

He looked up at his parent with his most engaging smile.

"Then, sir," he said with just a touch of schoolboy insolence in his voice, "of course I must obey—you for the present."

B. An unlucky chance there was lying on the heavy sideboard, close to which John Millbank was standing, a small dog-whip, which he had thrown down on coming into the room earlier in the day.

He now snatched it up and advanced upon his son.

"Do you dare to defy me?" he demanded hoarsely.

Had the boy flinched the man's anger might have evaporated and the crisis been averted, but Jack's slim figure stiffened, and he flung back his head with a curious jerk which somehow suggested defiance.

It was a nervous movement, characteristic of him, but it reminded John Millbank of the boy's mother, and recalled all his hopes and disappointments of the past, and somehow it roused him to a fit of ungovernable rage.

He raised the whip and struck blindly.

When he saw the livid mark of the whiplash across the boy's white face he repented, but it was too late.

"Now go to your room!" he thundered to hide his own confusion, and do not leave it till I give you permission."

Jack Millbank turned without a word and passed gravely out of the room.

That night, secretly, he left his father's house.

YOUTH AND AGE.

"Daddy, you are growing younger!"

A beautiful girl of eighteen put her arms round the neck of a man prematurely old and kissed him.

The scene was a lovely English garden, and the man was seated in a low hammock-chair in the shade of a great cypress tree.

The girl leaned over his shoulder, rubbing her cheek, against his.

Sir John Millbank, the great criminal judge, smiled, and thought to himself that indeed he felt younger now than he had done for years.

The pretty, friendless child whom he, in his loneliness, had adopted nearly ten years ago had been a great comfort to him.

She would never defy him, she would never desert him, she would never disappoint him.

And he would make her a great lady. This little girl of humble origin he would place among the greatest in the land. His wife had died, his son had basely deserted him; but his adopted daughter would realise all his ambitions and crown his career—that wonderful career for which he had sacrificed so much.

He looked up fondly at the girl; and she, gliding round, sank on the lawn at his feet.

"You know we are dining at Rivercourt to-night?" he said presently, as he toyed with her soft brown hair.

She looked up quickly.

"Oh, I had forgotten!" she exclaimed, with a little frown.

"But you must not forget such things," said the judge, in mock rebuke, though his eyes were smiling tenderly at her. "When you are Lady Haverham you will live a good deal at Rivercourt, I expect and—"

"Oh, daddy," interrupted the girl, suddenly kneeling up and looking eagerly into the old man's face, "I—I don't want to marry Lord Haverham, after all."

Oh? My child, what do you mean?"

The judge's voice was still gentle and patient.

"I have been thinking it over. I didn't realise it, I can't marry him. I really can't," said the girl, pouring out the words hurriedly, while her pretty face turned very red.

The judge remained silent. He was thinking, and deciding how best to deal with the situation that had so unexpectedly arisen. He had never yet been angry with Kitty. He must not be angry now.

"But my dear, this is very sudden," he said gently. "When I arranged the alliance with Lord Haverham you were agreeable, you raised no objection."

"No," answered the girl, and her animated face became suddenly serious. "I thought it would be fine to be mistress of a great house and to travel all over the world, and to be called my lady. But I—I did not know then, I did not understand."

"And now?"

"Ah! now it is different!" she clasped her hands in a hink of ecstasy. "Oh! daddy darling, I'll tell you a great secret. And you will help me, won't you dear old daddy?"

(Continued on page 11.)

"It will also remind us of the 'Diggers' who are numbered among the heroic dead and the great debt we owe to them and their dependants."

Brigadier General

G. S. RICHARDSON,
C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., etc.

EDITHS CAVELL'S DEATH.

GERMAN CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

HOW A HEROINE DIED.

The German army chaplain, Paul de Seur, attached to the Brussels prison where Edith Cavell was confined, has lately contributed an account of what came under his own observation of her last hours to a German periodical, from which the following has been translated:

"I had asked to be allowed to tell her myself that the sentence was to be carried out next morning, in order to make it a little easier for her. It was very hard time do they give me 'Unhappily, for me to carry out my task. 'How much only until to-morrow morning,' was my answer. For a moment her face flushed and a moisture shone in her eyes, but only for a moment. I offered her my spiritual services and told her I was at her disposal any hour of the day or night. She refused politely, but decidedly."

"I then did something I really had no right to do. I knew and esteemed the Anglican chaplain, Rev H. Gahan, who had been allowed to carry on his services (at Christ Church) without any interference. So I asked Miss Cavell if she would like Mr Gahan to come and administer the Holy Communion to her. Then her eyes lit up, and she accepted with great pleasure. Finally, I told her it was my duty to be with her during her last minutes. Should I try to arrange that Mr Gahan should take my place? She refused decidedly. 'It would be much too hard for Mr Gahan, who was not used to such things,' she said. 'But would you like me to come and fetch you from here, instead of meeting you outside at the Tir National? (the National Shooting Range.) That she accepted thankfully. I said a few words of Christian comfort, and we parted with a warm handshake."

"I hurried quickly to Mr Gahan's but he was out. It was already 8.17 p.m., when at last the English clergyman came to me. When I told him confidentially what was to be done he nearly broke down."

"With the permit I had procured for him he went to the prison at St Gilles. He was allowed to stay with the condemned without witnesses as long as he liked. Later he told me, with the express permission to mention it further, that immediately before her communion Edith Cavell had said that she saw now, as she stood on the threshold of eternity, that patriotism was not the highest of all things, and that we should hate no one, but love all."

THE FATEFUL MORNING.

"In the early grey of the morning I set out in the armoured car and drove to the prison. I was announced to Miss Cavell. I remember rightly, the soldier told me she had just knelt down by her table. A flickering gaslight burned in the cell, and there were two large bunches of withered flowers which had stood there for ten weeks. Miss Cavell had packed her few belongings with the greatest care in a handbag. I conducted her through the long passage of the great prison. The Belgian prison authorities stood there and greeted her silently with the greatest respect. Then we mounted into the armoured car, which was waiting for us in the courtyard. A few moments later the Catholic priest, Father Leyendecker, came out of the same door with the other condemned prisoner, M. Banq, an architect of about thirty-five. Banq went to each one of the German guards standing round, shook hands, and said in Flemish, 'Nicht Nachtragen.'

"And now both cars drove out into the morning."

"As we alighted there was a company under the command of a staff officer standing by. A military judge, with his registrar, an officer of the German Governor, and a doctor were present."

THE END.

"The company (a firing-party of ten) presented arms. The verdict was read, and we clergy had a last word with the condemned. I grasped Miss Cavell's hand and repeated 2 Cor. xiii. 14. She returned my handshake and answered, 'Tell Mr Gahan that later on he might say to my dear ones that my life was only lent to me and that I am glad to give it up for my country.' Then I led her the few steps to the staks, to which she was loosely tied. A bandage was tied round her eyes, which the soldier told me were full of tears."

"Then a few seconds passed, which seemed endless to me, because the Catholic priest was talking a little longer to M. Banq, until he, too, stood by his stake."

"At once a sharp word of command rang out, and two volleys were fired simultaneously by the ten men, at five paces, and without a sound the two victims sank to the ground. A few minutes

later the coffins were taken to the graves and lowered, and I prayed over Edith Cavell's grave and said the Lord's Blessing."

"But when I got home I felt sick at heart. I can testify that the whole sad business went off without any accident."

NEW ZEALANDERS AT GALLI-POLI.

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The first volume of the New Zealand Government's official history of our part in the war, has just been received by us for review by courtesy of Messrs Hyndman and Co., Dee street.

The story is told by Major Waite, D.S.O., N.Z.E., in a simple and convincing manner and presents the changing scenes of that tragic campaign with remarkable clearness.

The first volume of a series which is to consist of four volumes, contain Forewords by General Sir Ian Hamilton and Sir William Birdwood and by Sir James Allen—Forewords which give full praise to all the soldiers of this country for all that made them famous. There are a number who would make light of New Zealand's effort. Sir Ian Hamilton speaks quietly in passing "of that superb band who were raised from a population of one million and lost 15,000 killed; whereas, to take other standards, the Belgians justly famous as having fought so long and so valiantly for the freedom of Europe, lost 13,000 killed out of a population of seven millions."

".....They fought in a blazing sun, without rest, with little food and with almost no water, on hills of fire and on crags tottering to the tread. They went, like all their brothers in that Peninsula, on a forlorn hope and by bloody pain they won the image and the taste of victory; and then, when their reeling bodies had burst the bars, so that our race might pass through, there were none to pass; the door was open, but there were none to go through it in triumph....."

Major Waite commences the whole drama of Gallipoli by commencing with the Main Body and depicts the voyage to Egypt and its incidents; he tells of the life in Egyptian camps and city and of the first "action" on the Suez Canal, and then follows the story of the great days of the Land and of Anzac. The great deeds are vividly pictured, the heroes are honoured with simple dignity. The illustrations, which are many, and often unique, are splendidly reproduced and add much to the value and interest of the book.

Space does not permit for lengthy quotations, though there are many passages one would wish to quote. Nevertheless when its value as a history of memorable feats is discovered there will certainly be a ready sale for the succeeding editions.

ANZAC MEMORIAL SERVICE.

LOCAL PREPARATIONS.

Elaborate preparations are being made by the Invercargill R.S.A. to fittingly remember those who have made the "supreme sacrifice." Anzac day is to be regarded as one of sacred remembrance, and the preparations being made will possibly be the largest and most impressive yet held in Invercargill.

It is expected that a large number of county people will come into town for the occasion, especially the relatives of the fallen. The secretary of the R.S.A. is anxious to secure assistance by means of cars to bring wounded soldiers and relatives into town. There will be a large procession and returned are asked to make a special effort to attend. Those having a uniform are requested to wear it. The parade will march to the theatre from the place of assembly headed by a firing party marching with reversed arms at the trail.

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. . .

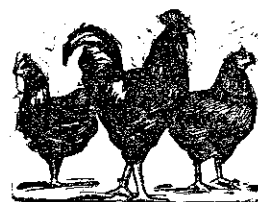
W. STRANG & CO.,

THE LOCAL FURNITURE FIRM,

ESK & KELVIN STREETS, INVERCARGILL.

The Hibernian Band will be in attendance, followed by the gun carriage with wreaths. The troops will march in order of precedence of units. The service is to be one of a particularly sacred character.

Applause on any item is not desired and would be out of place. All should realise that the theatre is for the time the House of God—the relatives will certainly feel this. The stage will be draped in black and purple and a white floral cross. Upon the Union Jack and N.Z. Ensign will be placed a single white wreath. A choir will assist in the singing, and given a fine day the service will be a great success and accomplish the object for which it is designed.



Poultry Notes.

EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.

The following are the returns for the Southland Utility Poultry Club's fourth annual test for the forty-seventh week ending 12th March, 1920:—

Light Breeds Test.

	Daily Week's Laying.	Total.	Grand Total.
C. Thomson ...	6234442—25	1421	
H. T. Stratton ...	5234423—23	1341	
H. S. Woodnorth ...	4654434—30	1325	
Mrs F. Gorinski ...	1450342—19	1322	
E. Williamson ...	3463433—26	1315	
J. Paul ...	4554363—30	1315	
G. H. Preston ...	5542344—27	1306	
J. E. Anderson ...	3534415—25	1300	
R. H. Dempster ...	4555166—32	1295	
P. W. Shacklock ...	5345245—28	1284	
C. Matheson ...	4545154—23	1268	
Tracey King ...	4344434—26	1261	
Theo. Murray ...	4423332—21	1249	
W. K. Hamilton (8) ...	3133221—15	1233	
S. Faircloth ...	3355243—23	1217	
Mrs C. Thomson ...	5323313—20	1203	
W. K. Hamilton (30) ...	3342323—20	1195	
J. H. Uren ...	2434343—23	1175	
E. Davis ...	2232123—15	1074	
*E. G. Munnings ...	0212121—9	1070	
A. L. Walker ...	3133221—15	1168	
J. White ...	3132324—18	1158	
T. J. Horan ...	3223222—16	1054	
A. Provan ...	3134233—19	1053	
J. J. Schultz ...	1423233—18	1046	
A. Ayers ...	2334142—19	1144	
P. Nelson ...	2112210—9	1141	
R. Wilson (35) ...	1422423—18	1029	
R. Preston ...	1212121—10	1006	
R. Wilson (5) ...	3220211—11	994	
Enterprise P.F. ...	3313123—16	985	
C. Double ...	2223212—13	961	
Beck and Oakley ...	3441430—19	951	
S. L. Beer ...	2321132—14	883	
D. F. McDougall ...	2213221—13	844	
Waitoitoi S.F. ...	0110110—4	811	
		782	44,868

Heavy Breeds Test.

Miss H. King ...	2323231—16	1077
R. C. Ferguson ...	2244333—21	956
R. L. Procter ...	3234323—20	747
J. Brown ...	2444345—26	691

*Brown Leghorns. +Black Orpingtons.

||Silver Wyandottes.

||One bird Dead. ||Two birds dead.

The single pens at the competition are nearing completion and are a credit to the Club. Without a doubt they are the finest poultry pens in the Dominion and given birds there is no reason why the Southland tests should not put up a world's record. So far there are eight entries for the 10 pens of ducks. It is hoped that the two remaining pens will be filled. This is the biggest duck test in the Dominion.

At the recent poultry conference in Dunedin the following resolution was carried:— "That when the Government is advertising the suitability of the

Dominion for industries on the land special mention should be made of poultry farming as a livelihood either by itself or in combination with fruit and bee farming that the export of stud birds from the laying strains so well established in the Dominion be encouraged by the Government in its journals and literature making special mention of records put up in the Dominion's laying competition."

On Friday the Southland Utility Poultry Club entertained visiting delegates from the recent poultry conference at a social evening in the Floral Tea Rooms. A very pleasant evening was spent in speech and song. The visitors, from as far north as Auckland, were delighted with their visit to the far south, and spoke very highly of the Southland competition plant. The single pens in course of construction were, in their opinion, the finest in the Dominion. There are a good many pens yet to fill, and the Committee have decided to allot the remaining pens separately, so that a competitor may now apply for either a single or a teams pen of six birds. It is hoped that poultrymen will do their utmost to fill the remaining pens, as the Club is worthy of support.

Recently several members of the Invercargill Poultry Club decided to have a day out rabbiting in order to raise funds to help along their club. Supporters of the club provided motor cars and carried the shootists far into the backblocks right into the rabbit areas. The result of the day's shooting was very satisfactory as nearly 400 skins were obtained. The finances of the club should benefit several pounds by this novel method of obtaining funds. The Egg Laying Competition should arrange a similar outing.

The Southland Competitions finish today, and at the time of going to Press, Stratton was still leading and Woodnorth second.

MARKET NOTES.

Messrs Bray Bros., Ltd., Auctioneers, Dee Street, report as follows:— Business in the Produce line is very brisk. Potatoes have been arriving freely lately, and the present price ranges from 1½d to 2d per lb. We have supplies of Onions arriving from Canterbury, and are booking orders at 13s 6d per cwt. Our supplies of Wheat have been considerably reduced during the last few days and we now have only a few bags left. The present price is 35s per sack.

CHAFF.—Chaff is meeting with a steady demand. Prime quality is selling from £7 5s to £7 10s per ton.

There is a steady enquiry for Wheat Straw at £4 10s per ton.

MEGGITTS LINSEED MEAL is not too plentiful, 25s per sack. We have full stocks of Oatdust at 5s per bag, Sorrel at 6s 6d per bag, Bran 10s 6d per bag. Wheat Pollard 12s 6d per bag and Barley Pollard 22s 6d per bag.

FRUIT.—Fruit supplies have been very heavy. Peaches 3d to 6d per lb. Apricots 4d to 6d per lb., Plums 2½d to 5d per lb., according to quality and variety. Hothouse Tomatoes 5d to 6d per lb., Outdoor 3d to 5d per lb. Hothouse Cucumbers 6s to 8s per dozen, Outdoor 5s to 7s per dozen. Dessert Apples 7s 6d to 12s, according to grade and variety. Cooking Apples 6s to 7s 6d. Plentiful supplies of Vegetables have been received. Cabbage 6s to 7s per bag. Marrows 10s per cwt. Parsnips 1½d per lb. Carrots 1d per lb.

SUNDRIES.—Lepp Salt Lick 2s 3d a brick, 2s a brick by the case. Horse Covers 2s 7s 6d each.

FURNITURE.—Our Furniture Department, in Spey Street, have experienced a busy week. We have furnished the homes of many Returned Soldiers. We make furniture in Oak to any design. Prices, etc., on application.

LAND.—We have several properties for sale in town and country. If you are leaving Invercargill place your House, furniture and effects in our hands for sale, and we can secure you a House (through our branch Offices) in Dunedin, Wellington or Auckland.