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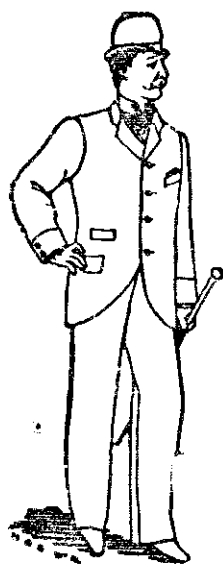
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HALF-PAST ELEVEN SQUARE.

This will call to memory many incidents
of the N.Z.E.F. activities on the Armen-
tieres front

There's a town I know in Flanders, an'
there ain't much else to say,
But it's pretty much like most towns
when the war 'as passed their way;
There's tumbled shops an' 'ouses an'
there's brickbats everywhere,
An' a place that British soldiers call
"Half-past Eleven Square."

There's a silly clock stuck up there that's
forgot the way to chime,
With its silly fingers pointin' to the
same old blooming time;
An' the world it keeps on turnin' but if
makes no difference there,
For it never gets no later in 'Alf-past
Eleven Square.

There's a stink o' gas a-crawlin' where
the people lived before,
That it used to tell the time to when
there 'adn't been no war,
In the day the whizz-bangs burstin' in the
night the star-shells' glare,
An' oo' cares what the time is in 'Alf-
past Eleven Square?

You could walk for 'arf a day there, an'
there's not a soul to meet
In the empty smashed-up 'ouses an' the
empty sand-bagged street;
They've packed their traps up long since
an' they've gone for change of air,
For you bet it ain't no 'ealth resort—
'Alf-past Eleven Square.

An' it only wakes up sometimes, when
the armies come an' go,
With the transport an' the wounded an'
the big guns crawlin' slow;
But let 'em come or let 'em go, the clock
don't seem to care
If it's Fritz or Tommy marchin' through
'Alf-past Eleven Square.

For it's waitin'—waitin'—waitin' till the
world goes on once more,
An' the folk come back to live there as
they used to live before,
An' open wide the broken door an' climb
the broken stair,
An' move along its fingers in 'Alf-past
Eleven Square.

Yes, it's waitin'—waitin'—waitin' just
the same as you an' me,
For the same world, only better than the
old one used to be;
An' I've got a barmy notion that I wish
I might be there
When twelve o'clock is strikin' in 'Alf-
past Eleven Square.

—"Punch."

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SUITS, HATS WOOL UN-
DERWEAR, SOFT COL-
LARS, TIES, SHIRTS, Etc.

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SUITS TO MEASURE

"SAME TO YOU SIR."

Dr Macnamara, M.P., who was in former days one of the leading lights of the teaching profession, paid a visit to one of the elementary schools in Kennington, and on taking his departure remarked to a class of boys that he was quite sure every boy in the school was not only a credit to himself, but also the school.

"Well, good-bye, boys," said the doctor at last, cheerily, "and I hope, he added with a smile, 'that none of you will get into any trouble or mischief either at school or at home between now and Christmas!'"

"Same to you, sir!" was the scholars' lusty response.

In Japan spiders spin their webs on the telegraph wires so thickly that the current is sometimes seriously affected. Sweeping the wires is frequently a waste of time, as the spiders immediately begin spinning as fast as before.

PINGLE ON THE PROWL

One Great Laugh from
Start to Finish.

COMPLETE STORY.

"It's a terrible thing, but it will have to be done! I must get rid of her. She has been a good pal to me during the years we have spent together, but there's nothing left for it but to do her in. She's much too old to be any use now."

The speaker paused a moment, and then went on:

"It seems hard on the old girl, but I mustn't let sentiment interfere with my plans for the future. Of course, I know it is over, but I must steel my heart until the end. If I choose a swift and certain method, she will know no suffering. Somewhere about here would do nicely, to put her afterwards—"

The words, muttered in a hoarse whisper, reached the ears of Joshua Pingle as he emerged from his greenhouse, which happened to be a cucumber frame, into which he had accidentally stepped a few moments before.

The voice sounded from the other side of the garden fence, and it belonged to Robert Marsh, his next-door neighbour.

Pingle stood transfixed with horror as the words died away. Whom was Bob Marsh speaking of? There could only be one explanation to the mystery. Marsh was talking of his wife, the timid little woman who lived with him in the house next door.

The thought caused Pingle to go hot and cold at once, until the mixture made him tepid all over.

He was an extremely inquisitive individual, and was famed in the neighbourhood for the interest he took in everyone's business but his own. Nothing escaped his eyes or his ears; and if there was any mischief afoot Joshua Pingle was certain to be the first one to scent it out. At the same time his capabilities for making scandal and strife out of the most harmless trifles were colossal, and all the sensible people in the small town were wary of him for their own peace of mind.

Only a few months before old Bob Marsh and his wife arrived in Cranley, and had taken the house next door to Pingle, together with a general shop in the town.

Unfortunately for Pingle, the pair proved to be very reserved. They made no actual friends, and this fact caused the nosy old man to decide that everything was not quite as it should be at the house next door. Having come to this conclusion, Joshua proceeded to spend all his time interesting himself in his neighbour's affairs.

But nothing had happened, however, to reward his unceasing efforts until he had heard the strange words that morning.

Now at last his chance had come, and he made up his mind to make the very most of it.

"I wonder what I ought to do!" he muttered, as he heard the retreating footsteps of Bob Marsh as he returned to the house. "I suppose my best plan would be to go round and see the chief constable, and tell him about it."

During the whole of the day he roamed about the house trying to make up what there was of his mind, until at last he came to the conclusion that he could do nothing better than watch and wait.

Immediately he awoke the following morning he sprang out of bed and crossed to the window. The bedroom window looked down on to the garden, and usually about this time the couple next door were in the garden trimming up the mustard-and-cress plot. At the far end of the garden he espied old Bob Marsh digging vigorously. Without shifting his eyes from the figure Joshua Pingle commenced to dress.

"You seem very interested in Mr Marsh," observed Mrs Pingle sourly. "It's a pity you don't take a lesson from him. He's always busy doing something or other to save his wife trouble, and I have the greatest admiration for the courteous way he treats her in public."

Joshua only grunted. He was not anxious to enter into a lengthy argument with his better seven-eighths, for he had far more serious work to attend to.

Fumbling with his collar he continued to stare out of the window. So engrossed was he in his task that he was unaware of his wife's impatient fidgeting as she

waited for him to move out of the way of the mirror.

At last a tremendous clap descended upon his back, and a second later Joshua spluttered, gasped, and then tore at his throat as though about to have a bad fit.

"You've—you've made me swallow my stud!" he gasped, turning alternately pink, green, and yellow with fright.

Amelia Pingle remained quite unmoved by this revelation.

"Then for the first time in your life you know where it is!" she observed acidly, and a moment later swept from the room.

Pingle remained watching at the window for some seconds, and at length Mrs Marsh emerged from the house, and made her way towards where her husband was digging.

Bob Marsh looked up suddenly as she approached, and the sight of her caused him to stagger back with an expression of alarm upon his face. For a moment he stood motionless, then, flinging the pick he was holding behind the greenhouse, he hurried towards her. Mrs Marsh made a movement to pass her husband, but, as she endeavoured to do so, Bob passed his arm around her, and led her back to the house.

"The inhuman monster!" gasped the watching man, spluttering with suppressed rage. "Even to the last he pretends to be fond of the poor little soul. No wonder he tried to prevent her going to the end of the garden, for that's undoubtedly where he intends to bury her after the crime. Oh, the callous old Cripple!"

Pingle waited for no more, but made his way from the house direct to Chief-Constable Davies, to whom he intended to report his tragic discovery.

On his way he met several friends, most of whom wanted to touch him for a trifle, and a considerable time elapsed in chin-wagging. So it was that, when he arrived outside Bob Marsh's shop, business had already commenced for the day.

Joshua Pingle halted, and then, on the pretext of buying some tobacco, he strolled into the stores.

"Good morning, Marsh!" he exclaimed cheerily. "An ounce of Montgomery Mixture!"

Marsh, who had been sitting behind the counter, engrossed in something which he held, sprang to his feet with a startled exclamation. And as he did so the article he had been examining fell to the floor.

Without waiting to pick it up, Bob Marsh took a small roll of tobacco from a shelf, and, with trembling fingers, handed it to Pingle.

"It's a beautiful morning," went on Pingle, placing the money on the counter, and drawing his pipe from his pocket. "Er—really? Yes, I suppose so!" agreed Marsh absentmindedly.

At that moment a woman entered the shop, and Marsh was forced to go to the further end of the counter in order to serve her with some cheese.

This was the opportunity for which Joshua Pingle was waiting. Leaning the floor.

The article which lay there caused spots over the counter, he peered down on to to appear before his eyes, and he drew back in alarm, while a violent fit of ague seemed to seize him in every joint.

For, behind the counter, on the floor, lay a brightly polished steel article.

A revolver!

All Pingle's wildest suspicions were confirmed. Not only had Marsh decided upon killing his wife, but everything was being prepared even to the purchasing of a revolver and the digging of the grave.

"Now I know why he spent the last three Saturday evenings practising shooting down at Joyland," muttered the would-be detective. "I thought, in my unsuspicious way, that he was anxious to secure the nuts and cigars offered as prizes. Which only goes to show how easily we can be deceived."

He staggered from the shop, and a short time later reached the police-station. To Ebenezer Davies he told all he knew.

The chief-constable, a heavy individual with an expansive, illuminated dial, took down every small detail connected with the affair.

"It is plain to me, Pingle," he said,

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"that we are on the point of unmasking a thorough scoundrel. In the first place, as far as I know, he has no licence entitling him to be in possession of a gun, and if a man were arrested for shooting his wife with a revolver for which he had no licence, it would add considerably to the seriousness of the crime."

"Do you think we can do anything to prevent the crime?" asked Pingle anxiously.

"No," returned Davies, "if we prevent the crime we shall have no case, and I've got my living to consider. We can only wait and—er—watch. My plan is this. To-night when it is dark, I shall post some of my men in your garden in order to watch. It is highly probable that Marsh will carry out his crime immediately, and we'll capture him red-handed. Anything you can do to help us will be highly appreciated, and your share in the business will be reported to the proper quarter."

Bristling with pride and self-satisfaction, Joshua Pingle made his way home to await, with what patience he could, the time when the police would arrive.

A brilliant moon lighted up the scene when Joshua Pingle, accompanied by Chief Constable Davies emerged from the house, filled with courage and cocoa, and proceeded cautiously down the garden.

No sound broke the silence which reigned about them, when suddenly Davies halted and emitted a low whistle.

On the instant about half a dozen men revealed themselves in various parts of the garden, and advanced noiselessly towards their chief. A few whispered instructions were given, and then the men proceeded to range themselves in the shadow along the fence.

Half an hour passed uneventfully as they waited and watched. The lights still gleamed from the windows in the upper part of the house next door, but as the fence was high, and there appeared to be no openings along it, no other part of the house could be seen.

Another fifteen minutes passed, and by this time every one of the members of the party was in a state of cramp and general fed-up-ness.

Then suddenly a noise as of footsteps advancing along the path of the garden next door came to the listeners' ears. Right along the path they went, until they reached the spot outside the cucumber frame. Here they halted.

Pingle made a seat of one of the policemen's backs and, mounting it, peered cautiously over the fence.

For fully five minutes he remained there, then sprang to the ground again.

"It's Marsh himself!" he gasped hoarsely. "The hole's all ready—but I—I can't see the body!"

"Shh!" cautioned Davies. "Listen!"

As he spoke a series of strange noises proceeded from over the wall, the most predominant of which was the clink-clank as of heavy chains.

"Great heavens—he's chained her up, first!" groaned Pingle.

For a few moments there was a hush, then the voice of Bob Marsh was heard distinctly.

"Good-bye, old girl—try and forgive me!"

The voice died away, and immediately a shot rang out—then another.

The next moment there came the sound of a cracking and splintering of wood, and immediately afterwards the fence

gave way, depositing the chief constable, Pingle, and their companions into the garden next door.

It took them some considerable time to sort themselves out, but at length Ebenezer Davies rose to his feet and looked around him.

Directly in front of him Bob Marsh, looking pale and dazed, stood in front of some object, which was lying on the ground behind him.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Have you lost anything?"

"Don't try and fool us, my man!" retorted Davies sharply. "Let me inform you that your crime has been discovered, and we are here to effect your arrest for the murder of your wife!"

"You're crazy!" retorted the old man. "It—it was my old mare, Bessie, that I shot just now."

The chief constable fell back, and his face turned yellow with rage, as he bent over the inanimate form of the horse.

"You see, she was condemned last week for being too old to work," explained Bob Marsh. "She was always a dear friend to me, and when I knew that she would have to go, I decided to do the job myself. Of course, it's greatly upset the missus and me, but it had to be done."

Ebenezer Davies turned to the unhappy Pingle.

"You interfering pie-can!" he snapped savagely. "Why you weren't boiled when you were young beats me."

Shaking at the knees, and feeling as cheap as a second-hand sock at a jumble sale, Joshua Pingle turned to his neighbour.

"I—I very sorry," he began.

"So you ought to be!" retorted Bob Marsh. "A nice old hash you've made of things, haven't you? You deserve a thorough—"

"Leave him to me, Mr Marsh!" interrupted a voice from behind them.

Both men turned on the instant to see Mrs Pingle. Full of dignity and rage, she clutched her husband by the ear, and dragged him backwards towards their house.

Bob Marsh watched them disappear, and he gave vent to a chuckle.

"That's put paid to his bill!" chuckled Bob Marsh.

(The End.)

PRINCIPLES OF LIFE.

"If by means of the 'Digger' the true principles of life, the spirit of helpfulness and comradeship and justice to the disabled and dependants of our dead comrades are kept constantly before its readers, success is assured."

Brigadier General
G. S. RICHARDSON,
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A portuguese, Alberto Castello Branco, is said to have planted the first coffee tree in Rio de Janeiro in 1750, and from this small beginning has been developed the industry which has made Brazil the greatest coffee-producer of the world.

A rather gruesome design was adopted for a special stamp issue commemorative of the deliverance of Riga. For this issue, the Letts used a picture of a beheaded woman at a graveside and in the background the skyline of the town of Riga.

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Canada exports over £50,000,000 worth of furs annually.

Silver is the earliest currency mentioned in the Scriptures.

As a result of war's ravages there are half-a-million orphans in Serbia.

Short-sightedness is quite common among monkeys.

Experts say that Victoria, in Australia, has at least 30,000 million tons of coal.

Great Britain has spent £140,000,000 on industrial housing since the war began. Mushrooms, a world-wide product, are as plentiful in Siberia as in tropical climates.

Passing Notes

BY JACQUES.

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

There is no topic so universal and interesting at the present moment as the "high cost of living." Who touches on this theme commands at any time an instant and sympathetic response. Everywhere is heard the same story of lamentations and woe. Fathers of families not with gloomy eyes the daily shrinkage of their bank balances, and wonder "what the devil things are coming to," while mothers whimper pathetically about the price of Tommy's latest shoes or Mary's new frock, and secretly deplore the irksome conventions that forbid feminine profanity—at least, in public. Almost everybody seems to share the opinion that the present dizzy altitude of prices is due entirely to the machinations of the profiteer, and he is cursed with much enthusiasm. So also are the authorities for suffering him. Press, platform, pulpit, and public alike condemn him for a thief, who should be blotted out, and look to the Government to do the blotting. But, who, and where, is the profiteer? And what single Government can deal effectively with him? Ask the average man to point out the villain, and he will stutter something incoherent about "J. and P. Coats," and the "White Star Shipping Company," with possibly a further vague reference to the "American Meat Trust" or something other equally remote and elusive horror. Ask him, then, how he would deal with these foreign reprobates, and he will jabble insanely for a minute or two, and then, most likely call you a cursed Bolshevik, as the shortest way out of the difficulty.

The plain fact is that the present high cost of living is a problem to baffle the wisest. The solution seems as far away as heaven, or the other side of Dee street. The causes are numerous and tangled. The chief of them are the enormous inflation of paper currencies, the disorganisation of industry through the late disagreement, and the fact of diminished supplies facing constant, or increasing remands. Other minor factors such as strikes, lock outs, the go-slow policy, etc., may be added to, or included in, the above. Profiteering has its place among them, of course. But if we expect a few instances so glaring as to make us blink, it is most difficult of discovery. Like the puzzle knots of sailors, it shows no profiteering ends to supply the clue to its own undoing. Its beginnings, in the case of any particular commodity, are usually so small and obscure as to escape detection, or so remote as to be beyond our reach; and it is built up by almost imperceptible accretions until it reaches such proportions as to knock the breath out of the wretched consumer. In self-defence he, then, if a tradesman, at once raises the prices of his own goods, or if a wage earner, secures an advance in his wages, so increasing the cost of living to others who do the same in their turn, and so on, ad infinitum. In short, we are all profiteers, each to the full extent of his opportunity, or of his necessity. We are all caught within a maelstrom of high prices and high wages, higher wages and higher prices, and are being drawn every moment nearer to disaster. The only things that promise a way out, so far as I can see, are the rapid extension of State Enterprise, increased production (with proper safeguards against the private appropriation of excess profits), and the simpler life. It is hard to tell how the two first are to be achieved, but the last lies entirely in our own hands.

"We are all profiteers." (I have said that before, but it will stand repetition.) A local case—one of the hundreds—in point. A lady complained fretfully to a friend of mine a few days ago of the extortionate price charged for a costume she was wearing, and, in almost the same breath, exultingly declared that she had sold a house for two hundred pounds in advance of its pre-war price. The tailor was a wretched, soul-less profiteer, but the lady was—well, an excellent business woman. As with every other rule, however, there are exceptions to that which I have so positively stated. As the best general is he who has never seen a battle, the kindest husband is the bachelor, the

model mother is the old maid, and the most generous man is the chronic "hard-up," so the only non-profitteer is he who has neither gods nor labour to sell. It is so easy to refrain from over-charging when you have nothing to charge for which reminds me of the story of Shau- baum, the pork butcher. "How much a pound is your sausages this morning?" enquired a sharp featured little woman of him. "Der brice vos gone upo," replied Shaubaum, "I vill haf to sharge you elefenpence."

"Nonsense," said the vinegary little woman. "Luch imposition! why, I can get them at Winkelbriet's for eightpence." "Vell, madam, vy don't you do so?" "Don't be impudent, my good man. Winkelbriet was out of them." "Ah, Vell," smiled Shaubaum, "if I vos out of dem I vood let you haf dem for eightpence doo, madam."

At a recent R.S.A. gathering up north one of the speakers waxed eloquent on the many merits of matrimony, chiefly stressing its excellence as a settling influence. "Get married boys," he said, "and you will soon settle down. Look at me! I married years ago, and have been well settled ever since." (Laughter and applause.) Fancy such a pathetic admission meeting "laughter and applause." Luck is the thoughtlessness of youth. For my own part, when I read his words, I longed to stretch out the hand of sympathy to a fellow sufferer. I had trodden the same stony path as himself, and—but let me sing it:

When Marion and I was wed,
The future glowed with promise bright;
The flying hours about us shed
Their lavish largess of delight,
Our lot was modest, but, content,
I envied not the king his crown;
For weary of the years mis-spent,
I found it sweet to settle down.

Alas those halcyon days are o'er,
A dozen kids my table share;
My crew is small, and prices soar,
While debts pursue me everywhere,
No peace I know, but day and night
I drain affliction's bitter cup;
For though I'm settled down alright,
My trouble now's to settle UP.

Most of us have laughed over the old story of the public court book that had done swearing service for many years before it was discovered to be, not a bible, but a dictionary. The story may be true or not, but here is a local one which at least, possesses that rare merit. A young lady clerk sought out a local J. P. at his place of business a few days ago for the purpose of making an affidavit. A difficulty arose, however, in that no bible could be found, though whether it was that that particular J.P. did not own one, or, owning one, had mislaid it, this deponent knoweth not. But our Justice was a resourceful man, and, after a momentary embarrassment, he suddenly lifted a small volume from his desk, and saying: "Here, this will do just as well," he pushed into the young lady's hands—a railway guide. It may be added that the young lady having some doubt as to the volume possessing the proper degree of sacredness for the purpose, declined to be sworn on it, the difficulty being finally settled by the J.P. taking her affirmation.

back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

The climbing catfish of Colombia can climb by means of suction apparatus, not only up the steeply-inclined bed of a mountain torrent, but even up a smooth vertical surface.

The Trafalgar medal was struck in pewter for the lower deck. The seamen were annoyed at its shoddy appearance, and most of the recipients threw their decorations into the sea.

Natural dyes, made mostly from vegetables, plants and wood, were practically the only dyes known for centuries. Their gradual disuse in the last hundred years has been due to the discovery that dyes could be made from coal tar.

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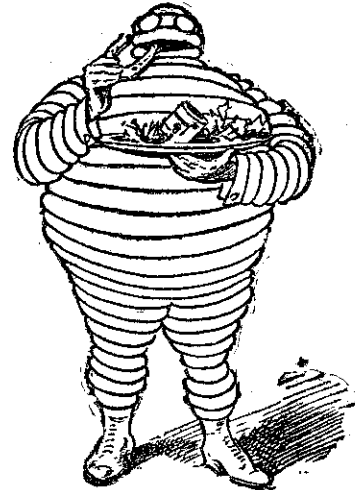
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INVERCARGILL.

WOODLANDS SUB-ASSOCIATION.

SUCCESSFUL OPENING.

A well attended meeting of returned soldiers was held at Woodlands recently for the purpose of opening a sub-association. The secretary of the Invercargill Association (Mr L. Graham), and Mr Glass who had been deputed by a previous executive meeting, accompanied by Messrs Connors Sutton and Blake, motored out to Woodlands to take part in the initial work. Mr Waddel was appointed chairman of the meeting.

Mr Graham made a general analysis of the work of the Association and its relationship to the sub-associations. Invercargill's association now had 2000 members, and the work could very well be split up amongst the sub-associations who would be responsible to the parent association.

Sub-associations spread throughout the district would be more in touch with local conditions. There were men who were not aware of the provisions made for them by legislation, widows and pensioners cases were also more effectively brought into touch with the parent association and enabled their case to go through the proper channel. There had also been a tendency to loose the grip of country members, but with the assistance of the sub-association and the "Digger" they would be kept effectively in touch with one another.

Matters of pay and allowances, and gratuity were explained.

A great number of anomalies existed and it was essential that these should be put right. The New Zealand R.S.A. had pressed the Minister to set up an appeal board.

The pension was not sufficient. The cost of living had advanced so much that £2 per week as a maximum pension was insufficient. It was advisable to have Local Boards who could easily find out necessary information regarding the soldier.

A Board sitting in Wellington could not possibly know sufficient about a man in Invercargill. There were always conditions surrounding an applicant for a pension which were essential to a complete understanding of the case. Fines on service were now being refunded except those under Royal Warrant.

A great deal of dissatisfaction existed regarding the administration of the "Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act," and there was need for concerted action. Then there was the question of capital required. Repeated Ministerial statements said that capital was no bar, and yet men were being turned down every day by the Land Board.

Some of the land was unsuitable and the price for some was too great.

Mr Glass (secretary Repatriation Board) said the existence of sub-associations would tend to remove a lot of misconception. There is a feeling abroad that when the men are all back the work of the R.S.A. would be finished, but this was not so. As long as we had the deceased soldier's wife, his children, and the crippled with undermined constitution, then the R.S.A. must exist to take up their cases, and see that justice was meted out to them.

The public were quite pathetic over the various cases that they were aware of and now after war service they had to come home again and fight for their legitimate rights.

Any concessions that we may get in the future will be because we are one body. If we are not united we cannot get our just demands. The heart of the public is good, but they have not sufficient insight into the injustices which to-day exist. Invercargill had taken a lead in organisation, and now would have a paper which would keep returned men up-to-date in matters which affect their interest and provide the public with current "thought." Speaking on Repatriation, Mr Glass, said there were large numbers of people throughout Southland who were not aware of the provision provided by repatriation legislation. Every case was judged on its merits and everyone should be acquainted with the provisions made some time back. They had an employment bureau which had been very successful and there were now no men available for disposal. The Board advanced money up to £300 to assist men to get into a small business and large numbers availed themselves of this provision. The sum of £50 for furniture and tools for trade had been advanced to £75. The departments are training a number of men who are unable to follow their previous occupation.

A total of 110 men were employed as subsidised workers, and were being trained in a new occupation. A man's wage was subsidised in order to make it at least a living wage. If a man got an increase of salary from his employer it did not effect the subsidy.

There were men with interrupted university education who were given an allowance for tuition and books to keep them in comfort. The Invercargill Technical School had a number of men who

were being taught a commercial course as required.

The Association considered £300 insufficient and that the amount should be £500, especially when a man got £2500 for land. The Minister decided that reasonable gratification will be given before the benefits of repatriation cease.

It was decided to form an association and Mr Waddel was appointed chairman and Mr Congrieve, secretary, a committee consisting of Messrs R. Dawson, G. Dawson, Myeth, Philips and Walker was appointed to carry on the work.

The Nature Column.

(BY "STUDENT.")

(Conducted by "Student," who will be pleased to receive notes on any branch of Natural History. Observations on birds, insects, plants etc., will be equally welcome. If using a pen-name will correspondents please enclose real name and address.)

THE OBJECTS OF THE COLUMN.

The main object of the column is to encourage the study of natural history. And by the "study" of natural history is meant simply the ascertaining of exact knowledge about the living things which surround us, the ways of life of the birds, the insects, the plants, and the many other branches of nature's great family. And not the living things only, but that marvellous wonderland opened up when the meaning of rock and stone begins to be understood; when hill and valley, mountain peak and dizzy gorge, rushing torrent and placid lake each declare the story of their past, and in the light of that past point forward to the certain history of their future. The whole realm of nature—that is the ambitious field which the column is meant to cover. For there is no low or high in nature, no first or last. The dewdrop and the ocean, the hoar-frost on the pane and the iceberg of the arctic, the insect glinting in the sunshine and the mind and heart of man; these are but interlacing parts of one great whole. To add, then, to our knowledge, though but in the slightest degree, of any aspect of nature is the primary function of our column.

But just here rises a difficulty. "Student" is no encyclopaedia; his knowledge is very limited. His will is steadfast enough but his ability halts sadly in the rear of it. From which indisputable facts it follows clearly enough that the success or failure of the column depends largely on the help received from those who can speak with authority, the authority of direct observation, on this or that section of natural history. To such helpers we do not think the appeal will be made in vain. There must be many, very many, who, endowed with the faculty of keen observation for the collection of facts, or a naturally analytical mind for the formulation of theories, are capable of adding much to the store of nature knowledge. Such observers and thinkers are naturalists, whether they call themselves so or not. If they will through the medium of our column, tell what they have seen or what they have thought, then there can be no doubt that not only will the means of spending an interesting hour be established, but work of real scientific value will also be the outcome. For what is science? It is simply correct knowledge of things.

It has so often been pointed out that nature in New Zealand is of unusual interest that there is little need to stress the point here. Owing to the insular character of our country, its great length and consequent variation in climate and its isolated situation the plants and animals cannot fail to be of more than passing interest. Many distinguished scientists have visited its shores and studied and written about its strange and unique wonders. As a matter of fact, while these lines are being written, one of the most eminent of the world's entomologists is visiting the Dominion for the express purpose of studying certain primitive insects which are to be found only in our country. And, as in the insects, so in all other branches of New Zealand nature. In the birds we have the extinct moas; a lifetime might be spent at the problems which centre in these gigantic wingless birds of a past age. Where did they originate? Why did they die out? Here are two questions which are far from solution yet. And why are so many of our other birds flightless? The wekas, the kiwis, the kakapo and others. And why do our native birds tend to become extinct? It is not all to be put down to the stoat and weasel, for several kinds had become very scarce long before these vermin were introduced. Many

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other interesting subjects could be brought forward but enough have been advanced to give a hint of the wide field for research awaiting the bird lover. And turn where we will it is the same. Our fishes, our lizards, our plants, our shellfish, our spiders, our creeping things of every sort, they are all of as much interest as, many of them of much more than, the more brilliant and striking living things of the tropics.

And what adds a special interest to our native species is the melancholy but undisputed fact that they the majority of them are fast passing away. Plants and animals alike, they must yield to the march of progress. Our butter and cheese, our wheat and our wool, each box and crate and sack and bale of these mean so many of our wild plants swept away. Every introduced animal too, means a competitor thrown among the already hard pressed natives. What wonder that they dwindle from year to year. Perhaps the chief merit of this column will be to record a few facts about some of them before they finally disappear from the stage.

INVERCARGILL RED CROSS.

Recent meetings of the executive of the R.S.A. have received a great number of complaints regarding the activities of the local Red Cross Society. It was frankly admitted that the Society had done good work during the war.

It appears that the Defence Department are unable to supply sufficient underclothing to discharged men and that special socks are sadly required. Attempts have been made in various centres to secure sufficient supplies of these socks, but without avail. The report goes that the Red Cross Society has ample but it has not been known. The Society has a large quantity of material left over, which could be bought at anything near the cost to last. General complaints to the executive alleged that the material was being sold and that comparatively few people except those associated with the Red Cross knew anything about.

It was contended that if material that the public in general subscribed to was for sale, then the public should know about it. There are soldier's widows also who would be very glad to avail themselves of this opportunity. It was decided to write to the Red Cross about the matter.

Later enquiries elicited the fact that the material was being sold. The sale would stop immediately until the R.S.A. had a chance of conferring with the Red Cross at a meeting to be held at an early date.

THE LAST TRIBUTE.

A military funeral was accorded the late John Corbett, 2nd Lieutenant Main Body, N.Z.E.F., who died in the Southland hospital on Wednesday last, 10th March. Deceased was 32 years of age and had been gassed which was possibly the cause of his heart trouble. A firing party in charge of Lieut. Murphy marched in front of the procession followed by the Garrison Band, gun carriage and pall bearers, composed of six officers. The service was conducted at the graveside by Father Spillane. At the conclusion of the service the customary volleys were fired and with the sounding of the Last Post the mourners paid their last tribute to the dead.

"The 'Digger' will serve to remind its readers of the men who passed through that great struggle, and whose efforts made victory possible."

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LAND HO!

WHEN the sailor on the look-out makes the welcome cry from the crow's nest, he has just caught sight of the top of a mountain, but he has discerned the land and it is welcome news, no matter if it be a bleak and barren mountain.

But let us get down to the plains. Here we find the real land that will yield up its hidden treasure to the man who seeks it.

To the sailor, whether mountain or plain it is merely land, quality not concerning him. But the practical landman wants quality, and he will recognise the following as the right stuff.

(1) 75 ACRES; originally all heavy bush now in grass or crop. All necessary buildings. Great carrying capacity. Undoubtedly one of the best little dairying places in Southland. Price £52 10s. Cash £1000. Balance 5 per cent. for term of years.

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Eleven American States have voted a total of £56,600,000 for highway expenditures during the next few years.

In cold temperature rates are found to develop a sort of "overcoat" or additional covering, which grows very quickly.

In the stomach of a bullock, which died in suddenly near Rugby, were found a golf ball, a hatpin, and a five-inch nail.

Blotting paper was the result of a woman's spoiling of a batch into which she had forgotten to put any sizing material.

The leaf of the Ceylon talipot palm which grows to a hundred feet in height is so wide that it will cover twenty men.

The new Mayoress of Rochester, England, is a mayor's wife, a mayor's daughter, mayor's grand-daughter and mayor's niece.

Tons of matter are annually deposited from fogs, and a thick London mist contains a high percentage of dust, large sulphurous.

GRAND SERIAL STORY.

JUDGMENT.

The Most Amazing Story Ever Penned.

THE HAPPY HOME.

John Millbank was taking off his boots while his young wife, holding his slippers, watched him with loving eyes.

He was a man of thirty, with a strong, intellectual face, just a little hard, perhaps for John Millbank was a fighter both by training and by instinct. But when he looked up and met the affectionate, admiring gaze of his wife fixed upon him, his expression became very gentle and tender.

Lucy Millbank was but twenty-two, and had been two years a wife. She was very pretty and very girlish, with a wealth of fair hair, the bluest of blue eyes, and a slim, graceful figure.

"Dinner will be ready in ten minutes," she said.

"Then we have just time to have a peep at the boy," said the man rising to his feet. "How has he been to-day?"

"Oh, splendid!" cried Lucy, her face aglow. "He really is wonderful, John. He grows more like you every day!"

John Millbank laughed, and shook his head.

"Oh no Jackie is his mother's boy. He has your hair and eyes. I sometimes think he ought to have been a girl."

"John!" exclaimed Lucy, genuinely horrified at so dreadful a suggestion. "Why, he has your mouth and chin exactly. I am sure he will be very determined when he grows up, and very manly."

The man laughed again, and put his arm affectionately round his little wife's waist.

"We'll make something of him, I dare say," he said confidently. "By the time we have to think of that I hope to be in a better position to give him a chance."

They passed out of the room together, and made their way upstairs to the bedroom.

It was a small house in a genteel London suburb where the Millbanks had their home.

John Millbank was a struggling barrister, fighting hard to make a position for himself.

His keen eyes saw success ahead, but he had not yet reached it.

In these days if he had been told that he cared more for his career than for his wife and child he would have denied it, for he dearly loved the beautiful girl he had married and the baby son she had given him, but it was true they were little in his thoughts. Most of his waking hours were occupied in the grim fight to achieve success in his profession.

It was a pleasant bedroom, with a double bed facing the two windows and a child's cot by the side of the bed.

Jackie's mother was Jackie's only nursemaid, and the child slept in the same room as his parents. At night-time the side of the cot nearest to the bed was let down, so that Lucy, by simply putting out her hand, could reach her little one should he need her.

Very softly John and Lucy entered the room and approached the cot.

A fair-haired baby boy, barely a year old, was lying there asleep.

One plump little arm was thrown out over the coverlet, the baby face, framed in sunny curls, had the delicate bloom of healthy infancy, and the lips were parted in a happy smile.

"Don't you love him, John?" said Lucy, in a whisper.

The man nodded, and his arm tightened round her waist.

"He is a bit of you," he said tenderly.

"I think he will be clever," declared Lucy, still in a cautious whisper.

"I am sure of it."

"Minnie says he is the most wonderful baby she has ever seen."

"Minnie had better not say anything else," said John, with a grin. "I believe you would discharge her on the spot."

Lucy flushed a little. She was just a wee bit hurt. She did not consider Jackie's virtues a fit subject for jest.

"I know I am silly," she said, forgetting to whisper; "but you must admit he isn't just an ordinary baby. When I was out with him this afternoon I took particular notice of all the other babies in the prams, and I felt so sorry for the poor mothers. There was not one of the babies who looked so pretty or so intelligent as Jackie."

(Continued on page 6.)

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along asunder, Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep

Along the years; we marvel and we wonder Why life is life? And then we fall asleep—

Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,

And hug them closer as the years go by, Till virtues often seem to us transgressions, And thus men rise and fall, and live and die—

Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision

Of measure giants by their narrow gauge; The poisoned shafts of falsehood and deception

Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age—

Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,

Which lie beneath the surface and the show, Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction We judge our neighbours, and they often go—

Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!

The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight

Destroy long years of friendship, and estrange us, And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—

Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching

For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!

How many noble spirits pass away—

Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer, Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;

O God! that men would draw a little nearer

To one another; they'd be nearer Thee— And understand.

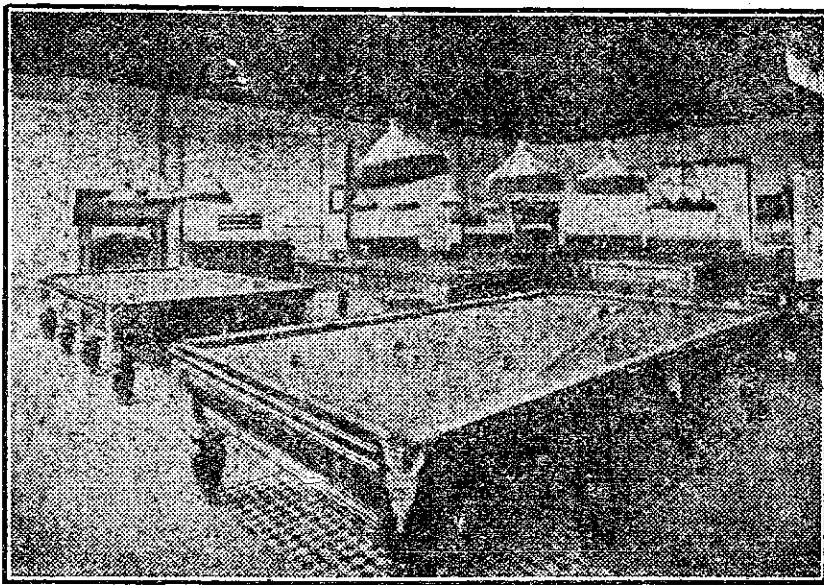
—Thos. Bracken.

CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

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(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES.

POTTING THE WHITE.

It may be safely said that by far the greater number of ordinary players—and by ordinary players I mean those who occasionally make a 20-break or so, but who rarely get beyond a 30-break—have very strong scruples against potting the white.

When a player has inadvertently potted his opponent, the expression "Very sorry!" or some similar remark, will often than not be heard. A great deal has been written on this subject of potting the white, and invariably to show that when it is to the advantage of the striker to do so it is the right and correct game, and that the idea that such a course is ungentlemanly, is an absurdity which only exists in the minds of the generality of novices or inferior players, and which is not for a moment tolerated by professionals or good amateurs.

There are several totally different conditions under which it may be the game to pot the white, and they may be broadly classified as follows:

(1) Potting the white in order to afterwards leave a double-baulk.

(2) Potting the white to obtain position for an in-off from the red.

(3) Potting the white, and following in after it—a four shot—when the red happens to be well-placed for an in-off from baulk.

(4) The same stroke when the red is so placed that it can be easily potted from baulk.

(5) Potting the white with the red, leaving the red in position for a pot or an in-off.

Of course, it is presumed that in each of the above cases the balls are, in such a position that, with the exception of potting the white, they are as regards the capability of the particular player quite safe.

The most common object in potting the white is to leave a double-baulk afterwards. In order to ensure this, it will sometimes be the game to play a four-shot even when the red, though in a safe position, is out of baulk.

POTTING THE WHITE TO OBTAIN POSITION FOR THE RED.

The striker should pot the white, when, by doing so, he can leave his ball in good position for scoring from the red ball—preferably, of course, for an in-off—which from his previous location was quite safe.

An example of this. The cue-ball is near the side cushion, about six inches from the object white, which is near the mouth of the pocket, and in such a position that there is no in-off on—barring the difficult jump-shot. The red is half a yard or so from the side cushion, and a few inches above the centre pocket.

Two other positions, the red being on the spot in each case, and the object white on the very edge of the top pocket or centre pocket. The cue-ball is in each case about twelve inches from the object-ball. Under ordinary circumstances, the game is to pot the white and remain in position for an in-off from the red.

A 4-SHOT WITH A VIEW TO AN IN-OFF AFTERWARDS.

It is the game to pot the white when, with the balls otherwise safe, the striker will, by making a four-shot, have good position from baulk for an in-off from the red. Positions like this constantly occur.

A 4 SHOT WITH A VIEW TO POTTING THE RED AFTERWARDS.

A position with nothing else on except potting the white, which is on the brink of the pocket. By playing a four-shot, however, the red is in good position for a pot from baulk, and that, moreover, should leave an easy in-off—red on the spot—to continue with.

POTTING THE WHITE WITH THE RED.

Positions pretty frequently occur when the balls are in a line, or nearly so, with the object white on the brink of the pocket, and quite covered by the red. Whenever this occurs, and there is no other easy score on, the red ball should be played on to the white with gentle strength, so that after potting the white it will itself remain over the pocket, and thus leave good position for further scoring.

Whether the red is left over the centre or top pocket, it can afterwards be potted in such a manner that an in-off is easily left.

In potting the white in the first instance it may sometimes happen that through not hitting the red ball quite correctly, or through not playing slowly enough, the red will not remain in a position for a pot. In this event, there will nearly always be an in-off left. In fact, the stroke must be played very badly indeed to leave nothing on afterwards.

POTTING THE WHITE INSTEAD OF PLAYING A CANNON.

In the cases so far described, the three balls have always been in such safe positions that any score, except by potting the white, was most unlikely. Instances however, often occur when, notwithstanding, the fact that there is a simple ball-to-ball cannon on, the game is most undoubtedly to pot the white instead of playing the cannon.

ROWING.

The Railway R.C. has won £109 prize money to date, the second best season the club has had. In 1901 £150 was won but nowadays prize money has dropped, the same year Railway represented Southland in the interprovincial race which was won by Railway, the names of the winning crews were as follows: Messrs D. Rodie, stroke, B. Bastian 3, A. M. Cameron 2, L. Broad bow, H. Christophers coxswain, Mr A. H. Stock coach.

At Riverton on December 26th, 1919, Railway crews secured 5 firsts and 3 seconds. £27.

At Bluff, 1st January, 1920, 5 firsts and 1 second. £25.

At Invercargill, on 2nd February, 1920,

7 firsts and 6 seconds. £33.

At Dunedin, on 13th February, 1920, 2 firsts and 5 seconds. £14.

At Wanganui Championship Regatta, on 21st February, 1920, 1 first. £10.

The Railway crews have been handicapped in getting training for Queenstown Regatta on 3rd of April, 1920, owing to their oars going astray on homeward journey from Wanganui Regatta, being returned to Wellington.

Crews will be in solid training from now is rowed off on 3rd April, 1920.

Club races have been very popular during the season. In the Trial Fours, 12 crews competing to win the set of gold medals which are yearly given by the Club, the winning crew were C. R. Baker stroke, W. Aitken 3, J. Marshall 2, G. Hamill bow.

The Club Pair race was also of keen interest and some hard rowed races resulted. In the final out of 10 crews, A. G. Aitken stroke, W. S. Sparks bow, won easily thus receiving two gold medals presented by Mr W. Robinson.

A single scull race is also in progress and some very good racing has so far been viewed, the winner receives a gold medal presented by Mr G. Munro, Jr.

This class of sculling has been lacking for some considerable time, and members are becoming fond of the single boats. Occasionally a fall out is observed, but a member is no time before he is out again and none the worse for the dueling.

Mr E. R. Latham, club captain, has the best record in the boathouse this year, and the best for some considerable time past, having secured 10 firsts.

Mr G. G. Webb, deputy captain, is second with 9 firsts.

WINNINGS OF INVERCARGILL ROWING CLUB'S CREWS AT REGATTAS.

SEASON 1919-1920.

Youths Fours.—J. Hamilton, J. Brown, G. W. Kidd, W. Smith, second at Riverton and Bluff.

Youths Fours.—W. Adamson, J. Hamilton, C. R. Baker, G. W. Kidd, second at Invercargill and Dunedin.

Senior Pair.—S. Shepherd and F. Padgett, second at Riverton.

Maiden Four.—S. Knight, P. Garrett, R. Dixon and M. Lyttle, first at Riverton and second at Dunedin.

Maiden Four.—S. Knight, P. Garrett, S. Adamson and M. Lyttle, second at Invercargill and Dunedin.

Junior Four.—G. G. Webb, A. White, W. Robinson and E. R. Latham, first at Riverton, Bluff, Invercargill and Dunedin. Maiden Pair.—S. Knight and P. Garrett, first at Riverton, Bluff, Invercargill, and second at Dunedin.

Junior Pairs.—G. G. Webb and E. R. Latham, first at Invercargill.

Maiden Pair.—M. Lyttle and R. Dixon, second at Riverton.

Junior Pair.—G. G. Webb and E. R. Latham, first Riverton, Bluff and Dunedin.

Junior Pair.—S. Webb and A. White, second at Invercargill.

Maiden D. Sculls.—G. Munro and S. Webb, first at Riverton, Bluff, Invercargill and second at Dunedin.

Junior D. Sculls.—T. Findlay and R. Latham, first at Bluff and Invercargill.

Junior D. Sculls.—F. Padgett and S. Knight, second at Invercargill.

Senior Four.—L. L. Padgett, L. Cockcroft, T. Findlay and F. Padgett, second at Bluff.

Senior Four.—W. Adamson, R. Galbraith, P. Rice and G. Munro, second at Invercargill.

Youths Pair.—W. Adamson, and J. Hamilton, first at Invercargill.

Senior Pair.—S. Shepherd, and F. Padgett, first Invercargill.

Senior Pair.—L. L. Padgett and T. Findlay, second at Invercargill.

Youths Pair.—W. Adamson and J. Hamilton, second at Dunedin.

Money won at Riverton, £27; Bluff, £25; Invercargill, £33; Dunedin, £14.

Junior Pair.—Wanganui, Championship Regatta.—G. G. Webb and E. R. Latham, first. £10.

E. R. Latham, captain, 11 firsts.

G. G. Webb, deputy captain, 9 firsts.

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"That's true," agreed John Millbank seriously. "The boy is out of the ordinary, and I thank God and you for it every day of my life. It gives us something to work for, eh, my darling? Makes everything worth while."

She looked up at him, her eyes brimming with happiness, and he, gazing down into those eyes and profoundly moved by what he saw in their blue depths, took her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

"My dear, my dear!" he said unsteadily. "God bless you and help me to win success in all I am planning for you and our boy."

She was about to answer him, but just then the child in the cot moved, and she turned quickly.

Jackie's eyes were wide open, and he was surveying his doting parents with the bland indifference of infancy.

"Oh, John, we've woke him up!" exclaimed Lucy in dismay.

"He doesn't seem to mind," remarked John, and indeed the baby face was already wreathed in smiles.

"You young villain, I believe you are laughing at your father!"

As he spoke, John Millbank playfully clucked his fist and shook it in front of the little one's face.

The child stopped smiling, but he did not flinch. His tiny face became very serious, and then suddenly his little hand jerked back with a quaint defiant gesture. The movement was instinctive and indescribably comic, and the father laughed aloud.

"Did you see that?" he cried delightedly. "And yet you say he takes after me. Why, it is your own very trick—I have seen you do it a dozen times when you were worrying over the household accounts and wondering how you were going to face the butcher."

"Dinner is ready, ma'am," said Minnie, the little maid, appearing at the door at that moment.

Lucy bent over the cot, but Jackie was indeed a good-tempered baby, and required very little soothing. Almost before the mother had arranged the bed-clothes the little one was fast asleep again.

Very gently John and Lucy tiptoed out of the room.

After dinner John Millbank was about to go to his own room to study up a case on which he was engaged, when something in his wife's face made him pause.

"Anything worrying you, dear?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, no, John. I am very, very happy!" replied Lucy, waking as though from a dream.

"Then what were you thinking about?" The young wife's face flushed a little self-consciously.

"Just then I—I was thinking about Jackie," she said.

"You looked very serious."

Lucy was silent for a moment. Then, impulsively approaching her husband, she put two trembling hands on his breast and looked up earnestly into his face.

"John, dear, don't think me foolish. You will always be kind to Jackie? You won't be too strict. I know you will want him to be famous—you are so clever and strong yourself. But you are right, John. He will grow up like me. He will be sensitive, and perhaps not very clever. And you will be gentle and kind with him, John if—anything should happen to me?"

Her voice faltered, and he felt her whole body trembling against his own.

He put his strong arms protectively around her and held her close.

"You dear, foolish little wife," he said tenderly. "Nothing but what is delightful is going to happen to you. I am going to win riches and fame, and I am going to win them for you—for you and Jackie. You shall be rich and drive in your carriage, and have troops of servants, and move among the highest in the land, and you shall make of Jackie just whatever you please."

Lucy smiled and appeared to be content, but when left alone, she fell on her knees and prayed, and the prayer that fell tremulously from her lips was not for her husband's success, or for her own brilliant future, but simply that her baby boy might be shielded from all harm.

A LITTLE SCOTCH.

A well-known Irish priest in Ontario was chatting one day with a Scotchman. Charmed with the Irish priest's native wit, the Scotchman said to him:

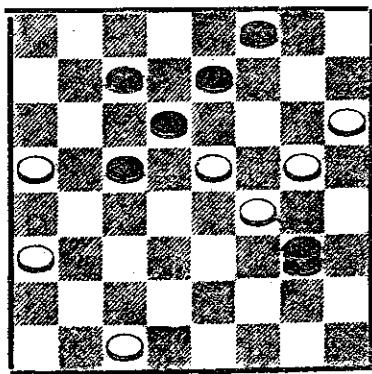
"Father Malone, you may be Irish; in fact, your name implies that you are; but I am very sorry that there must be a little Scotch in you."

"Ah, my friend," said the jolly friar, "am never so happy as when there is a Scotch in me."

Draughts.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

PROBLEM No. 1.



Black: 3 6 7 10 and 14. King on 24.

White: 12 13 15 16 19 21 and 30.

White to play and win.

The above is an end game played by two Invercargill players and is an interesting study for beginners.

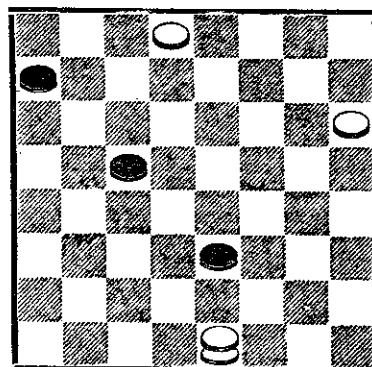
My efforts in conducting this column will be directed more towards interesting the younger players and bringing this intellectual and profitable pastime more into popular favour. To this end I will ask that the older players or anyone interested will assist me by sending along any tit-bits of information, games, critical positions or humorous incidents that may come under their notice that would be of interest to my readers.

The game is well worthy of encouragement. It does not lead to gambling, it exercises the very useful faculties of memory calculation and foresight. Its chief attraction lies in its infinite variety, the development of combinations resulting in plot and counterplot, always affording something new. To all its real beauties one must study and concentrate and study till a certain stage is reached, when it becomes a never-ending source of pleasure and an asset of great worth in declining years.

The following is a well known trap in the Kelso opening. There are a number of these traps in the different openings which I intend to publish. They are mostly known to older players, but will be found very interesting and instructive to those who wish to get a knowledge of the game.

GAME No. 1.

KELSO.		
10-15	11-16	13-6
23-19	17-13	2-9
6-10	16-23	27-2
22-17.	White wins.	
a. 7-10 or 15-18 are better.		



GAME No. 2.

GLASCOW.			
11-15	24-20	7-10	13-6
23-19	16-19	32-28	1-10
8-11	25-22	9-14	11-7
22-17	4-8	25-21	15-19
11-16	29-25	5-9	23-16
24-20	10-15	28-24	12-19
27-11	2-7	11-16	7-2a.
7-16	21-17	15-18	Draw.
20-11	8-11	22-15	
3-7	26-23	10-28	
28-24	19-26	17-10	
7-16	30-23	6-15	

a.—This leaves the following position which is called Martin's draw.

BLACK to move and draw.

10-14	7-10	18-22	31-22
2-7	19-23	15-18	28-32
14-18	10-15	22-26	

And white can only draw with two against one.

Solutions to problems and criticisms are invited.

It is stated that there are over 2,000,000 different kinds of insects in the world, of which less than 500,000 have been described by scientists.

AHMET.

A True Story of Life with the N.Z. Division in Egypt.

(By 11/1275.)

HE LEARNS ENGLISH.

CHAPTER 1.

AHMET.

Ahmet was a small boy, a very small boy indeed, and what is more he was a very small black boy. His home was at Helmeih, which as everyone who has been there knows, is not far from Cairo. His father "Mahmoud" was a Moghassil (a washer of the dead), and his mother; well the less said about her the better, for it is not considered polite to ask after the womenfolk of an Arab family. Suffice it, that as far as Ahmet was concerned, he was the son of "Mahmoud" the Moghassil, and in time would be a Moghassil himself.

Hassan the Ghaffar had been known to say, when at times he had been smoking too much Hashish, that Mahmoud could tell an entirely different tale of the parentage of Ahmet if he should be so inclined. Also there were not wanting tales when in the evening the women were filling their water jars at the well, when the Salkieh was stilled and its creaking, as the patient beast went on his weary round was silent for the night, of how, once upon a time there came to Helmeih a stranger woman, who was so black as to appear to be a Berberine, and she went to the house of Mahmoud the Moghassil and within two days had died giving birth to a son, "Ahmet." "How, then," said the gossips, "could Ahmet be the son of Mahmoud?" Then there would be the wagging of heads and busy clacking of tongues, albeit most of the talk would be in whispers lest Mahmoud should pass and overhear, and, as everybody knows the Moghassil could cast the evil eye; at those who should offend him.

Ahmet loved funerals, they appealed to his sense of superiority over the other sex, for were not the men the pre-eminent actors at such times, did not all the world know that the women had to follow the corpse, whilst the men walked in front extolling the virtues of the departed, and immediately behind the blind men who chanted the Koran.

He also loved wedding processions, when the bride in an Arabieh was taken to the home of the bridegroom, and he would dearly have liked to peep between the curtains, had he not feared the sticks carried by the male relatives of the bride, who usually rode on the steps of the carriage.

This was his love of pomp and show developed, and when he saw an English regiment march through the village led by its band he was in the seventh heaven of delight.

But there came a day when men got together and talked in whispers, when the faithful went still more often to the Mosque, to hear the words of the strange Iman (or priest) who, it was said was preaching a new Jihad, for had not the mighty German monarch who was the "Friend of Islam" said that the English should be driven out of Egypt.

Now although Ahmet was not old enough to go to the Mosque, he yet heard the talk in the bazaar of how there would be war, and that war meant soldiers, and to Ahmet soldiers meant processions, which were his heart's delight.

Also one evening when the men of the village were gathered in the Sok (market place) to hear the Khedive's latest Firman or decree read by the Omdar, little Ahmet managed to secrete himself behind some bundles of reeds that, were the property of "Said the Thatcher."

He heard the Omdar read the Firman, calling all loyal subjects to arms in defence of Islam, and as commanded by Tewfik Pasha's Suzerain the Sultan of Turkey the "Commander of the Faithful."

Then arose ancient Abu Salieman, who had that day returned from the Hedjaz, and who was wearing the green turban that denoted that three times had he made the pilgrimage and was now a holy man, and this was the manner of his speaking:

"Many times, Oh my brothers have we of the faith striven against these accursed, and many times have they come with their cannon, and their rifles and their horses, and many true believers are now with the Houris of Paradise that should be now with their wives. Ye all have heard of the great Sirdar Kitchener, who although an infidel is a Friend to Islam, and under whom great benefits have been derived.

Will ye who have received benefits now bite the hand of Kitchener. Know now that mine eyes have seen a vision of many and great ships, so many that the eye could not see the waters for them, and each ship was filled with men who were warriors, and it was told me that these warriors of the cross should overcome the warriors of the crescent. Now therefore since we know that Tewfik Pasha has fled and that Wingate the Sirdar is the real ruler of Egypt, I counsel that we obey not this Firman, but that all shall work secretly against these infidels."

Then there were cries of Quies; Quies (good, good), and the Omdar tore up the Firman.

Ahmet then lost all interest in the proceedings and fell asleep in his hiding-place, where he was found and severely cuffed by "Said the Thatcher" next morning.

Now Mahmoud being a fairly rich man, had several wives, in fact if the relatives of a dead man for whom he was called in in order to exercise his calling, had not the wherewithal to pay, it was Mahmoud's custom should any of the deceased's widows be young and comely, to take her as payment. Then again it was said that he waxed rich on the goods of the dead, and he was accused in secret of robbing the dead in rags, and appropriating to his own use the rich garments provided by the relatives.

Of his wives thus obtained, his favourite was Zeinab, she was of Koreishan stock, and thus was of the tribe of the Prophet. Zeinab did not love Ahmet, and would not suffer him to be in the house unless with his father. Her name for Ahmet was "Maris," which she said was justified since his mother was a Berberine and everyone knows that the Koreishites consider the Berberines as dogs, therefore she called Ahmet "Maris," which being politely interpreted means "The offspring of a female dog."

Now Mahmoud received word to go to Tanta where his brother had died, and he left saying that he would be gone three weeks. Then Zeinab started to give Ahmet what she considered was suitable, I.E.—A dog's life.

When Mahmoud had been but two days away, Ahmet resolved that he would run away, and at daybreak crept out.

It was a chilly foggy morning as he crossed the railway line to strike out across the desert towards Heliopolis, here he received a shock, for instead of finding a deserted railway siding, he saw trucks and trucks, and big men in their shirtsleeves, and wearing broadbrimmed hats, were getting horses out of the trucks.

Others were unloading boxes and bags, and on Ahmet approaching nearer he saw what the fog had hitherto hidden. The men were soldiers.

For hours he wandered about amongst the men and their horses, getting in the way and getting chased away by sentries who spoke a language he did not understand. Then he saw Abu Salieman talking to a resplendent being with a red hatband. Abu Salieman told Ahmet that he had seen in a vision the arrival of these men, and that their numbers were as the sands of the desert. Also that he had from his being able to speak English, been appointed as an interpreter.

Ahmet begged to be taught some English words that he might speak to these soldiers, whom he was told were called "Australians" so then and there he had his first lesson in English. So apt a pupil did he prove that at the end of an hour, he was going about saying "Australia dam good gib it bucksheesh."

This so amused the "Aussies" that Ahmet got a lot of coin of a kind he had not previously seen, also some bread and a square tin which upon opening with a great effort he found contained some meat.

He also learned some more words of the new language, what they were every "Digger" will readily guess. He told these new words to old Abu who said they were new even to him.

Next Chapter—He Sells Things.

This interesting story will be continued in our next issue.

FATHER AND SON.

John Millbank, K.C., sat in a handsome room in a great house in one of the most fashionable of London squares.

He was alone.

Success had come to him—he was now rich and famous—but he had not achieved it without paying the price.

He was now forty-four years of age, his strong face had many lines in it, and his hair was thickly sprinkled with grey.

His expression was hard and stern, and now, there was no trace of that tenderness which formerly was wont to soften the grim, fighting look in his cold grey eyes.

John Millbank was a widower. His young wife had died with tragic suddenness five years ago.

The blow had shaken him to the centre of his being, but it had not turned him from his path. If anything, it made him more determined to fight his way to the front, and conquer the recognition of the world.

And he had won. He was now the coming man in his profession, and no one dared to say where he would stop. The very men who had most bitterly opposed him in his upward fight now sought his friendship and his favour.

The love of power was now his dominant passion. He lived for nothing else.

The door of the room opened and a man-servant entered.

"Master Jack has arrived, sir."

John Millbank slightly turned his head, but his cold, grave expression did not change.

"Tell him I wish to see him here at once," he said.

A few minutes later the door opened again and a boy of fifteen stepped into the room.

He was a tall, good-looking lad, with curly brown hair and blue eyes. His features were delicate and refined, and yet there was something of his father's strength in the square chin and determined mouth.

John Millbank without rising held out his hand.

"Another term over, Jack," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Your report is not so good as usual."

"No, sir. Cricket was all the rage this term, and I am afraid it rather got hold of me."

"I am sorry, but I got my cricketing colours."

"That is interesting, but not really important, is it?" said the man slightly raising his eyebrows.

Jack coloured and made no reply.

"I am taking you away from St. Bede's," continued the barrister in matter-of-fact tones.

A look of dismay came into the boy's face.

"Leaving St. Bede's, sir? What! This term?"

"Yes; you are not going back. You have done well, but you must do better. You will follow my profession, and ultimately go into Parliament. I can help you, and I have mapped out the next ten years of your life. First—"

"But, sir, I don't want to go in for the law."

"Indeed."

"No, sir."

"And what do you want, pray?"

"I want to be an engineer."

"Drive a train?"

"No, sir, but—"

"Don't be a fool."

John Millbank leaned forward in his chair and fixed his son with his steely eyes.

"Listen to me," he said harshly, "I know what is best for you, and I have made up my mind. All you have to do is to obey. You've got to work and work hard to one end—the carrying out of my wishes. I have my ambitions, and they are wrapped up in you. If you dare to thwart me, I'll break you. Understand?"

For a moment the boy made no answer, but his face became very white. Then he smiled.

"Am I to have no say in the matter?" he asked quietly.

"None," thundered John Millbank, suddenly rising to his feet.

Jack, though only fifteen, was already in the Sixth Form at St. Bede's, and accustomed to exercise authority himself; he instinctively resented his father's treatment.

(Continued on Page 10.)

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SPORTING.

RACING.

There has been much discussion regarding Amythus being the best three-year-old of the season in Australia. Mr Henrys' handicap for the Great Easter Handicap, seven furlongs, has thrown his opinion on the screen, and there he estimates him only to be as good as Surveyor, placing both these three-year-olds and the Auckland Cup winner, Karo, within 5lbs of Surveyor. In the minds of many Amythas has been well treated, and as he has not paid up for his classic engagement at the Auckland meeting, his owner is apparently going to take on the Great Easter and the Riccarton classic on Easter Tuesday.

Though the company at the Riccarton meeting at Easter time is very much superior to that engaged at the local meeting next week, several horses are engaged at both meetings and a comparison of their handicaps is interesting. Take the Great Autumn run over 1½ miles and the Southland Cup 1½ miles we have the following horses:—

	Autumn.	S. Cup	Diff.
Eleus	7.6	9.0	22lbs.
Warlike	7.5	7.12	7lbs.
Radial	7.4	8.12	22lbs.
Paraoa	6.10	7.3	7lbs.
Silver Peak	6.7	7.11	18lbs.

From this comparison it would appear that Warlike and Paraoa have been most leniently treated by the local handicapper as compared with the premier handicapper in the dominion's adjustments. Then take the Great Easter Handicap run over seven furlongs and the local Flying Handicap, six furlongs, in both of which several horses are engaged.

	Easter	Flying	Diff.
Michaela	8.12	9.12	14lbs.
Kilbrogan	8.3	9.8	9lbs.
Radial	7.13	9.2	17lbs.
Silver Peak	6.9	7.10	15lbs.

On these figures it would appear that Kilbrogan has been the best treated of this four. But in each of the local races would be quite prepared to see none of the horses mentioned above win. In the Cup we have Almoner, Aycliffe, Jock and Mazama all horses showing form at recent meetings, and Tin Soldier, Samiel or Claverhouse would only have to repeat their best form to make any of their chances very rosy. Burrangong, in light of his Wyndham racing, has been well treated, but since he ran on New Year's day he has been badly beaten at Invercargill, Riccarton and Akaroa, and, if reports can be credited, when his connections money was "well in." He has started too often now to be taken very seriously even with only 7.5 on his back, and will require to run much more generously than he very frequently does to be returned a winner. In the Flying Handicap the best sprinters in Otago in Michaela, Kilbrogan, and Radial may find the local course too undulating over six furlongs to enable them to carry their imposts as easily as they would at Riccarton with its straight six furlongs, and some of the lighter weights may be found in front at the end of our race. Old Buller with 7.7 on his back may be very hard to beat, especially if rain should soften the course before then. His old stable mate Mohawk with 5lbs less has not been up long enough after a season at the stud to be ready, but both Palamon 7.2 and Benefit 7.1 showed at the Gore meeting that they are well and back to form. All British and Satisfaction are two hacks that have shown they can gallop fast over short courses, while it should be remembered that it is not long ago since Glensponse brought off a big surprise at Wingatui. Should the course be at all heavy punters can look for the winner of this race amongst the lighter weighted horses.

The form shown by Eleus on the opening of the Gore meeting when he won the Cup in good style from his stable mate Almoner was so much superior to that shown by him next day, that one must discount his second day running as along way below his correct form.

There is no doubt about Silver Peak being a smart little mare, and not too much notice should be taken of her defeats at Gore, for not only was she suffering from too much racing lately, but,

it is also quite possible she was running over her distances.

Cattach and Co. especially the Co. had a very nice win at Gore on Thursday.

Riverton Cup attracted a good entry, but many of those entered have yet to show that they can go a mile and a quarter.

When Rorke's Drift goes out in the Invercargill Cup with only 8.10 in the saddle he will probably wonder if the lead bag has been forgotten by F. E. Jones.

Three returned soldiers will be particularly interested in this years Southland Cup, viz., Vic. Price (Rorke's Drift), Percy Price (Tin Soldier), and Cecil Hazlett (Samiel). If any of the trio win, they will be sharing the dividend with lots of old mates.

Tin Soldier, Sed-el-Bahr, Jock, Miss Camouflage, Buller, Warlike, All British, Pon, Marching Order, Revolution, Lewis Gun, Frenchman, Frog, War Sky, Gunrest, General Joffe, Jolly Major, The Gunner, Cross Battery, Dragon, Major Hector, Quickmarch, are all names that will appeal to soldiers at the Southland meeting next week. To back them all would cost too much money. There are one or two others that will also appeal to them such as Satisfaction, Benefit, to say nothing of Bright Spot, and Restoration. On such occasions it might also be well to remember "The Boss," and above all a drop of "Coldwater."

As Sasnof has accepted in the Easter Handicap at Auckland it is not likely he will take on Amythas in the Great Easter to be run at Riccarton at the same time.

At the present time the Southland Clubs have to import a racecourse detective from the north to look after their race-meetings. What about a returned man applying for the job Southlanders for Southland always.

For the trophy attached to the Clifden Cup, for which Mettle Drift and Pollah ran a dead heat, their owners tossed and Mr Sheddian beat the Bluff owner by a "head."

Seven horses in the Lillburne Plate at Clifden carried between them exactly one hundredweight in overweights. The individual amounts ranged from 5lbs on Sartolite to 40lbs on First Shot. The average overweight on these horses was 16lbs each.

Clifden meeting an interesting picnic gathering.

Two dead heats at Clifden.

Southland Racing Club races next Wednesday and Thursday.

Martifors ran badly at Clifden, and if she cannot do better than she did there she can be written out.

Sartolite won the Farewell at Clifden in good style, but unbacked by his owner.

The pony steeplechaser Glenisla had a very easy win at Clifden, and gave a faultless exhibition of jumping.

Heatherlea pulled up very lame after the Waiau Steeplechase and Albert Ward will have difficulty in keeping him going for the autumn meeting.

Wilden Loch is a very unlikely Grand National Steeplechaser, or any other steeplechase winner.

Mettle Drift is improving, and was unlucky to lose the Waiau Cup.

Breton ran two good races at Clifden, and carried his 11.2 over a mile and a quarter in good style. Mr Swale's gelding may yet develop into a good one over longer distances. He certainly needs a vigorous horseman.

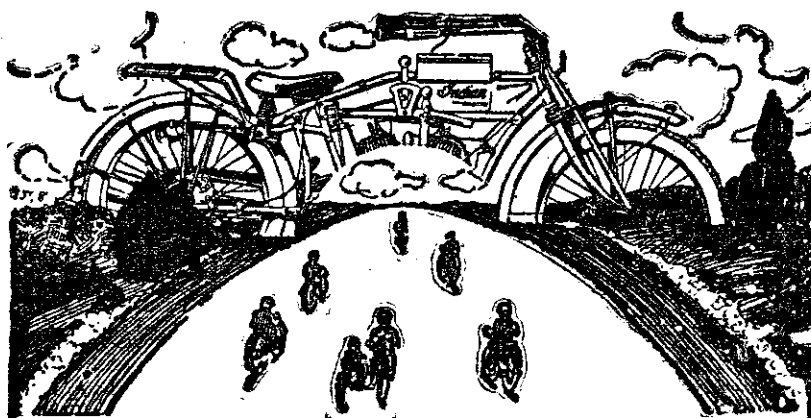
Dunmure is not much of a steeplechaser, but if possible a little worse on the flat.

Hogan did not take a winner up to the Clifden meeting, but that is not to say that he won't have several next week.

Mr Carnegie Gardner got his fields away at Clifden fairly well in line.

Secretary Matheson knows how to handle a country meeting. It is a good job for the Clifden Club that he does know.

Stipendiary Steward Gorton is the right sort of official to send to a country meeting. He knows when to take a hand, and then to have a look at the landscape. No one could wish for a cleaner meeting than last Wednesday.



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During the next few issues we will give particulars of some of the farms we have for sale.

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Bowling.

FOUR-RINK CHAMPIONSHIP.

The final between Invercargill and Northend was played on the Southland green on Wednesday evening under favourable conditions. More than usual interest was taken in the contest and a close finish was expected but the Invercargill representatives secured an easy win with a margin of 24 points. Invercargill has had a most successful season having won the Centre Doubles, the Mayor's Doubles and the Four Rink Championship besides securing a high place in the New Zealand Championship tournament in Christchurch. This is the first occasion on which they have annexed the Four Rink Championship, and the win was therefore a popular one.

	I. N.
Holmes, Geddes, McDonald, Bremner (s)	24 —
McIlwrick, Joyce, Service, Yates (s)	11 —
Israel, Derby, Battin, Stevenson (s)	20 —
A. E. Wesley, Stevens, Holloway, Hannah (s)	20 —
Miller, Stringer, Iggo, Strang (s)	22 —
Watson, Evans, Fain, Wallace (s)	13 —
Jenkins, Lennie, Stead, Wilson (s)	17 —
Stearns, Leck, E. Smith, D. Wesley (s)	15 —
Totals	83 59

CHAMPION OF CHAMPION SINGLES.

In the final between W. Watson (Northend) and G. Finlayson (Southland), the former went ahead from the opening and secured an easy win by 20 to 9. Finlayson, who played well in the earlier rounds did not show the same form in the final but he also had to contend against some ill-luck. The Northend representative played steadily throughout.

Kennel Notes held over for next issue.

THE WAY TO ADVERTISE.

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The printed ad. is not a fad, Nor yet a new invention, And worded aims to net you gains Must first command attention.

When they have read all you have said In her lines that inspire, Remember this, you're bound to miss Unless you plant desire.

The wish to gain is still the same From dawn of ads. and since, And desire fails and makes no sales Unless you can convince.

Conviction then is only when From headline to expense, Attention claimed, desire gained, Inspires confidence.

—H. A. White, in "Life."

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WATSON'S No. 10
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Solicitors under the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act for the Otago District.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1920.

In presenting the "Digger" to the Southland community we have tried to make it representative of the various phases of thought in the community. Every attempt will be made to keep it in line with current thought, and a distributor of information interesting to all. The initial work in producing the paper has been of some magnitude, and our thanks are due to all those who so loyally assisted us. From the advertisers in this journal we have received support of a very substantial character, which assures the success of the "Digger," and it is hoped that this journal shall be found an effective and efficient advertising medium. To our contributors, situated as they are over all parts of Southland, we render thanks. The opinions expressed by our contributors are not necessarily our own, but this journal recognises that "a good cause need not be patronised by passion, but can be sustained upon a temperate dispute." Therefore our duty is to exercise that essential spirit of toleration, and to allow reasonable ventilation of the passing phases of thought. In our relationship to the R.S.A. our funds will be devoted entirely to assist the R.S.A. in achieving the redress of the legitimate grievances of a soldier, his wife, or widow, as the case may be. That there are grievances of a very real nature is true, and after careful analysis of the facts this journal will not hesitate to ventilate them if the various Departments who exercise jurisdiction take no action. As far as our political activities are concerned the R.S.A. has no political platform. In our ranks are to be found men of all shades of political opinion and on these grounds the R.S.A. has taken no definite attitude towards any particular party. Therefore this journal follows in its footsteps, and is non-political, non-partisan, and in no way identifies itself with an particular shade of religious opinion. That we should be a propelling force behind what General Richardson's foreword calls "citizenship," is true, and this journal will always stand for what it believes is right, irrespective of criticism and consistent with the activities of the R.S.A.

OUR SPORTING COLUMN.

No journal catering for the general reading public could be considered complete now-a-days without devoting some space to sport, especially horse racing, which has always been known as the "Sport of Kings." Throughout the British Empire, and throughout the Australasian colonies it is rapidly becoming the national pastime. Whether they patronise the sport or not "Diggers" will always remember with gratitude the comforts provided by the sportsmen of the Empire and enjoyed by our soldiers. No section of the people gave money so generously, no sport was taxed for war purposes excepting horse racing, and it was fitting that no gathering behind the lines was as popular as a race-meeting no matter whether it was horses or mules or donkeys that provided the sport. Thus it is quite plain that a soldier's paper without a sporting column would not fill the requirements of its subscribers, and it is the intention of the management of this journal to make its sporting columns up-to-date in every way. Fair criticism will be the dominant note of the page, and, while always gratefully remembering the help sportsmen and clubs gave us while on service, our remarks will always be written in the interests of clean sport, and without fear or favour. Where with held. We fully realise that under wrong has been done it will be our endeavour to assist in putting things right, and where praise is due it will not be withheld. We fully realise that under

FOREWORD.

TO THE "DIGGER."

By Brigadier General Richardson,
C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., Etc.

The title of this journal—"The Digger"—will excite the interest of all New Zealanders who participated in the "Great War" of 1914-1919. It will serve to remind its readers of the men who passed through that great struggle, and whose efforts and sacrifices made victory possible and ensured the peace and prosperity which we now enjoy. 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 dependents.

The great war will have been fought in vain, however, if we do not think out for ourselves the lessons it has taught, and apply them for the benefit of this and future generations. In this respect "The Digger" can render useful service, not only on behalf of returned soldiers, but to the State.

The vast majority of returned soldiers have come back to their homes with broadened minds, improved education and higher ideals as a result of their world-wide and history-making experiences. The mutual regard for each other, the recognition of some good qualities in every man, whatever his social position and the spirit of helpfulness and comradeship are conspicuous characteristics of returned soldiers. War has welded into closer comradeship the men of all social grades by the dangers and discomforts they have shared. For these reasons they have banded themselves together by means of Associations and Clubs, aided by the publication of journals which help to keep in touch all those having common sympathy and interests.

During his military service the soldier underwent a practical experience of socialism, where the bank manager, doctor, engineer, miner, butcher, baker, grocer and labourer were all clothed exactly alike, ate at the same table and shared common dangers. The only distinction made was a special badge carrying extra pay for those having increased responsibilities, but now he has discarded khaki and again donned the emblem of class distinction—multi—this change of garb will not neutralize the good principles which his experiences have taught him. He now realises more than he did before, he became a soldier, that his first duty is to the State and that the future of this country depends largely on the actions of the best of our manhood, viz., the returned soldiers, and upon the fulfilment of their duties as citizens. These men want neither praise nor patronage for the services they have rendered, but only that to which they are entitled and which is due to every man, viz., opportunities to realise the fullness of life.

Persistent application, dogged determination, efficiency and hard work were the means ensured to gain victory in war and they realise that they each will have to apply the same principles in order to attain their new objectives, i.e., success in civil life.

If by means of "The Digger" the true principles of life, the spirit of helpfulness and comradeship and justice to the disabled and dependents of our dead comrades are kept constantly before its readers, success is assured.

Signed, G. S. RICHARDSON,
January 20th., 1920.

LOOK UP!

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the excellent control of the governing bodies the intention is to run the sport clean and above suspicion, but even the complete and comprehensive rules of the Racing and Trotting authorities are occasionally mis-interpreted by individuals, and sometimes in ignorance. Those are accidents which cannot be helped and so must be overlooked, but, also occasionally and we hope only very occasionally, breaches of these rules are committed, not in ignorance, and on such occasions we will have something to say. Our columns will always welcome correspondence and questions on matters of local interest, and though our reports of southern race-meetings will not be as lengthy as in other journals, we trust that the concise information we will publish will contain everything of importance. In conclusion we trust that these columns will find appreciation in the hands of our sporting readers.

THE DIGGERS' LETTER BOX.

Under this heading the Editor will deal with enquiries relative to Returned Soldiers' affairs. Enquiries regarding the provisions of Repatriation, Administration of the Discharged Soldier's Settlement Act, pensions or other matters upon which a doubt exists. Returned men, soldiers' wives, widows, or relatives will find this column very helpful. All communications must be written in ink and upon one side of the paper only. All communications to be addressed "The Digger's" Letter Box, 310, G.P.O., Invercargill.

THE 8TH REGIMENT.

Although one knows in a general way something regarding the activities of the New Zealand Division on Active Service. Comparatively few Southlanders know anything regarding the part Southland played in the war. With a view to the accumulation of information regarding their movements the "Digger" will shortly announce a scheme which will acquaint the public with Southlands part in the war. The sum of £1 ls will be given for a column which must deal with their activities in the war zone. Details will be announced at an early date.

PREPARATIONS for Easter trade are going forward at the

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Cricket.

OTAGO.

First Innings 180
Second Innings 50

SOUTHLAND.

First Innings 179
Second Innings, Six wickets
for 52

Southland won by four wickets.

Very great interest centred around the return match with Otago. Southland had sent up a team to Dunedin on Christmas Day, 1919, and that team had not done well. There had been experienced many difficulties in getting a full side away; seven of the players who represented Southland on that occasion had been passed over by the selectors in their choice of a team for the return match here; the Christmas players had made totals of 55 and 42; many young players thought they should have been given a second game to retrieve the failure of their former efforts, and club and other sympathisers thought so too, and voiced and penned their strong disapproval of the selectors' treatment of promising colts.

The team picked against Otago was regarded as a "has-been" lot, and this judgment was communicated even to the visitors. The result of the match will clear some doubts as to the quality of the play of the harshly criticised oldsters and will give Southland cricket an impetus towards an even more successful season in 1920-1.

Reviewing the match, one is forced to the conclusion that the team did well, but that it could have done better if its fielding, its between wicket work, and its briskness all round were improved. Interest in country cricket will be stimulated by the success of the parent-town team of Southland. Already the Gore enthusiast, Mr G. Hammond, is laying his plans to have Eastern District sides visit Invercargill next season, so that selectors choosing teams to represent the province may have an opportunity of seeing other than town players. Teams chosen under such conditions will represent Southland more than they do at present.

After the match Groundsman Handford was congratulated by several members of the Otago team on the excellent wicket and outfield. They compared it more than favourably with Carisbrook, but thought the Caledonian turf to be much better. The recovery of the wicket after the heavy rain of Tuesday surprised them.

The match is now history, but a few remarks on it may interest.

Otago lost the toss and were sent in to bat on a drying wicket. Gilbertson showed sound judgment in this. Otago's batting read: One wicket for 2 runs, two for 7, three for 14, four for 19. At this stage Galland was playing very carefully, and the wicket was becoming easier. At the luncheon adjournment Otago had made 100. Galland was set, and the wicket was a batsman's. The Otago captain gave a fine exhibition while making his 71. Lomas hit up a vigorous 39, and was the ninth wicket to fall, with the score at 179. Only one more run was added to Otago's total.

The Southland fielding had not been good, returns especially not pleasing. Gilbertson, as wicket-keeper, gave a sound exhibition, catching one, stumping two, and letting only three byes past him. D. McBeath owes to him Galland's wicket from a smart stumping. Kavanagh's fielding was of a high order of merit, and D. McBeath did some fine work when in recess from the bowling end. Three bowlers were tried—D. McBeath, average seven for 66; J. Doig, two for 74; T. Groves, one for 29. On the drying wicket Doig might have been rested sooner by the slow bowler Washer, especially as Galland appeared to be set.

On a batting wicket Southland took strike and began well, but very carefully, one wicket falling for 22, two for 28; but the cricket was painfully slow for spectators. Kavanagh came in, and with D. Hamilton put some life into the running between wickets. The former was the only home bat to look comfortable at the wickets, though D. McBeath was only at time feeling his way. Kavanagh's 33 was well made, and Don Hamilton's 24 was creditable for a player with little practice. McBeath secured 32, one six among the total. Doig played very carefully for his 27, and made some forceful shots. At 6 p.m. Southland had eight wickets down for 156. When play was resumed on Wednesday forenoon, A. Hamilton, the not-out, brought his total up to 17, still not-out, two fours and a six showing to credit. Torrance had taken five wickets for 26, A. W. Alloo three for 63, Conradi two for 21. The Otago captain had kept Alloo on too long, but his general handling of his side was sound. The

Otago handling was crisp and keen compared with that of the home side, while in returns the visitors were far superior. Indeed, their work was a pattern worthy of being copied down here. Southland had come to within one of Otago's total when their last wicket fell.

The second innings was devoid of interest from a batting point of view. No batsman of the visitors could play either Doig or McBeath, who bowled unchanged ten overs each, averaging respectively six wickets for 21 runs and four wickets for 28 runs—wonderful performances. Only c.e. bye got past J. Gilbertson. Several catches were dropped. A fine slip was played as an extra off-fielder, and the experiment was successful in stopping several runs being gained. Otago reached 50 only. The collapse may have been due to the cross east wind making the swerve hard to judge. Otago batsmen themselves attribute their failure to a rot—an unaccountable rot.

Otago were of opinion that they could get Southland out for fewer than 51—the required number of runs to tie—and they proceeded to attack. The home side, with one for 2, two for 14, three for 15, four for 23, looked unlikely to do much; but D. McBeath made 28 (not out), and D. Hamilton treated Otago to some good running between wickets. With six wickets down Southland had made the required 52, thus winning by four wickets. Torrance two for 33, Alloo three for 14, bowled for Otago.



ALL RETURNED SOLDIERS unable to be placed on suitable land are requested to forward the following particulars to The Secretary, Returned Soldiers' Association, Invercargill.

Regimental No.
Name
Address
Class of Land Required (in order of preference)
L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary.

MEMBERS of the Invercargill Returned Soldiers' Association are hereby reminded that the

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FEE of 10/- is due on April 1st, 1920.
L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary.

GRATUITY.

AN APPEAL BOARD has been set up to deal with anomalies which exist under the OVERSEAS WAR GRATUITY. It is requested that full particulars of all cases coming under this heading be forwarded to Secretary, Returned Soldiers' Association, Invercargill.

L. S. GRAHAM,
Secretary.

SOUTHLAND RACING CLUB.

AUTUMN MEETING.
24 and 25—MARCH—24 and 25.RACING.
STEEPLECHASING.
TROTTING.
First race each day at 12 noon.
EXCURSION FARES. DELAYED TRAINS.W. A. SAUNDERS,
Hon. Secretary.

YES, UNCLE!

THIS is the house I am going to buy. A five-roomed Bungalow with every convenience; electric light, red pine panelling and a corner section. It's cheap, too. Only £825. Colin McDonald, R. B. Caws and Co., Invercargill.

GOING UP?

YES, Digger! I am going up to the Land Board for a grant on the house I bought through Colin McDonald, R. B. Caws and Co. If you want a good home go and see them now. They are all returned soldiers and know what the Digger wants. Colin McDonald, R. B. Caws and Co., Invercargill.

HIGH JINKS!

WE had high jinks at the surprise party our friends gave us when we took possession of our new bungalow. All our friends congratulated us on getting such a lovely house and a bargain also. You see we knew where to go to get value. Colin McDonald, R. B. Caws and Co., Invercargill.

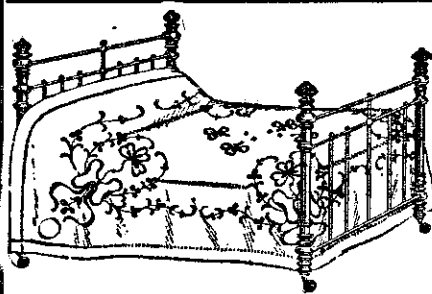
SOUTHLAND COUNTY.

TEN PER CENT. ADDITIONAL RATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that pursuant to Section 28 of "The Rating Amendment Act, 1910" an additional charge of TEN PER CENTUM has been added to all Rates remaining UNPAID, after WEDNESDAY, March 31, 1920.

A. J. SERVICE,
County Clerk and Treasurer.
County Office,
Invercargill March 15, 1920.**WHEN STARTING HOUSE**

Or When Replenishing.



Make sure you get the best value possible. When prices are as high as at the present time you cannot afford to take any risks. We have always prided ourselves on the qualities we have offered and are prepared to and do guarantee the goods we offer.

The following are specials and their wearing capabilities will be a better advertisement to us than any newspaper advertisement.

MARCELLA QUILTS, for single Bed s, 28/6 to 47/6.

MARCELLA QUILTS, large sizes for double beds, at 45/-, 47/6, 50/-, 52/6 to 67/6.

EIDER DOWN QUILTS, for double beds; good designs and well filled. Prices from 49/6 to 97/6.

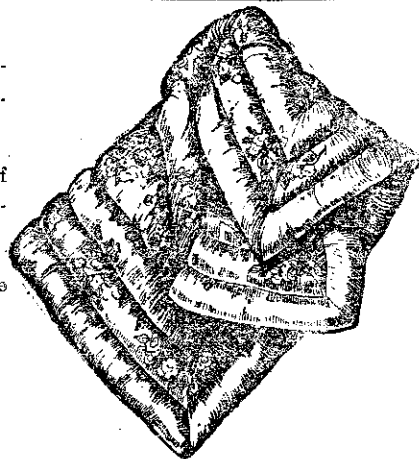
SHEETINGS for single beds, 4/6 to 6/11

SHEETINGS for double beds, including Finlays and Horrockses. Prices 5/11, 6/6, 6/9 up.

CURTAINS—A splendid selection of Lace, Madras, Voile, and Casements.

TABLE LINENS—A very choice selection in all qualities.

MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, CUSHIONS, Etc.

**THOMSON & BEATTIE, LTD.**

"The Quality House,"

'PHONE 130. TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

RABBITSKINS
RABBITSKINS

SEND YOUR CONSIGNMENTS TO US.

HIGHEST PRICES GIVEN.

WE ALSO BUY:—
WOOL
HIDES
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HORSEHAIR
TALLOW.**Brown Bros.,**SPEY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

Telephone—192. P.O. Box—36.

LABELS ON APPLICATION.

FOR every thirsty occasion try our celebrated HOP SHANDIES AND SODA FOUNTAIN DRINKS. They Gladden.

Save money by buying your sweets direct from the manufacturer.

WOOLLETT AND CO.,

Confectioners and Soft Drink Specialists,
30 TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

BOARD AND LODGINGS.

WANTED, Private Board and Lodgings; handy railway station. Apply "Commercial," Digger Office.

FOR SALE, Singer Motor Cycle; free engine; in perfect order; cheap. Apply "Singer" Digger Office.

POLLOK
FOR
PRESCRIPTIONS.

We are Trained to Handle Your Prescription with Care and Skill.

Make use of our Delivery Service. We will gladly send for your prescription and deliver the medicine as soon as possible.

Our Telephone No. is 830.

POLLOK'S PHARMACY,
TAY STREET.

VISIT US WHEN YOU ARE PURCHASING:—

BOOKS.
TOYS.

ENGLISH DINNERWARE.

STATIONERY.

PRINTING.

LADIES' HAND BAGS.

LEATHER POCKET BOOKS

KITCHEN UTENSILS

SOAPS AND PERFUMES.

OFFICE EQUIPMENT.

Gardner & Sons.TAY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

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

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.

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 Hyndam 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 rotting 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.

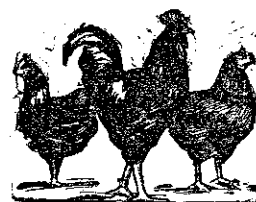
LOCAL PREPARATIONS.

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.

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.	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
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
782 44,868		

*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.

"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.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

OUR Advice to all diggers and friends
is to buy their

BOOTS

at once, as prices are on the increase.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO ALL DIGGERS

OF 1/- IN THE POUND.

No Profiteering at our shop. Only a

reasonable profit on all articles, at

Crawley & Co's.,

STANDARD BOOT MART,

DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

SOUTHLAND BUILDING AND IN-
VESTMENT SOCIETY AND BANK
OF DEPOSIT.

LEND Money on the security of free-
hold or approved leasehold prop-
erties.

The repayments may be made over
terms varying from 5 to 14 years.

Loans may be repaid in full or in mul-
tiples of £50, interest ceasing at date of
repayment.

Applications are promptly dealt with and
the money paid over without delay.
Valuation and mortgage fees are low.

The Society receives money on deposit at
call or for fixed periods at good rates of
interest.

For further particulars apply at the So-
ciety's Office, 77 Tay street.

H. L. HAY,
Secretary.

W. A. OTT AND CO., LTD.

(W. A. Ott, A. W. Jones, Directors.)

IF in search of a HOME call on us and
inspect our lists. We will be
pleased to show you personally what we
have to offer.

Our Directors know Invercargill from
A to Z, and can refer you to many satis-
fied clients who have entrusted their busi-
ness to us.

We will be pleased to see YOU.

We are Agents for Standard Insurance
Co. of N.Z., Ltd., and can also insure
your house and furniture.

Advances arranged on freehold security.

W. A. OTT AND CO., LTD.,

Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

(Opposite Post Office, above Economic).

Records made by Cicero and Pliny tell
of the Romans using ink made of the liq-
nor of cuttlefish.

When the cuttlefish is attacked it dis-
charges a fluid into the water, which
renders all round it opaque.

THE DINNER PARTY.

"Will you good people excuse me just
one half-hour? I have two letters to write
which have been on my mind all day."

It was just after dinner at Rivercourt
that Lord Haverham addressed the above
remark to his half-dozen guests.

His lordship was a man of forty, slight-
ly bald, with a puffy, red face.

He evaded meeting Judge Millbank's
eyes as he made his request. All the even-
ing the judge had been trying to get a
word alone with him, but for some reason
of his own Haverham had avoided this.

Millbank, however, was not a man to be
easily put off.

He now addressed his host directly.

"Certainly," he said, speaking for the
rest of the company—the local clergyman
and doctor and their wives—as well as
for himself; "but I want five minutes'
private chat with you to-night, Haverham,
if you don't mind."

"Eh? Oh er—certainly—with the
greatest pleasure," replied his lordship
hurriedly. "I shan't be long. I could
write my notes here, but it will be more
convenient in my study. I've had a little
room fitted up as a study, you know. It
is quiet and remote. It used to be called
the Blue Room."

Kitty who was awaiting her opportunity
to slip away, gave such a jump that all
eyes were turned upon her.

She passed it off pretending she had
seen a mouse, and the incident ended in
laughter, during which Lord Haverham
withdrew.

The judge remained for a few minutes,
and then, excusing himself, went out in-
to the garden to smoke a cigar.

As soon as he was out of sight of the
lighted window, however, he threw away
his cigar, and re-entered the house by
another way.

Unseen, he went at once to the Blue
Room, and entered without announcing
himself.

Lord Haverham, who was seated at a
writing-table, rose quickly and uttered an
indignant protest, which the other waved
aside almost contemptuously.

Angry words were exchanged, and very
soon the two men were engaged in a heat-
ed argument.

The cause of the quarrel was obscure,
but it was something which aroused the
deepest passions of both.

In the midst of it Lord Haverham, who
had drunk freely at dinner, lost his temper
completely. Goaded by some contemptu-
ous insult, he rushed at Millbank. The
latter, who, in spite of his fifty-five years,
was still a powerful and vigorous man,
seized his aggressor by the throat, and
flung him savagely to the floor.

Lord Haverham spun round as he fell,
and struck his forehead on the edge of the
marble kerb round the fireplace; then he
reeled over, and lay on his back quite still.

Horrified, Millbank sprang forward, and
knelt down by the prostrate figure. He
made a rapid examination, and then slowly
he rose to his feet.

His face was an ashen grey, and in his
eyes, usually so calm and self-reliant,
there was a look of indescribable horror
and fear.

In the drawing-room the doctor and the
vicar were discussing local politics. Their
wives were talking scandal in low voices,
while Kitty stood at the open window,
and looked out with unseeing eyes into
the moonlit garden.

Dick! Where was he? What would he
think of her? Oh, what could she do?

She was just making up her mind to
risk everything and go down to the boat-
house and try to meet her lover there,
when a tall, commanding figure emerged
from the shadow and came slowly towards
the window.

It was the judge.

He entered the room in an easy, lei-

surely manner, and with a smile on his
lips.

His face was a little paler than usual,
but otherwise there was nothing in his
demeanour to indicate that he had pass-
ed through a tragic and terrible experi-
ence.

"Haverham not back yet?" he said,
glancing round the room.

"No; he is writing a somewhat lengthy
letter," said the vicar dryly.

"It must be a love-letter," suggested
the doctor's wife, glancing slyly at Kitty.

The tittering laugh caused by this re-
mark was suddenly silenced by an ex-
traordinary hubbub which arose in an-
other part of the house.

There was the sound of slamming doors,
startled cries, and hurrying feet.

Judge Millbank moved quickly towards
the door, but before he could reach it
it was flung open, and a scared, white-
faced footman appeared.

"Quick, sir; doctor, quick!" he gasped
the master!

"Your master? what of him?" de-
manded the judge sternly.

"Dead, sir! Murdered!"

"Murdered? Lord Haverham murdered?
Impossible!"

"It's true, sir," panted the servant.
"Cruelly murdered. But we've got the
man."

"Eh?"

The judge gave an involuntary start of
surprise, which he was unable to check.

"Yes, sir. Caught him almost red-handed,
just as he was getting away. He is an
Australian soldier."

THE PRISONER IN THE DOCK.

The court was crowded and very still.

The last stage of a most mysterious and
sensational murder trial had been reached.

The victim was a well-known nobleman,
and the accused a young man, Richard
Foster, of whom little was known except
that he had served with distinction in the
Australian forces throughout the war.

The motive of the crime was robbery;
that was tolerably clear. Foster had brok-
en into Rivercourt, and then, on being
interrupted by the master of the house,
he had not hesitated to commit murder
rather than be captured.

So far, there was no mystery, but there
was one point about the case which puz-
zled the lawyers and piqued the curiosity
of the public.

The prisoner had made no fight for his
life.

Judge Millbank, who was trying the
case, was, as usual, cold, calm, unimpass-
ioned, judicious.

Whatever his secret thoughts may have
been, his outward demeanour was in every
way correct.

And, indeed, he had but little pity
for the man in the dock.

"The fellow, though innocent of this
crime, is evidently a bad lot, or why is
he afraid to clear himself? He is certainly
a fortune-hunter and a rascal. A long
term of imprisonment is the best thing
for him and for society."

She stroked his rugged hand coaxingly,
as she looked up eagerly into his grave
face.

"What is the secret, Kitty?" he said
quietly.

The girl bent her head, and hid her
blushing face against the old man's coat.
"I'm in love daddy," she whispered,
"and he loves me. And oh! daddy, he is
so—so splendid."

"Who is it?"

The gentleness of his voice deceived
her, and she looked up.

"I know you will like him, daddy. I
met him at that concert to Australian
soldiers, you know. He is an Australian,
and a soldier, of course. But he will be
demobilised soon. His name is Dick Fos-
ter. He has been all through the war,
and he is a hero daddy, a real hero."

"Yes, dear, they are all heroes. God
bless them! But my little girl cannot
marry a man just because he is a hero. Is
he a private soldier?"

"Yes, daddy."

"And poor?"

"He hasn't very much money at pre-
sent, but he is going to work hard. I
know he will get on."

The old judge nodded.

"I see. Well, dear, now listen to me,"
he said quietly. "Ten years ago I took
you into my house and made you my
daughter. Since then I have done every-
thing I could to make you happy. Have
I ever refused you anything?"

"No, daddy dear, never."

"All you have, all you are, you owe to
me," went on the man. "I am only telling
you this because I want you to understand
I begrudge you nothing of what I have
done for you. I intend to do still more.
But you must be guided by me. This thing
of which you have spoken is all nonsense.
You must dismiss it from your mind."

"But I—I love him, daddy!" exclaimed
Kitty, beginning to cry.

"That will pass," said the judge calmly.

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NOBLE'S,
DEE STREET.

"It is nothing. A girl's foolish fancy. The
real things in life are wealth and power
and position. It has taken me a lifetime
to get them, but to you they will come
while you are yet young."

"Daddy!" began the girl; but the
judge rose, and when he spoke his voice,
for the first time, had a note of sternness
in it.

"Enough! Child, you have tired me, and
hurt me just a little. There, there is noth-
ing more to be said, I will see this young
man, and get rid of him. You must not
see him again. To-night at Rivercourt
Lord Haverham will ask you to be his
wife. You will accept him. It is a splen-
did match for you. Why, child, if it had
not been for me you might have been a
little shopgirl now, or a domestic servant.
There, run away, I want to be quiet for
a while."

He moved away slowly across the lawn,
and the girl did not follow him.

She remained for several moments
crouching by the side of the chair where
he had left her, a look of indescribable
dismay on her fair young face.

Never before had she been thwarted in
any of her desires; never before had she
received an unkind word from the man
who had been more than a father to her.

Suddenly she rose and ran swiftly into
the house.

She made her way to her own room,
and, darting to a writing-table, she seized
pen and paper and began to write at fur-
ious speed.

This is what she wrote—

"My own dear, darling Dick.— Some-
thing dreadful has happened. Daddy
wants me to marry that horrid Lord Haver-
ham, and he says I must never see you
again. But I will—I will! We are din-
ing at Rivercourt to-night. After dinner
I will slip away, and go to the Blue
Room. It is a room they never use.
I will leave the window open. If you
come by the river and land near the boat-
house, it is the corner window at that
end of the house. Don't fail me, dear,
dear, Dick. Be there by eight. It may
be half-past before I can get away, but
wait. I will come. Nothing shall stop
me. I must see you again.—Your broken-
hearted
Kitty."

With feverish haste she sealed up the
letter and then gave it to a servant she
could trust, with urgent instructions to
deliver it at once.

After that she flung herself down, and
sobbed as though her heart would break.
(Continued on Page 12.)

PORT SAID.

Sand and wind and whirling dust, rickety
docks and piers,
Cheap bazaars with gaudy goods unchang-
ing through the years,
Heat-rimmed skies and heat-scorched
moons, desert green and gray
Hem in the city of old Port Said, that
stands by the waterway.

Native dhows from along the coast, with
heavy crimson sails,
Bound for Aden and a hundred ports up
shallow-water trails,
Saunter up the brown canal with idly
squatting crews
Turbaned in white and blue and red, with
gorgeous Persian shoes.

Trading schooners from seven seas slip
through to Eastern ports,
Rusty red from their keels to the mon-
soon-battered thwarts.
Troopships out to India, brigantines for
green Ceylon
Pass from sapphire sea to brown between
the dusk and dawn.

Here the crossroads of the world, where
West gives way to East,
Where pleasure and time both meet and
time is but the least,
Where dawn is but a lightning flash
and dusk an hour or two
And the crimson dhows go sailing down
a sea of changing blue.

—Gordon Malherbe Hillman, in the
"Saturday Post."

THE FULLNESS OF LIFE.

"These men want neither praise nor
patronage for the services they have ren-
dered, but only that to which they are
entitled and which is due to every man—
viz., opportunities to realize the fullness
of life."

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

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us work for a better, happier world
to arise from this fluid mass. Yet us move
forward with courage and in faith, and let
us not fall back into the hopeless ennui,
the sterile and blasting bitterness of the
past.—General Smuts.

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Social Notes.

A delightful afternoon was given at Mrs Pilcher's house on Saturday afternoon. Among those present were: Mrs and Miss Campbell, Mrs H. Macalister, Mrs R. J. Gilmour, Misses Wylie, Bews, Callender, Searell, Hain, Moffett, etc.

Mrs Snow gave an enjoyable supper party and dance to some of the members of the "Going Up" Company after their performance on Friday night. Some of the guests present besides the company were: Misses Hogg, Vynor, Moffett, Bews, and Messrs Irving, Gilmour, Hewitt, Rae, etc.

An enjoyable little surprise party was brought to Miss Campbell's studio on Wednesday night. Some of the guests present were Misses Moffett, Campbell, Bews, Hein, H. Macdonald, H. Buckham (Ch. ch), W. Tucker, Crofts, Logan, etc. Messrs Gilmour, Cameron, Farnall, Hewitt, Kedell, Irving, Roys, and M. Macdonald.

Mrs Oliver gave a morning tea for Mr and Mrs Frith of the "Going Up" Company.

Miss Buckham is at present staying with her sister Mrs Arthur Moffett, Gladstone.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leslie Hunt, to Captain Robert McFarlane of Auckland.

Mrs Abbey Jones gave a most delightful tea on Monday afternoon at her residence, Gladstone, for Mrs C. F. A. Jones. Some of the guests present were: Mesdames Gabites, O'Beirne, T. Gilkison, John Macdonald, McLean, Howarth, Crammond, Mackrell, Copeland, A. Gilkison, Miss Winifred Tucker.

Mrs Wild returned to the north last week, she has been visiting her aunt Mrs Eyre for the last few months.

Miss Grace Tucker returned last week from her holiday in Dunedin.

Mrs Bannerman is back to her home in the Bluff, after spending the summer months in Timaru.

EVERYDAY RECIPES.

An Excellent Sed Cake.—Warm together 4lb of margarine and one tablespoonful of golden syrup. Beat them into 1lb of flour, 4lb of brown sugar, half teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, 3 teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds, adding 1½ teaspoonfuls of sour milk, a very little at a time, till you get a smooth cream; then pour into a well-greased cake-tin, and bake for one hour and a-half.

Cocoanut Biscuits.—Take 12oz of flour, 5oz of castor sugar, 4oz of desiccated cocoanut, 2oz of margarine, one egg and a little milk. Put flour, sugar and cocoanut in a bowl, and thoroughly rub in the margarine; then add the egg, well-beaten, and sufficient milk to make into a stiff pastry. Roll out very thinly and cut into any shape required. Sprinkle with castor sugar. Place on tins, not greased, and bake in a hot oven until golden brown.

Victoria Sandwiches.—Use 2 eggs, 1 breakfast teacupful of flour, one breakfast teacupful of castor sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and two or three drops of vanilla flavouring. Beat the two eggs well then add the sugar. Beat well again, then add flour and baking powder, and, lastly, the flavouring; then beat all well for ten minutes. Grease well two sandwich tins; divide the mixture, pouring half in each tin. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes. Jam one half and place the other half on it; sprinkle castor sugar on top.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Women ought to be interested in everything. They are interested mostly in what lies nearest them; and this is a different not one whit from men, except perhaps in this, that women's occupations usually absorb more of their time than men's do, and leave thus a smaller margin for the pursuit of outside interests. The influence of custom and tradition has combined with the pressure of necessity to restrict women's outlook to the home and the affairs of the home; and the majority of women in a community like ours are no doubt content that it should be so.

The average "Woman's Page" or "Ladies' Journal" therefore furnishes the majority have a use for such material; articles on fancy work and perhaps some social chat. It is all very good because the majority has a use for such material; but it is very wrong too, because the majority have a use for something else as well. And then, there is the minority and a pretty large minority, too—composed of women who are doing their part in a work-a-day world in other fashion than by keeping a home and bringing up children. Whether they are going to be married or whether they will die single, they are at present independent economic units, teachers, clerks, shop-assistants, doctors, nurses, domestic workers; and their number and variety are increasing year by year.

There is no separateness in humanity, whatever effort may be made by class or individual to introduce it. What concerns you and me, and vice-versa. Selfishness, can't octopus-like suck the good things from the world and not leave some part of humanity impoverished thereby. Among the many classes of women in the world, are some idle and luxurious. They have their counter-part in the over-worked and under-fed, fluttering the rags of poverty in the cold of misery and shame. Woman's sphere is the sphere of the world and she cannot get away from it.

There are, however, spheres within spheres; and it is possible to give a larger meaning to those more immediate interests that the majority of women count to be particularly theirs, as well as to furnish the minority with food for reflection.

We are going to take for granted that the women who read this column are working women. They are all doing something; keeping a house or a ledger, rearing children or nursing sick people, teaching school, serving behind a counter, scrubbing floors, reporting weddings and meetings. All work has at least one mark of dignity; it is service. One kind of work may require the exercise of higher faculties and be more honoured than another, but the only true shameful occupation is idleness.

In Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," the chief business of the Magistrates was to see that no person was idle; and Utopia had no social or economic problems.

Readers of this column then, we are all workers, and we want to put our heads together about our work, to consider the best way to do it, how to secure the best conditions for its objects, how to remove or at least diminish the obstacles to its operation. We want to review our place and influence in the world, examine our ideals, formulate new and higher ones, co-ordinate the ideal and the real, and while we "hitch our waggon to a star" remember to take common-sense for our charioteer.

For this purpose, an invitation is extended to our readers, to co-operate with us. The experience of each determines the angle of view, and if we would know the truth about anything, we must learn to view it from all angles. If we viewed a square building always from one point, we should say that it had only two walls. Suggestions and opinions then, will be always welcomed and should be sent: care of the Editor of "The Digger," Southland News Buildings, Invercargill.

It is gradually being forced upon the modern mind, that what really matters, ultimately, is the welfare of the human unit, the physical, mental and moral, health and fitness of the men and women in the world.

All the commercial and manufacturing supremacy in the world will not compensate a nation for stunted rickety children, or a puny and vitiated manhood and womanhood. All efforts at social, economic and educational reform, that are worth mentioning, have this principle for foundation.

Hitherto, it has seemed as if the opposite principle ruled in the councils of most nations, and in the minds of most men of affairs. What mattered was the vested interest, the prospect of trade, the increased output and the high market price. Commercialism sacrificed the little children of the nation on its altars, till wisdom and humanity intervened on their behalf. Commercialism is learning only slowly at the present day, that it is neither right nor expedient to sacrifice men and women, lads and girls. How

many commercial magnates are prepared to endorse and act upon the policy of Leverhulme. Labour can never, so long as it is healthy and sound, be satiated with betterment conditions. Comfortable homes, with gardens and baths, with hot and cold water laid on, are to-day rapidly becoming necessities for happiness, as they already are for health. Sons and daughters must be better educated. Drudgery and exhausting toil must be abolished and replaced by labour-saving methods and shorter hours of work. All reasonable recreation and beautiful pleasure-giving inventions must be multiplied indefinitely as a necessary relief from toil, and brought within the reach of all. We must recognise the equal rights of all workers to share not only in the work and the pleasure of work, but also in all healthful recreation and the pleasure of relief from toil.

Now women, from their traditional and close connection with the home and the rearing of children, are among the first to recognise these truths. Their most general form of work lies closest to the vital parts of the social organism. It remains for them, with the growing power that changing times are placing in their hands, to help the new world to a realisation of such conditions as will enable each and every child born into the world to attain the fullest usefulness and happiness possible to its faculty and powers.

NOTE: Succeeding articles will deal first with the problem of domestic labour

Children's Column.

(By "Mater.")

A THOUSAND TIMES QUICKER.

A CHARMING, COMPLETE FAIRY STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"Oh! dear!" said Tommy, "I shall never get these wretched lessons done to-night, and I did so want to have a game of hide-and-seek before bed-time." He had been trying to learn the nine-times multiplication table and when he had finished that he had some grammar to do.

Daddy and Mummy were sitting with their backs to him by the fire, Daddy reading. Mummy sewing, so they did not notice the curious thing that happened to Tommy next.

"I wish I could work a thousand times quicker," he had murmured to himself, and just as the words were out of his mouth he felt a funny giddy sensation just like you do if you spin round and round like a top. But that was not the funniest thing he noticed. Pussy had been jumping off the table to the floor and all of a sudden she stopped in mid-air. Tommy looked again, and then he saw pussy was moving to the ground very, very slowly—so slowly that you could hardly see her moving at all.

Then Tommy looked at Daddy. Daddy had been tossing his paper on one side and that too had stopped, or nearly stopped, in mid-air, and was moving no quicker than the cat. Nothing else in the room seemed to be moving at all, not even Mummy's needle which was half way through one of Tommy's stockings.

"Well," he said "that is funny," but the clock said half-past six and it was bed-time at 8, and though he thought it very strange he went on with his work. The giddy feeling had passed off too. At last he finished all his lessons and he looked at the time. The clock still said not quite half-past six, in fact, the hands seemed scarcely to have moved at all. Then he looked at Daddy and Mummy. Daddy's paper had moved a foot nearer the floor, and Mummy's needle that was half-way through the stocking when he looked, was now just through. As for pussy, her feet were now about six inches off the floor. Then on the table in front of him, Tommy saw a funny little man with glasses and a broad-brimmed hat in his hand. He was no taller than Tommy's pen.

"Is your Highness ready to resume your usual speed?" asked the little man politely.

"What do you mean?" asked Tommy.

"You said you wished to work a thousand times quicker," said the little man, "No sooner had you wished that than you were doing your work a thousand times quicker, although you did not notice any difference in yourself. But Daddy and Mummy and pussy were only moving at the same pace as they usually do, and as you were moving a thousand times quicker yourself, that was why they appeared to be moving so slowly."

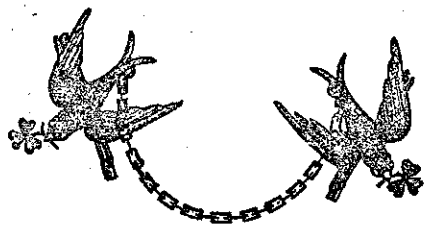
"Phew," said Tommy, "fancy doing all my lessons while pussy jumps off the table."

"And now," said the little man, "if you want to play hide-and-seek with Daddy, I shall have to slow you down to his pace."

"All right," said Tommy, "I'm ready," and then almost before the words were out of his mouth Daddy's paper finished its journey with a rush, pussy finished her

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DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

jump all of a sudden and ran out of the room and Mummy's needle flashed through the air as quick as ever.

"I suppose that's because I am now moving my ordinary pace," thought Tommy.

"Hello, old chap," Daddy said, "Finished your lessons already?" I thought you'd be another hour."

"All done, Daddy," said Tommy. But he did not say that he had been working exactly a thousand times quicker than usual.

THE HOME.

EVERYDAY RECIPES.

Tomato Omelette.—Use one large tomato, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour salt, pepper, margarine or butter. Peel and mince the tomato. Mix the flour to a thin cream with a little milk; season with salt and pepper; then add the well-beaten egg, the pulped tomato and a little margarine. Melt about ½ oz of fat in a small frying-pan. Cook the omelette in it to a nice brown, and serve very hot.

Sausages in Butter.—Take one pound of sausages, prick them with a fork, and place them in a deep, buttered pie-dish. Make a batter in this way: Mix 3 teaspoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt with a little milk to form a smooth paste. Add gradually the rest of pint of milk, 2 eggs (well beaten) and 1oz of butter or margarine. Beat all well together, and pour mixture over sausages. Bake in slow oven for an hour. Serve with potatoes.

Little Cornflour Cakes.—Take 4lb of flour, 4lb of cornflour, 2oz of margarine, 2oz of lard, 4lb of castor sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, vanilla, lemon, or other flavouring to taste. Rub in lard and margarine into flour, cornflour and sugar; add baking powder. Mix with the egg; well-beaten. Put in small lumps on a floured tin and bake in a quick oven. These ingredients make 30 little cakes.

Mayonnaise.—With the aid of a well-made mayonnaise even the most uninteresting dishes, such as, for example, cold boiled fish (any sort), or cold roast lamb, or veal, or lean mutton, or cold, boiled, or roast fowl or turkey, can be made appetising and delicious. If you follow these instructions exactly your mayonnaise is bound to be successful too. Mayonnaise perk, cold duck or goose, cold herrings or mackerel, unless soured. It is excellent with all kinds of cold game. For the perfect Mayonnaise, separate the white from the yolk of a large fresh egg. Put the yolk into a mortar. Add to it a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard flour and a tiny pinch of salt. Measure off half a pint of oil into a bottle with a well-fitting cork. Cut a tiny nick in the cork at one side, put it back in the bottle, and shake out the oil, a single drop at a time only, at the same time rubbing each drop in hard with the tip of a small wooden spoon. The rubbing must be all one way and must not cease till the sauce is finished. The more you rub the thicker and more 'velvety' the sauce will get. Should it curdle the first time empty it all out carefully into a small jug. Put another yolk of egg into the mortar and then add the curdled oil from the jug very slowly, rubbing it till smooth. When all the oil is in, add pepper and salt and a little Tarragon vinegar to taste. Some people prefer a very rich oily sauce, others a rather vinegary one; from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful is about the right amount. Serve at once or keep upon ice till needed.

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and and and
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From the finest pastures in Southland. Clean, pure, sweet, wholesome, and scientifically pasturised.

A BOON FOR BABIES.
Our Motto: "Purity."

MILK MILK MILK
and and and
CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

INVERCARGILL MILK SUPPLY,
53 YARROW STREET.

Thus easily did the eminent judge dispose of any qualms of conscience he may have felt. He certainly did not intend, now that he had reached the summit of his career, to sacrifice himself for the sake of an Australian adventurer and ne'er-do-well.

And now the curtain was about to rise on the final scene of the drama.

The jury had returned, and the buzz of talk in the crowded court stopped as if by magic and gave place to a breathless silence.

"Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?"

"Guilty."

All eyes were turned on the prisoner. He made no sign. He stood in the dock, holding the rail in front of him with both hands, his head bowed. He seemed like one in a dream.

The judge on the Bench, almost for the first time during the trial, fixed his cold gaze on the prisoner.

Then, in calm, solemn tones, he began to pronounce the grim sentence which the law decreed.

"Richard Foster, you have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen of the heinous crime of murder. I will not harrow your feelings by making any comment on the case, but will formally pass the sentence allotted by law, and it is that you be taken from here to the place whence you came and that—"

The calm, level voice suddenly halted. Everyone in that thronged court looked in amazement at the judge.

What was wrong? He seemed to have been struck dumb. His lips were parted, his eyes distended, and he was staring with an awful, fixed gaze at the prisoner in the dock.

Dick Foster had listened to the opening words of his sentence with bowed head.

Then suddenly his demeanour had changed.

As the awful words fell upon his dull ears he became all at once galvanised into life. His limp form stiffened and became erect, his haggard face was uplifted, and then—he threw back his head with an odd boyish jerk of defiance, as of one who says, "Now, come what will and do your worst; you will not find me afraid."

It was that peculiar, characteristic movement, and as he did so the crowded court, and all it contained, faded from his vision.

Five and twenty years slipped away as in a dream, and once again John Millbank

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FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1920.

THE SOUTHLAND FLORAL, PLANT
AND SEED SUPPLY.

TINY DANIEL

(Late with Lennie and Sons),

Begs to state that he has taken over the Southland Floral Plant and Seed Supply, Albion Buildings, Dee street, Invercargill, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a fair share of public patronage.

SEED MERCHANT, FOREST TREES,
FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTAL
AND FLOWERING SHRUBS AND
TREES,
SUPPLIED AT THE SHORTEST
NOTICE.

All kinds of Seeds and Plants in Season.

Note Address—
ALBION BUILDINGS,
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P.O. Box 332. Telephone No. 30.

was a struggling barrister. He saw himself and his young wife in their little suburban home, standing by the side of a child's cot. Together they looked down at their son, barely a year old. The child had just awakened, and looked up at them with big, wondering eyes.

The whole scene was re-enacted for the judge's startled gaze. And then it faded, and another scene appeared, but it was still not the crowded court.

Judge Millbank saw himself confronted by a proud and handsome fair-haired boy, as obstinate as himself. He saw the boy's white face with the livid mark of the whip-lash across it. And then he saw the lad fling back his head with just that same defiant gesture.

In a flash these old scenes faded. Judge Millbank awoke and once again he was staring at the prisoner in the dock.

With a cry of mortal anguish he staggered to his feet, for in that moment there flashed across his brain the awful truth.

The man he was about to sentence to death was his own boy Jack—Jack! his only son!

This wonderful story from the pen of a popular author is, without doubt, the most amazing story ever written. Don't miss next week's instalment! It is full of exciting incidents, which will hold you spellbound from start to finish. Order next week's copy of the "Digger," at once, and please tell your friends to read this grand, new serial.

SMALL GERMAN WAR PENSIONS.

ALLIES' VARYING PROVISIONS.

There was issued yesterday as a White Paper (Cmd. 474) a series of tables showing the weekly rates of war pensions and allowances granted by the principal Allied and Associated Powers and Dominion Governments and by Germany to men disabled, and to the dependents of men who died, in consequence of the war.

Taking as a standard the pension paid to a totally disabled man the tables show that the United Kingdom, New Zealand, and South Africa, each pay 40s per week. Canada heads the list with 47s 11d; France pays 37s; Australia, 30s; The United States, 28s 10d; Italy, 19s 4d; but this has been temporarily increased to vary from 23s 6d to 37s 1d; according to incapacity; and Germany, from 13s 10d to 26s 4d (at 20 marks to the £) according to the nature of the disablement. Pensions for partial disablement are given on a percentage basis in all cases. Except in the cases of France and Germany there are additional allowances for a wife, and except in the case of Germany there are additional allowances per child. To meet the increased cost of living the German pension has been increased from January 1st last by a bonus of from 50 to 100 per cent., according to the nature of the disablement. Pending the passing of a new law to replace that of 1906, an all-round bonus of 40 per cent has also been granted in Germany as from June 1st this year.

With respect to widows, Canada again heads the list with 58s 4d plus a bonus of 7s 8d. New Zealand allows 30s., and South Africa 25s. The United States is next with 24s., and both United Kingdom and Australia pay 20s. France allows 11s 5d a week, Italy 9s 7d., and Germany 7s 8d. In every case an allowance is made for children, the figures for the first child being:—United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa 10s; Canada 14s 4d, United States 9s 7d; France 4s 7d; Germany 3s 2d; and Italy 5s 6d. Again in the case of Germany pending the passing of the new law an all-round 40 per cent bonus has been granted as from June 1st.

Agriculture.

Pasture Notes.

BY E. BRUCE LEVY,

ASSISTANT BIOLOGIST, WERAROA
STATE FARM.

In conjunction with my lectures read Journal of Agriculture Vol. XVI. p.p. 126, 219 and 258 Vol. XVII p.p. 35 and 140, year 1918.

In no other part of the world is the farmer more dependent (or able to depend) on pasturage than in the farmer in New Zealand, and it can safely be said that no other part of the world of the same area affords such divergence of type; such a complication of problems; such a diversity of successions; such a variation in the varieties of seed used and in the quantity applied per acre, and perhaps in no other part of the world should greater consideration be given to the quality of seed that is sown, for here so much land is of a permanent nature that the seeding once done is done for good, for never again will there be the opportunity for establishment to equal the ashes of the original burn.

The important position that our pasture lands occupy is shown by the following figures:—

Total occupied area in New Zealand 42,745,000 acres, of this area 4,500,000 acres are virgin forest, 2,200,000 acres barren and unproductive (mountain top river bed; littoral sand.)

2,700,000 acres fern and scrub; some of this is being annually brought into first class pasture, but the majority represents succession to this vegetation after initial attempts at utilisation have failed, which leaves at present 33,300,000 acres on which to carry out all agricultural and pastoral pursuit of the country, of this area, 31,350,000 acres consists of grasslands or 94½ per cent of the total occupied area, leaving 1,950,000 acres on which all other cropping of the country is carried on.

In the grasslands given above the natural pastures are included which perhaps is not a fair comparison seeing that all the 1,950,000,000 acres are directly productive through the agency of man.

The pasture lands are made up as follows:—

5,000,000 acres of ploughed land.
10,200,000 acres pastures surface sown.
16,150,000 acres natural pastures (tussock country etc.)

The following figures perhaps then give a better idea of the relative importance of the various crops when only the improved land is taken into consideration:—

15,200,000 acres grass land sown.
1,360,000 acres grass supplementary crop.
530,000 acres for all other crops.

Of the actual improved land of New Zealand therefore we see that 90 out of every 100 acres consists of sown grass land.

Examined also from a stock carrying point of view the same predominate position of grasslands is seen.

In New Zealand there are approximately 42,000,000 stock units. This is arrived at by calculating each sheep as one stock unit and each cattle beast and horse as six stock units.

It is considered that each stock unit will require per day 24lb of grass or grass equivalent, or roughly 4 tons per annum. From this the annual feed requirements works out approximately:—170,000,000 tons, and if we examine the areas and yields devoted to the feeding of live stock we find that the grass lands produce:—145,000,000 tons or 90 per cent, grass supplementary crops 17,000,000 tons or 10 per cent.

Again in considering the carrying power of live stock food.

At the present time as far as sheep is concerned 4s per grass ton or 16s per stock unit is a fair annual earning power, and, while the earning power varies for the same food fed to different classes of stock yet 16s per stock unit may well be taken for comparative purposes.

42,000,000 stock units at 16s each.
£34,000,000 which equals the annual earning power of live-stock per annum.

Of this amount,—

Grass lands earn £30,000,000 or approximately 90 per cent.

Grass supplementary feed £4,000,000.

The above figures should give some idea of the tremendous importance to the country that our grass lands are.

In our pasture formations there are some 30 to 40 species of grasses and 10 species of clovers.

As I mentioned above, no country uses intentionally in the laying down of pastures so many different species as does the New Zealand farmer. His aim is to grass as well as possible every type of ground whether it is suitable or not with the more commonly used European grasses. Pure sowings of any one species are seldom made, mixtures consisting of several species being the rule, in such mixtures the dominant element being the seed for which it has been demonstrated that the conditions are most suitable.

—Factors Determining the duration of Pastures.—

The variations in species used: The relative amounts of each sown and the climatic and soil conditions under which applied and the treatment under varying management, determine the length of the duration of pastures. And while as a basis of classification the duration is poor, yet pastures are really best classified under this head.

On this classification the pastures fall under the following groups:—

- (1) Temporary pastures.
- (2) Short rotation pastures.
- (3) Long rotation grass land.
- (4) Permanent grass land.

All pastures really could well fall under these groups, but there is a class of pastures which are sown to fill special conditions and which really act as supplementary crops.

Such are three in number:—

- (1) Prairie grass for winter feed.
- (2) Rastpulum for summer feed.
- (3) Lucerne for spring and summer feed: Hay production, etc.

These are spoken of as special pastures. Again certain types of pastures can be utilised only in certain seasons of the year and for this reason are spoken of as seasonal pastures.

Such are sand-hill pastures which produce feed only in winter and spring (unless paspalum is used), and swamp pastures which are often too wet for stocking in winter.

The following is a rough and incomplete classification of our main grasslands:

A. Grass-land on ploughed ground.

- (1) Temporary.
 - (a) Italian rye-grass, clovers.
 - (b) Western woads rye-grass, clovers.
 - (c) Clovers.
- (2) Short Rotation.
 - (a) Perennial rye-grass clovers.
 - (b) Perennial rye-grass, cocksfoot, clovers.

(c) Perennial rye-grass, cocksfoot, timothy, crested dogstail; clovers.

(3) Long Rotation.

- (a) Perennial rye-grass, clovers.
- (b) Perennial rye-grass, cocksfoot, clovers.
- (c) Cocksfoot, perennial rye-grass, mixed grasses, clovers.
- (d) Paspalum special pasture.
- (e) Prairie-grass special pasture.
- (4) Permanent.

- (a) Ryegrass.
- (b) Ryegrass, cocksfoot.
- (c) Meadow fescue, ryegrass, timothy.
- (d) Chewings fescue.
- (e) Paspalum cocksfoot.
- (f) Swamp pastures leading from Italian ryegrass to permanent pasture.

(g) Drained swamp directly sown in permanent pasture.

B. Grass land on unploughed ground:

- (1) Bush-burnt, fern-land, and scrub-land

- (a) Rye-grass, cocksfoot type.
- (b) Cocksfoot, rye-grass type.
- (c) Cocksfoot, chewings fescue or danthonia or florin, etc., type.

(d) Derivatives from types 1, 2 and 3, on which succession has occurred.

(2) Swamp-land.

(a) True swamp type: Meadow fescue, cocksfoot, timothy-rye-grass type, and the series leading to them.

(b) Peat bogs: Yorkshire fog and its successions.

(C) Natural grass-land.

- (1) Sub-alpine fell-field.
- (2) Montane tussock and its successions.
- (3) Lowland tussock and its successions.

(Complete in next issue.)

OUR CHANCE TO FLOURISH.

SOLDIERS' OPPORTUNITIES.

We believe that the progress and prosperity of the whole province are wrapped up in the Southland Hydro-Electric Power Scheme. This scheme will afford Southland a splendid chance to flourish. The question that is being asked everywhere just now is—will the ratepayers vote in favour of the scheme at the great poll to be taken on the 27th inst, or will they allow Southland to lag behind while other parts of New Zealand get cheap electric power? Surely not! Everybody knows the hackneyed lines in which Shakespeare emphasises the fact that a man's success in life depends largely on his capacity to see and seize his opportunity. March 27th, then, is really Southland's opportunity. It depends entirely upon the success of the poll on that date whether the Hydro-Electric Power Scheme for Southland will be proceeded with or dropped. There is every reason to believe that the proposal will receive overwhelming support.

From the soldier's point of view the matter is one of great moment. There can be no question whatever but that in the working of the scheme and in the industries that will arise as a result of the availability of cheap electric power, myriads of opportunities for the employment of returned soldiers will be opened up. Already a large number of the returned men are taking courses of instruction in electrical matters and it is known that at the Technical Colleges and Laboratories in New Zealand and abroad, the electrical course is the most popular with disabled soldiers. Everyone who has the interests of Southland at heart should record his vote in favour of the Hydro-Electric Power Scheme at the poll to be taken on March 27th.

GIRLS ON FARMS.

DISCUSSED BY FARMERS.

A conference arranged between representatives of the North Canterbury Farmers' Union and the Canterbury Sheepowners' Union, and Misses G. Watkin and F. M. Girdler, of the British Overseas Settlement Mission, took place in Christchurch recently.

The chairman said that the conference had been called for the purpose of discussing the question of bringing girls from Great Britain for rural and domestic work. It was recognised to be a matter of great difficulty to get domestic assistance in the country districts, and almost an impossibility in the backblocks. Both Misses Watkin and Girdler had come into touch with girls who desired to emigrate to the colonies.

Miss Watkin said that a large number of the women who had worked under the Imperial authorities during the war had made representations to the authorities to see if there were opportunities of continuing their work in the Dominions. Lord Milner, Secretary of State for the Colonies, had interested himself in the matter, and had sent out three missions to the Dominions. Twenty thousand girls had been trained in land work, and had proved highly successful.

The opinion of those present was that there was no opening in New Zealand for this class of labour.

Miss Watkin said that she had anticipated this decision. There was another class of girl who would milk and assist in the dairy, and would undertake a certain amount of domestic work.

It was decided that there would be an opening for this class of labour.

Mr A. L. Rutherford suggested that if the girls could do a certain amount of work in the garden there would be a big demand for them.

Miss Girdler said that when the girls came out to the country, a system of barracks where they could be distributed was considered undesirable. It was suggested that groups of ten or twelve girls should be sent to country towns to a reception house. A lady superintendent, who would know the class of homes in the district, would know whether a girl was suited to different classes of work in the home. As to wages, although they were high in England, they were much below those ruling here. In New Zealand she thought wages were abnormally high. She thought that a domestic should receive a minimum wage of 20s a week, and a cook not less than 25s a week.

The following resolution, moved by the chairman was passed:—"That the North Canterbury District of the Farmers' Union and Canterbury Sheepowners' Union affirms the great need of assisting the scheme, and urges all concerned to do all they can to settle the girls and take an interest in their future welfare. The district recommends that a sub-committee from the two unions should be set up to co-operate with any other organisation that is

ECONOMIC EGG CRATES.

LINDSAY AND CO., Tay street, Invercargill, have been appointed Southland Agents for this well known Crata.

The Economic Egg Carrier has now been on the market for twelve years, and Crates made as far back as 1908 are still giving good service.

Supplied in the following sizes—

No. 1—Holds 20 Dozen.

No. 2—Holds 25 Dozen.

No. 3—Holds 10 Dozen.

Also Separate Trays to fit petrol cases—4½ dozen.

Price on application

STANDARD FISH SUPPLY,

Tay street.

FRESH Supplies of Fish and Oysters Daily. Cleanliness and attention assured. Give us a trial. Phone 907.

GEO. M. FLETCHER,
Proprietor.

willing to assist in the scheme."

Mr Jones added that the British Government was prepared to pay the passages of the girls from England, by way of a war gratuity.

Regarding the question of when the girls would be available. Miss Girdler said that the transport of soldiers had ceased, and about 3000 New Zealanders were waiting for passages back to the Dominion. She thought that, in two or three months, it would be possible to begin sending girls out.

It was stated that the unions represented would be able practically to guarantee to place 50 girls for at least a year.

Miss Watkin said that the Government would pay free passages for three years.

Shooting.

Deer stalkers are busy preparing for the coming fray. This class of sport is becoming very popular down south, due in some respect no doubt, to the Government issuing licenses for the "Wild West" region beyond Waiau.

Deer are reported as being fairly plentiful this year and have been seen in the Fe Wae Wae district.

Licenses are now issued for Stewart Island, but up to the present the writer has not heard of a head having been secured.

Snipe shooting this season has been poor to the average shooter. The birds are plentiful enough but the weather conditions have not been too favourable—the average shooter likes a "big" wind for this class of shooting.

"Mr Bunny" is going to have a hot time again this winter, what with shooting, trapping, ferreting and snaring, the country should be well rid of the pest at the end of the season.

Fishing.

Anglers on the whole this season have not had a very good time, particularly this last two months, owing to the rivers being too low, there have not been many catches recorded.

On Friday last, fishing in the Oreti below Lochiel, Mr A. W. Clark of Ryal Bush secured a beautiful bag of fine fish weighing 56 pounds or an average of 11lbs a piece which is exceptionally high.

The fish were in good condition, two of them in particular having the appearance of having just come up from the sea. The individual weights were 18lbs., 14lbs., 13lbs., 6lbs. and 5lbs.

This is the best individual bag for one days fishing the writer has heard of since the time of the great rush to what was known as Sises' Pool in 1913-14.

If some of the "Home" anglers were to see the bags taken from our rivers at times, it would do them good, for I am given to understand by some of the returned boys who have indulged in the gentle art in England and Scotland, that a bag of 10 or 12 fish each about 10 inches long is considered a fine catch.

Since the result of the investigation of the supposed Atlantic salmon caught in the Waiau last season, has been published, and the best authorities at Home have pronounced it as Atlantic Salmon, anglers, who at any time land a fish that seems to be out of the ordinary, are requested to forward same to the Acclimatisation Society, (Invercargill, for investigation.

"The 'Digger' will excite the interest of all New Zealanders who participated in the 'Great War of 1914-1919.'"

Brigadier General G. S. Richardson,
C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., etc.

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.

STOCK SALES.

The following list of stock sales may be useful for reference:—

SOUTHLAND.

Balfour—Third Thursday in month.
Clifden—Second and Fourth Thursday in month.

Dipton—Monthly during stock season.
Fertrose—Second Thursday in month.
Gore—Every Tuesday.
Kapuka—Second Wednesday in month.
Kelso—Monthly during the stock season.
Lumsden—Monthly during the stock season.
Mataura—Second Thursday in month.
Mosburn—Monthly during the stock season.
Orepuki—Third Thursday, except in June, August, and December.

Otautau—Second Friday in month.
Riverton—Third Thursday in month.
Seaward Moss—Occasionally as required.
Tapanni—Periodically during stock season.
Tuatapere—Fourth Thursday in month.
Thornbury—First Friday in month.
Tokonui—Fourth Monday in month.
Waikaka—Last Friday in month.
Waipahi—Periodically during stock season.
Wallacetown—Every Tuesday.
Winton—First Thursday in month, horse sale last Friday in month.
Woodlands—Second Thursday in month.
Wyndham—First Thursday in month.

OTAGO.

Balclutha—Alternate Fridays.
Clinton—Alternate Thursdays.
Clydevale—Last Tuesday in month.
Dunedin (Burnside)—Every Wednesday.
Milton—Alternate Tuesdays.
Dunrobin—First Friday in month.
Ngapara—First Thursday in month.
Oamaru—(Waireka)—Each Tuesday.
Palmerston South—First Monday in month.
Uwaka—Alternate Thursdays with Clinton.
Tuapeka Mouth—Periodically.
Waikouaiti—Second Thursday in month.
Waitahuna—Periodically.

SHOW DATES.

— April. —
23—A. and P. Association's Annual Show, at Waiata.
25—Temuka and Geraldine A. and P. Association's Annual Show at Temuka.
— April. —
3—Oxford A. and P. Association's Annual Show at Oxford.
15—Methven A. and P. Association's Show at Methven.
— June. —
1 to 4—Otago A. and P. Association's Winter Show at Dunedin.
22, 23, 24, and 25—Manawatu and West Coast A. and P. Association's National Dairy Show, at Palmerston North.

EXCHANGE MART.

Messrs McKay Bros. report as follows:—
Poultry—Fowls, 1s 11d to 2s 10d.
Pigs—Keen demand. Suckers, £2 5s; weaners, £2 15s.

Produce.—Moderate supplies of potatoes coming in, prices nominally £14. Wheat, scarce. Oats, 25s. Barley meal, 17s 6d. Pollard, 18s 6d. Bran, 9s. Oat-dust, 6s. Calf meal, 13s 6d.

Fruit.—Heavy supplies arriving daily. Quite a glut of tomatoes, and prices have eased all round, with the exception of peaches and nectarines. A few cases of bananas arrived in ripe condition, and were sold immediately. Orange and lemons are available, and prices closed as follows: Oranges, repacks, 50s; lemons, 45s; dessert apples, 10s; cookers, 6s to 7s 6d; pears, 7s to 9s per large case; peaches, crates, 4d to 6d. Nectarines, 3d to 7d; plums, 3d to 5d. Tomatoes, hot-house 6d, outside 4d, Nelson is 6d to 6s per case.

General.—Exchange Tea. Sold out until next steamer. Horse-covers.—There is a sharp rise in all horse and cow-covers, but having bought well ahead we can offer exceptional value at low prices. Buyers are advised to secure their winter requirements now.

Furniture.—Good demand for all lines in furnishings. New line of duchess chests arriving next week.



HORTICULTURE.

Horticulture is one of those things that are "worth while," whether for pleasure or profit, and as a pastime is full of interest, health giving and conducive to good habits. It provides its devotees with healthy exercise, in the open air, of endless variety and continuous interest, always something new to try, something new to acquire, something new to read about. There are of course many things that cannot be successfully cultivated in the south and which only lead to disappointment if we attempt to grow them. Leave them alone, grow what you can succeed with and you will have real pleasure and satisfaction. Even if you find that your particular locality or soil does not suit something that your neighbour succeeds with leave it alone and save disappointment. Try what will thrive with you and you will soon find out how much there is that will grow to perfection in the Sunny South, and even in your own little spot. The present is not a busy time but more a season to be enjoying the results of our earlier labours, still there is always something to do, and after the recent rains we can now do many little things that have been delayed by the dry weather.

There is still time for planting daffodil bulbs but the sooner they are got in the better. There are now so many lovely varieties that can be bought at reasonable prices that, except where large masses are required, it is wise to get the better sorts, Sir Watkin, although old should be in every garden and for forcing is hard to beat, Emperor, Empress, Glory of Lerdon, conspicuous Frank Miles and Mrs Langtry are good old garden varieties; for better varieties get Madam de Graaf, Weardale Perfection, Duke of Bedford, Lady Margaret Boscawen, Lucifer, Gloria Mundi, Albatros, Evangeline, White Slave, Diana, Dante, Horace Cassandra, all of which are lovely and of moderate price. Those who already have good collections but have not got the later Giant Leedsii should get such as Empire, Lord Kitchener, Lowdown Beauty, Fleetwing, etc. Dig deep, avoid stable manure unless well rotted and dig in deeply well below the bulbs; bone-dust and lime are best, plant 2 to 3 inches below the surface. Other spring bulbs etc., such as Tulips, Crocuses, anemones, Ranunculus may still be planted. Tulips and crocuses may be planted rather deep as the bulbs when ripening are rather a nuisance near the surface. Various cuttings such as carnations etc., may be planted a little deeper as if not fairly rooted before the winter the frost will throw them out.

If not already sown the sooner autumn sown Sweet Peas are in the better. Dig deeply with plenty of manure, and sow thickly enough to allow for a little thinning and some loss. Get good waved varieties in distinct colours and remember that fair sized clumps of a few varieties are much more useful than a big mixture. King White, Maude Holmes (crimson), Margaret Allen, Hercules (pink), Edith Taylor (salmon pink), Mrs Hugh Dickson (Elfrida Pearson, Frilled Pink, Mrs Cuthbertson (pale pink), Wedgewood (blue), Florence Nightingale (lilac), May Campbell (marble, cream and pink), will all give satisfaction, and bigger collections can be left for spring sowing.

GARDEN NOTES.

MARCH—APRIL.

As Southland presents so many climatic variations, it is impracticable to give other than a series of suggestive hints which can be modified to suit peculiar local conditions.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Dig, trench, and manure all spare ground and sow, cabbage, cauliflower, carrot, cress, mustard, lettuce, onion, winter spinach and turnip. Onions planted this month will produce the best keeping.

Lift and store in a dry place, onions, garlic and shallots.

Plant out cabbage and cauliflower plants.

FLOWER GARDEN.

To ensure a good showing for spring, start and plant, daffodils, anemones, crocus, ixids, tulips, ranunculus, iris, hyacinths, etc.

Sow hardy annuals, plant out biennials, perennials, and carnation layers.

This is the best month for sowing sweet peas for spring use.

Chrysanthemums in pots or tins should now be put under cover.

LAWNS.

Prepare ground for new lawns, by well draining, trenching and pulverising the

surface. Lawns sown this month will better results than done in spring.
Top dress old lawns and sow with a fresh, specially mixed lawn grass.

MOUNT WENDON RUN.

A great deal of dissatisfaction has been caused by a number of returned soldiers having their applications declined in connection with the run 175b Wendon and Greenvale Survey District. This Association has received complaints from three men who consider they have just cause to ask for reason being given stating why their applications were declined. The cases are briefly as stated:—

(1) A returned soldier having an open letter of credit from the Southland Farmers' Co-Operative Association, which stated that they, the Association, were prepared to supply whatever additional money he required to stock Mt. Wendon run. This applicant had been a farmer all his life and had a certain amount of ready money, sufficient at least to meet the immediate demands for rentals, etc.

(2) A soldier who stated that his father who holds title deeds over property in a northern town valued at £750 odd was prepared to place this property at the disposal of his son if he was successful at the ballot, also had his application declined in spite of the fact that besides the backing his father was prepared to give him he would also have been backed by the Southland Farmers' Co-Operative Association for the sum of £1500. This applicant had been a farmer all his life so there was no doubt that he had the necessary experience.

(3) A soldier who had been farming all his life and had £800 ready cash at his disposal was also declined.

In view of these facts this Association communicated with the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Invercargill, asking that if it were possible some explanation should be given as to the reason of these applications being declined. This letter was answered by the Commissioner of Crown Lands who stated that the evidence produced did not satisfy the Land Board that the applicants were in a financial position to work the land. The Commissioner also stated that the examination was confidential and that he could not go into details concerning the private facts of the applicants.

In view of this answer, we have communicated with the Minister of Lands, setting out the complaints as they were received from the unsuccessful applicants, and also outlining the answer we have received from the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

As it has been repeatedly stated that lack of capital shall be no bar to men applying for land under the "Discharged Soldier's Settlement Act, we contend that some explanation should be given for the attitude adopted by the Land Board in the case of Mt. Wendon run.

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LAND SETTLEMENT.

EXTENSION OF PRIVILEGES.

Defence Headquarters supplies the information that the privileges granted to discharged soldiers of the N.Z.E.F. as outlined in sections 2 and 3 of the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Amendment Act, 1917, have been extended to include:—

1. Undischarged members of the N.Z.E.F. who have served overseas.
2. Widows of deceased members of the N.Z.E.F. who have served overseas.
3. Any discharged member of the New Zealand Army Nursing Service who has served overseas (provided that the context does not otherwise require.)

4. Any person retained in New Zealand as an instructor at a camp of military training conducted for the purpose of an Expeditionary Force.

For the purpose of the Repatriation Act, 1918:—

5. The widowed mother of a deceased soldier shall be entitled to the same privileges and benefits as if she were a widow within the meaning of that Act.

6. All discharged members of an Expeditionary Force who, having been classed absolutely as medically fit for service beyond the seas, have served as members of that force in a camp of military training in New Zealand, and have, through no fault of their own, been discharged from that force, will be entitled to benefit under the Act.

A house was set on fire at Swansea, and an old lady burned to death, through a mouse nibbling some matches.

Eminent scientists believe that not a single microbe exists in mountain air above the height of 2000 feet.

A plaid of Persian rugs from Easton Park, Lady Graham's place in Suffolk, was recently sold at £13,650.

MOTORING NOTES.

BY "MAGNETO."

The world to-day is now emerging from the war period and is gradually beginning to appreciate its tremendous requirements. There is not only a demand for its normal wants but for far more than its pre-war needs. Never was the demand for motor cars greater than at the present time. Yet the loss in skilled labour, in factories, in machinery, and in the will to work, has given us a temporarily impoverished world and it will be many years before it can free itself from the present day absurdities in exchange levels and prices. In place of the expected low prices we still have rapidly increasing prices, with a supply for below the demand. British and Continental motor firms cannot hope to place an yoi teir hproducts on the Colonial markets until the end of 1921, while the American factories are far short of their own local requirements. Thus intending buyers of cars err when they entertain the belief that prices will soon fall.

WONDERFUL MOTORING FEAT.

Mr W. S. Millar, retail salesman for Chandler cars in Auckland has just established a new motoring record from Auckland to the Bluff in a Chandler six car. Leaving Auckland at 3 a.m. he arrived in Wellington at 7.8 p.m., after a non-stop run of 16 hours 8 minutes. From there the car was shipped to Picton, where he started again, reaching Bluff in 20 hours, the actual motoring time being under 18 hours. Big Tree petrol was used for the run, and both the Chandler Company and the Big Tree Company are to be congratulated on the fine performance.

CONCRETE ROADS.

The question of concrete material roads will have to be considered firmly by the local Road Boards. The long spell of dry weather has played havoc with our main roads which is in a disgraceful state. Motorists will gladly welcome a tax of some sort if thereby they can secure the enjoyment of travelling over better roads.

LIGHT TIRES.

The British and Continental firms are now turning their attention to the production of light cars. The latest to venture in this direction is the Rover Company, who have purchased a large factory for their production of a light two cylinder model. This car will compete against the motor cycle and side-car and give those large number of people who desire a small car at a low price.

CARE OF ACCUMULATORS.

As new models get delivered more and more owner-drivers have the care of accumulators. The two first practical tips about them are keeping them filled up and maintaining the terminals in good condition. The electrolyte, which is the dilute acid in the cells, gradually evaporates. Where the plates are thus left dry they are, of course, in-operative. The current passes through the electrolyte from one set of plates to the other. The electrolyte should be kept up to the level of the top of the plates or slightly over by the addition of clean rain water, not tap water. When rain water cannot easily be got, the nearest chemist will supply some distilled water.

The terminals should be clean and bright where they make contact, and there should be neither dirt of vaseline on these surfaces in contact. After screwing up the terminal nuts as tightly as possible with the fingers (pliers should not be used), the whole of the terminal top should be literally smeared with vaseline. Even although there may be no perceptible spray of acid from the vents of the accumulators there will be fumes o facid always present in the battery box, and these fumes attack brass. Lead terminals are greatly to be preferred to brass, or terminals so coated with lead that no brass is exposed to the fumes. Terminals of this sort will probably be very largely used in the future.

F. H. TUCKER,

LAND AGENT,

Corner Dee street and Crescent,

INVERCARGILL.

WATCH this space for some very fine farms for sale in the next issue of this paper.

In the event of you wishing to sell your farm please communicate with me.

THE SPORTS HARLEY.

THE SPORTS HARLEY.

THE MOTOR EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT.

THOROUGHLY up-to-date in every respect. The Harley is an opposed twin of 4½ h.p. with plenty of ground clearance.

Three speed gear-box and clutch running in oil.

Enclosed single drive chain oiled by engine.

Perfect Mechanical Lubrication.

Induction pipe heated by exhaust gases together with dust proof carburetter.

Perfect front and rear springing with wide mudguards. 26 x 3 Tyres.

It is sturdily built and has opened its career by establishing numerous records.

A SAMPLE MACHINE ON VIEW. INSPECTION INVITED.

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All Classes of Repair Work undertaken.

First-class Workmanship guaranteed.

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FOR SALE.

OTAITAI BUSH (opposite Riverton Race-course)—84 acres, at £30 per acre.

EAST ROAD (handy to town)—32 Acres at £60 per acre.

FOREST HILL—173 Acres at £7; 420 acres at £5; 270 acres at £7. On easy terms.

ROSEDALE (North Invercargill)—15 Acres at £35; 9 acres at £40; 7½ acres at £45. The cheapest suburban land on the market to-day.

WOODEND—Handy little dairy farm of 66 acres, together with all necessary outbuildings; handy to factory and rail; at £30 per acre.

HOUSES and SECTIONS for sale in all localities.

WM. TODD & CO., LTD.

AUCTIONEERS AND LAND AGENTS.

"Rialto," Don street, INVERCARGILL.

Nine hundred and ninety-seven cutting tools alone are required in manufacturing a modern rifle.

The Marseillaise was so called because it was first sung in Paris by volunteers from Marseilles.

In a single year as many as half-a-million cases of self-destruction have been recorded in China.

Over a million pounds' worth of herrings were brought into Yarmouth during the past season.

During the war, the Grand Fleet consumed 11,000,000 tons of fuel in steaming over the North Sea.

The eggs of the alligator are eaten in certain islands of the West Indies and on the west coast of Africa.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER LOAN

SATURDAY, MARCH 27th.

RATEPAYERS!

THE Southland Electric Power Board's Special Loan Proposal will be voted upon throughout the whole district on Saturday, March 27th. The Power Board unanimously urges every ratepayer to "**Vote for the Proposal.**"



Just contemplate what it will mean to have cheap Hydro-Electric Power distributed throughout Southland. Wallace County, parts of Clutha and Tuapeka Counties, the Boroughs of Invercargill, South Invercargill, Gore, Mataura, Riverton, Winton, Bluff, Tapanui, and the Town Board Districts of Wyndham, Nightcaps, Lumsden, Edendale and Otautau.

VOTE FOR THE PROPOSAL:

IT'S OUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR REAL PROGRESS.

- The Power Board is unanimously in favour of the scheme.
 - It has been fully investigated by the Government Engineers, and is completely approved by them.
 - The scheme can be completed in every part in three years.
 - All details of the design are up to the Government Standard, and will fit in with any Government proposals for reticulation and interconnection of schemes.
 - There is no element of doubt as to the water being sufficient for the full power development and ample reserve.
 - The Monowai scheme compares favourably with the Lake Coleridge system.
 - The money is available to-day on terms that are equivalent to those on which the British Government is borrowing.
- It will not be necessary for the Board to borrow the whole of the money at once, but if the Ratepayers VOTE FOR THE PROPOSAL it will place the Board in the position to obtain the money under the most favourable circumstances, just as and when the development of the scheme requires it.
- THE** The Government Chief Electrical Engineer, Mr L. Birks, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., M.I.E.E., etc., has reported to the Board that the Monowai scheme as a whole, including the distribution of the power throughout the country districts, has every prospect of success financially and otherwise.

VOTING FOR MEANS—

5

1. Cheap, clean lighting for all
2. Efficient power on the farm and elsewhere
3. Labour-saving appliances everywhere
4. Very much less dependence on coal and petrol.
5. Increased home comforts, industrial expansion and progress.

VOTING AGAINST MEANS—

5

1. Destroying the work that has already been accomplished.
2. Undoing years of valuable preparation.
3. Giving Southland a real set-back.
4. Discouraging enterprise.
5. Standing still while others advance.

Nothing more can be done unless the ratepayers vote **For the Proposal.**

With confidence we leave the matter in your hands.

(Signed by the Members of the Board),

A. W. RODGER (Chairman), R. A. ANDERSON, F. YOUNG,
H. FOWLER, R. A. RODGER, L. CODY, T. A. BUCKINGHAM,
A. F. HAWKE, W. HINCHEY, T. FRASER, E. BOWMAR, W. NORMAN.

TWO GOOD LINES FOR FARMERS.

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SEPARATORS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR SOUTHLAND.

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FARMS FOR SALE.

We have Farms of all sizes for sale in all parts of Southland. Soldiers and others intending to settle on the land will find it to their advantage to call on us and inspect.

RABBITSKINS

OUR PRICES HAVE NOT FALLEN.

WE ARE PAYING AS FOLLOWS:

Full-grown Summer Skins, 73d to 80d per lb.
Half-grown Skins, 60d to 63d per lb.
Small Skins, 40d to 42d per lb.

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EVERY successful Amateur Gardener must be

A "DIGGER"

and keep digging all the year round. Now is the time to plant—

SPRING FLOWERING BULBS.

Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissi, Anemones, Ranunculus, Ixias, Snowdrops, Crocus, Iris, and others.

We offer special 5/-, 10/- and 20/- collections.

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12 Choice named Spencers, 2/6.

15 Choice Exhibition Spencers, 3/6.

Our Spring Catalogue free on application.

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My business is run at a minimum expenses, therefore I am enabled to give you the benefit. I specialise in DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RINGS, which cannot be surpassed for either quality or price. I attend personally to the wants of all my customers and guarantee to give every satisfaction.

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SAMPLES CAN BE SEEN ON OUR PREMISES.

Quotations given on application.

BRISCOE AND CO.,
LIMITED.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

BRIGHT PARS GLEANED FROM THE
FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Maud: "Is Gertie Smithers Your friend?" Edith: "Yes; what has she been saying about me?"

"We tried to buy some rope to hang a profiteer?" Well? "But the dealer wanted too much for it."

Flossie: "And what will be the outcome of your marriage with Fred?" Gertie: "What I'm thinking about is the income."

She (after the quarrel): "You used to say that you liked to see me in anything." He: "I hadn't seen you in a rage then."

Mrs Olden: "What did you marry for, my dear; love, money, position, or what?" Mrs Bridey: "For a husband."

Mrs A.: "I notice that your husband doesn't smoke. Is it because you object to it?" Mrs B.: "Oh, dear, no! If I objected to it, he'd smoke."

Pat: "Go aisy, Mike; it's three moiles we have before us." Mike: "Shure, that's why Oim hurryin'; Oi want to get there before Oim tired out."

Asked by her teacher, "What do we mean by the plural of a word?" Little Bess answered: "By the plural of a word we mean the same thing, only more of it."

"I know that circumstances alter cases," said the struggling young lawyer, "but I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."

Mr Smarte: "She has a very difficult part in the new play." Mrs Smarte: "Difficult? Why she doesn't say a word." Mr Smarte: "Well, isn't that difficult for a woman?"

Sympathetic Bystander (to man searching for lost key): "Do you know where you've lost it?" Victim (on all fours): "Of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places to kill time."

Tommy: "Pop, what is the difference between truth and flattery?" Tommy's Pop: "Flattery, my son, consists of the nice things we say about other people; truth is the nice things other people say about us."

The Sunday-school superintendent, after talking for nearly an hour, made this appeal: "Now, children, what more can I say?" Pleathe, thir," lisped a small, weary youngster in the front row, "they amen and thit down!"

"I suppose, remarked the facetious stranger, watching a workman lay down a carpet from the church door to the kerb, "that is the high road to heaven?" "No," promptly replied the man, "this is merely a bridal path."

"But, your worship," said the prisoner, "I'm not guilty of this crime. I have three witnesses who will swear that at the hour this man was robbed I was at home, taking care of the baby." "Yes," glibly answered the country solicitor, "that is true. We can prove a lullaby, your honour."

WHAT THEY MISSED.

Weary Waggles: "An' to think we didn't go to that free concert last night." Dusty Rhodes: "Wot about it?" Weary Waggles: "This here paper says the music was intoxicatin'."

Sweden fears that, owing to lack of supplies of raw material during the war, she has lost her linen industry. Russia and Holland used to supply her with flax.

In 1850 America produced no more than half a million pounds of eandy, as against a present production estimated from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds a year.



"Man wants but little here below —"

BUT THAT LITTLE HE WANTS GOOD —AND "H.B."

FICKLE AND INCONSISTENT AS MAN MAY OR MAY NOT BE, HE IS CONSISTENT IN HIS DESIRE FOR POSSESSION OF CLOTHING THAT IS GOOD IN QUALITY

THAT IS WHY THOUSANDS OF MEN THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION BUY "H.B." TIES, HATS, BRACES, SOCKS, AND SHIRTS, THEY KNOW THAT



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MEN'S BRACES, medium and heavy makes, 2/6, 3/11.

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MEN'S BAND SHIRTS, in different stripes, 8/11, 10/6.

MEN'S TENNIS SHIRTS, in White and Stripes 10/6, 11/6.

MEN'S TWEED CAPS, nice patterns, 5/11, 6/11.

MEN'S LOUNGE FELT HATS, in various shades, 13/6, 19/6.

MEN'S TWEED HATS, in smart styles, 10/6, 11/6.

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