  
the factory, enables a pay-out of from 1d  
to 7½d higher than in the case of a  
creamery to be made.

A locomotive consumes, every mile it  
travels, about 45 gallons of water.

Germany requires a minimum of 9,-  
000,000 tons of wheat a year. The 1920  
crop amounts to only 7,000,000 tons;  
2,000,000 tons must, therefore, be im-  
ported from abroad.

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## CHIPS &amp; SAWDUST

(By the "Slabby.")

It is the intention to insert items of interest appertaining to the sawmilling industry in this column every week. Any information forwarded to "Slabby," care "Digger," "News Office," Invercargill, will be greatly appreciated.

## THE WRONG BULLOCK.

The road was boggy, the bullocks tired. They wouldn't pull, they seemed inspired, And stubbornly baulked and wouldn't go, And the bullocky hadn't called out "woa."

He cracked his whip, and didn't swear, At least his language was only fair. Along the road a parson came And urged old bullocky to refrain. He said to him, "my son, take care, To move those bullocks just say a prayer, And you will surely have evidence To trust these things to Providence."

The bullocky spat, looked down the road, And said: "Old fellar, you be blowed, For you are talking jolly rot, He's the worst bally bullock that I've got."

Mr Tas. Dawson, of Colac Bay, is now managing the Lauriston Timber Co's mill at Catlins River.

The secretary of the Southland Sawmill Worker's Union (Mr Tom O'Byrne), is now busy compiling the annual returns to the Government.

"Slabby" is pleased to report that "Mick" Hughes who met with a very severe accident some time ago is on the road to a satisfactory recovery.

"Slabby" was pleased to see a well and favourably known sawmill owner, register a win at the recent S.R. Club's racing. A lot of the boys were 'on' Dan's niddy.

By the time these notes appear in print most of the mills will have commenced operations again in full swing. The boys were favoured with ideal weather for their holidays and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Among the well-known sawmillers in town were the following: Dick Donaldson (Port Craig), Tim Halpin (Monowai), Banjo Patterson (Spar Bush), Buff Bates (Monowai), Stewart Bros. (Catlins River), Sam Fister (Forest Hill), Tom Hansen (Spar Bush), etc.

A fine example of the interest taken in his employees is observed by Dr Truby King, of the Lauriston Timber Co. (Catlins River). He has just awarded prizes to the extent of £70 to his workers for the best kept garden, house, etc. A prize of £10 was awarded for the best garden, then £9 for the second and so on down to a few shillings, so that every employee who showed any signs of industrial activity was rewarded for his efforts. Prizes were awarded for the bachelor workers keeping their huts, etc., in the cleanest and tidiest condition. At this mill the Dr has over 20 four-roomed modern worker's dwellings, and he also gives to the workers' wives and children the benefit of his medical knowledge gratis. As one enthusiast remarked: "He is a grand old man."

## THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

Thou gazing face above the shifting sands! Oh, turn thy tearless eyes and answer me! Will honour come to thee and to thy land, That this should be?

Those swarthy adamantine breasts of stone Are now matured beneath thine Egypt sun. Wilt profit by this brood of iron done That this be done? Oh, answer me, thou silent gazing face, All-gifted with the wisdom of the years. These teeth of Jason,—will they bring thee grace Or bring thee tears?

Brazil nuts grow in such profusion that thousands of tons are wasted every year. More than one baby out of every four born in France dies before the age of one year.

## ANZAC TWEEDS.

## A HUGE SUCCESS.

## HIGH WAGES AND BONUSES.

Despite the gloomy forebodings of the Repatriation Department, which twelve months ago wished to stop the manufacture of Anzac hand-woven tweed by returned soldiers, the industry, in the hands of the Returned Soldiers' League (states "Melbourne Age"), has now proved to be a much greater success than was anticipated even by those who had faith in it. What malign influences were at work to induce the department to attempt to close down the factory are not known, but had it not been for the League and a strenuous campaign conducted in the columns of the "Age," those influences would have had their way, and many returned soldiers would have been the poorer. At present the factory is working ten looms at high pressure; and its products are being sold in four States. The men make splendid wages, and have just received a bonus of ten per cent. on their earnings for eleven months. The factory is now governed by three directors appointed by the Soldiers' League, and is independent of the Repatriation Department altogether.

A very happy dinner at the Grand Hotel on 22nd December was attended, with two exceptions, by every man connected with the industry, from the smallest earner at the loom to the board of trustees. The dinner preceded the presentation by the chairman of the trust, Mr G. J. C. Dyett, of the bonuses earned by the operatives. In making the presentation, Mr Dyett said that some twelve months ago, after two and a-half years' operation, the Repatriation Department decided to close the factory down. After a number of deputations from the League to the Prime Minister and Minister of Repatriation, and in the face of much opposition, the Government decided to hand the industry over to a board of trustees from the league. Those appointed were Messrs Dyett, Cull and Lowry, of the Soldiers' League, with Mr J. M. Gillespie as financial adviser and Mr Ackeroyd as secretary. Since then success had followed on success. It was now his pleasing duty to hand over to the operatives a bonus representing 10 per cent. of their earnings in the past eleven months. It was interesting to know that the average salary earned in the factory was now £8 a week. Some men earned as much as £10 a week and over. One man would receive £25 as bonus and he had only been at the factory nine months. The results were highly satisfactory. The business belonged to the men. The trustees were the managers, but they received no payment. Mr Gillespie had devoted a great amount of time to the financial work, and the thanks of all were due to him for his efforts. Business had developed to such an extent that there were now 21 employees instead of the four which the trust had taken over eleven months ago. The output had increased by over 400 per cent. If the business were wound-up to-day each man, apart from his salary and bonus, would receive £m £150 to £200; but he hoped that industry would go on as it had been going until each man's share would be worth £1000. Everything depended on the men themselves, whose services had been loyal and praiseworthy. During the time the Repatriation Department had been in control the industry lost over £1000. Before the League could take it over the trustees had to borrow money. The department had advanced £1000. They would be pleased to learn that the money had been paid back in full. (Cheers). The industry had now no liabilities. The trustees were anxious to get a larger building, and they hoped to be able to secure certain looms which could be operated by soldiers having but one arm or one leg. The latter proposal would depend on whether larger supplies of yarn could be obtained. About £10,000 would be required to obtain the larger premises and equipment required. The trustees could have paid the men a much larger bonus, but it was desirable to have a big reserve capitalised in the interests of the operatives. A bonus of five per cent. on the earnings had been paid to the woman employees in the industry. There was one matter he could not omit, and that was the very large part played by the "Age" in keeping the industry alive. He would remind them that but for the strenuous fight put up by that journal for the retention of the industry there would have been no Anzac tweed factory to-day. (Cheers).

Mr J. A. Gillespie said he was very keen on the co-operative principle in business, and he believed in employees having a fair share of the profits. They had had a very good demonstration of the success of the principle that night. (Cheers). Mr J. H. Donnelly, foreman at the fac-

tory, said 732 yards of cloth per week were being woven by ten looms, or an average of 73.2 yards per loom. The yarn used amounted to 750lb. The factory was now exceeding the supply limit of yarn by 250lb per week. The 732 yards of cloth when finished represented 624 yards. In an average working day a power loom would weave 29 yards of cloth. The average at the Anzac factory was about 14 yards a day of eight hours, but each operator had to wind his own bobbins, which took an hour and a half to two hours a day. If that time had not been so spent the output by hand loom would be as great as that by machine.

## GERMAN SOLVENCY.

## ABILITY TO PAY.

The memorandum which the German Government presented to the Allies on the question of solvency is one that could have been foreseen. It follows up in argumentative form the hints and suggestions that have appeared from time to time since the signing of the Peace Treaty that the obligations which the German Government was then compelled to shoulder were too heavy and threatened the Republican State with insolvency for the sins of the Imperial regime. By insinuating doubts into the minds of the Allies it is hoped that concessions may be made. The general purpose of the document in question is thus to create the impression that Germany as an economic unit is disrupted and impoverished by the Treaty and reduced to a nerveless and hopeless position, and that nothing but financial chaos confronts her. In this, as in other things, there is room for argument, but there is no harm in bearing in mind that no sooner did Spa loom on the horizon than a remarkable change occurred in the value of the mark. Instead of standing at 360 to the £ against the par of twenty, the rate fell swiftly to about 120, and today German currency exchanges at the rate of about 150 marks to the £. This extraordinary improvement does not agree with the picture now presented, and as the recovery is attributed to heavy purchases of marks by such shrewd speculators as the Dutch and the Americans, it would be remarkable if financiers in both these centres could have so misread contemporary signs in Germany. Private advices which reach trading and financial houses in the City speak confidently of Germany's recovery, and this information usually comments upon the more hopeful feeling among the German people and the desire that is universally encountered to get down to work. If impartial business men in Holland consider it prudent to advance credits to German firms and Dutch financial houses lead the speculation in the mark it may be as well to disregard the too sombre hues painted into the memorandum.

## —Dubious Assertions.—

It does not follow that there is not a limit to Germany's capacity to pay, but the prophet who cares at this stage to predict that Germany cannot pay more than two, three, four or five thousand million sterling is possessed of more courage than prudence. It is true, as stated in the memorandum, that the terms of the Treaty deprived her of valuable assets, that the burden of the indemnity falls upon a Germany shorn of territory which contains valuable ores and agricultural areas, and that her traders are crippled by the loss of these points d'appui in former enemy countries and in the colonies. But the reparation clauses of the Treaty were framed in the light of these penalties. It is therefore open to Germany to state what total she can bear—a course which so far seems to have been sedulously avoided. The mere state-

## FLOUR BINS.

Make at least one good resolution for the New Year, and give the good lady of the house one of our unrivalled FLOUR BINS. They are absolutely the most useful piece of Furniture you can put in a home.

Made in four sizes, viz:—

- 3 BINS to hold 50lb Flour, 50lb Oatmeal, 70lb Sugar.
- 3 BINS to hold 50lb Flour, 50lb Oatmeal, 70lb Sugar, with six spice drawers on top.
- 3 BINS to hold 50lb Flour, 50lb Oatmeal, 70lb Sugar, with six spice drawers on top and three drawers underneath for Bread, Scones and Buns.
- 3 BINS to hold 200lb Flour, 140lb Sugar, with six spice drawers on top.

## GEO. MOIR &amp; SON.

FURNITURE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

72 and 74 TAY STREET.

(Next Price and Bulleid.)

ment that under the Treaty Germany is obliged to pay interest and sinking fund on a total of forty billion gold marks as a beginning, equivalent to a yearly charge of almost 2.4 billion marks (£120,000,000), is an assertion the validity of which can only be proved by time. It is necessary that Germany should make an effort to repair the damage wantonly inflicted upon her late enemies. What is now claimed in the petition is that she must be freed from those restrictive conditions, so that she may choose the ways and means which could lead to the recovery of her economic life and to the salvation of her finance. Without freedom of economic action, it is stated, and without economic co-operation with other nations, Germany can neither rebuild her economic life nor put financial affairs in order. Without financial order Germany clearly cannot punctually meet her liabilities. But what this may mean precisely will no doubt emerge at the Conference now sitting. If it involves the raising of foreign credits, it will present new difficulties to the Allies, yet it is not easy to see how, without a supply of essential raw materials from abroad, Germany can be restored. At the same time there is the fact that while the most productive regions of France have been intentionally devastated far beyond any requirements of civilised warfare, German industries are untouched and her agricultural possibilities are the same as before. This is what has to be brought home to the German mind.

## CAN WOMEN BRING DOWN THE COST OF LIVING.

We are always being told they can, and the process sounds so simple. "Do not buy unnecessary clothes and refuse to give the exorbitant prices asked for quite ordinary things," we are told.

There seems to be quite an erroneous idea abroad that women folk generally enjoy buying expensive things and unnecessary ones. But do we?

Most women, that is average women, would only be too thankful to purchase inexpensive things, but so many, in fact most so-called inexpensive things are not in the long run the cheapest or most inexpensive, and certainly not the most thrifty, for the simple reason that they are so often rubbishy and wear out long before you expect them to. One has only to look at the prices of footwear (certainly we are told this is going to "come down" considerably quite shortly, and it would be quite interesting to know how many people are "hanging on" until the happy great reduction moment has arrived!), millinery and drapery in its widest sense of the word, and in fact clothing generally, to grasp the fact that dressing oneself has reached a fine art point, and how to do it at the ruling prices one of the problems vexing the minds of many to-day.

No, most women do not enjoy buying terribly expensive clothes nowadays, any way, for there is so much to be done with limited means, and nearly everyone tells you their means are very limited.

The average woman has to "cut her coat according to her cloth" these times, and the marvel is how so many manage as well as they do. Certainly, many women are wonderful managers, and when it comes to clothing a family—well to any one who has not got to do this wonderful thing—it seems miraculous how it is done and done so well.

Many people tell you they don't have clothes these times, only coverings. Quite dainty and pretty coverings one must admit, but not unselfish one's sense of humour makes one think the word "covering" requires a good deal of imaginary stretching.

Quite a feature of the times is that

people who apparently seem to have plenty to dress on are the ones who wear least dress, at any rate as regards the amount of material used in fashioning their wearing apparel.

But, all this does not bring us any nearer the reducing the cost of living and clothing. In some parts of the world men have refused to pay the exorbitant prices demanded for suits, and attire themselves in overalls, dungarees, one gathers. Women need scarcely do this, but we could dress more simply if we all decided to not buy just what we like and to come down to having what may not be quite as dainty or pretty or smart. If we all did this we could bring down things a bit surely. If men can do it why cannot we. It is because women do not stick together as much as men, or because so many hate to have unbecoming clothes, and perhaps be 'just like' so many other people with no individuality or personality; because we must all admit these two qualities do play a big part in good and becoming dressing? The question is a difficult one, but it seems one we must decide for ourselves. Men folk will no doubt continue to tell us "It is you wretched women who keep up the high cost of living" (and they nearly always mean clothing), but they cannot solve the problem. It will take a woman's mind to do that. So the sooner we get busy and to solve the problem so much the better for us all; but like so many other problems of to-day, "co-operation" seems the keynote necessary in the solution.

As regards food and the ever-soaring prices, it is some consolation to know women are not responsible for that. The "lords of creation" have the working out of that matter, for although women are quite capable of spending their money catering and housekeeping, they themselves are generally responsible for the production of foodstuffs and the price fixing. To most of us the cost of living as regards food is much the most important problem needing attention, for it is after all the most essential, and how large families on small incomes are to exist these times is a thing perplexing the minds of many. If women can reduce the cost of clothing, one wonders why men—business-minded men cannot work out some system by which ordinary necessities of life can be obtained at prices, the wrestling with which at the present time is the bane of many a worried, worried housewife.

"Planting operations in both the North and South Islands are being carried on, and we are seeking the co-operation of the various nurserymen and nurserymen's associations in the work of stimulating the private planting of eucalyptus and conifers by farmers, both for timber plantations and for wind-breaks," said the Director of Forestry (Captain McIntosh Ellis), in discussing the operations of the Department of Forestry. "As settlement stabilises, we will find, I believe, that the farmers will pay more attention to the aesthetic value of wind-breaks and also the economic advantages of planting out plantations of conifers, etc. Remarkable results, I may mention, are being obtained from the planting out of pinus insignis in the Canterbury district, and recently a man was interviewing me as to planting these well-tried and commercial exotics on a large scale in the North Island. Companies have also been formed in the Nelson district to carry on planting operations on a large scale. One company is planting 1000 acres of pinus insignis for making fruit cases, so that the growing of timber by private people is a practical and economical industry in the Dominion. The Department is not only willing but anxious to give all the advice and information in its power to those undertaking such work."

# Passing Notes.

BY JACQUES.

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

A recent cable states, inter alia, that "Archbishop Clune throughout was trusted by both sides (in the Irish trouble) for his sincerity and honesty of purpose in a search for a settlement." This will be delightful reading for Howard Elliott.

The proposal that the Fallen Soldiers' Memorial should take the form of a bridge over the Estuary—which was at first regarded as a huge joke—has really become so serious that the "News" is actually "barracking" for it. Perhaps it really matters little what shape, the memorial will take, but one does not like to think that any class or district should desire to make capital of it. And one cannot escape the suspicion that the motive behind the suggestion is not altogether devoid of self-interest. It would, no doubt, prove instructive to learn whether the proposal emanated from this side, or the other, of the Estuary.

"I would just as willingly propose the toast of the American team as that of the Australians," said William Massey at the Davis Cup dinner in Auckland. "They are Anglo-Saxons just as we are." True. Except for a trifle of twelve million negroes, an inconsiderable fifteen million Germans, a sprinkling of ten to twelve million Irishmen, a scattered eight or ten millions of Dutch extraction, with a flavouring of Dagoes, Slavs, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Greeks, Scandinavians, Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, and others from every country on the planet—ranging, say, from a million to four or five million of each—the American nation may be fairly included among the "Boys of the Bull Dog Breed."

"Audi alteram partem"—which is Latin, or French, or something for "There is always another side to the yarn." Like most others I had often felt my blood jump to 212 degrees Fahr. at the frequent newspapers stories of houseowners' heartless refusals to accept as tenants those whose quivers were too full. That a man's children should prove barriers between himself and comfortable domicile seemed simply damnable, and my feelings towards the whole landlord class became distinctly Irish. The other day, however, a friend of mine—a houseowner—gave me a new view of the question, from his standpoint. Though he has never actually refused it, he is reluctant to grant tenancy to those blessed—or cursed—with too numerous progeny. And he met my plain disapproval with his reasons. "I have no objection to children, as such, Jacques," he explained, "but I dread them as vandals. Many tenants are mere birds of passage, and are utterly indifferent to their temporary landlord's interests. Their children are veritable destroying angels, and, unrebuked, strip the papers from the walls, break windows, scratch the paint, carve their names on the doors, try their new knives on the mantels and wardrobes, wreck fences, and gates, and do many other things calculated to silver the landlord's head. If the parents were assured fixtures for any term, and were willing to put up with the damage during their tenancy, it would not be so bad. But that is not often the case. More than once," he continued, mournfully, "when a tenant has terminated his brief occupancy of my property the cost of necessary repairs has totalled more than the whole rent received from him. And all through the children's natural mischievousness and the parents' carelessness. Some tenants, I admit, are as careful of a rented house as of their own. But, unfortunately, these are few, and bear no distinguishing mark. It is really the careless tenant, rather than the landlord, who is responsible for that exclusive "No Children Wanted."

Which reminds me. It was at the time of the 'Frisco earthquake, and, fearing a repetition of the catastrophe, a doting couple sent their children for safety to some friends, a couple of hundred miles away. A week or so later came an urgent telegram: "For God's sake, take the kids away and send along the earthquake instead."

Some years ago some fellow or other wrote:—

"Extremes are counted worst of all;  
The golden mean betwixt them both  
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall."  
We may assume that there was no trouble

in Ireland in those days, else those lines would have been written differently, or not at all. In the distressful country just now the lot of the moderate is not altogether one of peace and joy. On the one hand his premises are hourly liable to seizure by Republican terrorists for the purposes of ambush. To close the door is to invite an almost certain bomb or two, while information to the authorities is quickly followed by the funeral of the informer. If he takes the temporary line of least resistance, and yields to force, his house and furniture are later carefully fired by the military police, or the "Black and Tans." Also, his wife may have to take in washing while he takes on a Government job within four high walls for a few years. Truly, between the two extremes in Ireland the seat of the middle fellow is not nearly so secure as he could wish.

The wisdom of the measure prohibiting the carrying of firearms is open to question. That its purpose will be realised is very doubtful. It is not too much to say that far more firearms are carried for defensive than offensive reasons. Every man has a natural right to protect his own life and property; and, judging by daily newspaper reports, the jeopardy to both has increased to a very disquieting degree since the war. "Hold-ups" are of increasingly frequent occurrence, and often the victim is not only robbed, but sent a long way in the direction of kingdom come as well. With a weapon in his hip pocket, such a one has a fighting chance, and the very possibility of such may—and often does, no doubt—give would-be aggressors pause. The effect of the measure in depriving the law-abiding citizen of such means of self defence, will be to place him absolutely at the mercy of any garrotter stronger than himself. That the criminally inclined will be induced to surrender or abandon their arms is a foolish hope. Detection is difficult, and they are used to risks. And the knowledge that the public is more helpless than before will still further embolden them in their lawlessness.

During the war a certain camp was the dumping place for military damaged goods—or, in other, plainer words, syphilitic soldiers. It is said that there were over sixty thousand (some, in fact, say ninety thousand) such in segregation there. But be the correct figures what they may, the fact that they were not higher we owe almost wholly to the sane, practical efforts of Miss Ettie Rout; that they were not less was largely due to the active and insane opposition of smug, purblind pietists, and the timid poltroonery of those in authority, both in England and here. We all remember that while this heroic woman was fighting, almost single handed, to save our boys from the dreadful consequences of surrender to their natural impulses, deputations of Chadbands and Stigginses demanded that our Government should renounce that woman and all her wicked ways—and she was renounced accordingly. But, careless alike of praise or blame, she moved unswervingly along the path she had chosen, denying herself many of the commonest necessities of life (and even, it is said, disposing of her dearly cherished library) in order to enlarge the means of carrying on her good work. And to-day many a happy wife in New Zealand unknowingly owes this much maligned heroine a big debt of gratitude for the fact that she and her babes are free from the dreadful contamination of syphilis. I have never met a returned soldier who was not ready with unstinted praise for Miss Ettie Rout. The British Government has, I understand, officially recognised and acknowledged the value of her work. But I have yet to learn that Bill Massey has been equally generous or just. Nor do I remember ever seeing one line of apology or retraction from any of her multitudinous cowardly detractors, although they must, by this time, know something of the truth. It is, however, pleasant to note that Miss Rout and her work receive ample vindication at the hands of no less a person than the eminent physician, Sir G. Archdall Reid. In his work on the V.D. he refers most eulogistically to the achievements of Miss Rout, who, he says, "fought almost unaided a most strenuous battle, living among the men, providing disinfectants, lecturing, importuning authorities, writing letters to the press, establishing medical

clubs, and in every possible way endeavouring to stamp out or lessen the scourge." In conclusion he says: "I think that when the names of those who opposed her are forgotten, the memory of this brave lady will be green among the descendants of the valiant men for whose welfare she struggled." I wonder if anyone will ever write such nice words about William Massey, or any of the wowsing crew of whom he seems to stand in such fear.

## Pen Pictures of the War.

SERIES VI.

### THE HUSH-HUSH BRIGADE.

The "Dunsterforce" or "Hush-Hush" Brigade consisting of 70 officers and 140 N.C.O.'s left England in February 1918, to lead the Armenians and others to victory against the Turks and Bolsheviks. It was a remarkable force consisting entirely of Officers and Non-Coms carefully selected from the English and Colonial forces for their dash and ability and practically every member wore at least one decoration. The theory that called the force into being was that hundreds and thousands of Armenians, Georgians, Persians, Tartars, and Russians of first-class fighting value, only needed leading and training to roll back the Turks upon Constantinople and bar the Bolsheviks from the gates of India.

Major Donohue in "With the Persian Expedition" tells the tale of the force and explodes the theory that the native forces are valuable fighting material. The trenches at Karanja were held by native levies with a stiffening of officers and N.C.O.'s. The Persians as usual became "jumpy" whenever the Turkish bullets hummed in their immediate vicinity, and as they were utterly lacking in elementary fire control they were a source of vexatious perplexity to their British officers and sergeants. One officer, in despair at their utter unreliability under fire, pleadingly suggested that they might be withdrawn and himself left with the two British sergeants to hold the post.

The attack was delivered by the Turks on September 12th. The shock of contact was first felt on the right where the Persians were in position. These latter promptly broke and fled in utter disorder, all attempts to rally them proving futile. Our line was now in the air, so to speak, with the Persians scuttling like rabbits up towards the entrance to the Pass. It was short and bloody work. . .

My strictures on the fighting value of the Persian may appear unduly severe, but I am hitting rather at the theory prevalent in certain quarters that one had only to send British officers into the highways and byways and they would find there "ready made" soldiers endowed with a fine spirit, hardly inferior in quality to our own infantry, men who would stand up to trained and efficient soldiers like the Turks. Having once got the untrained levies into the trenches their British officers were expected to hold them by sheer force of will power to hold them without shutting both eyes. Now the bubble of Persian fighting has been pricked.

### THE MALINGERERS.

The following sample of malingering occurred while Major Donohue was out on a rescue expedition with a dozen Persian police and a few N.C.O.'s:—

My little command did not seem at all easy in its mind at the prospect of having a brush with the enemy and every hour that brought us nearer the hill country an increased number of Sowars reported sick and begged to be allowed to fall out. At first I was puzzled by the spread of this sudden malady for the symptoms were identical in each case: severe abdominal pains; but presently the mystery was explained. I encountered on the road a Persian Cossack who had ridden in from the Sarac district and had come across the mountains that lay ahead of us. He volunteered the information that in a village about twenty miles distant he had seen a Turkish cavalry patrol. Our Sowars on hearing this looked very glum and four of them at once complained of violent illness. They rolled on the ground in pretended agony, artfully simulating an acute cholera seizure. This time and without much difficulty I diagnosed the disease as being that of pure funk or what is commonly known in military parlance as "cold feet."

While sympathising with the sufferers I gravely told them that I had instructions to shoot off-hand any of my command who became cholera stricken and to burn their bodies in order to prevent the disease spreading. The result was little short of magical. The "severe pains" disappeared and the patients made

such a wonderful recovery that within half an hour they were able to mount their horses and turn their faces towards Sarab once more, and the "epidemic" did not re-appear.

### THE STARVATION OF PERSIA.

Major Donohue graphically describes the starvation of Persia,—not famine, for there was food in the district, in the hands of the profiteering governors of the country. "Men and women, shrivelled and huddled heaps of stricken humanity lay dead in the public ways, their stiffened fingers still clutching a bunch of grass plucked from the road-side, or a few roots with which they had sought to lessen the tortures of death by starvation. At other times a gaunt, haggard figure bearing some resemblance to a human being would crawl on all fours across the road in front of the approaching car and with signs rather than speech plead for a crust of bread. Hard indeed would be the heart that could resist such an appeal! So over board went our ration supply of army biscuits, bit by bit, on this our first day in the hungry land of the Shah. . .

"At Kirind the Governor paid an official call on General Byron. He sent a servant to announce his coming, and presently arrived accompanied by a retinue of unkempt hungry-looking officials all wearing the chocolate-coloured sugar-loaf hat peculiar to Persians. The Governor himself was a fat pompous individual, with a drooping moustache, unshaven face and no colour. We wondered at first whether the stubble on his cheek was due to slothfulness or was a sign of mourning. We discovered it was the latter, a brother of his having died recently through over partaking in food at some local festivity. To look at the portly form of the Governor made it evident that every one was not going hungry. As he sat cross-legged on the floor, his fingers entangled in front of his breast and twirling his thumbs, he looked exactly what he was—the personification of hopeless incapacity and lethargy. 'What ashes are fallen on my head' he moaned aloud, by way of expressing sorrow for the death of so many of the villagers from starvation. Yet he himself had done nothing to lessen the ravages of famine in the district, and was content to see the wretched inhabitants die without moving a finger to help them. His attitude was typical of officialdom throughout this starving land. The Governor was a land-owner and probably had plenty of grain hidden away waiting for the day when the British Commissariat, in order to feed starving Persians would come and buy it at inflated prices, thus enriching a gang of hoarding avaricious rascals.

"At Maruadan, in order to supply the poor with money wherewith to purchase bread, some three thousand human wrecks were employed by the British on the nominal work of road mending at four francs a day. Our object was rather to be content with some colourable imitation of a quid pro quo for cash disbursements rather than to exact a stiff day's labour from people wholly incapable of performing it. In our blissful ignorance of Persian psychology we fondly imagined that the equivalent of £400 a day paid out in wages would alleviate the prevailing distress, but we had not reckoned on Persian avarice, selfishness, and untrustworthiness of character. The price of bread, somewhat to our surprise did not fall, in fact it became dearer than ever. The bakers saw to that. Money was beginning to circulate more freely; the very poor were no longer empty fisted, so up went the price of bread. Moreover the system did not ameliorate the lot of the women and children, for the men after satisfying their own wants, preferred to dissipate their earnings in a nightly carouse in an opium den. What a nation to overthrow the Bolsheviks and Turks! So a system of soup kitchens was inaugurated. The profiteers in wheat circulated the rumour that the soup was poisonous, but the pangs of hunger forced the starving population to take the risk. Not a single one died of poisoning, the profiteers were discredited, and the British were thereafter the idols of the populace.

"By a ruse of war the grain-owners were induced to disgorge some of their hoarded stocks. Purposely concocted telegrams which passed between Bagdad and Maruadan made it appear that large supplies of wheat were being forwarded from Mesopotamia, whereupon the local Maruadan hoarders rushed into the market and sold readily at daily diminishing rates until something like normal prices were reached once more. The bottom had fallen out of the wheat ring."

For the operations of the Dunsterforce, the occupation of Maruadan, Teheran, the attempt to race the Turks to Tabriz, the fighting at Bakau, the treachery of the Armenians there, and the subsequent

withdrawal, the masterly quelling of mutiny at Maruadan, and a hundred other exciting incidents we refer the reader to the original work. It was a war unique of its kind waged distinctly off the beaten track among tribes whose names are legendary and to whom aeroplane and automobiles were undreamed of marvels. The honours of the campaign seemed to rest with the cars, principally the armoured cars. In dashing raids, protecting the flanks, covering the retreat, breaking up incipient attacks of Turks or brigands their work was splendid. We shall conclude this article with a sample of their work:—"In the attack on Petrovsk the armoured car unit lead under the command of Captain Crossing. Their fire threw the Bolshevik troops into confusion, and when the latter broke, the cars pursued them through the town capturing several hundred of their number. A battery of six inch guns which had subjected the attacking force to an annoying fire was with extraordinary temerity engaged by the armoured cars and put out of action by the simple but daredevil expedient of dashing up within range and

## LIGHT AND SHADE.

(By "Commentator.")

"The ordinary affairs of this mortal world are run by Scotsmen, and when we get to the upper world, a Scotsman will be looking after us there," says Mr Lloyd George.

Hail Caledonia, rugged land,  
Your sons control the world with ease;  
And up above I understand,  
'Tis a MacPeter keeps the keys.

A Dunedin land agent states that the greater proportion of the houses at present on the market are two-storied ones. Just so—the sellers and the buyers and then there is the tenant's—but that is another story.

Five shiploads of immigrants are due to arrive shortly.—News item.  
Immigration is the sincerest form of flattery.

"Baby's Record" is the title of an artistic little booklet issued as a Christmas souvenir by the firm of Colin McDonald, R. B. Caws and Co. It is common knowledge that with at least two members of the firm, the babies are still "white as snow," whilst the other two are still a few gallops short of the matrimonial stakes.

A correspondent writes stating that the most effective way of developing industries in Southland would be by having an exhibition in Invercargill. We pass the suggestion on to the Southland League with the comment that lots of slow growing things do better under glass.

Another new tax—this time on our credulity. Cr McDonald states that he does not do more than a shilling's worth of tram riding in a year.

It is a common thing for women to assume the duties of motherhood before 18. Occasionally men do so.—Brisbane "Standard."

These Australian men are wonderful. It must be the climate.

Through a painter hanging his pot on an electric cable while he was painting a standard, the whole of the Melbourne electric tram services were held up for 40 minutes one day last week.—"Southland News."

A new development of the "Go Slow" policy we presume.

A gardening acquaintance who has just returned from Sydney tells of an experience he had regarding weed eradicators. He answered an advertisement which claimed to provide a weed destroyer for 15/6, which would last a gardener with an acre allotment for at least three or four years. Its effect on the weeds, the advertisement went on to say, was almost instantaneous, besides acting as a soil fertiliser. My friend bit immediately, forwarded the 15/6 and received by return—a garden hoe. He sought legal opinion on the matter but was advised that the advertisement claimed nothing but what it could accomplish.

Silent contempt is the noblest way a man can express himself—when the other fellow is bigger.

Has anyone ever foreseen the necessity of establishing a league for the prevention of the sale of men's neckwear to feminine shoppers during the holiday season. If such a league gets going I will make one. I have just received my seventh necktie.

## GORDON BROWN.

THOSE in search of houses and farm lands cannot do better than consult me. I shall at all times do my best to submit properties that are fair value and arrange your finance at lowest current rates of interest.

£900.—Very superior seven-roomed villa; slab-tile grates, art mantels, picture rails, and wide freizes; commodious bathroom. Full 1-acre freehold in handy position. Terms: £300 down, balance easy.

£650.—Comfortable six-roomed house; h. and c. water; one-eighth acre freehold in city area. A handy home. Terms: £150 cash, balance 6 per cent.

£1275.—Twelve acres freehold land; nearly new five-roomed house, cowbyre, loft, trap shed, etc. Close to factory and school and only 3½ miles from Invercargill Post Office.

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

GORDON BROWN.

UNION BANK CHAMBERS,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

## H. D. PRESTON.

BUILDING CONTRACTOR,

WINDOW FITTER AND SHOW-CASE  
MAKER,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

IF you require anything in the way of woodwork please call and have your wants attended to.

I have the staff and material to do any work required—and do it well.

H. D. PRESTON,

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Phone—472.

Private—507.

## Nat. Greaves,

MAIN STREET, GORE

(Opposite P.O.).

WITH Modern Appliances and highly skilled Mechanics, we can guarantee—

ALL CYCLE AND MOTOR  
REPAIRS

EXECUTED BY US.

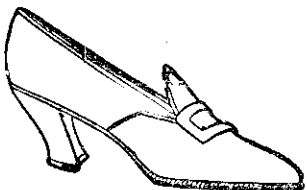
Agents:

INDIAN, BIG X., DOUGLAS.

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their ceaseless beat:

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

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's shop!  
Repairs that can't be beat.



J. A. HAWTHORNE.

BOOT REPAIRER,

TAY STREET.



## SPORTING.

Friday.—Otautau races.

Wednesday.—Wairoio races.

First race at Wairoio on Wednesday, 1 p.m.

Otautau acceptances on Saturday evening.

La Palmas has gone wrong and has been turned out.

Acceptances for the Wairoio meeting close this evening.

Lady Joffre has met with an accident and will be another unlikely starter at Wairoio.

The nominations for the Tapanui meeting on 23 inst. easily constitute a record for the inland club.

Kilkee won both the Wairoio and Otautau Cup races last year. He isn't engaged in the these races next week but Linden is, and he might win a double.

A horsethat looks sure to win a race next week is Red Admiral, and I wouldn't put the best race of the two days past him.

The maiden trotter Hylas got into a wire fence, writes our South Hillend correspondent, and got so badly cut that he will not be a starter at Wairoio.

If Hagerty's on him my money will be on Dunmore in the Wairoio Leapchase. The course will suit him well, and the distance is just the full journey. Tom Kett's neddly can go well.

Anyone who saw Buller at work in the Shorts Handicap on the second day of the Invercargill meeting should remember the effort he made, when trying to select a winner for the Flying Handicap at Otautau next Friday. They are a poor lot of sprinters to be as near him in the card.

Mandrake isn't engaged at Wairoio and to make up for it he has been extensively nominated at Otautau. He was running on well in the first mile race at Invercargill, and has not been harshly treated by Abbey Jones in the mile welter at Otautau. He beat Hineamaru out of sight and is now meeting her on 3lbs better terms.

If old "York's Drift" is only a-quarter of his old self, won't he slate the mob in the Wairoio Cup when it comes to racing over the last quarter of a mile. He tried to win this cup some years ago, but Marsa beat him badly, and then the "old horth" went on and won the Dunedin Cup and the big handicap on the third day just a month later.

The Clifden Cup this year will be worth £110 and is for hacks only. The whole programme is for hacks, and as there is plenty of this class of horse about the club should receive good nominations. Abbey Jones, of Winton (the other Abbey is back from his world tour now), will frame the handicaps, and nominations close on February 5.

The Clifden Club has issued its programme for the annual race-meeting, on February 23rd, and gives £550 in stakes. The programme draws special attention to the "picturesque course," and the Club boasts of no less than twenty-six stewards. I should think that if there are any settlers in the district who are not included they must feel slighted.

Though he won five races straight on end Mazama did not beat a good field in any one of the five races, and in his last effort gained more advantage at the start than the margin he won by, while none of the races were longer than a mile. In giving the son of King's Guest and Elaird 10st 12lbs in the Otautau Cup Abbey has dealt to him a heavy load indeed. Taking a line through the New Year meeting handicaps, Abbey makes him out to be 8lbs better than Radial over a mile and a quarter, 16lbs better than Silver Peak, and 26lbs better than Rorke's Drift and Eleus. In his past performances, that is before coming into Mr Hazlett's stable Mazama had the reputation of being a stayer, but he would need more than a reputation to be entitled to be handicapped in this manner. In the

Wrey's Bush Welter over a mile, Mazama is handicapped by Abbey Jones to give Linden 26lbs, and in the Otautau Cup, a quarter of a mile longer he has to give Linden 39lbs, and yet Linden ran War-love to a head over a mile and a-quarter at Dunedin on Boxing Day at a difference of 14lbs. But then Abbey didn't see them going round the course at Wingatui.

Bill stone, Alex McIvor, George Young and three horses have sailed for Wellington. All three were well pleased with the weight allotted Eleus in the Wellington Cup, and it is just on the cards he might take it out. But there are better cattle to beat than he met at Invercargill! Silver Peak is just brilliant enough to do anything, and of the pair I like her chance best. Roseday, the third in the team, might have won a race at Wairoio!

An excellent train service for both horses and the public has been arranged for the Wairoio meeting next Wednesday. A special train for horses with carriages attached leaves Invercargill at 7.35 a.m. The ordinary 8.30 a.m. train will pick up passengers at side stations, and a fast special only stopping at Otautau will leave Invercargill at 10.35 a.m., arriving Wairoio at 12.20 p.m. As the first race has been timed for 1 p.m. This will give passengers plenty of time to reach the course before the machine will close for the first race. Returning trains will leave Wairoio, non stop between Wairoio and Invercargill at 6.30 p.m., and others at 7 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. The 7 p.m. train connects with a special to Orepuki. Horses will be returned to Invercargill and Riverton by the 7.30 p.m. train.

## GORE NOTES.

The "Mataura Ensign" reports:—

For the Gore Racing Club's March meeting a programme on the same lines as last year has been drawn up. The programme has yet to be approved by the Dunedin District Committee and the Trotting Association.

The starting of Mr W. Norman at the Southland Summer Meeting has come in for a good deal of criticism, but it should be remembered that Mr Norman only took up the task to see the club over its troubles. In regard to starting, Mr F. Wallis has had no equal in Southland.

Mr W. F. Dunne, the new handicapper for the Southland Racing Club, only met with moderate success as judged by the acceptances, but as the club had a record meeting he may get a better acceptance list for the March meeting.

The two-year-old pacer Downcast, by Adonis—Satinwood, is reported to have been taken to Ashburton by Mr D. Warren. There were a number of inquiries for the purchase of this horse after his excellent showing at Wyndham on New Year's Day, but nothing has leaked out as to whether he was sold or leased.

Inquiries are being made on all hands for the purchase of Mr J. M. Peart's mare, Nellie Scott. It is understood that W. Fleming, of Christchurch, the well-known trainer, made a special offer for this mare, and that F. E. Jones, of Timaru, made a special trip to Gore to try and buy her. The writer first picked out this mare as one of the best maidens ever seen out at Gore. J. McLennan and A. Pringle, of Dunedin, also approached Mr Peart in regard to the lease of the mare. From the writer's point of view Mr Peart is foolish in not accepting some of the offers of leasing the mare, as he has no possible chance of training her properly. The price asked for the mare is £600, but at this figure there is not much chance of a sale. Mr Peart has a particularly good pacer, but the mare has not a chance of showing her best under the conditions in which she is trained. The writer understands that Mr Gardiner, a Gore amateur, will drive Nellie Scott in the Winton Trotting Cup.

The greatest known distance to which sound has been carried through the atmosphere is 345 miles, as it is asserted that the very violent explosions of the volcano at St. Vincent have been heard at Demerara. Sounds travels farther and less of its intensity in passing through the earth than through the air.

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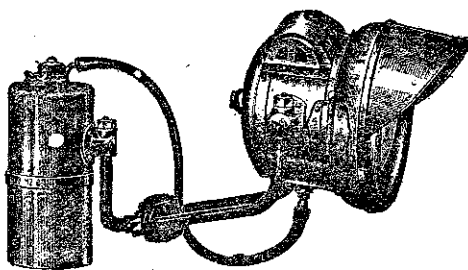
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IN MEMORIAM.

CLARK.—In affectionate remembrance  
of our dear son and brother, Sergeant  
George W. Clark (Tiny), No. 9/550, Main  
Body, N.Z.E.F., who died in No. 2  
General Hospital, Chelsea, England, on  
January 5, 1919, from wounds received in  
France, on September 16, 1916.—Inserted  
by his parents and brothers. 124

## "The Digger."

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1921.

## ONE-MAN CARS.

The citizens of Invercargill will read  
with considerable interest and trepidation,  
the report of the meeting of the Town  
Council on Tuesday night when it ap-  
peared that the Council on ordering some  
one-man trams from America had not  
stipulated in the contract that fare-boxes  
should be fitted on the cars capable of re-  
ceiving English money. The "Johnson"  
fare-box deals only with American money,  
and the contractors in America, finding  
they have no box capable of handling  
English coins, claim that the fare-box is  
not an essential part of the one-man car.  
We wish the Council every success in its  
efforts to overcome the difficulty. The  
Traffic-Manager, Mr Glancefield, is opti-  
mistic, but it is a pity that no report  
from him was submitted to the meeting  
and published in the press. The citizens  
of this town are coming to rely more on  
the experts whom they employ than on  
the amateurs who direct our civic affairs.

The blunder—if it is a blunder—on the  
part of the Council is of a sort that is  
familiar enough to the Digger. The army  
is the nursery of idiotic actions, yet there  
never appears to be any definite person to  
blame. The writer recalls a conversation  
some time ago with the captain of a large  
Home boat which was employed on one  
trip to carry five British railway engines to  
Salonika. The skipper pointed out to  
the Loading Officer that he had no cranes  
strong enough to lift these engines out of  
the hold when the boat reached her desti-  
nation, and asked if the transport officer  
had any information as to what cranes  
could be obtained at Salonika. The latter  
replied that he had no information on the  
point and the extent of his business  
was merely to see that the engines were  
put aboard. Sure enough on his arrival  
the skipper was unable to get the engines  
unloaded, but after a week's delay a  
French ship arrived, with a powerful  
crane, and was able to tranship the en-  
gines and land them on the wharf. The

engines were then found to be too large to  
go through the tunnels.

The Returned Soldiers' Association is en-  
gaged in a hopeless battle with the  
Honourable D. H. Guthrie over the mat-  
ter of soldiers' homes. As every Digger  
knows, the Government broke its promise  
to returned soldiers in the matter of pro-  
viding soldiers' homes. Never in the history  
of New Zealand Parliament has there  
been a more deliberate breach of faith on  
the part of the Government in fulfilling its  
pledges. Returned soldiers were promised  
definitely and unequivocally, that the  
benefits of the Discharged Soldiers' Settle-  
ment Act would remain available until a  
year's notice was given of their curtail-  
ment. There were plenty of returned  
soldiers foolish enough to believe the  
promise, but last year they were astounded  
to read Mr Guthrie's announcement  
that although the Discharged Soldiers'  
Settlement Act remained unrevoked, no  
further monies would be provided, except  
in "special circumstances," to returned  
soldiers to buy homes. Monies will still  
be advanced to build houses, but while  
a really comfortable house can be pur-  
chased for well under £1000, the veriest  
hovel costs that figure to build. So the  
Government having wriggled out of its  
promise and made a plaything of the re-  
turned soldier, states that under "special  
circumstances" it will advance monies to  
purchase. At the last meeting of the  
N.Z.R.S.A. the Minister was closely ques-  
tioned as to what were the "special cir-  
cumstances" of which he spoke. He re-  
fused to give any definite answer, and  
when specific instances were cited he  
refused to say whether they came under  
the heading of "special circumstances." So  
far as we know no instructions have been  
issued to Land Boards as to what "special  
circumstances" entitle a soldier to have  
his application approved. We do know  
that a soldier who was in hospital until  
the benefits of the Act were curtailed was  
informed by the Land Board that he could  
get no assistance to purchase a dwelling.  
So we wish our headquarters all success in  
their campaign against the Government in  
the interests of homeless soldiers. Against  
the German or the Turk we back our com-  
rades to win every time, but the politi-  
cian is a more subtle foe, and he holds  
all the cards.

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The exceedingly hot and trying weather  
experienced in Southland in the early part  
of the week emphasises the great disad-  
vantage that Invercargill suffers under  
in the matter of swimming facilities.  
Other towns in New Zealand, almost with-  
out exception, have some sort or respect-  
able bathing place. Travel where you  
will, in almost every town one is able to  
enjoy either a dip in the briny, a plunge  
in a clean river, or a cool swim in the  
municipal baths, but in Invercargill un-  
less one has the time to spare and a con-  
veyance to get out of town, he has to  
forgo the pleasures of a swim and be con-  
tent with what enjoyment can be gained  
by a wet at home. This isn't good  
enough. In any collection of people a  
swimming place is an essential institu-  
tion and yet in this progressive (?) fifth  
city of New Zealand the thing is con-  
spicuous by its absence. Tuesday was a  
day to make Diggers sigh for a swim.  
They could carry their minds back to the  
bathing parades in many parts of the  
world and recall scenes where naked men  
revelled in cool or warm waters, but  
where in Invercargill could a citizen en-  
joy a decent swim?

Invercargill will never be complete un-  
til swimming baths are established and  
the pleasures of swimming made possible  
for the average citizen. At present a  
bathe may be obtained at the back beach  
Greenhills, the Bluff, Riverton Beach  
or the Aparima River, but we do not all  
own motor bikes or Ford cars.

The construction of proper swimming  
baths is a matter for the City Council, and  
being one of such vital importance to the  
health and welfare of the people, should  
be a matter of first consideration. Let  
the Mayor and City Councillors consider  
the question, and if in their wisdom it is  
seemed desirable that a pool should be  
provided let them ascertain the cost,  
sound the citizens by a poll, get on with  
the work and let us swim. A public  
swimming bath in Invercargill, with a  
few counter attractions, should easily pay  
expenses and interest on borrowed money  
without adding to the rates.

Invercargillites will soon be numbering  
amongst their daily experiences the sight  
of aeroplanes in flight. On Tuesday  
night the De Havilland machine belonging  
to the South Canterbury Aero Company  
brought two passengers from Dunedin,  
and on Wednesday it crossed to Stewart  
Island on reconnaissance work. During

February a couple of 'planes will be  
stationed in Invercargill and joy rides  
may be indulged in by young and old. It  
is hoped that before long Invercargill will  
be the terminus of a regular service with  
Timaru as the northern terminus, and  
a side-line is likely to be established be-  
tween Invercargill and Stewart Island.

Diggers in search of homes should take  
note of the sections that are now open  
for selection in the Waikiwi town settle-  
ment, a block of land recently acquired  
by the Government from the Acclimatisa-  
tion Society and cut up into town sec-  
tions. These sections vary in price from  
£70 to £100 and may be acquired for  
cash on lease with an annual rental of  
five per cent on the capital value, or on  
the deferred payment system which en-  
ables the purchaser to pay for the land  
in twenty years. Advances may also be  
made to returned men up to £900 for the  
erection of a house, so for a five  
pound note paid down, a Digger is in a  
position to commence getting his own  
home together.

The cables do not paint very glowing  
pictures of the conditions at present  
prevailing in England and America. The  
estimated unemployed in England at the  
present time is a million, whilst in the  
United States they are quoted at six  
millions. One of the methods being tried  
to overcome unemployment is emigration.  
Mr Lloyd George has introduced his em-  
igration Bill under which the Govern-  
ment is empowered to send ex-service men  
to the dominions overseas. Whilst we  
are prepared to receive as many ex-ser-  
vice men in this country as we can ab-  
sorb, the scheme requires very careful  
handling. Europe is in a very unsettled  
condition and amongst the large number  
of unemployed are a host of very undesir-  
able characters, and it is up to the Gov-  
ernment of this country to take steps to  
ensure a proper supervision of immigrants  
before they depart, for once here it is a  
more difficult matter to deport them.

When it became evident that the price  
of wool was going to tumble we were  
somewhat cheered to mark a speech by  
the Prime Minister to the effect that the  
Government would stand loyally by the  
returned soldier settlers, in their hour of  
need and see to it that they obtain returns  
for their produce in keeping with the high  
prices paid for the land. The majority  
of soldiers have now clipped and are  
putting their wool into the sales, and al-  
though the prices seem to be firming a  
little, the return is inadequate, and un-  
less something is done, the outlook for  
these men, who twelve months ago, put  
their bit of capital into high-priced land  
and sheep, is gloomy. The established  
wool-grower is in a position to hold his  
wool in the hope of better prices, but the  
returned soldier with a big mortgage on  
the land, needs must sell now in order to  
get ready money to pay his interest.  
What is the Government going to do for  
these men?

If the Government intends to make ad-  
vances to returned soldier woolgrowers to  
enable them to hold the wool for better  
prices the scheme should have been formu-  
lated and made public before this. The  
wool is already in the hands of the  
agents for sale and it is now up to the  
Government to redeem their promise and  
guarantee a minimum price.

Our recent visitor, Sir A. Conan Doyle,  
in addition to being an authority on spi-  
rits and the art of communication with  
the departed, now considers that a strong  
case has been made out for the "fairies."  
In an article contributed to the Christmas  
Number of the Strand Magazine he puts  
the case. Fairy photographs are the  
basis of the argument. The photographs  
(two in number) are alleged to have been  
taken by two girls "under circumstances  
which seem to put fraud out of the ques-  
tion." The identity of the youthful photo-  
graphers is hidden under an alias but  
we have Sir Arthur's word for it that the  
girls belong to a "well-known and re-  
spected" family. The services of an ex-  
pert professional photographer of many  
years' standing were requisitioned and af-  
ter a careful analysis the expert asserts  
"the pictures were entirely genuine un-  
faked photographs of single exposure,  
both straight untouched pictures." Other  
professional photographers, while unable  
to detect any faking, declined to testify  
to their genuineness. Whilst the photo-  
graphs may be genuine enough it would  
not appear impossible that the "fairies"  
themselves are faked. It would be re-  
markable if fairies were to be found ex-  
actly like the pictures painted by imagi-  
native artists, yet the "fairy" photo-  
graphs bear a very close resemblance to  
the conventional form. Sir Arthur no  
doubt will contribute further articles on  
the fairies. We would like to know some-

thing of their doings in fairyland. We  
gather from his description of an "elderly  
male" and "romping young women" that  
they are born, live, grow old, and fade  
away. We presume that they then be-  
come fairy spirits. Sir Arthur will have  
to make out a better case for the fairies  
before he gets many fairy believers. He  
claims to have collected a lot of evidence  
from people who have seen fairies but  
he has not quoted and instance. It  
is not uncommon for individuals to "see  
things" but they don't call these visions  
"fairies." Apparently Sir Arthur has  
applied the wrong name or has been re-  
galed with some pretty tall fairy yarns  
and has swallowed them whole.

We regret to report the death by  
drowning of Mr J. F. McKenzie while  
bathing in the "Devil's Pool," Waihopai,  
on Tuesday. The deceased served with  
the N.Z.E.F. and left with the 16th Rein-  
forcement, being drafted to the Rifle Bri-  
gade. He carried on with his company  
in France until the battle of Messines,  
where he was severely wounded by a  
bomb, that burst within a few feet of  
him. He emerged from hospital carry-  
ing a number of wounds and one of  
his eyes was considerably affected, he  
being forced at times to wear a shade  
to protect it. In addition to his eye  
he received several serious scalp wounds.  
After leaving hospital in England he was  
returned home, and received his discharge  
from the Expeditionary Force about two  
years ago, since then he has been, when  
his health would allow, working on a  
farm at Limehills. We desire to express  
our deepest sympathy with his relatives  
in their sad bereavement.

## CRICKET NOTES.

The latter half of the 1920-21 season  
opened on Rugby Park under improved  
conditions. During the first round a  
town team travelled to Wyndham every  
week, and the country side on its own  
matting wicket had little difficulty in  
getting a good lead in competition points,  
but it was thought that on the home  
turf wickets this lead was not likely to  
be maintained. However, Wyndham with  
a patched team, but with all the Mc-  
Beaths, batted from 2.45 to ten minutes  
to 6, Dan McBeath after an innings of  
many chances falling to Tapley caught  
Dr Brown for 127 in the course of which  
scoring he hit 7 sixes, some of the strokes  
being reminiscent of Don Hamilton's  
smiting power. Much of the success of  
Wyndham's batting was due to the true  
slow pitch and to Dr Baird's wonderful  
innings of 75 minutes (33 b. Doig). In  
the Appleby-Union match, Poole third  
wicket down, played a brilliant innings  
for 55, bowled Dixon. Dale, a colt,  
hit the tired bowling for 40, bowled  
Whelan, a Crawford product. Union  
failed to make a fair batting stand on an  
easy wicket. With the coming games  
against Otago, Canterbury and Australia,  
it will be well for Southland cricketers  
to get in steady practice, and Rugby Park  
and Mr Alex Handford are now ready for  
them.

WYNDHAM (203) v. I.C.C. (39 for five  
wickets).

Wyndham came in late and played  
from 2.40 to ten minutes to 6, some of  
I.C.C.'s batting being done under adverse  
light conditions. Dr Baird and H. Mc-  
Beath opened the visitors' batting, John  
Gilbertson being supported by J. Doig in  
the attack. The doctor opened un-  
steadily, but the slow pitch gave him con-  
fidence, and several misjudged catches  
showed him his luck was in; so he  
picked good length balls off his middle  
peg and sent them to the boundary, some  
of his late turns being Trumper-like in  
brilliance. H. McBeath, G. McBeath,  
and Bogue made seven all told. Dan  
McBeath came in at three wickets down,  
sustaining a l.b.w. appeal at the third  
ball, and surviving numerous chances  
through the rawness and slackness of a  
few of the fieldsmen. His 127 was a  
great performance in the fagging heat,  
and, when Tapley deceived him with an  
off-break to mis-hit—just as Conradi got  
Don Hamilton in the Otago-Southland  
game here last year—the batsman was  
visibly pumped. The captaining of the  
I.C.C. was open to criticism, as regular  
bowlers were tried and re-tried in vain  
against Dan. A. McBeath hit a vigor-  
ous 16 and was clean bowled by John  
Gilbertson. The rest of the team—five  
men—made seven runs. Extras (12) show  
the good pad-work of James Gilbertson  
and Tapley. Driscoll, Gleeson, Camm,  
Dr Brown, and Cowan fielded keenly all  
through for I.C.C.

Camm and Dr Brown took strike for  
I.C.C. just after 6 p.m., Camm being  
brilliantly caught left-handed by Dr  
Baird at point from a stroke on a rising

ball, which appeared to be going through. Dr Brown (4) was bowled by D. McBeath with a break-back from middle and leg to off, the straight bat covering only the legward pins. Driscoll opened with a sweet 4 to leg, staying in until he had made 11, when H. McBeath swerved him to leg and got his middle stump with a ball that Driscoll thought was off the wicket. A new man, Abercrombie, showed good strokes, but ran up to the other batsman's end and found his wickets down when he broke the silly pair. Gleeson came in and after two deliveries played with great confidence for 22 not out, selecting his shots with judgment and scoring good boundaries on the leg side. He did not seem to relish H. McBeath's fast ones on his pads, but practice will improve that. With 5 wickets down for 39—no extras—an appeal for falling light was allowed by the umpires and the match goes on to next Wednesday with Wyndham in a winning position. D. McBeath two for 17 and H. McBeath two for 32 bowled unchanged. Bogue letting nothing past him. Of the 10 wickets taken in Wyndham's innings Doig got 5 for 67, Tapley 3 for 22, and John Gilbertson 2 for 40. The I.C.C. bowlers were not in luck's way, as they frequently beat bat and wickets, and several—indeed many—catches were refused by tired or hindered fieldsmen.

#### UNION (71) v. APPLEBY (170).

Ferguson (11) and McKenzie opened for Union and got at the bowling straight away, but an l.b.w. decision against the former from Battersby's bowling rattled the team. A. Hamilton (9) seemed to be going, and Fogo slashed 18, but extras 9 was the next "man" in total, four ducks rounding off the total column. Poole and Battersby got 5 wickets each for 19 and 24 runs respectively. The Appleby fielding was brisk.

Petrie (14) and Battersby (11) did the introduction well for Appleby, but to Poole's brilliant 55, bowled Dixon, the side owes its win. The veteran was in generous vein and treated all the bowling alike, in one over getting 4 consecutive fours. Young Dale hit a rustic 40, and the bat must have suffered from the muscle behind the cane. H. Irwin made a graceful 11, but was unable to produce a second wind to stay in. Extras were 14. Nine bowlers were tried by Union, and only one of them didn't get a wicket. Union began a second innings, and drew stumps at 6.30 prompt, with no wickets down for 29—a good opening. With practice before next Wednesday, it should have a fair chance as Poole is the only "big" bat in the Appleby team when Groves has not his eye in.

#### THE HONOURED DEAD.

#### NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL.

The selection of the site for the National War Memorial is awaiting the presence in Wellington of a full Cabinet. As soon as Ministers can be got together the matter will be considered. It is probable that the decision will be made quickly. When the site is chosen it will yet be some time before the work can be put in hand. Designs will require to be obtained. It is practically certain that they will be invited both outside and within New Zealand.

Referring to soldiers' graves, the Hon. G. J. Anderson, Minister of Internal Affairs, after inspecting the graves at Featherston, says that the Government will keep in order the graves of all those who died during the camps or in hospital from war effects up to twelve months after the termination of the war. After Wellington attention would be paid to Auckland, and subsequently to cemeteries where soldiers' graves are in smaller numbers.

Great value in Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments. Big reductions in all departments at our Great Marking Down Sale. See these exceptional values in our Ladies' Showroom, upstairs. Costumes in serge, tweed, and gaberdine, Sale price 79/6, 89/6, 105/6, 115/6 to 147/6. Covert and tweed coats. Sale price 59/6, 85/6, 95/6 to 159/6. Rain Coats, Sale price 32/6 to 147/6. A special bargain line in Rain Coats to clear at 69/6. Big clearance in Millinery Semi-trims. Leghorns and ready-to-wears to clear, all at 19/6. Special bargain table of ready-to-wears. Sale price 1/11, 2/11, 4/11 to 12/6. Splendid value in Summer Dresses. See Bargain display, all 19/6. Camisoles in smart styles, all one price 4/6. Chemises, vests all one price, to clear 3/6. Aprons and overalls 3/6 to 9/6. Blouses in voile and crepe, Sale price 11/6. All goods (except Millinery) exchanged during Sale. Alterations free of charge, at H. and J. Smith, Progressive Drapers, Tay street, Invercargill and Main Street, Gore.

#### WAIRIO RACES.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19.

—First Race, 1 p.m.—

SPECIAL Train leaves Invercargill at 10.35 a.m.

W. A. SAUNDERS, Sec.

#### SOUTHLAND SOLDIERS' CLUB.

APPLICATIONS for the position of STEWARD of the Soldiers' Club, will be accepted by the Secretary up till 5 p.m. on Saturday, January 15th, 1921. Schedule of duties, etc. can be obtained on application.

L. S. GRAHAM, Secretary.

#### RACING NOTES.

##### TAPANUI RACING CLUB.

The following handicaps have been declared for the Tapanui Racing Club's annual meeting on Wednesday, January 26, 1921:—

Trial Stakes (six furlongs)—Janus 9.1, Rockhampton 9.1, Flag Lieutenant 9.1, Brilliant Hope 9.0, Samum 9.0, Herbert 9.0, Soldier Boy 9.0, Shawnee 8.12, Lady Winston 8.12, (Pallas—Kea) 8.12, Moereka 8.12, Lady Beatrice 8.12, Miss Morn 8.12, Markilla 8.3.

President's Handicap (6 furlongs)—Mettle Drift 9.0, Red Pal 9.0, Sunlit 8.10, Ruena 8.9, Lady Links 8.8, Moneymusk 8.8, Lady Knight 8.5, Osterman 8.2, Pallah 8.2.

Welter Hack Handicap (six furlongs)—Mettle Drift 9.0, Red Pal 9.0, Sunlit 8.10, Ruena 8.9, Lady Links 8.8, Mirza 8.6, Lady Knight 8.5, Hard Cash 8.4, Lady Winston 8.3, Osterman 8.2, Pallah 8.2, Centimetre.

Tapanui Hack Handicap (1½ miles)—Mandrake 9.3, Mettle Drift 8.6, Mirza 8.1, Kokowai 7.13, Red Tape 7.8, Breton 7.5, Destined 7.3, Centimetre 7.3, Samum 7.3, Flag Lieutenant 7.3, Pallah 7.3, Soldier Boy 7.3.

Flying Hack Handicap (five furlongs)—Red Pal 9.0, Sunlit 8.10, Ruena 8.9, Moneymusk 8.8, Lady Links 8.8, Lady Knight 8.5, Hard Cash 8.4, Miss Morn 8.2, Samum 8.2, Pallah 8.2, Moereka 8.2, Rockhampton 8.2, Markilla 8.2, Osterman 8.2.

Stewards' Hack Handicap (seven furlongs)—Kokowai 9.0, Flag Lieutenant 8.8, Brilliant Hope 8.7, Lady Beatrice 8.7, Samum 8.7, Pallah 8.7, (Pallas—Kea) 8.7, Centimetre 8.7, Soldier Boy.

Mandrake and Red Pal are not eligible. Tapanui Trot Handicap (1½ miles)—Greenstripe 120yds bhd, Until 12, First Chime 108, Laura Child 95, Dark Rosine 72, Straychild 72, Cuiraesur 72, Kapuka Lass 60, Somnus 36, Quick Match 36, Dolly Dragoon, Little Rain, Don Dallace, Ivy Bells, Fashion Plate, Kelvin Wilkes, Pets Alone, Abec, Ardussa, Tommy Direct, Brooklyn Chimes, Honest Ned limit.

Domination Trot (1½ miles)—Greenstripe 120yds bhd, Moonglow 120, First Chime 108, Laura Child 95, Cuiraesur 72, Dark Rosine 72, Stray Child 72, Quick Match 36, Somnus 36, Kelvin Wilkes, Fashion Plate, Ivy Bells, Don Wallace, Pets Alone, Little Rain, Dolly Dragoon, Abec, Ardussa, Tommy Direct, Tuxedo Lady, Chanter, Brooklyn Chimes, Honest Ned.

##### OTAUTAU RACING CLUB.

The following handicaps have been declared by Mr A. Jones for the annual meeting of the Otautau R.C. on Friday, January 21:—

Crown Stakes (six furlongs)—Glentruin 9.0, Flag Lieutenant 8.12, Samum, Killory, Destined, Alaska, Linton, Glenhupai, Lady Winston, Canbow, Bonnie Queen, July Spark, Moereka, Rockhampton, Navy Cut, Sabor, Red Eagle, Soldier Boy, Soldier's Pride and Boniform—Grasshopper 8.10, Markilla, Moulin Rouge, Lady Joan and Lady Blissful 8.9.

Bayswater Trot (one mile and a half)—Siea, Strathlora, Sunridge, Polyanthus, Ringway, Moor Chimes, Aloxit, John Wilkes, Thornage, Fashion Plate, Fenchild, Harold Yet and Lady Prince limit, Greenhorn 12yds bhd, Quick Match 24, Kentucky Wood 60, McGrath 60, Rothbell 72, Tahiti 95, Lady Marvin 120, General Joffre 120, Martin Chimes 168, Papeete 180.

Otautau Cup (one mile and a quarter)—Mazama 10.12, Rorke's Drift 9.0, Linden 8.1, Jock 7.12, Miss Muriel 7.12, Mandrake 7.8, Awahou 7.7, Hineamarua 7.7, Glenshine 7.7, Marching Order 7.3, Mettle Drift 7.0, Red Admiral 7.0, Kokowai 7.0, Botanist 7.0.

Ringway Hack Handicap (seven furlongs)—Mandrake 9.3, Frenchman 8.10, Sartolite 8.10, Marching Order 8.10, Mettle Drift 8.9, Wild Night 8.7, Sunlit 8.0, Lady Links 7.12, Flag Lieutenant 7.9, Bright Spot 7.8, Red Eagle 7.7, Linton, Samum 7.7, Pallah 7.7, Sabor 7.7.

Otautau Steeplechase (about two and a half miles)—Silverspire 11.13, Palladio 11.6, Dunmure 11.3, Wicklow 10.2, Staff Officer 9.12, Achilles 9.12, St. Cletus 9.11, Gleniela 9.11, Miss Trixie 9.9, Moonglow 9.8, Silver Patch 9.7, Cazna 9.7.

Strathmore Hack Handicap (six furlongs)—Mandrake 9.3, Frenchman 8.10, Sartolite 8.10, Mettle Drift 8.9, Wild Night 8.7, Sunlit 8.0, Lady Links 7.12, Bothnia 7.12, Glentruin 7.9, Bright Spot 7.8, Samum 7.7, Killory 7.7, Destined 7.7, Alaska 7.7, Glenhupai 7.7, Lady Winston 7.7, Bonnie Queen 7.7, Pallah 7.7, Soldier's Pride 7.7, Soldier Boy 7.7, Osterman 7.7.

Flying Handicap (six furlongs)—Buller 9.0, Redshire 8.10, Miss Muriel 8.4, Borodino 8.0, Orderdown 8.0, Mandrake 7.12, Glensponse 7.7, Bothnia 7.7, Botanist 7.7.

Waikouro Welter Handicap (one mile)—Linden 9.0, Miss Muriel 8.12, Borodino 8.12, Mandrake 8.7, Awahou 8.5, Hineamarua 8.5, Glenshine 8.5, Marching Order 8.0, Sartolite 8.0, Kokowai 7.10, Red Admiral 7.10, Red Tape 7.8, Botanist 7.7.

#### EVERBODY'S FRUIT MART.

W. DRAKE, DEE STREET  
(Near Club Hotel).

#### CHOICEST—

FRUIT AND  
CONFECTIONERY  
ALWAYS OBTAINABLE.

#### JAM SEASON.

ALL SIZES Jam Jars, Rubber Rings, Jam Pot Covers, Wood Spoons, Jam Pans, Scales, etc. You will find our prices right for all Jam requisites.

Also all sizes of

SCREW TOP PRESERVING JARS.

Write or telephone your order and we will deliver promptly.

#### NOBLE'S.

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1921

NEW ZEALAND DIARIES.  
NEW ZEALAND DIARIES.

LETTS' DIARIES—All sizes, all prices.

POCKET DIARIES—A nice assortment. All sizes.

CALENDARS for 1921—1/-, 2/-, 3/- each.

#### TENNIS—

SLAZENGERS TENNIS BALLS—New season's stock.

AYRES' TENNIS BALLS—New season's stock.

TENNIS RACQUETS! TENNIS RACQUETS!

#### GROQUET—

CROQUET SETS, for 4 or 8 players, from 95/- to £7 7s per set.

#### WESNEY BROS.'

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

#### CHAIRS! CHAIRS!

WE are at present carrying a good stock of Chairs of all kinds:—

Occ. Chairs, Morris Chairs, Divan Chairs, Tub Chairs, High Back Chairs and Kitchen Chairs

Covered in—

Moquette, Saddlebags, Tapestry and Shadow Tissue—of the best quality and moderately priced.

CALL AND INSPECT THESE AT

#### Geo. Moir & Son,

FURNITURE DEALERS AND  
MANUFACTURERS.

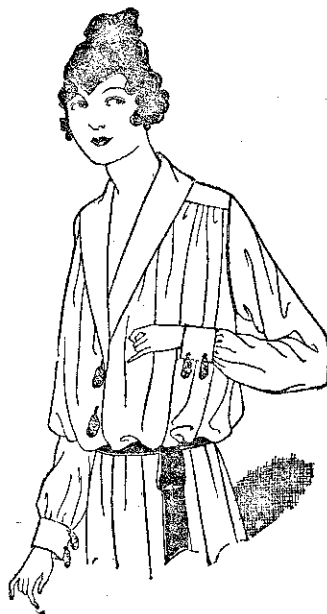
72 and 74 TAY STREET, Invercargill.  
Phone 1176. Phone 1176.

Now we start another year, full of vigour and of cheer. Sustained by eating the delicious toffees, candies, and especially the sugar peanuts, and drinking the now famous soda fountain drinks at the Anglo-American Candy shop (Ayson's) 72 Dee street.

## SPECIAL BLOUSE WEEK

## At "THE EXHIBITION"

THESE BLOUSES ARE OUR REGULAR HIGH CLASS GARMENTS AND MAY BE HAD IN VARIOUS STYLES, SIZES 13½ TO 15-INCH.



40 Only WHITE VOILE BLOUSES, with hemstitching finish. In two smart styles. Usually 10/6. This week 8/11 each.

30 Only WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSES with self stripe. For present wear, 10/6 for 8/11.

20 Only WHITE VOILE BLOUSES, with cord stripe. The latest; 11/6. This week 8/11.

60 Only ENGLISH CREPE BLOUSES; White ground with Coloured Stripe. Neat shirt style. Usually 13/6. This week 11/6.

36 Only PURE WHITE CREPE BLOUSES, in smart shirt style; good English Crepe. Usually 11/6. This week 9/6.

A SPECIAL LINE IN READY-TO-WEAR HATS—FOR THIS WEEK—8/11—

## Thomson & Beattie, Ltd.

THE QUALITY HOUSE.

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

## The Eagle Hotel, Bluff.

(Opposite Railway Station.

Proprietor: A. H. CUNNINGHAME.

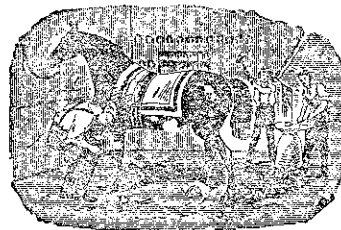
Late of Wanganui, and West Clive Hotel, Napier.

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Only high-class brands of Wines and Spirits, etc., in stock.

TARIFF MODERATE.

'Phone 10.



## Stevenson Bros.

BLACKSMITHS, WHEELWRIGHT,  
AND GENERAL SMITHS.

WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

EXECUTED BY EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.

ALL WOODWORK OF THOROUGHLY SEASONED TIMBER.

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TAY STREET.

## Xmas Presents AT LA MODE.

BLOUSES. Special Assortment of CREPE DE CHINE and GEORGETTE from 30s to 72s.

SCARVES in Maltese Lace and Silk from 14s to 42s.

HANDKERCHIEFS in Silk, Crepe, De Chine, Muslin, and Lines, from 9d to 3s 11d.

Special line of DOLLS, dressed in Crepe de Chine and Silk, from 15s to 30s.

DURING CHRISTMAS WE GIVE 1/- IN £1 FOR CASH

SPECIAL DISCOUNT FOR NURSES: 2/- IN THE £1 FOR CASH.

W. G. Baker,  
DEE STREET.

## DRAUGHTS.

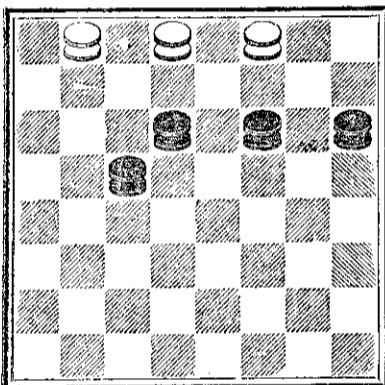
(Conducted by F. Hutchins).

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

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

Something novel in the way of draughts  
playing comes through the "Western  
Mail." At a carnival in aid of a  
memorial hall for soldiers at Footscray,  
games of "Living Draughts" were played  
between Messrs H. Egan and J. Hornsley,  
the living pieces being represented by  
ladies of the Defence Department clothing  
factory. The pageant was produced by  
Mr George Byer (formerly of J. C.  
Williamson) and the contending parties  
were:—"Army": Misses Barnard, Dod-  
son, Fleming, Honey, Hanger, King,  
Lewis, McKinnon, McIvor, Smith, and  
Watson. "Navy": Misses Anderson,  
Darnell, Hall, Harris, Howard, Meurillon,  
Payne, Reid, Richardson, Scott, Swan-  
son, and Watson. The "Navy" scored at  
the afternoon session with the white side  
of the "Single Corner," but matters  
were evened up at night when—the  
"Army" developed a spectacular shot with  
the black side of the "Dundee" and  
scored a pretty win. Some of these  
games are published in the "Western  
Mail."

## PROBLEM 42.



Black: Kings 19, 23, 22 and 21.  
White: Kings 30, 31 and 32.  
Either to play. Black to win.

This is a very useful problem. Three  
kings to four will prolong a game a  
greater number of moves than any other  
combination of pieces, often so with ex-  
perienced players. The pieces must first  
be forced into the position here given,  
placing the kings on 21 and 22 being of  
the first importance. The solution will  
be given next week.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 41.

By S. E. Cousins, Northampton.  
(From "Hobbies").  
Black 2, 4, 14, Kings 13, 19.  
White 11, 12, 21, Kings 3, 22.  
White to play and draw.

11.7	11.16	12.8	13.9
2.11	7.11	19.23	22.17
3.7	16.20	8.3	10.15

Drawn.

The following is an interesting game  
played in the Thirteenth Scottish Tourna-  
ment, our present New Zealand champion  
playing the White. It is taken from the  
"Draughts World."

(D. Calderwood, Dreghorn, v. J. Wilson,  
Brosburn).

## GAME 70.—AYRSHIRE LASSIE.

Black—Wilson.	White—Calderwood.
11.15	26.23
24.20	15.19
8.11	24.15
28.24	10.26
3.8	17.10
A, 23.19	6.15
9.14	30.23
B, 22.17	F, 12.16
C, 11.16	23.18
20.11	15.22
7.23	25.18
D, 27.11	5.9
8.15	18.15
2.11	Drawn.

A.—22.17 is an interesting deviation.  
B.—26.23, 5.9, 22.17, 11.16, etc.—Drawn.  
C.—5.9 is another good line.  
D.—Taking the piece 26.19 is quite safe,  
and there are many fine variations  
accruing from it.  
E.—Keeps the game open.  
F.—15.19, 23.16, 12.19, 25.22, 4.8, 22.18,  
8.11, etc.—Drawn.  
G.—To the finish the game has been even-  
ly contested.

## ANGLING NOTES.

(By "Creel.")

Scene: Banks of a river encircling a  
lunatic asylum.  
Angler sitting patiently in the rain  
waiting for a "bite." Lunny on top of  
wall observes him and the following con-  
versation ensues:—

Lunny: What you doin', fishin'?  
Angler: Yes.  
Lunny: Caught anything.  
Angler: No.  
Lunny: Been fishin' long.  
Angler: All day.  
Lunny: Come on inside.

—With apologies to Phil May.

Conditions last week-end were so-so,  
Old Sol being very prominent, and as the  
rivers are all fairly low, fish were able  
to discern one's cast or trace rather  
easily; consequently the best results were  
obtained in the evening, when some nice  
fish are reported to have been on the  
"move."

Messrs R. Kidd and G. Brenton visited  
Lady Barkly, last Saturday, and landed  
some seventeen fish between them on the  
fly. The weather was very bright and  
several fish from two to five pounds were  
observed lying the shallow water. Hardy's  
Favourite, March Brown and dark red  
Spinner were the popular flies.

Mr Geo. Byars (Wallacetown), landed  
a splendid Makarewa trout 9½lbs weight  
on the natural bully. The trout was in  
very fine condition and I understand "he  
did eat well." Trout from this river  
are very palatable, the only fish to equal  
them in the writer's opinion being fish  
caught in the Otaria (Otago district).

Mr R. Kidd, during the course of the  
holidays visited the Mimihau, and creel-  
ed thirteen nice fish, the heaviest weighing  
three pounds. Dark red Spinner, Jessie  
No. 4, and March Brown were the killing  
flies.

Messrs J. Elder and C. Provan fished  
the Oreti at Lochiel and landed 18 and 16  
fish respectively. They averaged about  
½lbs weight, and Peveril of the Peak was  
the most prominent fly.

Mr Connelly creel-ten nice fish on the  
fly at Oporo. They averaged 1½lb weight.

On Wednesday, the 12th ultimo, the  
initial match in connection with the Oreti  
River Angling Competition, between  
Lumsden, Dipton, Winton and South-  
land Clubs was held at Lumsden. South-  
land were represented by Messrs W.  
Steele and A. Macdonald (fly), and J. Nis-  
bet and Alf Evans (minnow). A full re-  
port of the function will appear in next  
week's issue.

The following article is taken from an  
English paper. The work eulogised by  
the writer is carried on in New Zealand  
by the various acclimatisation societies  
and I am sure all anglers will give them  
due credit and assistance in their under-  
takings. I understand they intend to  
make strenuous efforts to have the net-  
ting of trout totally abolished, and may  
want the assistance, political and other-  
wise of all anglers. The prevention of  
strong virile fish from running up the vari-  
ous rivers must have a detrimental effect  
on the species of trout that inhabit our  
various streams:—

## REARING TROUT FOR THE ROD.

Owing to the great demand in all parts  
of the country for good fishing, vast im-  
provements have been made in the art  
of pisciculture; more especially in rear-  
ing trout for the rod. The number of  
anglers who avail themselves of the op-  
portunities afforded by the many beauti-  
ful trout streams in picturesque sur-  
roundings is yearly being augmented.  
Angling is a form of amusement which  
not only combines health with recreation,  
but takes its followers into the beneficial  
atmosphere of rural ways. All that is  
pleasant, all that is romantic, await the  
trout-fisher as he wanders beside some  
wild and remote burn, with no compan-  
ions save the white-bibbed dipper or the  
blue-green jewel of a kingfisher, that  
hurtles upstream in a long line of glitter-  
ing blue. No wonder the demand for  
trout-fishing exceeds the supply.

—Thriving Hatcheries.—

When Izaak Walton first eulogised the  
popular sport of angling in his most  
charming book (the first edition published  
as long ago as 1653) he little dreamed of  
the latter-day methods of scientific fish  
culture that would spring up, solely for  
the purpose of providing quarry for "hon-  
est anglers." Times have vastly changed  
since Walton and Cotton roamed the de-  
lightful paths of Troutland, and those  
worthy fishermen would doubtless be sur-  
prised at the large number of ardent dis-  
ciples following in their footsteps. To-  
day every city and town in the Kingdom  
can claim its angling clubs, with hun-  
dreds of enthusiastic members. To a great  
extent this rapid increase in the ranks of  
the Waltonian army and the growing  
popularity of the fine sport of angling  
have been responsible for the laying down  
of hatcheries, whereby good strains of  
trout (and other fish) can be procured  
for restocking rivers, lakes, and ponds.  
Clubs, fishery owners, and others have  
long ago realised that the only way to  
keep up a good stock of fish in our de-  
pleted waters is by continual restocking;  
and to-day fish breeding is a commercial  
enterprise, which is lucrative when car-  
ried out on a large scale.

Up to a few years ago the number of  
establishments rearing trout for restock-  
ing purposes could be counted on the  
fingers of one hand, now there are up-  
wards of thirty hatcheries with all up-to-  
date improvements, where fish breeding  
is carried out on a large scale.

It is said that the first attempt at  
artificial fish breeding was undertaken in  
the fifteenth century by one Dom Pin-  
chon, a monk of France. His experi-  
ments, however, did not call for much  
serious notice, and it remained for an-  
other countryman, several centuries later,  
to conclusively prove that fish breeding  
could be done, and not only so, but be  
made a profitable commercial enterprise.  
This man, by name Remy, was a poor  
fisherman who, for a living, fished the  
numerous streams of La Bresse in the  
Vosges. Struck by the enormous waste  
of eggs brought about by the natural  
process of spawning and breeding, he col-  
lected the naturally spawned ova from  
the reeds, and conducted experiments by  
hatching the same in small, round per-  
forated zinc boxes. These boxes were  
sunk in the bed of the river, and the  
action of the water flowing through in-  
cubated the eggs. He was able, by this  
means, to replenish depleted streams.

—Delicate Work.—

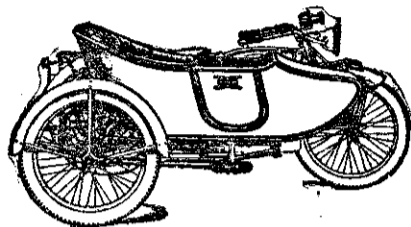
Profiting by this man's experiments  
others carried on, and now we have an  
almost perfect system. In the present  
day methods of hatching and breeding  
trout, the parent fish at the proper sea-  
son are spawned by hand, the eggs being  
collected in earthenware receptacles and  
fertilised by the milt of the male fish.  
When the fecundation is completed the  
eggs are taken into the hatching house,  
a building fitted up with long troughs,  
through which a constant stream of fresh  
pure water is running. Here the eggs are  
incubated on glass grills in the hatching  
troughs, and when the incubation (which  
process varies from 50 to 70 days and  
over) is successfully accomplished, the  
young fry—as the newly-hatched trout  
are termed—are kept in tanks until old  
enough to be turned into feeding ponds  
in the open. In these ponds they remain  
until sold, either as six-months-old, year-  
lings, or two-years-old, though many  
thousands of fry are also sold. These  
latter are usually forwarded some time  
before the complete absorption of the  
yolk sac, when they are first beginning  
to take food. As may be expected, the  
successful propagating of fish by artificial  
process calls for delicate work, and much  
care and experience.

By far the cheapest method of restock-  
ing or stocking a water with trout is by  
means of eyed ova—eggs which have been  
incubated but not hatched out. This ova  
must be laid down in the streams in arti-  
ficial hatching beds, holding from 10,000  
to 30,000 eggs. Local conditions must  
be favourable, and, of course, time must  
be no object. Where quick results are  
wanted mature fish should be introduced  
to the water. Ova, unincubated, is very  
useful for restocking small upland streams  
that will not repay for the outlay in  
stocking with yearlings or older fish. Fry  
are well adapted for putting into rivers  
where are numerous shallow stretches or  
tributary burns. Yearlings and two-  
year-olds are suitable for either lakes,  
rivers, or ponds, as they are quite able to  
fend for themselves, and readily adapt  
themselves to a change of surroundings.

## FURNITURE.

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

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



A Year Ahead of Everything,  
"EXCELSIOR" MOTOR CYCLES.

We can now give immediate delivery of these machines, and we shall  
be pleased to demonstrate their many exclusive features.

CALL OR WRITE IMMEDIATELY FOR TERMS AND PARTICULARS.

TYRES! ACCESSORIES! LAMPS! SPARES! CYCLES!  
MOTORS!

A. R. FRASER,  
PREMIER RUBBER STORES,

Phone—1521.

Tay Street, Opposite Courthouse.

## THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.



The Christmas and New Year holiday  
traffic on the railways for 1920-21 con-  
stituted a record, stated the Prime Minister.  
The number of passengers carried on the  
North Island lines was 482,000 and on  
the South Island and Westland sections  
407,000, giving a total of 889,000 passen-  
gers. Long distance traffic had been a  
feature of the business and it was pleas-  
ing to report that all demands made on  
the Department were satisfactorily met.  
Generally speaking the trains maintained  
punctuality and the only accident record-  
ed occurred to a passenger who attempt-  
ed to board a moving train at Bluff with  
fatal results. The heaviest passenger traf-  
fic was in the Wellington district, Auck-  
land coming next and the Christchurch  
and Dunedin districts following.

In many districts of New Zealand the  
character of the trees planted denotes the  
viewpoint of settlers and from what part  
of the world they came, remarked the  
president (Mr R. Nairn, of Christchurch)  
at the Nurserymen's Conference, states  
our Wellington correspondent. Englishmen  
from the old world were not satisfied unless  
they set out oak, elm, ash, sycamore,  
hornbeam, beech, hawthorn and similar  
trees, whereas the squatters of the South  
Island, who mostly came from Australia,  
brought with them seeds of eucalyptus  
and sowed them freely around their home-  
steads. This explains why the old station  
homesteads of the South Island have such  
large specimens of gums in such localities.  
Some of the mountains of the moon  
measure 35,000ft in height.

## "HIGHLANDER" MILK PRODUCTS

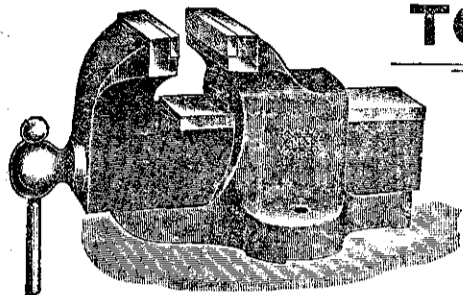
Are Manufactured in Southland, and  
are made by a Company all British  
owned.

### HIGHLANDER BRAND

Is a guarantee of quality and nation-  
ality.

It can always be depended upon.

## TOOLS.



CARPENTERS,  
MECHANICS,  
FARMERS.

Call and Inspect  
our range of Tools

Shipments just arrived. Satisfaction warranted: Prices to suit  
everyone

**John Edmond,** TAY STREET,  
INVERCARGILL.

SOME OF THE SPECIAL LINES NOW SHOWING AT

## COPELAND'S

ROSLYN PANTS and SINGLETs, 7s 11d a garment.

WOOLLEN SOX (Colonial), 2s 6d a pair

STRIPED DRILL SHIRTS, 11s 6d each.

STRONG SAMSON BRACES, 2s 11d a pair.

BOYS' KHAKI KNICKERS, for strong wear, 5s 11d a pair.

MEN'S NAVY FLANNELS, 10s 6d each.

MEN'S NATURAL ROSLYN FLANNELS, 8s 11d each.

BOYS' SUITS in Cotton, Tweed to fit boys all ages. (These are  
real snips), from 20s 6d to 25s.

A Special Line of STRIPED NEGLIGE SHIRTS at 10s 6d each.

We now have a complete stock of ROSLYN and MOSGIEL Fawn  
and Marled UNDERWEAR.

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF OUR LINES, HUNDREDS  
MORE TO TEMPT THE THRIFTY BUYER.

**COPELANDS, 35 Dee Street,  
INVERCARGILL.**

### MEMORIALS.

IRON RAILINGS,  
CONCRETE KERBS,  
HEADSTONES,  
BOOKS, TABLETS,  
and all  
CEMETERY REQUISITES.

**A. E. FRASER,**

Phone 1103.

Store, Reid & Gray's Buildings.  
310 North Road.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

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

## FURNITURE

of the very

LATEST DESIGNS

to be had at a reasonable price

from

**W. S. Robinson & Co.,**

KELVIN STREET.

'Phone—760.

## THE FARM.

(By "Furrow").

### MORE SENSATIONAL PRICES.

Taranaki breeders have been speaking again in hundreds of pounds for individual animals, and even calves are in the three-figure class now. These high prices were realised at a pedigree sale held at New Plymouth last month. Six cows and two-year-old heifers submitted on behalf of Mr Stonex averaged 158gs, the top price being realised by Bay View's Lass, which was secured by Mr J. C. Nicholson, of Hawera, at 199gs. Mr J. B. Groom purchased the two-year-old heifer Bessie's Passion Flower at 136gs. Six calves averaged 67½gs, the top price being realised by the six weeks old heifer calf from the top-priced cow, namely, 92gs. A yearling heifer also realised 100gs. In all, 14 submitted on behalf of Mr Stonex realised 1111½gs. The top price for the sale was realised by Mr C. W. Reube's two-year-old heifer Avoca's Daisy, which was purchased by Mr C. H. Sharpe, Te Roti, for 312gs. Her four months' old heifer calf by Oakland's Squire Mahone realised 160gs.

### MANURING FOR WINTER CROPS.

If manure for winter crops are not already in hand they should be ordered without delay. As a rule wheat and rye will not require artificials in the following cases: (1) Where farmyard manure has been applied; (2) where they follow a root crop which has been well manured; (3) if they follow clover, beans or rich pasture; or (4) if the land has been bare-fallowed.

Where land is poor, heavy bare fallows should receive about 6cwt of slag or 6cwt of superphosphate to the acre. After a straw crop or where the soil is impoverished, ½ to 1½cwt of sulphate of ammonia, or its equivalent, in addition to 2 or 3cwt of superphosphate should be given. The superphosphate should be applied at sowing time, but the bulk of the sulphate of ammonia may be reserved for a top dressing in the spring. These manures may be used for winter oats and barley, but it should be remembered that the two crops named require less sulphate of ammonia than wheat.

Of the leguminous crops beans will do well on land that has received a light dressing of farmyard manure, say 8 to 10 tons per acre ploughed in to a depth of five or six inches. Beans do well with an additional dressing of about 4cwt superphosphate or 5 to 8cwt of basic slag. In the absence of farmyard manure, 4cwt kainit or its equivalent should be added to the phosphatic manures, and these manures in like proportion may be used for vetches and vetch mixtures.

### THE WORLD'S GREATEST OX.

#### A NEW ZEALAND PRODUCTION.

Although we are but a young country we have records in many lines of endeavour which have startled the people of the Old World. During the past two years, the live stock world here and in Australia has been mildly interested in the size and weight of bullocks. Quality and the distribution of the meat to the best cuts was not the consideration, the aim being purely that of bulk.

At the Grand National market at Addington last August, £204 was paid for a Shorthorn bullock whose weight was given as 3056lb. This bullock has been claimed as the Australasian champion.

England's heaviest bullock is held to be "Pat the Giant," an Irish bred roan Shorthorn, which scaled 254 stone, or 3556lb. This animal created a sensation when exhibited at Birmingham Fat Stock Show in 1912. His height at the shoulder was 5ft 7in, length from ears to rump 8ft, and girth at shoulder 10ft 1in. His weight and measurements prevailed over those of the famous Durham Ox and other giants of a few years ago. It is as well perhaps to note that the above weights have been disputed, but they are the maximum weights claimed. Yet despite this, a heavy bullock was produced at the recent Wanganui Show. This was a six-year-old bullock exhibited by the well-known Hereford breeder, Mr Frank Moore, of Bushy Park, Kai Iwi. This was a Hereford-Shorthorn cross, and when put on the scales at Wanganui he weighed 3640lb, which is equal to 1 ton 12cwt 2qrs. He is therefore 94lb heavier than Pat the Giant, and 594lb heavier than the Grand National bullock. Mr Moore's bullock which was bred by Messrs Bayly Bros., of Wanganui, will carry a lot of beef yet, as he came off the grass. He may be fed on concentrates and taken across to the Sydney Royal. Given treatment of that nature, the bullock, which is of a very docile disposition, should easily

reach the 4000lb mark, and thus a record would be established by New Zealand that might stand for a century

## The Poultry-Yard

(By "S.Q.M.").

### WHY HENS DIE.

If poultrykeepers were aware of the intricate nature of a hen's digestive system, they would be more careful in feeding. We are quite sure that most of the ails and deaths in adult stock (and young chickens for that matter) are due to faulty feeding. There are three important organs that I must mention, viz., the crop, stomach, and gizzard respectively, and the "in between" apertures connecting them up are very small. So much so that I have often known a large whole maize to block up the entrance. And if such happens the digestive organs stop, the food in the organs goes sour, and the bird is inwardly poisoned by the gases from the stale food-stuffs. Poultrykeepers are therefore warned not to feed on large pieces of bacon rind, cheese rind, cabbage, potato peeling and the like, as these may easily cause a stoppage and the loss of many birds from crop compaction. Therefore, one should be most careful to mince up such dangerous scraps very finely before adding them to the mash. When such scraps are boiled it is a good plan to mince them first and after boiling they can be strained and added to the mash. The same applies equally, or perhaps to an even greater extent, to young chicks, as the digestive organs are built on more slender lines and the apertures are so very small. Invariably it is the use of coarse or indigestible foodstuffs which causes heavy mortality among chicks. Many owners think that it must necessarily be an epidemic or scourge that is responsible for losing seven or eight chicks daily out of a brood and never suspect injudicious feeding.

### THE BUSY CALIFORNIAN HEN.

One Californian town—Petaluma—with less than 10,000 inhabitants, shipped to market last year more than 125,000,000 eggs and 88,824 dozen poultry, according to the report of the California Development Board. In addition to actual shipments of eggs to market, over 1,681,166 dozen eggs are used for hatching and for home consumption. These added to the above bring the total production of the Petaluma district up to about 145,750,920 eggs. Three million baby chicks are estimated to have been shipped away.

The daily food requirements for poultry in the Petaluma district for the year aggregate over 1,200,000 pounds, of which wheat, corn, barley, bran and middlings form the largest part.

The average chicken ranch near Petaluma consists of about five acres, upon which are placed from 500 to 3000 hens. There are, of course, quite a number of larger ranches which maintain 5000 to 30,000 chickens. A person should have from £600 to £1000 to equip a chicken farm and get ready for a profitable business. In case of renting, however, about £300 is needed to start the prospective poultryman. The average profit on each hen is about 4s 2d per year.

A farm which has recently been started in Inyo County with 400 acres and 12,000 laying hens selected from Petaluma and from Monroe, New York, is an enterprise that is bidding for patronage, and with its 200,000 incubator capacity and favourable climatic conditions, will do a large part in supplying the demand, especially for eggs and baby chicks. There are many places throughout California where like enterprises could be undertaken with a fair promise of success and a good market near at hand.

Notwithstanding the remarkable development of the poultry business at Petaluma and other places, the increase is not sufficient to meet the demands of the immediate market. The rapidly expanding population of the State requires the importation in season of some 425 railway truck loads of live and 75 such loads of dressed poultry to San Francisco and Los Angeles, besides several million dozen eggs each year from eastern points, and there is no immediate prospect of the home supply overtaking the market. This fact insures the success of all practical poultrymen who engage in the industry in California.

Florida is the great orange-growing State in the American Union.

Diamonds have increased 160 per cent. in value, and emeralds 300 per cent. during the last few years, while rubies have decreased.

## Winter Bros.,

GENERAL CARRIERS,

SPEY STREET,

WISH to announce that they have a first-class Motor Lorry for Hire.

All kinds of Carrying undertaken, and Furniture removed.

The Lorry has comfortable seating accommodation for twenty passengers and will take parties out day or night at reasonable prices.

GIVE THE DIGGER CARRIERS A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE.

OFFICE—SPEY STREET.

'Phone—779.

THE FIRST...

## WOOL SALE

WILL BE HELD

On

SATURDAY

JAN. 22

TO BE INCLUDED IN CATALOGUE

ALL WOOL SHOULD BE

FORWARDED BY

WEDNESDAY,

THE 19th INST.

CONSIGN

TO

NATIONAL MORTGAGE AND

AGENCY CO., LTD.

TYNE STREET.

W. E. TAYLOR, Manager.

## SPECIAL BLOUSE WEEK

At  
THE PARAMOUNT,  
ESK STREET.

For one week only we make this startling offer—2/- in the £ discount on all our up-to-date stock of

NINONS, CREPE DE CHINE, SILK  
AND VOILE BLOUSES.

MISS BREY,  
THE PARAMOUNT,  
ESK STREET.  
(Third Door from Dee Street).

## WHY WORRY ABOUT HIGH COST OF CLOTHES. DIGGER RENOVATING SHOP.

All work done by Practical Tailor.

Note Address—

PRESTON'S BUILDINGS,  
TAY STREET.

Nearly opposite Salvation Army  
Barracks.

## "The Paragon,"

Esk Street (Opp. "Times").

## OUR ANNUAL SUMMER SALE Begins on SATURDAY, JANUARY 15th.

All Goods Greatly Reduced.

MILLINERY, STRAW PLAITS, AND  
TRIMMINGS  
AT HALF PRICE.

INSPECTION INVITED.

ALL THIS SEASON'S GOODS.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

COME EARLY AND GET YOUR  
CHOICE.

## MISSES HUGHES,

Milliners and Dressmakers.

WEKA BRAND.

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MOP OIL.

The perfect Polish.

NON-GREASY.

Picks up THE DUST, CLEANSSES  
and POLISHES

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF FURNI-  
TURE, LINOS, OILCLOTHS,  
HARDWOOD FLOORS,  
PIANOS, ETC.

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following:—

Messrs W. N. STIRLING, WRIGHT,  
STEPHENSON AND CO., LTD., L.  
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Or Wholesale from

J. E. Coomer,

Ythan Street,

Invercargill.

'Phone—1471.

## 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 TWIN PRINCES.

Once upon a time there were two Princes, named Jonina and Jonana, who hated each other very much. They were twins, and as like each other as two peas. From earliest infancy they fought and scratched. "What a terrible affliction!" the King's mother, who was therefore the Queen's mother-in-law, would say. And the Queen wanted to put out her tongue at her mother-in-law when she said this; for no mother, however her children quarrel and fight, likes them to be called afflictions. The Guardian-Queen only made matters worse by embroidering little mottoes in wool, with "Let brotherly love continue" in crimson and green, and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to," in yellow and blue. And she gave them to the princes on their birthday. This, as you can well imagine, only made things worse. For whoever heard of quarrellers being made friends by annoying advice in green and crimson wool—So I am bound to admit, although I don't like to, that the palace grown-ups managed the twin Princes very badly.

Well, in due time the Princes grew up, then the question arose: Which Prince should govern the kingdom? At last the King hit on a happy idea. "They shall go forth into the world," he said, "and do mighty deeds, and, on returning, the one who has done the noblest things shall be King." This suited the Princes very well, for each longed to outdo the other. And, saying good-bye to everybody in the palace, they went off.

I shall not have time to tell you of the adventure which befell Jonina and Jonana. They soon had a fight and parted. And, in order that I may not bore you and become dull, I will say here—years passed away. That, I assure you, is how all the best storytellers get on with the tale. However, it did happen that Jonina embarked upon a ship—not very seaworthy, unfortunately—for the other side of the world. After many day's tossing on the waters, the ship was wrecked. And the long and short of it is that Jonina was stranded, alone and without food or clothes, upon a desert island of the most famous and cocoanutty kind. Fortunately, he had read "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," and "The Schonberg-Cotta Family"—the last being a present from Grandma. These gave him a few useful ideas, and life began to be interesting. He built himself a hut, discovered a cocoanut grove, and all the other exciting and necessary things came quite naturally to him. He also saw footprints of another man, and he went in fear. For he knew there were fierce beasts in the jungles part; but, somehow, a man seemed more terrifying. Then one day, as he fished from a coracle (made by himself solely through reading in early youth the "History of Ancient Britons") he saw a creature on the shore. Fear held him; but he seized his rude implement of defence with one hand (I don't know what it was) and made for the shore with the other. He leapt ashore, a queer enough figure himself with his tangled hair and bushy beard, only to be confronted by another nure, ruder and wilder than himself. The creature spoke, and Jonina leapt with joy. He knew the language. And under the deep blue sky of the island these two queer figures embraced. From that hour they worked, fought beasts, sheltered together, and very, very dearly they loved each other. They discovered that one could invent and the other work the inventions. They just filled up each other. What one couldn't do, the other could. And yet never a word did they whisper of their past lives. Jonina was ashamed, and the other man seemed to have a hidden fear and was silent.

Then the tragic thing happened. Jonina was caught in a storm and swept out to sea in his coracle; and only by a strange chance was he picked up by a passing ship and taken home to his father's palace. Cleaned and shaved and properly clothed, he remembered that he had been sent forth on an adventure. He wondered what had happened to Jonana. He didn't care very much. His one idea was to go forth again in search of his friend of the island. "For," said he, "without my friend I cannot live." The



**The Woman Who Knows**  
THE careful housewife knows how important it is that she should use the best starch—and there is no starch so good as Colman's. It gives the beautiful gloss and finish that makes the clothes look their best.

**Colman's Starch**

Goes furthest—gives best results. Try it.  
British and Best.

King, forgetting past troubles, forgave Jonina his early indiscretions, and a ship was prepared to sail to the desert island.

For many days the ship, with the King and Jonina aboard, sailed the seas, and at last, amid fearful excitement, it anchored close to the old blue island. Over the island ran Jonina, straight into the arms of his friend, who was wasted with grief and looking very thin and ill. He was presented to the King, who fell back a pace at the sight of the wild figure; and then perfect breeding, as performed in the highest circles, came to his rescue. He bowed gravely, and, after a few pleasant words, left the two friends together. Soon the friend became uncomfortably conscious of his untidy appearance, for he had scarcely known Jonina all trim and shaved. So he went to the ship's barber, and Jonina went with him. In a few minutes a great cry rang through the ship. The King hastened below. There in the barber's cabin, all soapy, stood no longer a wild stranger, but the King's own son—the lost Jonana! The men of the island had been brothers and never knew it. And in common work against common foes and in forgetfulness of the past, they had grown to love each other dearly.

There were great commotions, rejoicings, and banquets, I can tell you, when the ship came home with the two brothers. And they ruled together in perfect happiness, sharing the kingdom. The Queen had the palace cleaned and the wool mottoes burned. And over the palace door was painted this notice: "Prince and Prince, Bros. This palace is under democratic management. All troubles will receive our best and prompt consideration. Any dispute settled amicably. No fixed hours. Open to receive friends and enemies at any hour. Night bell on the left. Please ring and walk in."

## THE HOME.

## HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

When a baking-dish gets burnt in using, it should not be scraped; simply put a little water and ashes in it and the burnt surface will come off easily without injuring the dish.

A steady heat for baking cannot be expected from a stove that is imperfectly cleaned and choked with clinkers. Too often the cook blames the stove for imperfect work, when the fault lies in her own neglect to put it in baking or cooking order.

All green vegetables should be kept in a cool, dark place, but not in great quantities. Roots of all kinds should be kept in dark, dry places, because light, warmth and moisture produce either germination or decay.

A jelly-bag strainer cloth, pudding-bag, or dumping nets should never be washed with soap, as the next thing that is put or pressed through them will surely taste of the alkali. Wash the bags with warm water as soon as used, before the substances stick or dry on, then rinse in clean water and dry in the air.

A duplex fork is the very best thing for taking potatoes and large vegetables from the pot as it does not break the vegetables like a perforated spoon, and yet drains all the water from them that is so objectionable when a common spoon is used.

Egg stains may be removed from spoons caused by using them with soft-soiled

eggs, by taking a little common salt between the thumb and finger and briskly rubbing the stain, which will soon disappear.

To sharpen scissors draw the blades several times firmly over the neck of a long-necked bottle—as though cutting—and you will be surprised to see what a fine, sharp edge your scissors have.

To restore the elasticity of the seats of a cane chair, turn over the chair, and with hot water and sponge, wash the canework so that it may be thoroughly soaked. If the canework is badly soiled use a little soap. Dry in the air, and it will be as good as new.

## TO CLEAN CORDUROY.

Pour some turpentine over the part that is greasy and rub it till dry with a piece of clean flannel. If the grease be not quite removed, repeat the application, and when done brush the part well, and hang up the garment in the open air to take away the smell.

## TO WHITEN TENNIS BALLS.

First brush with a soft brush to remove dust and adherent dirt, and then apply the following solution with a piece of soft chamois leather, as in glove cleaning. Take French chalk powder, 1oz; prepared whiting, 1oz; chloride of lime, 1oz; powdered alum, 1oz; water 6ozs. Mix all thoroughly, and apply as directed. Then place the balls to dry in a current of air, and when dry brush off the superfluous powder adhering with a soft, dry brush.

## BARLOW'S Jubilee Store,

NEVER SAY DIE, BUT ALWAYS TRY

BARLOW'S JUBILEE TEA.

Owing to the rise in Butter you will find it cheaper to use Pure Jams. I have a full range in glass and tins in 1, 2, 4, and 7. TRY IT.

Is the place to buy your GROCERIES—where you get the best value for cash. Established nearly a quarter of a century; still going strong. Send your orders by post or 'phone, and you will receive them promptly for cash on delivery. Pay cash and save booking charges.

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

## ADVERTISERS!

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

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

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

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

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

## Milk! Pasteurised Milk!

Clean, Wholesome, Creamy

—and—  
GUARANTEED TO KEEP SWEET.

6d—PER QUART—6d.

FOR CASH OVER THE COUNTER ONLY.

Study Economy; no scalding required, no waste, and sweet milk for three meals daily. With unpasteurised milk it may only keep sweet long enough to do One Meal.

We have one of the most up-to-date plants procurable for treating milk; freezing plant, cool chambers, etc.

PATRONISE THE FIRM TRYING TO IMPROVE THE MILK SUPPLY OF THE TOWN.

Invercargill Milk  
Supply,

53 YARROW STREET.

DAIRY will be open from 7 a.m. until 5.30 p.m.; Wednesdays and Sundays, 7 a.m. to 12 noon.

"THE PARAGON,"

'Phone 161.

THERE IS NO BETTER VALUE THAN  
THE  
**"VIKING" SEPARATOR.**  
EASY RUNNING, DURABLE, CLEAN  
SKIMMING.

The "VIKING" does the work properly  
and quickly. It is simple, efficient, and  
secures thorough separation. Has a  
larger capacity than any other machine of  
equal rating.

YOUR LOGICAL CHOICE IS A  
"VIKING."

Size A—15 gals. per hour, £9 10s.  
Size B—27 gals. per hour, £14 10s.  
Size C—50 gals. per hour, £25 10s.

MONTH'S FREE TRIAL

**Southland Farmers'  
Co-op Assn. Ltd.**

INVERCARGILL, GORE, WINTON.  
Sole Agents for Southland.

**ANGLO-AMERICAN CANDY SHOP**  
(AYSON'S),  
72 DEE STREET.

For Christmas and New Year  
We offer the best of cheer  
In toffees, candies, soda fountain  
Drinks, and all kinds of cordials.  
To see our display is to buy.  
Just give us a try.

**AYSON'S**

Anglo-American Candy Shop

**T. D. A. MOFFETT**

#### PROPERTIES—

If you are thinking about BUYING  
or SELLING a property no matter  
whether SECTION, HOUSE, FARM,  
SHEEP-RUN or BUSINESS, it will  
be to your advantage to consult us.  
We have the organisation and ex-  
perience and are out to give you sat-  
isfaction.

#### PRODUCE—

We also BUY and SELL all classes of  
GRAIN, SEED and GENERAL  
FARM PRODUCE.

#### INSURANCE—

IF your BUILDINGS are not IN-  
SURED, we can give you PROTEC-  
TION against FIRE. With the Old  
Established ALLIANCE ASSUR-  
ANCE CO.

#### NOTE—

Our PRINCIPALS are old experi-  
enced in all these lines and will see  
you right. It costs nothing to con-  
sult us.

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## GARDEN NOTES

### THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Get in all kinds of winter greens, such  
as broccoli of kinds. These are the kinds  
that come in for cutting from late autumn  
until late spring; also savoy, Brussels  
sprouts, curlies, kale, and cabbage to  
come in for cutting before any of the  
former-named kinds. It must be borne  
in mind that the planting season for the  
above will not last much longer, so no  
time should be lost in getting them in.  
No better place can be got for them than  
on ground where early potatoes have been  
lifted. On no account should you plant  
(or rather, replant) on ground which has  
been previously cropped with the cabbage  
or brassica of any kind, or assuredly the  
latter will suffer thereby. Nothing brings  
on club-root quicker than the frequent  
planting of the brassicas on the same  
ground. I have frequently pointed out  
the advantages gained by the care-  
ful attention to what is termed the rota-  
tion of crops—that is, for the cabbage  
family to follow on peas, beans, carrots,  
and onions, but never after turnips. Now,  
for this district this is quite late enough  
for getting in the last sowing of peas,  
and the dwarf early kinds should be  
used for this late sowing. Sow for suc-  
cession lettuce and radishes, also parsley  
for winter use.

### THE ROSE GARDEN.

Autumn-flowering roses now require a  
liberal supply of liquid manure, and no  
better time can be got than immediately  
after rain. Where it is undesirable  
to use liquid manure, good guano, liber-  
ally used and well watered in, will make  
an excellent substitute. Remove faded  
flowers and seed capsules. Climbing roses  
will now be making rapid growth by  
pushing out strong shoots from the main  
stem and base of the plants. If  
these are not required for future training  
—for instance, on a well-furnished arch  
or pillar—remove them by cutting them  
back to within a foot of the base, but on  
no account remove them if room can pos-  
sibly be found for them, as much finer  
flowers and larger trusses are got from  
this strong young season's growth than  
from the old wood. Better to remove  
all old, weak growth, and replace them  
with the young and vigorous wood; in  
fact, for low trellises it is better to re-  
move all the old wood annually—that is,  
if sufficient young wood is made to re-  
place the old. The sooner after the flow-  
ering season is over that this is done the  
better, as every encouragement is thereby  
given to the development and ripening of  
those shoots. Under such conditions a  
very fine show of bloom may be expected.

### THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Gladiolas should now be making strong  
growth. Where good large flowers for  
show purposes are desired attention to  
feeding with liquid manure and individual  
staking and tying must be attended to.  
When the flowers are beginning to show  
colour shading should be given them. Some  
growers go to a great deal of trouble when  
growing for exhibition. For instance, in  
shading some use the long glass-fronted  
cardboard box and nail them on to stout  
stakes, cut out one end. When the  
flowering-spike begins to show colour this  
box is carefully pushed down over the  
flower, to steady the box. As the lower  
flowers open a small piece of paper is  
pasted over the glass at the bottom, to  
act as a shade, and so on up to the top,  
as the flowers open up the stem. As you  
know, the lower flowers open first, and  
if these were not shaded or protected in  
some way, in all probability the lower  
flowers would be done before the upper  
ones were properly out; therefore they  
would be spoilt for show purposes. Sweet  
peas will be greatly benefited by  
frequent waterings with liquid manure.  
If a continuous blooming be desired, and  
the seed is a secondary consideration,  
then by all means remove the stems as  
they go out of flower. By this means finer  
flowers are obtained, and a longer period  
of flowering also.

As the time for layering carnations is  
round again, a word or two upon the sub-  
ject will not be out of place. Generally  
speaking the best time for layering carna-  
tions is just as they are going off flowering.  
In places where frost is severe carnations  
should be in early, or they partly lift and  
the soil opens up, to the injury of the  
plants. If they are in early frost does  
not have the same effect. Proceed, then  
when ready, by surrounding the plants  
with rich sandy or gritty loam; remove  
any leaves which may be in the way at  
the base of the young shoot; make a  
cut with a sharp knife through a joint  
upwards, and about halfway through the  
stem; peg down firmly with small hooks  
made of twigs off branches or with bent  
wire; keep the soil moist by watering  
occasionally if necessary.

## MOTORIZING NOTES.

### THE LIFE OF THE CAR.

The life of the average car is often  
figured at three to five years, but as auto-  
mobiles have gone into the hands of those  
of smaller and smaller means, the average  
annual mileage run has greatly diminished,  
and the average life of cars measured in  
years has correspondingly increased. The  
smallness of the number of cars scrapped  
in the typical year shows that the life of  
the average car is eight years or more. In  
1919, for example, the United States pro-  
duced 1,974,016 cars and trucks, whereas  
the gain in registration during the year  
ended December 31 was only 1,434,909. Of  
the remaining 539,107, exports represented  
83,454, so that the balance of 455,653  
doubtless represented the numbers of cars  
and trucks worn out and scrapped. But  
this 455,653 motor-vehicles was equivalent  
to only 7 per cent. of the average number  
in service for the year; so that if one  
took 1919 as a guide, he would have to  
reason that since only 7 per cent per an-  
num are worn out, the life of the average  
car is 14 years. However, the scrapping in  
some years has run as high as 13, 14 or 12  
per cent.; and taking recent experience as  
a whole, it indicates an average of about  
eight years.

### THE MOTOR CYCLE'S FUTURE.

Now that the former British and Ger-  
man motor-car owner has to be content  
with the more modest motor-cycle, we  
may look for a considerable development  
along the lines of general utility and  
cheapness, says a writer in a British tech-  
nical review. Before the war the tendency  
of the motor-cycle, under American influ-  
ence, was towards increased weight and  
horse-power, and consequently complexity.  
Now, however, the chief considerations  
are safety, lightness, and simplicity to  
meet the requirements of the average man,  
who wants a cycle that will start up with-  
out causing him undue exertion, that can  
be lifted up and down steps, and is not  
prohibitive in price or upkeep. The lines  
on which improvements should proceed  
are, above all, towards simplification and  
comfort. The belt drive, a fruitful cause  
of breakdown, must be eliminated, the  
various parts simplified and their number  
reduced, the lighting system should be  
made as elementary as possible, and all  
complicated control on the handle-bars  
suppressed. Special care must be given to  
the brakes, and the saddle should be made  
adjustable to the rider's comfort. Another  
paramount necessity is that wheels should  
be made easily removable, in view of ren-  
dering the repair of punctured tyres as  
simple a matter as possible, and there is  
plenty of scope for improvement in the  
tyres themselves. High speed is not re-  
quired, therefore the engine can, and  
should, be as light as is compatible with  
reliability. The development of the motor-  
cycle as the plain man's vehicle also pro-  
mises a future for the auto-wheel and  
motor-scooter.

### SILENCERS THAT CHOKE UP.

There is one source of overheating and  
loss of power that is frequently overlooked  
and it is assumed that the cause is either  
weak mixture or incorrect ignition tim-  
ing. In many cases it is not suspected  
that the silencer may be severely thro-  
ttled by partly burnt carbon which very  
gradually restricts the area of the holes  
in the baffle plates. Every car owner who  
is anxious about keeping his car at the  
highest pitch of efficiency should make a  
point when he takes delivery of the car  
of finding out the construction and  
method of taking down the silencer. Some  
manufacturers, unfortunately, do not pay  
any particular regard to the accessibility  
of the silencer, though it is a fitting that  
needs some attention at least once in  
3,000 miles, if undue back pressure is to  
be avoided, in fact, it may be said that  
2,000 miles is as far as an average sil-  
encer should be run without attention, if  
it be made on the drilled baffle plate  
principle. There are, however, other  
principles by means of which choking up  
and throttling are greatly reduced, hence  
the advisability of finding out how the  
silencer is made. That much-abused de-  
vice, the exhaust cut-out, is quite a use-  
ful attachment for testing a silencer from  
time to time. Ordinarily when a sil-  
encer is in good condition the opening  
of the cut-out should make no difference  
to the speed, but in proportion as the  
silencer is throttled the speed will be in-  
creased. It has been suggested that a  
small pressure gauge permanently con-  
nected to the silencer would be useful, as  
thereby any serious increase in pressure  
would at once call attention to the fact  
that the silencer required cleaning.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

### WIRELESS RESEARCH IN INDIA.

Upon completion of the research work,  
which is being done in India by a staff  
of scientists in order to find means of over-  
coming the meteorological obstacles which  
interfere with the proper working of wire-  
less telegraphy in India during certain  
seasons of the year, there will be a great  
extension of the wireless system in that  
country.

### THE MODERN UPAS TREE.

Sir Ray Lankester, in his popular  
science notes, has made us familiar with  
the deadly nature of that particular  
creeper known as the modern upas tree,  
which has been shown to be the cause  
of many hitherto mysterious illnesses in  
persons living where this creeper grew.  
The plant is a species of Rhus, and is  
known in America as the "poison ivy."  
As in many popular names, the plant  
neither resembles nor is related to the  
plant after which it is named. Many  
people regard themselves as immune to  
the influence of this homely-looking plant,  
and Drs Sweet and Grant, of the Public  
Health Service, U.S.A., have investi-  
gated such cases. The conclusion appar-  
ently is that no one is really immune, but  
that there are varying degrees of sus-  
ceptibility to its poisonous influence. A  
man may resist it many times, and then  
fall an easy victim; many persons not  
affected by the leaves are powerfully in-  
fluenced by the smoke of the burning  
plant; this smoke contains a high propor-  
tion of the toxic principle. Other persons  
who do not appear to be affected by the  
poison ivy are so affected by a related  
plant, the poison sumac (Rhus vernix).  
These plants are most deadly in the  
spring and summer months.

### JAW STRENGTH.

It is quite easy to understand that  
men must give careful attention to what  
is called the "crushing strength" of rocks,  
timbers, and other materials used in big  
constructional work. It is less easy to  
believe that similar attention must be  
given to the materials used for the fillings  
of tooth cavities. The "amalgam" used  
for such dental work is composed of from  
half to two-thirds of silver, a small  
amount of zinc, and the remainder cop-  
per and tin. This material has to  
stand quite considerable pressures when  
the teeth are engaged in such heavy work  
as the chewing of steak. In what is called  
by the Americans "rapid fire-eating,"  
i.e., when the crushing load is constant,  
the pressure exerted on teeth-filling may  
be equivalent to over 22,000lb per square  
inch. That excellent institution the  
United States Bureau of Standards there-  
fore gives careful attention to the crush-  
ing strength of the different amalgams  
used by dentists. The effect of ice  
water and of hot foods on the amalgam is  
also noted, and is found to be harmless in  
general; however, such high temperature  
as 80 deg. centigrade (17 F. may be pro-  
ductive of much harm, and may quite al-  
ter the characteristics of the amalgam  
fillings.

### AMERICAN SEAWEED INDUSTRY.

Agar-agar, that valuable aid to medical  
science and important food adjunct for  
the supply of which the world hereto-  
fore has relied solely upon the Orient,  
is about to be extensively manufactured  
in the United States. An American com-  
pany already is turning out a third of  
a ton daily in a finely-equipped plant at  
Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles, Cali-  
fornia, and steadily will increase its  
capacity. Japan has enjoyed a monopoly  
in agar-agar, and last year the United  
States imported 240 tons from there, and  
Great Britain and other European coun-  
tries much more. Consumption is heavily  
increasing although the public generally  
has never heard of the name. It is a  
gelatine-like derivative of seaweeds and  
meets wants which nothing else can. In  
Japan but 10 species of the marine algae  
required are found. Two years' diligent  
research disclosed that fifteen species of  
superior quality grow in comparative  
abundance along the southern California  
coast. Agar-agar long has been esteemed  
there as a food, and as such it appeals  
more and more everywhere. It is a  
wholesome and delicious thickener in jellies  
of all sorts, fruit, meat or fish. It is  
particularly beneficial mixed with any  
ordinary cereal or breakfast foods with  
the addition of sugar or salt. The major  
demand, however, is from hospitals,  
laboratories, and the medical profession.  
The peculiar substance has no equal as  
a culture media for bacteria, retaining  
its solidity, unlike gelatine, at the requi-  
site temperatures, and thus proving indis-  
pensable to bacteriological research and  
segregation. During the war it figured  
successfully in the healing of certain  
wounds.

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# THE Golden Opportunity.

Captain Jack Fleet, gentleman of the road, had given an attentive ear that evening to the garrulous confidences of the unsuspicious and melancholy individual—in clerical garb. A contrast in appearance—for Fleet's polished bearing was set off by a gallant and pleasing exterior—they shared one thing in common: an appreciation of mulled sack, warmed to a comforting temperature.

It transpired from the good man's conversation that My Lord Bishop had conceived the notion to erect a stained-glass window in the cathedral of the diocese, commemorative of the happy times now come, through the sudden flight of His Catholic Majesty, King James II. Further, a gift of one hundred guineas had been promised by a wealthy wood-merchant, named Harbourne, who lived a league or so hence on the lonely Portsmouth Road, and whose handiwork marred the grandeur of many a church interior; and since it was not seemly for his lordship to call for the subscription personally, it had been arranged that the sum should be collected by that humble prelate, Dr Scaife. Unfortunately, although Scaife had started out early that afternoon, he had come to miss his way, and so sought advice and cheer in the first tavern encountered.

Outside, the wind whined across the heath and swirled round the old building with an impetuosity which drew the shrieking complaint of the rusted sign-board in the forecourt and the groans of the aged joists of the edifice.

"'Tis such a night as the devil loves," said Scaife, moodily.

"True," gravely responded the tobyman. "On such nights he leaves his horns at home and goes abroad with a mare and a brace of barkers."

The clergyman shivered. His hard features, which hung heavy with the weight of his fellow-creatures' sins, grew thoughtful. He glanced at the other and approved the straight countenance with its tumbled framework of dark curls; but nevertheless, was vaguely puzzled by the debonaire personality. At length he took a decision.

"My friend," he said, "on such a night a journey goes quicker and more pleasantly when 'tis shared. Since you are familiar with the location of Mr Harbourne's residence, it seems to me that your way may also lie in that direction, in the which case I should esteem your company a privilege."

"Why as to that, sir," smiled Fleet, "you take the words from my mouth, for I must pass the house in any case."

"Then I propose we delay no longer," Scaife said, "for while I observe that you have supped, I confess to not having broken my fast since noon. Alas, how gross are the needs of the body!"

"And as pressing as the needs of the soul," the highwayman piously observed, rising readily.

In due course, mounted and abreast, they put the nags into the teeth of the wind, and forged into the fitful gloom of the heath. Above a running wrack of clouds obscured by moments the bright face of the moon, and at intervals around the travellers the trees responded shrilly to the breath of the tempest.

As they rode the highwayman decided on a plan which promised a pretty entertainment for the evening.

Presently the clergyman burst forth anew.

"Friend," he said, "methinks I see the hand of Providence in this meeting, for to me, lost in the outer darkness, you are as a beacon in the night, a bright star of hope in the encompassing blackness."

By this time they had reached the main track across the heath, which in one direction led to the Portsmouth road and in the other to the road bordering the farther side of the treed expanse. To Jack Fleet it seemed as good a spot as any for enlightening the clergyman to the true, if unfortunate state of affairs.

"Doctor," quoth he, levelling the barkers, "alas for the beacons that burn out and the stars that fade! My name is Jack Fleet, and I hold a commission under his late Majesty, which I am loth to relinquish till he has the ordering of it. In the meantime a poor devil must live, and his Lordship's stained-glass window can but wait."

The uncertain moonlight revealed to the highwayman a look on the cleric's mournful face so comic in its consternation that Fleet burst into an involuntary

chuckle. Both horses had come to a standstill.

"Indeed," stammered Scaife, "I scarce take your meaning. Surely there is some ill-timed jest in this?"

"Why, as you say," returned Fleet, "there is humour in the situation. The truth is I have a mind to collect the Bishop's donation myself, for the which purpose I must request a loan of the sombre garments you carry with such a cheerful air."

"You—you take your jest too far, sir," Scaife stammered.

With a difficult scowl Fleet bent forward and pointed a weapon at the prelate's head.

"Come, doctor," he exclaimed, sharply. "You see the fiery sort of beacon I am. 'Tis no fault of yours that Providence has fetched you a shooting star in place of the one you imagined. Divest with a good grace, or, damme, you shall sup off lead!"

Aware perforce of the trap into which he had fallen, Scaife dismounted and slowly took off his ample jacket which he placed, at Fleet's direction, in a heap at his feet. A further command saw the clergyman's shovel hat join the heap. This done, Fleet dealt the other's nag a sharp blow on the hindquarters and away the animal thundered into the gloom.

"Now, doctor," he said, "a chill is easy caught these nights, but the tavern is handy and the house of Harbourne a far cry. I counsel the former, and will give myself the pleasure of observing how sage is the advice by the alacrity with which you recognise it."

"Sir," snarled Scaife, "the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and no man knoweth whence cometh the retribution which shall overtake him in the moment of evil-doing. I would urge you even in this hour of sin to fly its lure and leave victory to righteousness."

"Sir," retorted the tobyman, "if, as you have said, the needs of the body are gross I would add they are also vastly compelling, and I cannot stomach the thought of your snug rustics gazing comfortably up at a hundred-guineas' worth of coloured glass while another goes hungry for the lack of the goldfinches."

"Nevertheless," recommended the divine.

"Curse me! Am I here to bandy words with you till day breaks? Off with you!"

Daring no further protestation Scaife followed his nag into the darkness.

## II.

There was no timidity in the thunderous summons with which Captain Jack Fleet, in the role of the Bishop's emissary, announced his arrival at the house of Harbourne, and the footman's duty of announcement was rendered abortive by the appearance of Harbourne himself.

"My name is Dr Scaife," commenced the highwayman, with deep solemnity. "Doubtless his Lordship has explained my errand to you, sir. I am heartily glad to have arrived, for there was a time I had not thought to get here."

Harbourne returned his bow with a nod and surveyed Fleet with an expression in which disappointment struggled unsuccessfully to conceal itself. In the thin merchant's sallow face and narrowed eyes the fox and the jackal fought indeterminately for dominance, while his manner was a nice blend of servility and peevishness.

"I had almost given you up, sir," said he, in a way which indicated that he considered the other's late arrival an outrage. "In truth my daughter and I have already supped."

"Why, then there is no harm done," Fleet returned. "In the service of the Church the mortification of the flesh is of primary importance."

"Nay, nay," Harbourne exclaimed. "Since the food has been prepared for you 'twould be a sinful waste to leave it. Have the goodness to step this way, sir."

A small fire was glowing to its end in the low panelled apartment into which Harbourne showed his guests and the table bore the remains of a meagre meal.

"There, sir," Harbourne invited, indicating a chair; "draw up and commence. An 'twill not inconvenience you I will have my say while ye eat."

"By no means, sir," said Fleet. "No meal is impaired by the spice of a little pleasant discourse," and fell to.

Harbourne tentatively coughed. He seemed to have a difficulty in choosing his words. The truth was his visitor's arrival had dissipated his last hope of clinging to his money, for his promise to the Bishop of a subscription for the stained-glass window had been made in the hope of securing an ecclesiastical contract, and he had faint expectation of the Bishop's scheme coming to the point of execution. When at last he spoke the servility of his manner was uppermost.

"Look ye, doctor," he exclaimed, "Between the two of us, whose gains are hardly earned and who have a strong sense of what is due to the Church, there is scarce need to explain that upon occasion a man's promise exceeds his power of performance."

There was an ominous ring about this utterance which gave the highwayman little satisfaction.

"Come," he rallied the other, "a promise made by Mr Harbourne is a sacred bond, as all know. Moreover, the Bishop's arrangements are completed. He has ordered the execution of the work. Indeed, sir, I dare not return to his Lordship with my errand unfulfilled."

Harbourne rose and paced morosely up and down.

"Well, well," he said. "I must needs scrape together the sum. Yet fifty guineas is overmuch to give."

He ceased to pace to and fro and bent a cunning look at the other's back. Fleet lowered his knife.

"As you say, sir," he corrected, "a hundred guineas is a large sum, yet nothing to an honest man of means like yourself; and since it purchases for you the Bishop's high esteem, 'twill be well laid out."

"Well, well," Harbourne repeated, "you shall have it, sir." His voice took on a whining note. "Nevertheless, trade is poor and 'tis long since his Lordship has commissioned new appointments to the Church."

This was a cue Fleet was not slow to take up. He lowered his voice and bent a meaning look on the wood-merchant's face.

"Have no fears on that score, my friend," he said. "'Tis within my knowledge that most of the common woodwork in the cathedral 'is to be renewed and that before long, and the Bishop never forgets his friends."

At this point a sudden rustling sounded from the doorway, and Fleet turned to observe the timid entrance of a young girl, pink-eyed and smiling, who, for all the pleasing shyness of her bearing, showed such a slim grace in every movement that she seemed at once to embellish the apartment with an attractiveness hitherto noticeably lacking.

"My daughter, Barbara," said Dr Harbourne, grudgingly. "My dear, this is Dr Scaife."

The girl returned Fleet's low bow with a dainty curtsy.

"I trust you have had no unpleasant journey, sir," she greeted him. "You were so late we feared that some mischance had befallen you."

"You concern does me honour, madam," Fleet returned, with a stateliness well in keeping with the character he had assumed. "Beyond a delay occasioned by missing the way, nothing untoward took place."

"'Tis well, sir," she smiled, "for the roads are well-nigh infested these days with cutpurses and discharged lackneys turned nightraiders. 'Tis said even Fleet himself has an ear in these parts."

"True," cut in Harbourne, quickly, "'twould be well to stay the night, doctor, and leave by daylight, or, better still, take only a portion of the sum with you to-night, and I will myself see the Bishop as to remainder."

"Have no fear," Fleet replied, with an unecclesiastical wink at the girl. "I am armed, and I warrant I can put the rogues to some little trouble in the matter of a disputation."

There was that in the glance with which the girl greeted his statement that eloquently spoke her pleasure at the welcome break in the monotony of a lonely life effected by Fleet's arrival. The highwayman felt, too, that she regarded him in his assumed character with as much sympathy as so short an interview demanded. The situation promised a pleasant intercourse, but the hour grew late, and the separation of Harbourne from his guineas was still unaccomplished.

"'Tis my way," he said to the girl, "on nights like these to shoot first and administer counsel after. A man and a humble churchman, must needs look well after the little he has, and as for that which is another's, why, 'tis a sacred charge—especially when, as now, his charge is destined for an object so worthy as the commemoration of a proud humility over pomp and circumstance."

At this hint the merchant stirred, and meeting the speaker's gaze, shifted reluctantly.

"Yet I would counsel your staying the night, sir," he repeated.

It was obvious to Fleet that the suggestion had also strong support from the girl, but the folly of prolonging the stay was even more apparent.

"I thank ye, Mr Harbourne," he said, sharply, "but the subscription must be in the Bishop's hands by to-morrow morn, and the inclinations that bid me stay must be overcome by the promptings of duty."

"So be it," returned the merchant.

"I would also urge your staying, sir," said Barbara Harbourne, softly, as her father quitted the room. "'Tis a tempestuous night, and the delay of a few hours can surely put his Lordship to small inconvenience?"

"You make it hard for me to deny you, madam," smiled the other. "If there is ought could cause me to forget a plain duty, 'tis the pleasure that would come to me from the charm of your company. But the penalty such a pleasure entails is too severe."

"I—I scarce follow your meaning, sir," the girl hesitated. "Surely the Bishop's displeasure would not be—"

"'Tis not of the Bishop's displeasure I am minded," Fleet said, gently lifting one of her hands, "but of yours, if ye should afterwards have occasion to recall how trifling a thing was the sense of duty of one whose life should preach its precepts."

Harbourne re-appearing, Fleet relinquished the girl's hand. The merchant advanced slowly and unwillingly handed his guest a weighty canvas bag the contents of which jingled a merry accompaniment to his uncomplaisant manner.

"Fleet stowed away the hundred guineas.

"Methinks 'twould be well to delay my return no longer."

Fleet and the girl rose simultaneously. At that moment a commotion sounded beyond the door. A pause, and it burst open to reveal the coatless figure of Scaife, dishevelled and with a face buffeted into a semblance of rosinosity by the wind. The apprehension in his features hardened into triumph as his gaze alighted on the highwayman.

"Ah, you rascal!" he burst forth. "I am in time then! Madam, I ask your pardon? Sir, I bid you beware! There stands as culpable a knave as ever merited eternal punishment."

Harbourne eyed the jack-less newcomer with a mixture of astonishment and affright. The least perturbed individual in the apartment was Fleet. Quick to realise that bluff would be but a temporary safeguard, he flashed out a pistol and sprang back to a position whence he faced all three.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "here is a scene I had thought to spare you. I, too, crave your pardon. The fact is there is a little difference of opinion between this gentleman and your humble servant, on a matter touching the worthiest manner of disposing of a hundred guineas. Despite the doctor's learning I fear my arguments were too strong for him. As you see, his mantle has descended on me. But a moment, and he shall have a clear field to serve you up the details."

So saying the speaker backed to the door. Scaife yielding place under threat of the other's weapon. Unfortunately, Fleet had forgotten the footman, who, having followed the impetuous clergyman as far as the door of the apartment, had remained without in some curiosity to overhear the explanation of the newcomer's haste. He gently pushed open the door and sprang upon the tobyman from behind, bearing him to the floor with a crash. In this tumble Fleet was undermost, and a kick in the head from the clergyman scattered for the time being what senses the fall had felt him.

This time there was more volume in the girl's affrighted cry, and Harbourne, running forward pranced round the kneeling forms of Scaife and the footman in a ferment.

"The guineas!" he cried.

Scaife rose.

"Mr Harbourne," said he, "let us have bolt and bar on this scoundrel ere his senses return to him. I will explain this strange business later. If he has your property on his person I beg you will let it repose there. The thief-takers shall find it on him; there shall be no loophole for the ruffian. If I mistake not we shall see him swing from the cart for this night's work!"

"Oh, sir, you cannot mean such words," broke in the girl. "You, a minister of mercy!"

"Madam," quoth Scaife, fiercely, "the wages of sin is death, and if ever a rogue reserved the rope 'tis this one."

Yet as Scaife and the footman carried him from the apartment a glimmer of returning consciousness showed the highwayman the compassionate young face encircled by its misty aura of blonde curls.

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Beneath the stairway, leading to the regions below, was an old recess, furnished, apparently as a storeroom by the merchant himself and barricaded by a stone floor through which light was admitted by a heart-shaped aperture high up in the wood-work. Within were all manner of oddments, amongst which were old garments, cast-off boots and shoes, odd pieces of timber, shoe and sash-buckles and numerous metal buttons of all descriptions. Into the midst of this medley Scaife and the footman cast their burden with little ceremony; and the door banged to and was barred.

It would be pleasant to conclude this narrative with a picture of the clergyman stealing humbly and stealthily downstairs at an early hour of the morning, his spleen abated, with intent to unbar the door of the highwayman's temporary cell and leave him free to lurk forth, chastened by this leniency and resolved on a better mode of life in consequence.

Still more pleasing would be the portrayal of Harbourne's impressionable daughter on a similar merciful errand.

History, however, insists on the silently stealing figure being that of the wood-merchant.

The footman had been despatched for the thief-takers, the girl had retired to her chamber, and Scaife had been accommodated with the bed which had been offered so urgently to Jack Fleet. But Harbourne had remained alert. It had occurred to him that the escape of Fleet at that hour would incur the assumption that the hundred guineas had left with him, an assumption Harbourne would willingly have induced—provided the money remained in his own possession. Even the Bishop would hardly be so unreasonable as to look for a donation from a donor presumed to have been despoiled.

In due course, therefore, he tapped softly on the door of the store cupboard.

"I come to offer you your freedom on condition you first pass through this opening the hundred guineas."

There came no immediate response. Harbourne heard with much satisfaction the jingle of the gold.

"Meseems there is some trick in this sudden mercy," Fleet presently answered. "Yet an I must needs be kept here 'twould seem to matter little who holds the money-bag."

"You reason rightly, sir. Listen! I have tethered your mare to the iron gate on the road. The thief-takers will be anon. You will do well to lose no time in groundless misgiving."

The soft jingling bag was squeezed through the aperture, and the merchant hastened its passage avidly. For a moment he stood listening. Only the sighing of the falling wind outside disturbed the ambient quiet. Quickly he stowed away the bag, and unbarred the door.

"This way," the merchant indicated, a wary eye on his captive.

Fleet preceded him to the hall, and finding the front door open, marched out into the night.

At the foot of the short flight of stone steps he turned and faced the merchant's weapon.

"My thanks, sir," said he, grandly, "for a pleasant evening and its pleasing finish."

The door swung to on his valediction. Harbourne left it slightly ajar. Returning to the recess he lifted the iron bar, and using it as a lever prised off the bar's support from the framework which held it. Then he placed the bar carefully on the floor beneath and quitted the scene of his cunning.

Gaining his room, he closed and bolted the door, and dragging the heavy bag from his pocket, untied the neck and emptied the jingling contents on to the bed.

Stupidly, he stood staring at the gross of metal buttons which littered the quilt.

The End.

English lifeboatmen receive payment on a scale ranging from 15s for summer day service to £3 7s 6d for service covering a day and night during winter.

The most famous of lost treasures is that supposed still to exist among the Cocos Islands, which lie some 500 miles west of Panama. No less than £12,000,000 is the value spoken of, and within the past 25 years half-a-dozen costly expeditions have vainly sought for this enormous fortune.

A man weighing eleven stone has in him enough fat to make five pounds of candles, and enough phosphorous to put heads on 2200 matches. He has iron sufficient to make a one-inch nail, and lime enough to make whitewash to cover a small shed. As for carbon—black lead—there is in his body an amount equal to filling over a thousand pencils. There is also a spoonful of sugar, a pinch or so of salt, and nine and a-half gallons of water.

## MINING CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money, a member of the Sankey Coal Commission, quotes the evidence of a miner's wife as to the conditions of living in the mining towns of England:—

"The houses are built practically within a few yards of the pit-tops. The result is that the women who live in those houses, before they can think of washing clothes, have to go out to find which way the wind is blowing, because if it blows in a certain way it is no use hanging out the clothes because the dust from the pit would be cast on them." And she went on to point out even in a new mining area she named, the rows of houses are built a few yards not from the pit, so that the women have only to contend with filth, but are in constant anxiety for the safety of their little children.

In Scotland the conditions are sometime far worse than in South Wales. I well remember how one of our presidents of the Board of Trade, who spent a good deal of his life outside this country, was shocked when he first saw some Scotch miners' huts. It is really difficult to restrain one's anger in speaking of these things. No words can exaggerate the horror of some of the conditions which obtain. Nevertheless, an attempt was made to defend one-roomed houses before the Coal Commission of 1919 as can be seen by reference to the evidence.

Let me quote a thing which was told the Commission of 1919 by a Mrs Agnes Brown, the wife of a Scottish miner. She was speaking of sanitary conditions and confirmed what had been stated by two other women witnesses from other parts of the country.

"In the miners' rows they have no sanitation in any way. The ash bin is at the back. They have a square brick thing to which they carry out ashes and put them in. There is no sanitation in any way, and the children just run about there."

Mrs Elizabeth Hart, of Wigan, described to us what her own street was like: "The street in which I live is a long row of houses on both sides. . . . there is a small entrance between the houses within short distances, say of ten or twelve houses. The women have to carry the whole of the refuse down this street, up these entrances, and tip it into an open place, a dust hole."

Of course many people survive these conditions; Mrs Hart was herself a splendid survivor, but it is rather dreadful to think that the modern wealth of Britain is built upon work which yields no greater social satisfaction than this. The impression left upon my mind by every mining district I have seen is one of surprise that men and women rise so far superior to their dreadful environment. It is great to share in a miners' gala, and to see the fine fellows swinging along the roads with their bands and banners to take part in a great demonstration of union and brotherhood. Pity 'tis that nine-tenths of the nation never realise either the nature of the mining work which is done for it, or the social conditions of those who do it. Indeed, so much ignorance of the subject prevails that Dean Inge recently permitted himself to speak of "the lazy miner who extorts his thousand a year from the householders of England." The actual average earnings are about £4 1s a week, the equivalent of less than £2 a week in 1914.

## MUSICAL SANDS.

Sometimes, though not often or at many places in England, you may notice that as you walk over the dry sands they give out a very high, but not very loud squeaky note. There are 92 such places known, most of them in America, but 19 others are scattered about Asia or the desert sands of Africa, writes a scientific correspondent to the "Children's Newspaper." In these places the sands, when walked upon, give out quite a shrill, loud sound, something like the musical note made when you rub a wetted finger round the rim of a thin glass bowl. These singing sands have puzzled scientific men a good deal, and have lately been the subject of much study. Specimens of them have been collected, and it has often been found that after a time they lose their singing powers. They preserve them best if the sand is kept in a paper bag, but if placed in a tin or in a glass vessel they quickly lose them, especially if shaken about; and once they are lost the singing powers never return. The most favoured explanation at present is that some of the gases of the air stick to certain kinds of sand grains, and not to others; and that when we walk over the sand or press it, these little cushions of air, millions of them, are disturbed and give forth the musical sound.

## WHAT AMERICAN FOOTBALL COSTS

When our American cousin takes to football, he reckons as little how the dollars fly as how many of his bones are broken in the fray; for a "fray" it is across the Atlantic.

Why, three years ago, the casualty list of American football included 18 men killed and 135 seriously injured. Broken legs numbered a round two dozen; there were 20 cases of brain concussion, 27 broken collar bones, and so on, through the gruesome list which reads like the record of a sanguinary battle. Some years earlier, in 1905, 24 players lost their lives during the brief season of American football, which only lasts through September and October.

Such is the cost in human life and limbs; and it is only fitting that the cost in dollars should be of a similarly sensational scale.

Yale College, for instance, spends no less than £12,000 a year on the training of its football team, and of this enormous sum £3,000 goes to the head coach alone. A salary greater than that of some of our Cabinet Ministers for a football-coach! Prodigious! But, then, they are careful to explain that this highly-paid official is an old University man, a gentleman and an athlete of world-wide fame. So, no doubt, he is worth his money. Under the head-coach are second coaches; while each man in the team has his own coach and his own trainer who never leave him.

Then look at some of the items in this wonderful bill of costs. On shoes alone a sum of £220 is spent annually, a bill for foot-gear which would indicate to the outsider that a team of centipedes was in training. Then there are "uniforms and armour" for the football warrior which run to £750 a year.

To speak of "armour" is no fanciful exaggeration; for the Transatlantic footballer goes into battle as fully equipped for the fray as any ancient knight of Agincourt or Crecy—indeed, in appearance he is a cross between an armoured knight and a diver on dry land. He wears a jacket of the toughest canvas and trousers of canvas or moleskin, with thick padding at the knees and across the thighs. He covers his head with a huge leather helmet, like an inverted cooking-utensil; and wears strong leather ear-protectors and indiarubber guards for mouth and nose.

## A STOUT DEFENCE.

His shoulders are protected with leather shields, and leather pads cover his chest. He has shin guards of rattan and leather; bandages of cotton or silk for wrists and ankles, and knee-caps; leather protectors for his thighs—and so on through the long list, scarcely a square inch of him being without its stout defensive armour. No wonder that such a panoply costs every penny of a ten-pound note. And every bit of it is necessary; indeed, with the brutal tackling, jabbing, scimmages, knee-jerking tactics, and the spiked boots of the players, nothing short of mediaeval armour would provide adequate protection.

Then the hotel and living expenses of the Yale team come to well over £1,000 a year; and carriage hire is roughly £200. Thus the items mount up to the colossal total, which works out to over £1,000 a head for each actual member of the team, leaving out reserves. And how the expenses have grown is shown by the fact that, thirty years ago, Yale football cost only £560—much less than is now spent on armour alone. And this, we should remember, is the price paid for one sport by one College, some of the members of which are so poor that they are obliged to pay their college expenses by menial labour.

This is how one Yale man actually paid for his degree: The attendance at the matches are enormous, running often to 50,000, and including millionaires, senators, judges, and Congressmen, who gladly for his degree: He waited at the table, raked leaves, shovelled snow, moved lawns picked grapes, tended furnaces, tutored, canvassed, collected subscriptions, and rang the college bell.

But, of course, there is another aspect of American football. The attendances at the matches are enormous, running often to 50,000 and including millionaires, senators, judges and congressmen, who gladly pay £5 for a seat, and cheer the players till they are purple and hoarse, what time stretcher parties are carrying the wounded and often dying gladiators from the "stricken field."

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**THE HUMOUR OF THINGS.**

The mean man was chaffing the hired man for his extravagance in wanting to carry a lantern when going to call on his best girl.

"The idea," he scoffed. "When I was courtin', I never carried a lantern, I went in the dark."

The hired man proceeded to fill the lantern.

"Yes," he said sadly, "and look what you got."

Reggie—"Come and dine with me to-night, old thing."

Algy—"Sorry old bean, I'm going to see 'Abraham Lincoln' to-night."

Reggie—"Well bring him along too."

Smith, a country resident has been asked by his wife to purchase a blouse for her.

"These are very pretty," said the shop girl, "What colour do you prefer?"

"It doesn't make any difference," was the unexpected reply.

"Doesn't make any difference," exclaimed the girl, "Why, don't you think your wife would like a certain colour?"

"No, it makes no difference what colour I get or what size I shall have to come in to-morrow and change it."

Jessie—"How do you like your new dress?"

Bessie—"It falls just a little below my expectations."

Jessie—"I noticed that, too. They are making them short this year."

The school teacher was giving a lesson on cleanliness. Each child said they only had a weekly bath so the teacher said:

"I bath every day. Each morning when I get up I go to the bathroom, lock the door and take a cold bath. Then I rub myself briskly with a coarse towel and look rosy all over."

Just then a kid in the back seat yelled: "How does Rosie get in."

**BACK TO THE EASIER JOB.**

A professor of history met one of his class who had returned from fighting on the western front, and asked if he had learned any particular lesson from the war.

"Yes, I have, professor," replied the young man. "I discovered that it is a great deal easier studying history than it is making it."

**AN OBJECT OF AFFECTION.**

Friend: I suppose the baby is fond of you?

Papa: Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays up all night just to enjoy my society?

**THE LONG RUN.**

"I—er—wish to—er—advertise in your paper for a house."

"Yes, sir. How many insertions? We make a reduction for a twelve months' series, or there is our cheap contract for three years or over."

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Then you give me and I'll give you  
More pay!

Then all will have for all they do  
More pay!

And though we'll then pay higher yet  
For everything we buy, you see.  
Who'll care, since all of us will get  
More pay!

**THE USUAL COMMENT.**

In an infant school the teacher chose the miracle of the water being turned into wine as the subject of the usual Bible lesson.

In telling the story she occasionally asked a few questions. One of them was: "When the new wine was brought to the governor of the feast what did he say?"

A little girl, remembering what she had heard, probably on some festive occasion, called out:  
"Here's luck!"

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