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GENT.'S OUTFITTERS.

THE MENIN WAY.

Along the cobbled Menin way
The wine and wool were sent,
And market waggons every day
To Ypres and Menin went,
And oh! the laughing women sat and
sewed
Before their houses on the Menin road.

There are no houses now; the rain
In pools where they have been
Lies deep; or out upon the plain
A few frail walls may lean;
And oh! the little children must not
play
With what they find beside the Menin
way.

And I remember gallant men
And lads who fought and died,
And think of all their laughter when
They said Good-bye—and died;
For "Oh! it's not too bad," they used
to say,
"Along the Armentieres and Menin
way."
"Punch."

MUD.

We'll stand 'is flamin' shrapnel, what he
lobs all round about,
We're used ter pickled fruit and H.E.
shells;
Machine guns makes yer anxious, and the
sniper puts you out,
But one thing worse upon yer patience
tells.

It's the mud, the blindin' mud,
Clingin', draggin', downin' mud,
With lakes, an' pools and puddles far and
wide;
Grave of debris, dead, and dud,
Black and brown, and tinged with blood;
The soil where heroes struggled, fought,
and died.

When stretcher-bearers stagger under
loads that hurt their backs,
Sore wounded comrades, silent in their
pain,
And six men take an hour to do a mile
without a track
Through depths of liquid clay in pourin'
rain.

But sometimes when you've cowered down
and prayed you might evade
The shell that came right at you with a
dive,
Some stinging scraps have hit you, but you
move on undismayed;
Thank God, it lobbed in mud; you're still
alive.

It's the mud, the blindin' mud,
Clingin', draggin', downin' mud,
With lakes an' pools and puddles far and
wide;
Grave of debris, dead, and dud,
Black and brown, and tinged with blood;
The soil where heroes struggled, fought
and died.
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SUITS TO MEASURE

— TO YPRES. —

Two British Tommies on demobilisation had managed to secure an old automobile establishing themselves modestly as excursion agents to the Flanders battlefields in a small town near the Belgian border. To them one day came a young "Cuthbert" with his girl, both bearing evidence of opulence acquired probably in munition factories.

"What!" cried Cuthbert, "you want five pounds to take me to Ypres."

"Too much, is it?" responded one of the partners. "Well, my lad, if you'd only come out here two years ago, you could have gone along there for nothing."

THE MAJOR'S MISTAKE.

At a local party, held for returned warriors, including all the staff of the town's regiment, after a little persuasion the adjutant stood up to sing.

Adjutant (singing): "And we didn't care a button if the odds were on the ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, etc."

Major (aroused from a nap): "As you were! Number!"

COMPLETE DRAMATIC SHORT STORY.

THE

OUTCAST.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

"A person to see you, sir!"

"A what?" queried Mr James Salter.

"A person to see you, sir," repeated Miss Turrell, elevating her pretty nose, if possible, a trifle more.

Jimmy Salter smiled up his sleeve. He knew exactly the extent of Miss Turrell's disapproval of a visitor by the angle of her expressive little nose. However, he concealed his merriment.

"Has the person got a name?" he asked genially.

"I don't know," returned Miss Turrell. "If he has he refuses to reveal it."

"H'm! A mysterious sort of Johnny. Show him in, anyway, and we'll have a look at him."

A moment later Jimmy Salter received the genuine shock of his life. A lean, dirty, cadaverous wreck of a man shuffled into the room, hesitated for a moment or so and then held out his hand with a sort of fierce aggressive movement, as if he quite anticipated a refusal.

"How do, Jimmy?" he muttered.

Jimmy Salter stared. Miss Turrell, arrested in her departure, stared also, and breathed quickly. She sniffed the scent of drama in the very air.

Mr Jimmy Salter was everything a young girl's ideal of what manhood ought to be. Immaculate, debonair, distractingly handsome. The visitor was a draggled tramp. He had not shaved for days. He had not bathed for an indefinite number of weeks. He wore the choker of the hooligan, the greasy, over-peaked cap of the Paris Apache. His clothes would have been an offence to a decent scarecrow.

There was a crash. Jimmy leapt to his feet, and his chair went over backwards. He literally rushed at the scarecrow man, and shook him by the shoulders with an amazing affectionateness that seemed incapable of any milder form of expression. "Drexel!" he said, with a choke in his voice. "Jack Drexel! By the Lord, it's you."

Miss Turrell sat in her little office a moment later, feeling and looking rather stunned. She was out of her depths. This was something altogether outside and beyond all the vast experience of life which she had accumulated in the course of nineteen years.

An hour later Jack Drexel, the scarecrow person, and Jimmy Salter, the fashionable solicitor, were still closeted together in the latter's pleasant office. The door was locked, and they were talking gravely. Of the two Salter looked the more grave.

"Look here, Jack!" he said. "Have you come to me for advice?"

"No," replied the other shortly. "I want nobody's advice. I have come home to do a certain thing. There's nothing very complicated about it, and if I had wanted the law and the lawyers to wrangle over my little difficulty, I could have done that seven years ago, couldn't I?"

"Exactly; and in my opinion it's a pity you didn't. Anyway, you haven't come to me for advice, what have you come for?"

"Chiefly to see if there is one man who knew me in the old days who is still ready to shake me by the hand, in spite of the wreck I've become. Secondly, I want some money, enough to fit myself out as a gentleman, and take my place as one for a few weeks."

"That's easy. You are a fairly well-to-do man. You left your small capital in my charge when you choose to disappear from the face of the earth. You haven't spent a penny of it for seven years, and, under my careful investment, it has flourished like the green bay tree. In a word, you are more than twice as well off as when you went away, in return for which I hope you will not think hard things about solicitors any more. Now, whether you like it or not, I am going to give you some advice, and I charge you nothing at all for it."

"Fire away!" said Drexel ungraciously. "You might as well save your breath for a more paying client."

"Look here, Jack! What have you come home for? It's not to resume your old life, because you say that in a few weeks you are going back to the South Seas or wherever was the last outlandish place you came from."

"I've come home to get my own back," muttered Drexel grimly.

"Which, in a word, means revenge! To revenge yourself on Harold Archer?"

Drexel nodded.

"Well, my advice to you is to leave it alone. You won't go about the business in the proper legal manner. You want to deal out justice with an axe. That may be all right in the South Seas or the Klondyke Trail, or the Montana Ranges, or in most of the places where you've been spending your time the last seven years; but not here, Jack. In this place, and in this year of Grace, that sort of thing is not done."

"I admit your grievance. I admit that you've been miserably wronged by Archer. But you should have stood up to your trouble when it came at you, instead of running away from it and nursing it for seven years."

"Do you know what you've done? You've got the whole thing out of proportion. You've got yourself into such a frame of mind that you're inclined to believe that even homicide would be justifiable."

"You wrote a play—'The Star of India.' And a dashed good play, too. You submitted it to an actor-manager, named Harold Archer, who was by the way of being a friend of yours. Archer kept it some time, and then returned it, with regrets that he was unable to make use of it."

"He did not return it," interrupted Drexel. "He sent a letter of regret in a large envelope, torn and burst open. It was the device of a child. I was asked to believe that the manuscript had been returned, but had been lost in the post through the bursting of the envelope. But the letter was not lost."

"Very good," continued the solicitor. "We will say he adopted this transparent device. A few months later he brings out a play called 'The Veil of Silence.' That is a great play. It ran for three years, and Archer made pots of money out of it. You claim it as a colourable imitation of your play."

"It is my play!" snapped Drexel. "The names are changed. It is staged in China instead of India. The Hindoo characters are Chinamen. A few unimportant details are altered, and spoilt. But the play is my play, and Harold Archer never wrote anything like it, and never could."

"Very good," continued Salter. "I believe it is all as you say. But there is a bit more in it than that, and I'm going to speak plainly to you. Archer married Diana Carrington. I believe you were once more than a little absorbed in that direction yourself?"

Drexel shrugged his shoulders, and Salter went on grimly.

"You were only in the same boat as several other eligible young men, myself included. But she chose to marry Archer—before he produced your play, mind—and she loves him."

"How do you know?" growled Drexel. "Because I have common sense and ordinary perception, and I know the colour of the light which shines in a woman's eyes when she finds herself married to the man for whom she would give up all the rest of the world, and count it well lost."

"And what's all this to do with me?" demanded Drexel.

"Just a theory of mine," went on Salter. "I admit that Archer may be all sorts of a scoundrel, but I would sooner see you laugh at all this business, and go and write another play that will wipe the floor with the 'Star of India.'"

"Why?"

"Because that would be more like the man you were, and the man I believe you still are under the skin. And because I believe there is still some good in Archer, or he would not win and keep the love of a good woman, as he has won and kept it."

"That may be your way of looking at the matter, but mine is different," said Drexel, as he went out.

A new play by Harold Archer was billed to make its appearance in a West End theatre shortly. It was a fragment of newspaper giving this information which had brought Drexel back from the Southern Pacific.

He realised that Fate was playing into his hands, and that the revenge for which

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he had waited seven years was imminent.

The new play was entitled "The Outcast."

Once he had obtained some new clothes and got himself fitted out as a gentleman, it did not take Drexel long to find out what the play was like.

Within a week he had witnessed a dress-rehearsal. Before it was half through he knew that Archer was riding for a fall that would finish his play-writing career for ever. This was obviously not a stolen play. He had written it himself, probably with the curious idea that having produced one success he could foist another on the public by the mere weight of his reputation.

But Drexel knew better. The play was rubbish. The whole thing depended on one character—the outcast. And the part was hopeless—a dull-witted torrent of words which the best actor in the world could not have raised from the level of boredom.

But Drexel was not content to wait for this fiasco and count that as his revenge. He had arranged another programme, which he proceeded to put into execution a few nights later.

He knocked at the door of the big house in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, and asked for Mr Archer.

He had seen him and Mrs Archer go out a few minutes before, so was not surprised when he was told they were not at home.

He said he would wait, and was conscious of a thrill of excitement when he was shown into the study—the very room he intended to get into by fair means or foul.

He had lived for seven years too near the stern realities of existence to be over particular about methods. He was determined to make a search for the manuscript of his play. He had a presentiment that Archer would not have destroyed it.

He threw a glance round the spacious and handsomely furnished study as soon as the servant left him alone.

There was a massive oak writing-desk.

"Not very likely to be there," he muttered.

His eyes went instinctively to a safe standing in a corner.

"A tin-pot affair," he said with a grim smile of satisfaction. "I could force it with a sardine tin-opener."

He produced a polished steel implement from his pocket. It was in two sections, beautifully made and tempered. He was in the act of fitting it together when there came a surprising interruption.

"What is that, if you please?"

It was a little girl who had been curled up in the depths of a big armchair at the further end of the room. Her fair curls were rumpled all over her head, and her big blue eyes were winking suspiciously as if she had been asleep. In Drexel's disordered and shocked mind nothing prettier could have stepped out of fairyland.

He grabbed at the shining instrument to save it from falling. Then, feeling a curious giddiness, he sat down in a chair.

"Who are you little lady?" he demanded, as she advanced gravely towards him.

Drexel was in evening dress, and the child seemed instinctively to recognise him as a friend.

"I'm Molly," replied the little one—"Molly Archer. You ought to know my name!"

Drexel momentarily pressed his hand to his forehead. Indeed, he ought to know her. She had the wonderful, deep blue eyes, and the soft, smiling mouth of the woman he had loved years ago. He controlled himself with a fierce effort.

"But you haven't told me what that is!" demanded Molly.

"That! Oh, that's called a jemmy."

"A jemmy."

"No; a jemmy."

"Well, I said a jemmy, silly! What's it for?"

"To open things. Never mind about that. How old are you?"

"Five and a half, nearly," said Molly, all in one breath. "And I'm always a good girl—except sometimes. Are you going to tell me a story, Mr Drexel?"

The amateur burglar almost jumped out of his chair.

"How do you know my name?"

"Of course I know it!" returned Molly. "I've seen your pictures, haven't I? There's one on the mantelpiece—see. And there's another one in the drawing-room—a big one. And father and mother talk to me about you."

Drexel felt himself losing grip of his surroundings. Sure enough, there was a photograph of himself on the mantel, in a silver frame. But he had no time to collect his scattered wits. Molly was insistent.

"Will you tell me a story, please? I've got to go to bed soon, so there isn't much time."

"I'm afraid I can't," muttered Drexel, trying not to look at her. He had a shocked, stunned feeling, and was conscious of nothing but a desire to get out of the house. Why had he come here?"

"If I kiss you, will you tell me a story?"

Before he realised it, Molly was on his knees, and was pressing her little rosebud mouth to his. Something tore at him inside his throat, and he struggled with himself and fought it down. For more years than he cared to remember no child's or woman's lips had touched his. Without realising what he was doing, he crushed the little one to him, and Molly put her soft little arms round his neck and responded with a delicious enthusiasm.

"There! That was a big one, wasn't it? Now begin, please."

Drexel plunged desperately.

"Once upon a time there was a little pet lamb—"

"Oh, I don't want a story about a little pet lamb! I want one about a big grizzly bear that eats bad little girls—not like me, or about a wolf with big white teeth—I mean teeth."

"I'm sorry; I don't know any stories about bears or wolves."

"Don't you? Father knows heaps. He'll tell you some when he comes home."

"Do you love your father?"

"Of course! Don't you? My father's the best father in the world!"

"How do you know that?"

"Because mother says so, and because he loves me ever so. Shall we have a game? Look! Would you like me to show you a secret? Promise you won't show anybody else, or it won't be a secret, will it?"

"I promise," said Drexel.

Molly sprang from his knees and ran round to the side of the big writing-desk. With elaborate secretiveness she pressed some hidden part of the ornamentation, and a secret drawer in front of the desk sprang open.

Molly gurgled with delight and jumped like a bouncing ball. Drexel glared down into the open drawer with dilated eyes.

He was looking at the manuscript of his old play, "The Star of India."

He snatched it out, and grabbed his hat.

(Continued on page 4)

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Passing Notes

BY JACQUES.

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

The Boy Scout movement is one which merits more attention than it receives in Invercargill, offering as it does, a healthy counter-attraction to the picture theatre, trashy literature, the street corner "push," and the many other evils that we deplore so loudly and frequently. It is entirely democratic, the children of rich and poor standing on perfectly equal footing within its ranks. (There are, of course, official grades, but merit provides the only claim to promotion.) It aims at making gentlemen of the lads by keeping constantly within their view the highest ideals of honour, humanity, patriotism, and unselfish service. The little fellows are taught to respect age, to help the weak, to be kind to animals, to be loyal to their country and to each other, to be truthful, upright, and just—in short, to be and do everything that becomes a decent citizen. "Fear God and honour the King" is their motto; to "do at least one kind action each day" is a part of their law. They receive instruction in splicing, tying knots, first aid and ambulance work, bridge building, and many other useful subjects that do not come within the ordinary school curriculum. They are encouraged to study Nature and to cultivate habits of observation and reasoning. They receive physical training in the form of gymnastics and other athletic exercises, while frequent lessons in simple hygiene are given. And this list does not nearly exhaust the benefits of membership. The value of their training and organisation has been proven over and over again. In England the Boy Scouts rendered yeoman service throughout the war, while even in Invercargill the work of the many little fellows during the terrible influenza epidemic was such as we will not, or should not, soon forget. It is a thousand pities that a movement showing such splendid results in the past, and promising such great things for the future, should be allowed (in Southland at least) to languish and die for the lack of a little interest and encouragement.

The recommendations of public bodies often make funny reading. A northern branch of the S.P.C.A. recently protested against the trapping of rabbits because of its cruelty, suggesting poisoning as an alternative. I wonder if any of them had ever seen poor bunny writhing under the effects of phosphorus or strychnine, the usual "dopes." (By the way, why has some of our local beer not been tried on the pest? No doubt of its efficacy, but perhaps that also would be too cruel.) As for trapping, Brer Rabbit, probably found it unpleasant at first, but, as the old lady said of the live eels she was skinning, "they are used to it by this time." By the way, why does not the S.P.C.A. take notice of some of the grosser forms of cruelty, such as boiling crayfish alive, the screeching of our trams at corner turns, "painless" dentistry, the daily gassing of our Parliamentary reporters, dressing children for the seaside in their very best, not-to-be-boiled clothes, etc., etc.?

The Parliamentary jaunt is about over, and already we are getting some return for our money, in the form of opinions on (inter alia) the slave—I mean, the indentured labour question in Samoa—opinions which were, no doubt, supplied ready made by those in the Islands who are most interested in procuring cheap labour. It is just possible, too, that the convincing influence of the wine bottle was felt. We are not told what the natives think, though they are surely entitled to a voice in a matter so momentous to themselves. It is held that coloured labour is necessary, not because it is cheap, but because climatic conditions are hostile to Caucasians. Which is, most likely, fudge. The same excuse was used for the employment of the cheap and unpleasant Kanaka in Queensland years ago, but since the disappearance of Tommy Tanna the white man has easily proven equal to the work in the canefields and refineries. He is not so cheap, certainly, but there his disadvantages ends. Similarly it was once believed that Panama was fatal to

our race, but both the railway and canal were completed by white labour. The dangers of indentured labour have been shown in Africa, Australia, South America, the Fijian Islands, and elsewhere, and we have no guarantee that the experience of Samoa will be different. It is urged, in palliation of the proposal, that it is only intended to be a temporary expedient; that white labour will be later. But, if later, why not now?

A local brewing firm is advertising that all jars and kegs not returned by a certain date "will be sued for without further notice." If this threat is executed we may expect a remarkable display of ingenuity in explaining the presence of stray "pigs" in the outhouses of some of our unco' guid.

New Zealand is fast becoming a land of general inhibition. One can hardly wag the head now without splintering a statute. The latest "Thou Shalt Not" is a grandmotherly Order-in-Council excluding Sinn Féin literature, and de Valera's portrait. The logic of, or need for such a measure is not very clear. Surely the loyalty which sent so many thousands of our sons to Gallipoli, Flanders, and elsewhere is not so fragile as to be fractured by a photograph—which, by the way, has already appeared in some of our illustrated papers without any particularly catastrophic consequences. As for Sinn Féin literature; well, it is always wise to hear what the other fellow has to say. If it is right we should be open to conviction; if wrong, then we will learn better from it what we are up against, and our collective common-sense may be surely trusted to oppose it. It is said the predominant colour of our present Government is a bright yellow; but, be that as it may, they seem to see red in everything Irish just now.

THE LAST STRAWS.

[The high cost of living is strikingly exemplified in the case of the motor car. . . . Some of the better makes now command double pre-war prices.]—News item from a northern paper.]

Here! hand me out a bomb or two, a pistol and some knives;
I'm desperate, and hungry for a fight;
I'm as full of Bolshevism as a cat is full of lives,
And my blood is up to boiling, Fahrenheit.
I tell you, fellow-citizens, it's time for us to act—
To spicificate the present Government—
When we find ourselves confronted with the agitating fact
That motor cars have risen cent. per cent.

Oh! it makes me anarchistic when I read the printed news
That furs are more than double what they were;
That they ask a pretty penny now for diamond-buckled shoes,
And stockings (silk) are thirty bob a pair.
Champagne has grown expensive; so has whisky, sad to say,
(A "spot" is ninepence now in every bar),
While for other necessities—why the pirates make you pay
A shilling now for a sixpenny cigar.

Oh! the price of billiard tables, grand pianos, and the rest
Of the things a fellow cannot do without,
Sends a thousand little devils romping round within my breast,
And I feel inclined to scatter things about.
So, pass me out the dynamite, I'll make it hot and strong
For the Government and the robber profiteer,
And if I fall—why, better that than worrying along
On a paltry little thousand pounds a year.

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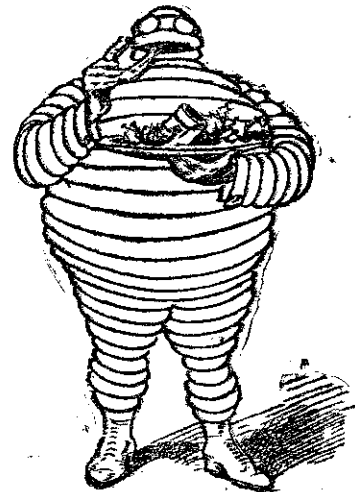
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Many users are averaging thirty miles and over to the gallon. Now is the time to buy as prices have advanced at the factory, and in consequence the next shipment will be much dearer. Just come along and let us point out the excellent qualities of these cars. You will be astonished when you see the value we are offering for £450.

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INVERCARGILL.

THE OUTCAST.

(Continued from page 2.)

And when Molly looked round a moment later after re-shutting the drawer, she found the room empty.

Drexel was crossing the street in front of the house, when he heard a cry behind him.

"The jimmy! You've forgotten the jimmy!"

What followed was stamped on his brain like the flame picture revealed by a fork of lightning.

Molly came flying into the road after him, her whip of white silk frock fluttering, and her baby curls astream behind her. Out of the darkness a huge motor-lorry leapt, thundering upon her.

Drexel leapt at the same moment.

For a fleeting fraction of time he was conscious of silky hair in his eyes and the clasp of a tiny body against his own. Then something monstrous flung him aside like a rag doll.

Twenty hours later Drexel came to his senses in Archer's house. He was in bed, Mrs Archer was leaning over him, and her husband was sitting a little way off. If ever remorse and repentance were written on a man's face, they were written on Harold Archer's.

With returning memory, Drexel's eyes clouded with a mist of horror. He dragged himself up on the pillows.

"Molly," he cried hoarsely. "What about Molly?"

"She is all right, Jack," said Diana Archer quickly. "She has told us all about it—how you came here and talked to her."

"And how I stole my copy of 'The Star of India' from the secret drawer in the desk?"

"Yes, that too!" replied Mrs Archer sadly.

Harold Archer came to the bedside, the muscles of his face working in the effort to control his emotion.

"You saved her life, Jack," he said unsteadily, "at the risk of your own. They say it was a miracle you were not killed. God knows I deserve this little enough from your hands."

"Cut it out, Harold, old lad!" said Drexel, with the happiest smile his face had seen for a long time. "And I'm not so easily killed, I assure you. Where's that manuscript of mine?"

"It is here," said Mrs Archer. "It was picked up by your side in the road."

"Oblige me, Diana, by putting it in the fire. And that's the end of that little difference of opinion."

Diana Archer burst into tears.

"Try to forgive Harold," she sobbed. "He told me all about it long ago, and together we tried to find you, but could not. All the money the play has made we have kept untouched, and we can now hand it over to you. Now that you have returned, Harold will announce in the papers that you are the author of this play."

"Harold, my boy," said Drexel, wiping his brow with his hand, "my head is going on like a thousand beehives, but if you attempt to do anything of the sort, I'll rise from this bed and beat you to a frazzle. As for the money, put it in the bank for Molly."

"And while we're on the subject, that play of yours, 'The Outcast,' is an absolute rotter. When the organ in my brain stops performing, I'll rewrite the name-part for you, and we'll bring it out as a collaboration, and share the spoils."

"Miss Molly is crying to see the gentleman," announced a maid at the door.

"But the doctor says she is not to see him yet," said Mrs Archer.

"Doctor he hanged!" growled Drexel. "If Molly is sweet enough to wish to see me I'll hamstring any doctor who tries to prevent it."

"And Harold, for the love of Mike, tell me a bear story—a big, frightful, hobgoblin sort of a bear! I dare not face that blessed child again unless I have a bear story to tell her."

The End.

"So build we up the being that we are; Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things, We shall be wise perforce." Wordsworth.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can render an honest and a perfect man commands all light, all influence, all fate; nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—Beaumont and Fletcher.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.

The Nature Column.

(BY "STUDENT.")

"Student" 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.

NATURE ROUND LAKE MONOWAI.

Just now, owing to the electrification scheme, a good deal of public attention is focussed on Lake Monowai, and as the writer knows the country surrounding the lake fairly well a few notes on the region may prove of interest. The lake may best be described as "boomerang-shaped."

It is only about fifteen or sixteen miles long but to walk round it means an outing of six or seven days. This does not mean that the journey is to be undertaken at or near the water's edge. On the contrary, the only practicable way of getting round is by climbing on the encircling ridge and keeping, for the most part, on the open country. The lake itself is about six hundred feet above sea level while the track of the tripper would lie at from three thousand to five thousand feet up. If the journey is to be begun at the south side of the lake, the best starting point is where a little stream known as Muddy Creek enters the Monowai Flat. Crossing this a leading spur is located without difficulty and this spur, running close to the lake shore, forms the track for the southern part of the journey, the back of the boomerang.

At Muddy Creek the traveller is counselled to boil his billy, or at least to drink deep, for no other drop of water will he come across for the next six or seven hours. No stream can be expected on the crest of the ridge and the gullies run so steeply down that when rain falls it must all be in the lake in a few hours.

This want of watercourses has a striking effect on the bird life. The bush is the ordinary birch forest of the mountains, a kind of bush in which birds are never very abundant. But on this long ridge they are exceptionally scarce. An odd tit may appear here and there, and a few brown creepers may be met with; at long intervals a fantail's song is heard or a pair of parakeets make their presence known in the tree tops. The most common bird is the rifleman, which seems to be always at hand. Tuas, bellbirds, and the grey warbler seem to be absent altogether though probably, after a wet spell, they come up from the lower bush. The native pigeon is, however, quite numerous at times, the reason apparently being to be found in the abundant food supply provided by the peculiar fungus known as the Maori strawberry, which is everywhere plentiful in the upper birch forests. Kakas are very scarce, or absent, and the only introduced birds in evidence are a few blackbirds.

The scarcity of bird life on this thirsty bush ridge may be set down to the want of permanent running water. But we do not mean that the connection is direct from stream to bird. Rather, the want of streams means the absence of variety in vegetation. Every botanist knows that near a watercourse the vegetation is more varied in character than away from the banks of a stream. The lack of variety in vegetation means less insect life, for many kinds of insect are attracted to one particular species of plant, and as most of our small birds are wholly or in part insectivorous we thus arrive at the end of the chain of cause and effect. No doubt down by the lake shore the birds would be found to be quite as numerous on the southern side as on the northern.

But if bird and insect life is scarce on the first portion of the Monowai ridge there are not wanting plentiful signs of other kinds of life. Wild pigs use the crest as a highway, and from Monowai Flat to the open country on the Billow Mountains their footings are everywhere to be seen. Wild sheep also are not uncommon but the presence of so many pigs probably prevents their increase to any extent. It is well known that, in the lambing season, wild pigs are responsible for a considerable percentage of losses.

These wild sheep are the descendants of flocks that were pastured on the open country on the southwest side of the lake twenty or thirty years ago. None of the high land is used now for sheep, but a few posts still mark the site of an old holding-yard where the mustered flocks were penned overnight preparatory to being driven down through the long miles of bush next day. Of deer but few traces are to be seen; perhaps pigs and deer do not care for each other's company.

In connection with the wild sheep a question arises as to the alleged depredations of the kea. The bird is common on all the high country surrounding Lake Monowai but yet these sheep manage to survive. If the bird is such an inveterate foe of the sheep one would think that these few stragglers, left behind so many years ago, would have been exterminated long before this. From the writer's observations he is inclined to minimise the losses due to the bird. Certainly sheep may often be seen feeding with several keas hopping about in their midst, without the sheep exhibiting the least fear of the birds, or indeed taking the slightest notice of them, and without any sign on the birds' part of a disposition to molest the sheep. But we have over-run our space and we are not halfway round the Lake yet. We will complete the trip in some future issue.

THE SOLDIERS' CONVALESCENT HOME.

Matron Looney, who has been in charge of the Soldiers' Convalescent Home almost since its opening, is retiring from the position shortly, and intends opening a private hospital in Leet street. She will be accompanied by her sister (Miss R. M. Looney), who has been a Resident V.A.D. at the Home for some time. It is not yet known who will succeed Matron Looney, the appointment being made by the Defence Department. Matron Looney has done excellent work while she has been in charge of the Home, and she will be very much missed by the soldier patients.

Very great credit is due also to the V.A.D.'s who have worked so well during the whole time the Home has been open. Many of them have been there without a break from the beginning, while others have come in later, after the exciting days of the war, and all have worked willingly and cheerfully for the soldier patients, who have been broken by the hardships they have endured. The time has now come when some of those who have been engaged in this noble work for a long time are feeling the need of a rest, and wish to be relieved of their duties, and the Committee feel that it only needs to be made known that there are vacancies, to have them filled. Three Resident V.A.D.'s are also required, to whom a small allowance is made.

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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 landsman wants quality, and he will recognise the following as the right stuff.

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

Just when success comes to him his wife dies, leaving him with an infant son named Jack. The blow shakes him, but does not turn him from his path, and makes him more determined to fight his way to the front.

He decides that his son shall follow his profession and ultimately enter Parliament, but Jack refuses.

In a fit of ungovernable rage at his son's disobedience, John Millbank strikes him across the face with a whip.

That night Jack secretly leaves his father's house.

Several years roll by, and John Millbank is now Sir John, the great criminal judge.

In his loneliness, he adopts a friendless child, named Kitty, who is now eighteen years of age.

Sir John tells that it is his wish that she should marry Lord Haverham, but the girl explains that she is in love with an Australian soldier, Dick Foster.

Sir John is angry, and forbids her to see her lover again.

That night Kitty writes to Dick, asking him to meet her in the Blue Room at Rivercourt, where they are staying as the guests of Lord Haverham.

Just before the appointed hour Lord Haverham goes to the Blue Room to write some letters, and, unbeknown to the guests, Sir John visits him there. An altercation arises between the two men, which results in the accidental death of Lord Haverham.

All unwittingly, Dick Foster arrives in the Blue Room, where the body is still lying, and is caught and accused of murder.

He is tried before Sir Justice Millbank, and the jury return the verdict of "Guilty!"

Just as the judge is passing the death sentence, he recognises the prisoner as his own son Jack!

MR JACOB JOLE.

The sudden illness of Sir Justice Millbank while passing sentence of death on the young Australian soldier, convicted of the murder of Lord Haverham, was a nine days' wonder.

There was some talk, at first, of a new trial, and then an official announcement was made that the death sentence had been revoked, and that the prisoner would be detained "during his Majesty's pleasure."

After that public interest in the affair rapidly died away.

Behind the scenes, however, the drama was still being enacted.

One of the chief of the minor characters in that drama was Mr Jacob Jole. Mr Jole—or "J. J." as he was known in legal circles—was one of the shadiest and most unscrupulous solicitors who ever brought discredit to an eminently respectable profession.

He was a born rogue, who knew all the tricks of the law, and who used his knowledge for the most nefarious ends. People who knew his record wondered how he kept out of prison, but he was very clever, and always seemed to know exactly how far he might go with safety.

It was he who had volunteered to conduct the defence of the penniless Australian soldier free of charge.

There are many ways in which an unscrupulous solicitor can make money out of a sensational murder case, and Jacob Jole knew them all.

About a week after the trial he was seated in his dark little office in Colleyer's Alley, off the Strand, near Covent Garden,

making up his accounts, and his face wore a very satisfied smile.

He was a big man of forty-five, with a puffy, fleshy face, a narrow forehead, and a full-lipped mouth, about which there played a perpetual sneer. His little eyes were cold and colourless, and had in them a look of cruelty and cunning.

"Not so bad," he muttered, as he examined the figures he had jotted down on a scrap of paper. "Not so much as I hoped for. The fellow has no relatives who could be bled. But still, pretty good. I wonder—no, too dangerous. I must be satisfied. I've squeezed the orange dry. I don't think there is any more to be made out of you, Mr Richard Foster."

He leaned back in his chair, and thoughtfully tapped his sharp, white teeth with the butt of his fountain-pen.

"A confession, perhaps," he was saying dubiously, when the glass-topped door of the office opened sharply, and a little old man came in.

The newcomer was a wizened, dried-up creature, whose puckered little face, nevertheless, wore an expression of almost juvenile cheerfulness.

Mr Jeremiah Nobb was nearly seventy. He had been a lawyer's clerk for over fifty years, and he was quite happy. He took life as a joke, and every year he lived he seemed to find it funnier.

He came forward and leaned familiarly against his employer's desk.

"A gentleman to see you," he said confidently. "A somebody—boots, hat, gloves—the real thing. Highly finished."

He gave a significant wink as he dropped a visiting card on to the desk.

Mr Jole glanced at the card.

"Mr Frank Montague," he read aloud.

"Who is he?"

"Don't know."

"What's he want?"

"You."

"He won't state his business?"

"No; insists on seeing you. Polite but pressing. Better see him. Looks like money."

"All right. Show him in."

The old man withdrew and presently ushered in the visitor.

The latter was a clean-shaven man of thirty, well-dressed and well-groomed. His manner, though a little superior, was polite.

"You are Mr Jacob Jole?"

The solicitor nodded.

You conducted the case for the defence in the Foster murder trial case?"

"Well?"

"I am interested in your unfortunate client, and I have come to ask you if you would mind telling me what you know of the man."

A keen look came into J. J.'s cold eyes.

"Who are you?" he demanded bluntly.

Although up to every twist and turn in the game, he could be direct in his methods on occasion.

The visitor smiled deprecatingly and glanced at the card, lying on the desk.

"You have my name?"

"I have, Mr Montague, but that tells me nothing. What are you to Foster?"

"Oh nothing," replied the other, with a little laugh.

"Not a relative, by any chance?"

"Dear me, no," exclaimed Mr Montague.

And he appeared to be genuinely horrified at the suggestion.

"A friend, then?"

Again the visitor shook his head, still smiling.

"I have never met the man. I saw him in court, that is all. But the case interested me."

"Oh, I see, just curiosity, oh?"

Mr Jole had half closed his eyes, but

from between the narrowed lids he was watching his visitor very intently.

"You may call it that," replied Mr Montague easily. "If you can give me any information, I shall be glad to have it."

"Will you pay for it?"

"Oh, of course, I shall be pleased to recompense you for any trouble you take in the matter, Mr Jole."

Mr Jole looked thoughtful.

"Of course, it is a serious matter to ask a solicitor of my standing to betray the confidence of a client," he said, after a pause.

Mr Montague refrained from smiling.

He bowed and waited.

"What's it worth to you? was the solicitor's next remark.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to give me a hint as to the nature of the information you are in a position to let me have," said the stranger smoothly.

Before Mr Jole could reply, the office door opened again, and Jeremiah Nobb re-appeared.

"Excuse me, sir, but this has just arrived, and as I think it may be of some importance I ventured to bring it in at once."

As he spoke he handed his employer an envelope.

Mr Jole opened it and read the brief note it contained.

The note was in Mr Nobb's own handwriting, and ran thus:

"The gent now with you, Mr F. Montague, is private secretary to Sir John Millbank, the judge. Have just discovered this.—J. N."

The solicitor's expression did not change.

"All right," he said looking up. "It can wait."

The clerk hobbled briskly out of the room and closed the door.

Mr Jole slowly tore up the note and dropped the fragments on the floor.

Then he leaned forward towards his visitor and looked him very fixedly in the eyes.

"You want to know the value of my information before you offer a price," he said. "Well, sir, let me tell you that it is so valuable that I can only discuss it with your employer. In matters of such importance and such delicacy I only care to deal with principals. You understand?"

"Not quite," replied the other, obviously disconcerted.

"Ah!" observed Mr Jole, rising. "I think Sir John Millbank will understand perfectly. Please tell him that if he will give me a private interview, I shall be pleased to place before him all the information in my possession. You might add that he can rely on my discretion absolutely."

Mr Montague flushed, as he also rose and picked up his hat and gloves.

"You are labouring under a mistake," he said coldly. "However, I see it is useless to discuss the matter any further with you. Good-day."

With an attempt at dignity, not altogether successful, he took his departure.

He was seen safely off the premises by Mr Jeremiah Nobb, who then hurriedly returned to the inner office.

He found his employer in a state of great excitement.

Jacob Jole was pacing up and down the little room, waving his arms.

"Jerry!" he exclaimed. "Why did Justice Millbank break down in court at the trial?"

"A sudden seizure. Man is mortal. Perhaps he doesn't take care of himself."

"Why is he now making secret inquiries about Foster?"

The old clerk gave his employer a quick look.

"Is that so? Compassion, perhaps. The sight of a man who has fought for his country standing in such a terrible position may have moved—"

"Tush! Millbank has a heart of stone. He cares no more for the prisoners he condemns than a ratcatcher cares for the vermin he exterminates in the course of business. No, no; if he takes an interest in Foster, there's some reason for it. We must find out what it is. I rather fancy, Jerry, I'm on to a big thing this time."

"Ah!" said the old clerk, shaking his head dubiously, "you're very gifted, Mr Jole, very gifted; but if I were you, I'd go slow in this little matter."

"And why?" asked the other.

Jacob Jole placed great reliance upon the experience of his old clerk, and always

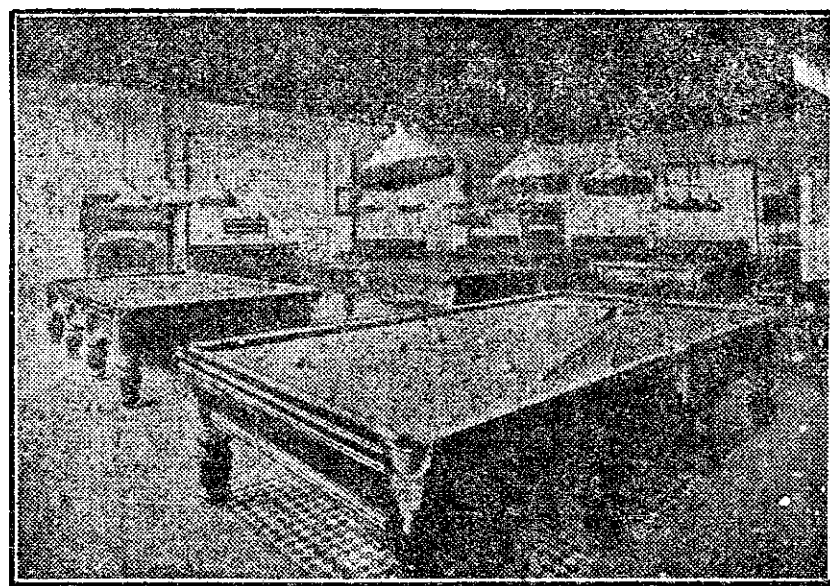
(Continued on Page 6).

CIVIC BILLIARD ROOM.

NEWS OFFICE BUILDINGS, DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

(Above "The Digger.")

EVERY ATTENTION AND CIVILITY.



BILLIARD NOTES

Shows two examples of these positions. The red is on the spot, and the object white is right on the brink of the pocket, in such a position that not only is no in-off on, but that also the slightest touch would send it in. The cue-ball is either at A or B, from which locations an ordinary ball-to-ball cannon is the easiest of strokes. If, however, the striker plays the cannon he is bound to pot the white, and the after position will be a matter of uncertainty. The best that he can hope for is a seven-shot, which is never a very certain stroke in the positions given. What is more likely to happen is that after cannoning and losing the white, the cue-ball will remain somewhere in the vicinity of the corner pocket, and the red will be in some safe place, so that the striker will have nothing but a double-baulk to play for. Instead, therefore, of playing the cannon, the game is to pot the white, and remain near the jaws of the pocket for an in-off from the red afterwards, and by this means it will be possible to go on scoring. A very good axiom to remember is that when you must lose the white, lose it to the best advantage. The great thing in billiards is to play a shot in such a manner that you either know, or have some idea, what your next stroke is going to be.

A 4 SHOT INSTEAD OF A CANNON THE GAME.

A position when, instead of playing the cannon, the game is to pot the white, and follow in after it. The object white is right over the pocket in such a position that no in-off is on. The cue-ball is in hand, and the red is so located that, were the white not in the way, an ordinary half-ball in-off into the right top is on for the other pocket. Playing the cannon would mean potting the white, and the after-position would be most doubtful. Instead if a 4 shot be made by playing at the white, the in-off from the red can be played afterwards, and even a moderate player might materially increase his break, by continuing to score from the red. I once saw a good amateur have a position similar to the one just described, after having made a break of ninety-four. He had never made a break of a hundred, and just when he looked most likely to accomplish his desire, he made the mistake of playing the cannon with the hope of getting a seven-shot. As it happened he only scored four, his own ball remaining somewhere near the pocket, the red ran into perfectly safe position, and the break, therefore only reached ninety-eight. Had he instead played the four-shot, he would have only had an ordinary half-ball in-off from the red to make in order to top the century, with a very fair prospect of making a good few more, as he played a very sound in-off game.

Another position when it pays to pot the white in preference to playing the cannon. The balls are in this instance comparatively close to each other, but the white is over-hanging the pocket, and in such a position that no in-off is pos-

sible. While playing the four-shot the easiest of in-offs into the centre pocket can be played from baulk with the prospect of still further adding to one's score. After potting the white, whether intentionally or otherwise, if the red be in a safe position, unless very sure that he can save a double-baulk, the striker should be satisfied to play only to send the red into baulk—if possible near to one of the pockets—and leave his own ball in some safe position. If, however, he does not feel competent even to do this, he should send his own ball into baulk by means of a miss.

Many fair players often lose far more than they gain by potting the white with the intention of afterwards leaving a double-baulk, and then failing to do so.

Another thing to be remembered is, that after making a four-shot—potting the white, and going in-off from it in the same, or another pocket—unless the red be in a good position for scoring, a miss in baulk—or a double-baulk, if possible—is the game. It must not be forgotten that your opponent's ball is in hand, and ready to take advantage of anything you may leave him if you fail to score from the red. Besides, if you play a difficult stroke and get it, you score three only, and have nothing left, and if you miss it—as you are quite likely to do if the shot be a difficult one—you will most likely leave a lot, so that the odds are really always against you. Even in the ordinary way with your opponent well in hand, if you miss an easy shot, you generally leave him more than you leave yourself when you get the stroke, for, however well you play the stroke, you have only one ball to play at, whereas when you miss your stroke you generally leave him two. If you want to see how likely it is that an easy score will be left for your opponent whenever he is in hand and you miss a shot and leave both balls out of baulk, try the following experiment: Stand at the baulk end of the table, and put a red and white ball in your hand and throw them up the table together, anyway you like, slowly or fast, though not fast enough to bring either into baulk—against the top cushion or side cushions. Let them kiss or otherwise, and you will find that when they come to rest, far more often than not, some easy stroke or other will be on from the D. Let those who may doubt this try it, and judge for themselves.

I do not wish for a moment to convey any impression that the white should be potted on every available occasion, such a procedure would only stultify one's game instead of improving it. At the same time never have any scruples about potting the white when you can clearly gain by doing so. And, above all, remember that when the white is in such a position that it must be lost, it should be lost to the best advantage.

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JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 5).

listened to what he had to say with respect.

"I'm a sportsman," said Nobb promptly. "Always was and always will be. But I'm getting a bit old for big-game hunting, and a judge is very big game indeed."

Jacob Jole coughed. "Never you fear!" he said, "I'll keep my eyes open. I'll stalk the old lion with the utmost care."

"Ah," replied the old clerk, "but suppose he turns! I've watched Millbank these twenty years and more. I've seen a good many men get in his way, and I've taken particular notice what happened to 'em. None of 'em did any good for themselves and some of 'em got a nasty jar. You will be careful. You won't be rash, now, will you?"

"You are right, Jerry, it will want careful handling. The first thing is to get an interview with Millbank. Now I wonder how that could be managed. I must think it over. I'm going out to lunch now. Don't leave the office till I come back."

It was two hours later when Mr Jole returned.

His clerk met him and handed him a slip of paper.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"Telephone message—came half an hour ago."

The solicitor read:

"Sir John Millbank would like to see Mr Jacob Jole to-night at eight at Sir John's residence in Kensington Park Gardens."

MR MONTAGUE IS AFRAID HE HAS BEEN INDISCREET.

"Have you told me everything?"

"I have told you a great deal more than I ought, Miss Kitty."

"That is not enough. I must know everything. How can I make my arrangements if I am not in possession of all the facts? Something is sure to go wrong."

The scene was Kitty's boudoir in the house in Kensington Park Gardens, and the judge's adopted daughter for the last half hour had been submitting Mr Frank Montague, the judge's private secretary, to a severe cross-examination.

Mr Montague was protesting very mildly, but he was a secret admirer of Kitty, and in the end he was quite incapable of denying her anything she asked of him.

At her last remark he made a comical gesture of despair.

"My dear young lady, what arrangements do you propose to make? You can do nothing. If your idea is to obtain a private interview with this—er—this person who is coming here to-night, let me tell you at once that it is quite impossible. He will be closely guarded on entering the house and also upon leaving it. While here, he will see no one but Sir John."

"What time will he be here?"

"I do not know, but pretty late I imagine. About ten o'clock probably. Great secrecy is being maintained concerning the whole affair. The servants are to be kept out of the way. I am to admit the party and also to see him off the premises. I do beg of you, Miss Kitty, not to make a scene."

"Make a scene? Why should I make a scene?" demanded the young lady in innocent surprise.

"I don't know; but I begin to regret that I have confided in you. I have been very indiscreet. Sir John believes that you know nothing about the case."

"Oh, yes, I know! I have been kept shut up like a prisoner, the newspapers have been kept out of my way, and the servants have had instructions to tell me nothing. And, thanks to you, Monty, I know everything. If I had only known sooner, it would have made a difference, I would have persuaded daddy to let Dick off."

"My dear Miss Kitty!"

"I would! You know he ought not to be in prison—you know it! If he did kill Lord Haverham, I am sure it was in fair fight. They fought about me and Dick won. Why, he ought to be rewarded, not punished."

"Good gracious, child!" ejaculated Mr Montague in shocked tones. "I'm sure you don't know what you are saying."

"Oh, yes I do! Didn't Dick's lawyer explain at the trial that they fought about me?"

"Everything was done for the prisoner that could be done," replied Mr Montague evasively. He was afraid to tell her how carefully her name had been kept out of the proceedings by all concerned.

"I ought to have been there," declared Kitty impetuously. "It was all through me. I asked Dick to come to Riverscourt that night. And, of course, he came and found that wicked Lord Haverham lying in wait for him. Well, it is no use thinking about that now. I won't keep you any longer,

Monty. You might tell Peters I want to see him."

"Peters? The footman do you mean?" exclaimed the man.

"Of course."

"You are not going to tell that had anything about that affair?"

"Don't be silly. Haven't I promised you to be very discreet? Don't be frightened, I won't give you away. Now do be nice, Monty, you don't know how worried I am."

She approached him, and putting her hands on his shoulders, looked up at him with the appealing expression which he could never resist.

He sighed.

"My dear Miss Kitty, you know I would do anything in the world for you," he said earnestly, "but I can't help feeling now that I should have been kinder to you if I had held my tongue. If any mischief comes of this—"

"It won't, and I am very grateful, Monty. Indeed I am. You won't forget to tell Peters, will you? Good-bye."

Mr Frank Montague retired looking very dubious, and not at all easy in his mind.

JACOB JOLE BEGINS A FIGHT AND GETS THE WORST OF THE FIRST ROUND.

Sir John Millbank looked at his watch. He was seated before the fire in his library. His shoulders drooped, his head was bent, and his hard, intellectual face looked drawn and haggard.

There was, too, a tired expression in his keen, cold eyes.

"Eight o'clock," he muttered, and slipped the watch into his pocket.

Even as he did so the door of the room opened softly and Jacob Jole, without announcement, was ushered into the room.

Judge Millbank did not ask his visitor to sit down.

"I have sent for you, Mr Jole, about that Foster case," he said shortly.

"Yes, my lord."

"You have seen the man since his conviction?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Has he made any statement?"

Mr Jole hesitated. The affair was proceeding much too quickly for his taste.

"Before I answer that question, my lord, I should like to know your reason for asking it," he said blandly.

The judge sat up and squared his shoulders, while the old, stern, fighting look came back to his face.

"I am giving you no reasons, my man," he said curtly. "Have you anything to say that will benefit your client? Has he told you anything that would justify me in applying for a mitigation of his punishment? That is what I want to know."

"What makes your lordship think he might have told me something?" inquired Jole shrewdly.

Judge Millbank ignored the question.

"Do you wish to assist your client?"

he asked quietly.

Jacob Jole, driven into a corner, revealed himself.

"My lord," he said, "I am a plain man, and I believe in plain language. Since we are alone, suppose we drop humbug and come to the point. I don't care twopenny what happens to my client. You appear to be interested in him. Very well, I am prepared to meet you. What do you want me to do and what will you pay for doing it? If you want information out of Foster I'll get it for you—at a price. What is it worth?"

A faint, contemptuous smile curved the corners of the judge's hard mouth.

He had learned all he wanted to know. His fears were groundless. This fellow knew nothing.

"I don't think I need trouble you any more, Mr Jole," he said coolly. "Incidentally, I may say that I consider men of your stamp are a disgrace to the profession. This conversation is confidential, therefore I shall take no action against you in regard to it; but I warn you to be very careful of your conduct in future, or I may find it my duty to have you removed from a position which you occupy so unworthily."

Jacob Jole's big face seemed to swell, and his evil eyes bulged with rage.

So that's the game!" he muttered, in a snarling whisper. "We'll see! You bluff well, my lord, but you don't bluff me. I know your record; I know the kind of man you are. You are not the man to trouble your head about a convicted murderer without a reason. There's something behind it, and, by heaven! I'll find out what it is. And when I do I fancy you'll change your tune."

Sir John Millbank pressed the button of an electric bell which was within reach of his hand from where he sat.

Almost instantly Mr Frank Montague appeared.

"Show this gentleman out," said the judge, "and when you have seen him off the premises return here."

Jacob Jole hesitated, his great chest heaving with suppressed rage.

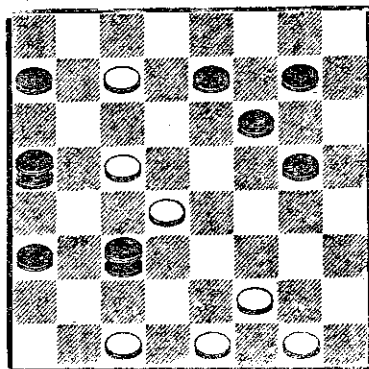
(Continued on Page 10).

DRAUGHTS.

(Conducted by F. Hutchins.)

PROBLEM 2.

Black 5, 7, 8, 11, 16, 21. Kings 13, 22.



White 6, 14, 18, 27, 30, 31, 32.

White to play and win. A good stroke.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 1.

Black men on 3, 6, 7, 10, and 14. King on 24.

White 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 21, and 30.

White to play and win.

12—8, 3—12, 13—9, 6—13, 15—6, 24—15, 6—2. White wins.

Entries for the forthcoming championship tourney, and also the handicap tourney in connection therewith, close on the 26th inst., and must be addressed to the secretary, Mr W. McClatchy, 79 Stafford street, Timaru.

WILL O' THE WISP.

The following game, played in a Scottish championship tourney, shows how even a good player may become careless.

Black.	G. McKelvie.	White.	M. Curkin.
9—13	6—10	6—10	11—16
23—19	25—21	14—9	31—27
11—15a	10—17	5—14	16—23
22—18	21—14	23—18	27—18
15—22	1—6	14—23	7—11
25—18	30—25	27—18	5—1
7—11	6—10	13—17	25—30
18—14a	25—21	18—14	
10—17	10—17	17—22	
21—14	21—14	14—9	
3—7	2—6	22—25	
29—25	26—23	9—5	

Black wins.

(A) Starting as an Edinburgh it has now developed into a Will o' the Wisp.

(B) An early book loss. White might have calculated that Black had only to run off the piece to win.

EARLY TRAPS FOR THE AMATEUR TO AVOID.

No. 2.

BRISTOL CROSS.

11—16	24—19	10—19	22—8
23—18	8—11a	18—14	4—11
16—20	19—15	9—18	27—24
			20—27
			31—8

White wins.

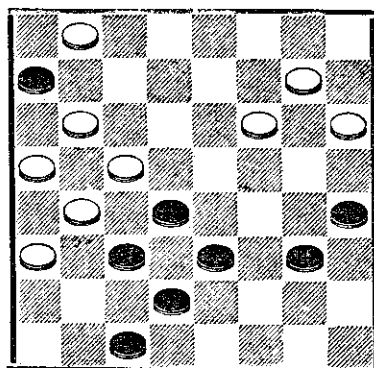
(A) The correct reply is 9—14, 18—9, 5—14, 27—23, 8—11, etc.

A NEAT ENDING.

The following position occurred in a game which was contested at Freemantle in the West Australian State championship tourney, held last month. The champion, R. Holmes, forced the win very neatly:—

White—R. Holmes.

12, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 32.



Black—Dr Kerr.

3, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 15, 28.

White won by the following issue of play:—

21—17	12—8	32—27
9—14	18—25	10—17
25—21	17—14	19—3
14—18	3—12	12—19
		24—8

Through printer's error the Glasgow game in last week's issue would be somewhat difficult to understand, three moves were omitted—7th move 16—23, 20th move 17—13, and 34th move 20—11. The diagram should have been placed below as it was a result of the game.

The Australasian draughts championship tourney will be played in Timaru this year and opens on Good Friday. The entrance fee is 21/-, and 10/6 for the handicap tourney to be played at the same time and place. Boreham, ex-champion, is in good form and it is rumoured that Gardner is competing again. Calderwood is the present champion. Keen competition is expected.

ORIGINAL.

AHMET.

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

(By 11/1275.)

HE SELLS THINGS.

CHAPTER 2.

Abu Sulieman, in addition to his reputation for sanctity, was a shrewd man of business. He noted the popularity of Ahmet with the new arrivals, who were delighted with his proficiency, so rapidly acquired in Australian slang. Ahmet seized on each new word of the, to him, wonderful language with avidity, repeating the most bloodcurdling remarks with a gusto that could hardly have been equalled had he understood their meaning. Abu Sulieman therefore called Ahmet to him, and, sympathising with him on the treatment meted out to him by Zeinab, offered him the shelter of his own roof. Said he, "My heart is sore for thee my son Ahmet, for that thou hast been turned from thy father's house. Now therefore I will take thee to my house and thou shalt be my son, and if Allah shall send thy father Mahmoud hither in a short while then shall he judge between thee and Zeinab and between thee and me, and as he shall decide so shalt thou do, for it is written that the children shall not be ungrateful and the son shall obey the father in all things."

Now the crafty old man knew that in Ahmet he would have a valuable asset, for, reasoned he, "This lad can come and go between these strangers and myself, and he can sell them such things as fruit and eggs, and as he is shrewd beyond his years he will soon learn their language, thus he may also bring me valuable information."

So Ahmet was sent to the camp with eggs, and he soon was well known as he followed the troops for many miles when they were out training, then, when the midday halt was called, he would go round calling, "Eggs are cook; eggs are cook; two for one," meaning that he had cooked eggs at the price of two for one piastre. Then the Aussies would teach him more words and laugh at his attempts to pronounce them, and would give him many a piastre as bucksheesh, all of which he would hand over to Abu Sulieman on his return, thus Ahmet proved a profitable investment to the crafty old villain.

Now it was not long before Zeinab heard of the money that Ahmet was getting daily from the Aussies, and she began to wish that she had not driven him away, for she feared the wrath of her husband Mahmoud. So she went to the Omdar and asked for justice against Abu Sulieman, saying that he had stolen the child of Mahmoud the moghassil, whilst Mahmoud was away from his house. Also that he had possessed himself of the earnings of Ahmet which, as everybody knew, should have been given to Mahmoud, or in Mahmoud's absence, to Mahmoud's wife, who, though Ahmet was no kin to her had ever treated him as her own son.

The Omdar was known for his partiality to women, especially if they were said to be beautiful, and Zeinab was wearing her thinnest veil, so that whilst she complied to the law, that women must appear veiled in the presence of all men except their husbands, she still contrived to make the most of her charms, and to win the Omdar, who well knew the falseness of her charge, to her side.

"By Allah," said he to himself, "What does a mere moghassil with such beauties in his hireme?" Then he called to Hassan, the ghafir, and ordered that Abu Sulieman and Ahmet be brought before him the next day to answer the charge brought by the wife of Mahmoud.

Hassan, having gone on his errand, the Omdar turned to Zeinab, "How is it that Mahmoud goeth away and leaves not thee in the charge of his mother? It is not the custom to leave one's wife alone while one is absent on a journey."

Then Zeinab made reply, "My husband hath taken with him his mother saying that he had nothing worth guarding in me, who have not born him a son. Thus am I left alone."

"There are others who do not think as doth Mahmoud, and perchance there is one not far from thee who would console thy loneliness," answered the Omdar. To which Zeinab replied, "Get back the money that Abu Sulieman has taken from my husband's son Ahmet, and restore it to me, and I may then look for one who

shall console me for the absence of my husband."

Then with a final glance, which said more than her words, Zeinab left him.

The next day Abu Sulieman was brought before the Omdar and ordered to return Ahmet to the care of Zeinab, and to pay all that Ahmet had handed over as the proceeds of the bucksheesh given him by the troops, and in addition to pay the sum of five hundred piastres for the illegal detention and employment of Ahmet.

In vain Abu Sulieman pleaded that he had acted out of charity and that he was a poor man; the Omdar was obdurate and threatened to seize his goods if payment was not forthcoming. So with many lamentations the fine was paid and the sum handed to Zeinab.

Abu Sulieman wept and wailed, and called on Allah for help and revenge. He resolved to get Ahmet back if possible, and the same night he went to Mahmoud's house in the hope of seeing Ahmet.

Arriving near the house, he hid himself till Ahmet should come out, but instead of Ahmet, he saw a man leave by the door in a stealthy manner, and on following him, he saw this man enter the house of the Omdar.

At once he saw his chance of revenge, and going to the Omdar he taxed him with visiting Zeinab in secret, threatening to let Mahmoud know of what was taking place in his absence.

The Omdar, well knowing that Mahmoud would exact a revenge if he should get to know of the intrigue, promised much bucksheesh to Abu Sulieman if he should keep his knowledge to himself.

When some time later Abu Sulieman took his departure, he had received in bucksheesh a sum equal to that which he had that day paid to Zeinab, and the old rascal chuckled to himself at the thought that he held the Omdar in his power.

He went the next day to Zeinab, and accused her of being unfaithful to Mahmoud during the latter's absence. He used the same threat of telling Mahmoud, with the result that Zeinab also gave him bucksheesh, to the extent of returning to Abu Sulieman the money which she had got from him the previous day, also she gave him the charge of Ahmet till such time as her husband should return, telling her neighbours that the company of a holy man like Abu would be the best of upbringings for Ahmet.

Thus was Ahmet soon back again amongst the troops, this time he was selling papers, for Abu had invested his recently acquired wealth in an agency to sell the "Egyptian Mail," and had used his influence as an interpreter to get the sole rights to sell newspapers in the camps. Ahmet soon learned to call out "Gypshun Mail to-morrow, very good anews!" as he went his way round the camps.

He soon was again learning new words, and at last there came a day when he found that his little knowledge was a dangerous thing, for he was accustomed to call out the chief items of interest in his papers, such as "Latest anews from thee western front, enence retiring"; "All thee winners Cairo races," etc., etc. He usually was told by Abu what he should call out.

Occasionally he would gather from the remarks of the soldiers that the paper contained something of more than ordinary interest, when he would at once make use of the knowledge thus gained without in the least understanding the meaning of the news he was shouting.

One day as he entered the camp with his papers under his arm, the sergeant in charge of the main guard having inspected his pass, bought a paper, and suddenly exclaimed as he opened it, "Here's good news, boys. Old General X is off his bally nut." Now General X was the G.O.C. of the Division that was encamped at Helmhieh.

Five minutes afterwards a small Gippie boy was running along the Aussie lines calling out, "Gipshun Mail to-morrow! very good anews. General X off his bally nut. Veree good anews."

Ten minutes later a small Gippie boy

was in the clink, and Abu Suliman was endeavouring to appease the wrath of sundry staff officers.

After a deal of explanation Ahmet was turned over to Abu Suliman and taken away, on condition that he was not allowed to sell papers in the camp again; and his pass that had given him such a feeling of importance was taken away.

That night Abu Suliman sent him back to Zeinab, considering him an unprofitable investment.

Next Chapter—

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SPORTING.

RACING.

Almoner ran two bad races this week.
Tin Soldier's win on Thursday was long
overdue, and now that he has returned to
form he may go on in the winning way for
Digger Percy Price and his brother.

Samiel looked very well, and it is re-
ported that Digger Cecil Hazlett had a
good win on Wednesday evening.

There is no doubt Warlike with only
7.12 in the Southland Cup looked to have
a good chance after winning the Mid-
summer Handicap and Akaroa Cup, and I
can't help thinking the local handicapper
had a lot of luck in his being beaten.
First of all the going may have upset his
chance, and then T. L. Reed rode him
very badly. I still think Warlike should
have won.

Mr Pearson, the owner of Warlike, prob-
ably anticipating an easily picked up
£500 out of the Southland Cup, bought
Kokowai for £40 from Mr Baird. Koko-
wai at one time promised to be a smart
filly.

Martifors evidently liked the slush and
mud on Wednesday, for she gave nothing
else a chance.

Mr Trail informs me that he had no
intention of nominating Jock in the
Southland Cup, but the secretary per-
sisted that he had only to run up t Lakes'
form and the race was his. No one be-
grudged the Messrs Trail Bros.' change
of luck, for they have persevered with
Jock for a long time.

Bore ran badly at the local meeting
and will be sent home for a spell.

San Sebastian is not likely to go to
Riverton.

Warlike was well beaten each day at the
local meeting, and again the "tommies"
reaped a harvest from the get-rich-quick
punters who thought they could pick the
double.

The Riverton meeting will claim punt-
ers' attention next.

The Bowmont and Lawrence meetings
at Easter time will attract a lot of visitors
from Southland who follow trotting.

Killowen, if the same Killowen that won
at South Canterbury last spring, will make
the opposition at Lawrence and Beaumont
look silly at Easter time.

The committee is inviting applications
for the position of secretary to the South-
land Racing Club, vice Mr Saunders, re-
signed. The new appointee is probably
already selected by the heads of this anto-
cratic sporting body, and he will find it
an easy job now that everything is prosper-
ous in the racing world. How differ-
ent to twenty years ago when poor old
"Dick" Clark had to run a bankrupt
show.

The press room at the S.R.C. meeting
was uncomfortably filled with all sorts
during the two days, and the portion of
the balcony allotted the "fourth estate"
was crowded out by a number who had no
right even in the enclosure.

Magdala won the Winter Cup too many
years ago to give him much chance to win
Steeplechases now. The old chap jumped
carefully, but very slowly.

Hogan's pair gave the public a good
exhibition of jumping in Thursday's
steeplechase, and also provided an inter-
esting finish.

Burrangong is going to be "added to the
list" directly after the Riverton meeting,
and may then be given a chance to distin-
guish himself over hurdles.

Freddy Ellis informs me that in the
course of a few weeks he hopes to be able
to commence riding again. Old Peter was
a very proud father with "A. E.,"
"E.J.," and Freddy at the meeting.

When Frenchman is properly handled
in a race, and his connections are anxious
he will be hard to beat in the selected
hack race.

Billy Robinson rode two good races on
Zarkoma. His efforts across country
were the best exhibitions of horsemanship
he has given for some time.

Where was the motor ambulance on
Wednesday? The St. John Ambulance
Brigade, in charge of accidents at the East
road course, were seriously hampered in
their good work by its absence. Fortu-
nately committeeman Dave Morton had a
big car handy and came to their assist-
ance.

Caretaker Marshall had a fine track pre-
pared for this week's racing, and was com-
plimented by many for the excellent man-

ner it stood up to the galloping and
trotting on Thursday.

The race-card on Wednesday was not a
faultless effort, and one or two mistakes
were "risky." Perhaps as "honorary"
secretary Mr Saunders was not as careful
as usual.

Buller and Kilbrogan were the two out-
laws at the barrier at the Southland meet-
ing, and now that the President's horse
and rider have suffered, perhaps he will
agree that some horses' nominations
should be refused.

Mr Stone's horses left Hogan's estab-
lishment just before the S.R.C. meeting
this week.

Eleus is to be spelled—he has been up
a long time.

Mazama is certainly not a Cup horse.

G. Young's performance on Thursday,
when he won the whole of the flat events,
was a good one, and has never been done
before on the local track.

Jolly Major won his race in good style
on Thursday, and Digger Dwyer has
made a great improvement in this horse.

The Gunner let down his soldier friends
on Wednesday—another fraction of a sec-
ond would have brought three times as
much money to their pockets.

Sedd-el-Bahr ran badly, and particularly
disappointed his backers in the last race
of the meeting.

Rowland's leg was badly bruised when
Buller kicked him at the post prior to the
start of the Winter Oats.

Claverhouse ran two good races at the
meeting, but was just piped off in each.

Apprentices were in short supply at the
meeting, and several horses had to be
scratched in the Disposal Stakes on this
account.

Jock and Kentucky Wood each carried
No 8 saddlecloth, and each paid the best
dividend of the day.

Tom Tilson, the oldest man at the
game in Southland, had a great reception
when he returned to scale after winning
the mile trot on Kentucky Wood. He paid
a dividend of better than £30, and a few
years ago headed £50 in the same race
with Ivan C.

A lot of hot favourites went down on
Wednesday, but punters got even the
next day when The Boss, Silver Peak,
Tin Soldier, and Primum were first fa-
vourites and won.

See anything in this sequence of fig-
ures?

12 2 2 1 8 12 7 5
12 2 2 3 2 4 8 12

I don't, but they are the numbers of the
sixteen winners hoisted by Mr Macartney.
"Billy" North, who was injured at the
Clifden meeting, is about again, but still
stiff and sore.

Private watches made Peterville's time
in the open harness trot on the opening
day 4min 4sec.

Robert Bell is a light of another day.

Mr Norman's starting on Wednesday
and Thursday was good, but still too
"snappy."

Sunlit is suffering from too much rac-
ing.

They do things properly out west. One
of the Western District papers published
the dividends in connection with the re-
cent Clifden meeting.

The Clifden meeting will show a small
profit, thanks to a careful Secretary and
a good subscription list.

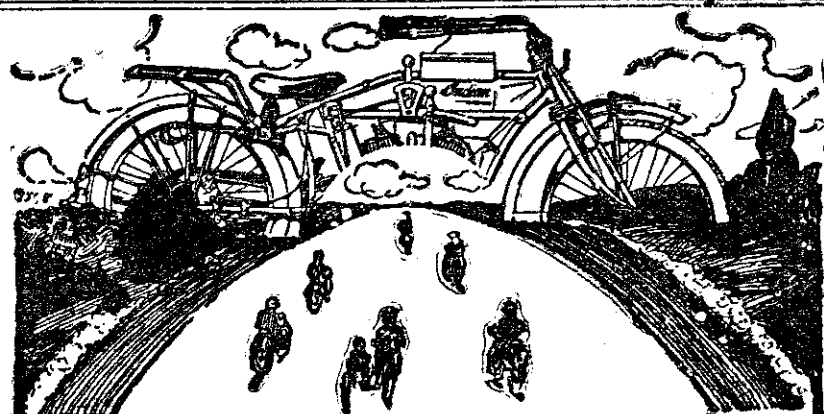
ROD AND GUN.

Several local anglers had rather good
luck last week cricket fishing on the Ota-
piri. One angler for four hours' fishing
bagged twenty-six fish. Another keen
sport fishing a day and a half grassed fifty.

Although climatic conditions were far
from favourable on Tuesday last, the
storm was local there being practically
no rain at Winton. Three "sports" set
out on a fishing stunt and although dubi-
ous as to the weather conditions at the
selected spot were somewhat surprised to
find the day beautifully fine although a
little cold, the fish were not on the go
too well but there exertions were reward-
ed by the bagging of some twenty odd
fish, whilst another "fly expert" bagged
thirty for two hours fishing.

Shooting news is very meagre at pre-
sent practically only "bunny" shooting
being indulged in.

Deer stalkers are away on their excursi-
ons and it will be some weeks probably
before any results are to hand.



'All Roads are like this to the'

Indian

Its Spring Frame makes Molehills out of Mountains.

DAVIES & PRENTICE Southland Distributors,
Dee street.

TO THE DIGGER IN SEARCH OF LAND.

We beg to say that we have a large selection of FADMS of all sizes
for sale, and our representatives will place themselves at your disposal to
give you the best deal possible.

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

We have also recently established a "Town Lands" Department.

We shall be pleased to answer to your inquiries, whether made in
person or by letter.

CARSWELL & CO., LTD.,

LAND AGENTS, WOOD ST., INVERCARGILL.

Lewis's
ESTD 1862 LIMITED
SOUTHLAND'S SHOPPING CENTRE.

BRANCHES

INVERCARGILL

GORE and WYNDHAM.



THE PARSON'S PRAYER.

"[Shooting parties in Bathurst spend
their Sundays in hunting foxes for the
value of their skins.]"

Dear Brethren,—Do you ever think
What Sunday means to us
In clothes, hats, boots, and food and
drink,
And fares, in train and bus?
Ah, no! Or you would never play
And sport upon the Sabbath Day!

Friends, you forget, as you proceed
To take your game-bags down,
That there are clergymen in need
Wherever there's a town.
You load their homes with clamant guns.
Each time you load your sporting guns.

It is, no doubt, a gracious thing
To chase the flying fox,
And plug him deftly on the wing
(Forgive the paradox!);
But, friends—does this occur to you?
It means we clerics perish too.

You skin your prey and sell his hide:
We, by the profiteer,
Are skinned from morn till eventide.
This fact is therefore clear:
If you persist in hunting, we
Insolvents one and all must be.

So leave the foxes in their holes
Chase Beelzebub instead
With words of scorn, like blazing coals.
No skulking quadruped
Were half so pleasing to pursue
As Satan and his noisome crew.

—Ebenezer Hunk ("Bulletin").

Finest in the World.

**WATSON'S No. 10
WHISKY.**

McKAY BROS.

AUCTIONEERS AND LAND AGENTS.

FARMS.—If you are considering buying a farm, consult us. We have good farms in all parts of the country and at the right price. If you are selling send us particulars.

HOUSES.—We have some very desirable properties for sale, including some which are eminently suitable for retired farmers.

SECTIONS.—We can show you some of the best building sites available in Invercargill.

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Box—17. Phone—15.



OUR STUDY—THE EYE!

WE have made a life-study of the human eye—especially eyes that are affected by weakness and are remediable by Glasses.

How well we are able to advise and help you, you can readily imagine. Why put up with eye troubles when our first-class knowledge and equipment are at your service?

J.D. Gilmore

CONSULTING & MANUFACTURING OPTICIAN,

DEE ST. (Opp. P.O.), INVERCARGILL.

SPEND

THAT £50 TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

By spending a pound here and a pound there you cannot buy to the best advantage.

Make out a list and buy from the ONE reliable firm,

VERNON SMITH & CO.

ATHENAEUM BUILDINGS, INVERCARGILL.

Our stocks include Household Ironmongery, Glassware, Cutlery, Tools for all trades—in fact everything in the household line.

"DIGGERS."

BUY your land from a practical farmer, who can advise you right. The following is a sample of a farm proposition we can offer that two soldiers in partnership can be financed into with the assistance of the Board.

258 ACRES—Good agricultural and dairy land; large proportion limed, 24 acres oats, 40 acres turnips, 20 acres oats and grass sown for autumn feed. Almost new six-roomed house, with every modern convenience, including h. and c. water, porcelain bath and basin; washhouse with built-in copper and tubs; six-stalled stable, loose box, barn, implement shed, men's hut. Large cowbyre with milking plant installed.

This property is capable of carrying from 60 to 70 cows, and can be bought for the small price of £18 per acre, including crops. There is money in this. Get in early.

Houses, Businesses, etc., to suit all requirements.

CONSULT—

GILBERTSON AND GUISE,

ESK STREET, INVERCARGILL.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. Macalister, B.A., LL.B.; S. Morell Macalister, LL.B.; Horace J. Macalister, LL.B.; Alan B. Macalister.

MACALISTER BROS.,
Barristers and Solicitors,
INVERCARGILL.

Money to Lend on approved security at current rates.

F. G. HALL-JONES, B.A., LL.B. (late Rattray, Armstead and Murray, and late James Harvey).

P.O. Box 48. Telephone 36.
RATTRAY & HALL-JONES,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS,
ESK STREET, INVERCARGILL, N.Z.
Solicitors under the Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act for the Otago District.

FOR SALE.

MODERN HOME of six rooms; ten minutes from P.O.; every up-to-date convenience; concrete verandah, paths, etc. Full 1-acre tastefully laid out in lawn and garden, etc. Owner leaving district. Price £925. Deposit £200.

BRICK BUNGALOW, of six rooms; every convenience; porcelain bath, tile range, etc. All outbuildings, washhouse (built in tubs), etc; with 2-acre land. Handy to car in good locality. Price £1450. Deposit £500.

GLADSTONE.—Choice Home of six rooms; all modern conveniences; tile roof, washhouse, etc.; all under one roof; concrete paths; over 1-acre section. Price £1200. Deposit £400.

125 ACRES, five miles from town; modern five-roomed house, stable, cowbyres, pigsties, two greenhouses, choice garden, etc; part in crop, part in young grass and part in bush. Well fenced and watered by windmill. Price £26 per acre. Deposit £400. Balance easy.

NOTE.—I have buyers waiting for small farms of 50 to 100 acres. Owners please send particulars.

T. D. A. MOFFETT

LAND AND ESTATE AGENT,

Grain, Seed, and Hemp Broker,
Athenaeum Buildings,
INVERCARGILL.

EASTER.

Owing to the fact that the date of publication of this journal falls on Good Friday we will publish on Thursday next.

Contributors are requested to send in matter as early as possible. Advertisers are requested to do likewise. Owing to heavy pressure of our advertising space, those requiring extra space for a special Easter Display are requested to make early application.

"The Digger."

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1920.

SUB-ASSOCIATIONS.

We are all familiar with that trite old aphorism, "better soon than late! better late than never," and this is particularly applicable to the R.S.A., who, at the eleventh hour, are endeavouring to get an expression of opinion from Sub-Associations as to their attitude regarding the refund of 4s per member. Some time ago this was decided by the District Council in Dunedin. Most of the members knew nothing about the conditions in Southland and the decision was arrived at, by seeing through spectacles, which reflected their own local conditions. That the Invercargill delegate fought against this decision is true and that the District Council would not analyse our own local conditions and take them into account, is equally true. In terms of this decision, regulations were framed providing for the refund. The Invercargill delegate at the last meeting of the Council gave notice of motion "that 4s be deleted from the 'Minute' and the sum of 1s 6d be the refund." Had a Conference been held consisting of delegates from sub-associations and our representative could have gone to the District Council meeting with the deliberations of the Conference behind him, it is certain it would have been effective. At least it would lay the base from which future deliberations could be made. This matter is so important that no time should have been lost and there is no doubt that the sub-associations after having the matter thoroughly ventilated, would have readily agreed to a smaller sum. To put this regulation into practical effect will mean the disintegration of the R.S.A. in Southland. This is the plain facts of the case and sub-Associations should consider

the position from every standpoint, ever keeping in mind, the welfare of the R.S.A. in general. The Invercargill Association is the only one vitally affected by the refund. It has a large country membership and a comparatively small town one. The Dunedin Association has a large town membership. Oamaru, Gore, Balclutha and Taieri have practically no sub-Associations. Out of the 10s per annum subscription, 2s is paid to Headquarters and 2s to the District Organisation Account. If 4s be refunded to the sub-Association 2s is left for administrative purposes. The real value of a sub-association, is its capacity for keeping members together and the local knowledge which it possesses to bring to light of day the difficulties of a soldier's widow, or as the case may be. On the other hand, the parent association has to do all the administrative work, provide office, staff and accessories essential to the successful prosecution of its work. In face of these facts, the parent Association receives 2s and the subsidiary body 4s. If we are to maintain the efficiency of the R.S.A. in Southland, we must have one "head" and the sub-Association must receive sufficient to meet necessary expenses and there is no doubt that country members will agree that 1s 6d per member will meet their needs and leave the parent body sufficient to do its work effectively. An early decision should be arrived at and by mutual understanding the R.S.A. work will be facilitated and enabled to put into effect that principle of "self-determination," which it has so loyally propagated in inaugurating sub-associations.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC ENERGY.

Possibly no country in the world has such a magnificent physical setting as New Zealand. We have immense possibilities in manufacturing and a large number of undeveloped natural resources.

At Para-Para in the Nelson District there are huge deposits of iron ore yielding from 50 to 60 per cent Fe. 2.04. In Southland possibly no one can give any reliable information as to what natural resources are hidden from our view, but this is a matter for the expert to deal with. A large part of our district has not been explored but it can safely be said that its geological features certainly merit attention. These natural resources can only be successfully developed by the application of electrical energy. New Zealand is a very long way from the world's seat of commercial activity, but, is it not reasonable to suppose that if we can manufacture cheaply it will have its compensating value for this inconvenience? Southlanders have continually complained about the Bluff Harbour. In fact, as matters stand at present, we have to take a back seat.

If Southland's Hydro-Electric Scheme is brought into the realm of practical reality it will enable the Harbour Board to place Bluff Harbour in a position to demand attention and secure the shipping essential for our requirements. As an agricultural district, Southland will progress, irrespective of any unprogressive element, but in these days when the bid for commercial supremacy, not only applies to nations but in a modified degree has its Provincial significance. Then we must seize every form of mechanical device, every form of power that is going to make us a successful competitor in the struggle. The returned soldiers in the area defined by the "Power Board" can only have one answer to the Board's proposal and that is, to put it into practical effect as soon as possible. After having seen the widened spheres of the activity of civil and electrical engineering practice overseas. It would be difficult to imagine any opposition to the scheme. Electricity applied to the Panama Canal gave America an important highway for shipping. New Zealanders could not help being impressed by the possibility of the application of electricity to our own requirements and it is certain that the returned soldier element can be a decided factor in New Zealand's developments. They are fully aware that the future of New Zealand's industrial and commercial activity will be largely influenced by the application of electrical energy. Life on the farm has always been more or less a drudgery but there is no longer any necessity to tolerate these conditions. With electricity applied to the milking plant, saw-bench and other devices requiring power will be a big factor in the labour problem. Then there is the home; lighting, cooking, etc. All farmers who are progressive cannot fail to see the immense benefit. In short, Southland's Hydro-Electric Scheme will mean greater production and a decided increase in the standard of comfort.

More than 7000lb of pure gold are required every year to supply wedding rings for British brides.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

All communications to be written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

Addressed Box 310, Invercargill.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. McK., Riverton, writes asking us to explain the Welsh words at the bottom of our paragraph dealing with the Mount Wendon Run in last issue. The words in question were not Welsh, but the nearest expression our reporter could give to the language of the disappointed applicants when they received the communication from the Commissioner of Crown Lands stating that their applications had been turned down. When using Watson's No. 10, it is advisable to dilute it with water. However, we are glad to note that you have read the "Digger" and trust you will find it interesting.—Editor.

THE ELECTRIC SCHEME.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—There has been much discussion and letter writing in contemporary papers about the electric scheme but I trust you will permit me to express the opinion of a "dinkum digger."

I have been labouring in mind as to how I should vote and if I have had many misgivings, they have been completely dispelled since reading the interview of a "Southland Times" reporter with Mr S. B. Macdonald, who was so well-known and prominent in recruiting matters prior to the calling up of the Second Division. Yours etc.,

"Four Blue Chevrons,"

Invercargill, 23rd March, 1920.

MANDEVILLE.

SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL.

The committee appointed met last week and accepted the tender of Mr Fraser, of Invercargill, of £220 for a Fallen Soldiers' Monument to be erected in the main street a few chains from the railway crossing.

A surprise party visited the home of Miss McLeod who is leaving the district. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Miss McLeod was the recipient of a number of handsome presents.

WILD BUSH.

P.W.M.U.—On Tuesday evening, 16th inst., a meeting of the P.W.M.U. was held in the Presbyterian Sunday School. Miss Orchiston, who presided, introduced Sister Christobel, who is visiting the various branches. The latter delivered a very interesting lecture dealing with the mission fields in India, China, and the New Hebrides. On Wednesday, 17th inst., a meeting of the above was held at Mrs Milne's home, Miss Orchiston presiding. Each member of the society pledged themselves to give an additional 11s 6d this year in order to cope with increased expenditure of the missionaries owing to the high prices prevailing. If extra funds were not provided by the branches, the Church would have to withdraw some missionaries.

WEDDING BELLS.

A wedding of more than local interest took place in the Riverton Presbyterian Church yesterday, the contracting parties being Miss Humphries, eldest daughter of the late Mr and Mrs George Humphries, and Mr Kelly, son of Mr O. Kelly, an old and very highly respected resident of the district, the officiating minister being Rev. C. A. Gray.

At St. John's Church, Invercargill, recently Miss Louisa Dimmock, of Otago, was married to Mr George Woods, of Christchurch, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Fynes, Clinton. The bridesmaid was Miss Prissie Dimmock, and Mr James Dimmock acted as best man. The wedding breakfast was held at the residence of Mrs Baker. The bride was presented with a gold pendant and chain from the bridegroom and a beautiful gold brooch was presented to the bridesmaid.

After a very successful function the happy couple left for the north on their honeymoon.

The journey from London to Paris by air takes 2½ hours compared with seven hours by land and sea.

PERFECTION IN CLOTHING IN OUR MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS.

YOU get the full worth of your money in good material, smart cutting, perfect workmanship, and a suit that will give you good service and complete satisfaction. Our prices range from 115s to 210s. A wide range of patterns to select from.

Have you seen our Ready-to-Wear Suits? Neat patterns, smart style, reliable finish. From 95s to 135s.

Tweed Overcoats, 85s to 135s. Rain Coats, 90s to 210s.

Men's Odd Tweed Trousers, 17s 6d to 45s. Men's Odd Vests 7s 6d to 13s 6d.

A special showing of Men's Felt Hats, 19s 6d to 35s.

Inspection invited at—

H. AND J. SMITH, LTD.,

Progressive Stores,
INVERCARGILL AND GORE.

OTAUTAU.

FOOTBALL.

The annual meeting of the football club was held in Mr Collett's shop recently to elect officers for the ensuing year. The following were elected: President, Mr Ewen Matheson; captain, Mr G. Grieve; vice-captain, Mr R. B. Collett; manager, Mr L. T. Brown; secretary and treasurer, Mr A. Fisher; committee, A. Lindsay, C. N. Lawless, I. Brown and W. Coulter; selection committee—president, manager and captain; delegates to sub-union: president, manager, vice-captain and secretary. The annual subscription was fixed at 6s for senior members and 3s for juniors.

It was decided to hold dances during winter, the first to be held on 9th April. Mr Alex. Sutherland, of Invercargill, will give instruction in new dances. An effort is to be made to have the headquarters of the sub-union shifted to Otago and it is desired that other clubs co-operate.

R.S.A. AT FORTROSE.

A very enthusiastic meeting of Returned Soldiers was held at Fortrose recently for the purpose of forming a sub-association.

Members came from all parts of the district and the success of the Association is very promising.

Captain Millard was elected to the chair and explained the aspects of the meeting. If the country members were to be kept together it was advisable to form a sub-association which would be of undoubted benefit to those who were not closely associated with the Invercargill Association.

Mr R. B. Caws, president, R.S.A., said the more one mixes with returned soldiers' affairs, the more one recognises the great number who can only be helped by the R.S.A. There were dozens of injustices which came before the Association and if the case had merits, every assistance was given in having the matter put right. This was the only channel open to them. The returned men had by his own subscriptions to protect their own interests.

The Invercargill executive found it difficult to keep in touch with country members and sub-associations would have first hand information regarding cases in their own neighbourhood, and after deciding their merits, send them on to the parent association.

Mr Glass said there were no two opinions regarding the necessity of forming a branch. There seemed to be evidence that members from the district were not fully aware of the provisions of the Repatriation Scheme. £37,000 had been expended on repatriation and they should make themselves fully acquainted with the scheme.

Mr G. Connor said there was great need of the work being extended into the country and other sub-associations had been a great success, and trusted they would likewise be successful.

Mr Graham explained the financial relationship of their association to the parent body. Efforts had been made to have the "Soldier's Financial Assistance Act" placed under the jurisdiction of the Repatriation Board, and also representation on the Land Boards.

The following officers were elected: chairman, Captain Millard; secretary, W. Brown; a committee was elected consisting of Messrs Bennett (Slope Point), Beattie (Pine Bush), Greig (Tokanui), Chisholm (Fortrose), and Lamb (Waikawa).

Of the 34,000 blind people in Great Britain, only 2500 are employed.

THE ORGANISER'S WORK.

This year the District Organiser (Mr D. Colquhoun) has been working in connection with the Oamaru, Dunedin, Central Otago, Gore and Balclutha Associations.

— OAMARU. —

The Organiser addressed a meeting of the Oamaru R.S.A. on Tuesday evening 6th January. There was a good attendance of members and the aims and policy of the N.Z.R.S.A. were clearly explained.

Owing to the fact that there are no large townships in North Otago the executive of the Oamaru R.S.A. decided not to form sub. associations but to form committees in each district.

During the month of January Mr Colquhoun addressed meetings and formed committees in the following places:— Maheno, Ngapara, Papakio, Dunroon, Kurow, Omarama, Pukeuri, Enfield, Kakahi, T. Karahi, Herbert and Hampden.

The attendance at the meetings with a few exceptions was small.

The organiser was greatly assisted in his work by the secretary of the Oamaru R.S.A. (Mr J. Forbes), also by the members of the executive.

— CENTRAL OTAGO. —

Sub. Associations of the Dunedin R.S.A. have been formed at Lawrence, Miller's Flat and Ranfurly.

Mr Colquhoun addressed fairly large meetings in these towns during the first week in February and the sub. associations promise to be live concerns.

— GORE. —

The latter part of February was devoted to work in the Gore district. A meeting of members of the Gore R.S.A. was held on Monday 16th February when there was a good attendance.

A sub-association was formed at Mataura with a strong membership. Meetings were addressed and committees formed in the following districts:—Pukerua, Waikaka, Waikaka, Balfour, Riversdale and Mandeville.

The attendance at the meetings was good. Mr H. Watt the new secretary of the Gore R.S.A. accompanied the Organiser and gave valuable assistance, also the members of the Gore executive.

— BALCLUTHA. —

This month has been devoted by the organiser to putting new life into the Clutha Association.

The Clutha Association has been unfortunate in losing the chairman, who left the district, also the secretary who is in hospital. It looks very much like the Association becoming dead altogether. The Organiser visited Balclutha and with the help of the remaining members of the committee held a meeting on Monday evening, 8th March. There was an attendance of 50, including representatives from Milton, Owaka, and Kaitangata. The meeting was most harmonious and enthusiastic. New Office-bearers and a new committee were elected. Mr J. F. Walsh was appointed secretary pro tem.

The representatives from the outside districts expressed their willingness to do everything to keep the Association alive.

The Balclutha Association is on a very sound financial position and has a membership of 400 with every prospect of an increase. A proposal is on foot to form a South Otago Association with headquarters at Balclutha, taking in the following districts, Clinton, Owaka, Kaitangata, Milton, Lawrence and Roxborough.

The Organiser during his travels has assisted many individual soldiers.

At his meetings Mr Colquhoun tells:—
(1) The organisation of the N.Z.R.S.A.
(2) Aims of the R.S.A.
(3) The Government Departments which are responsible for the administration of matters affecting returned men.

Also benefits available under the various Government schemes.

(4) The matters the Association is endeavouring to get improved or remedied.

SOLDIERS AND RUN-HOLDERS.

At a recent meeting of the Committee the District Organiser (Lieut. Colonel Colquhoun) reported that some run-holders in Otago were refusing to employ returned soldiers as rabbit trappers, and the returned men were naturally complaining regarding the matter. On the organiser's suggestion it was decided to approach the Commissioner of Crown Lands in the matter and also to make an appeal through the press on behalf of the returned men. It is hoped that the steps taken will lead to a better understanding between the run-holders and soldiers concerned, and that it will have the desired effect.

ANZAC DAY MEMORIAL SERVICE.
APRIL 25.

RETURNED MEN who are willing to be included in the firing part relative to the above and Buglers who are prepared to give their services on this occasion should forward their names to the Convenor, Anzac Day Committee, Box 10, Invercargill, before March 31.

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.



WOODLANDS R.S.A.

A DANCE will be held in the **WOODLANDS HALL**,

On **FRIDAY, APRIL 9**,

At 8 p.m.

Gents 3/- Ladies Basket.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

A PUBLIC LECTURE on Modern History and the events which lead to the Great War and the present complications in Europe, will be delivered by

MR DUNCAN RAE,

In the **Y.M.C.A. HALL**,

On **TUESDAY, MARCH 30**,

At 8 p.m.

THE WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION are now forming classes in Literature, Economics, Psychology. A class in History will also be started if sufficient students enrol.

Intending students should enrol at once. Classes commence immediately after Easter.

Fee for 24 lectures in any subject, 5/-
Particulars from A. L. Whelham, Hon. Sec., care Maclean and Thomson, Esk street.

MACLEAN AND THOMSON,
LAND SALESMEN, ESK STREET.

WE have a number of Houses suitable for those who wish to take advantage of the Government Advances to Discharged Soldiers and secure homes on liberal terms.

Five-roomed modern House; all conveniences; high section; 1d car. Going for £700.

FOR SALE, one five-seater Ford Car; in good order. Price £145. Apply **WATTS AND GRIEVE, LTD.**

FOR SALE, one English five-seater **SIDDELEY CAR**; in first-class order. Price £225. Apply **WATTS AND GRIEVE, LTD.**

FOR SALE, two latest "R3" Model **HUPMOBILE TOURING CARS**; just unpacked. Apply **WATTS AND GRIEVE, LTD.**

YES, UNCLE!

THIS is the house I am going to buy. A five-roomed Bungalow with every convenience; electric light, red pine paneling 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.

KEEP THIS IN VIEW!

GREAT DOMINION FAIR and **ART UNION**, in aid of **DOMINION BAND**.

KING'S HALL—**APRIL 14** to **24**. Pony-weight Guessing Competition, Latest Side-shows, Marches, Dances, and numerous other attractions.

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GRAND MUSICAL TREAT FOR WYNDHAM,

INVERCARGILL

Hibernian Band,

On

SUNDAY AFTERNOON,
MARCH 28,
In **CRICKET GROUND**, At 3 p.m.

Grand Exhibition of Quickstep Competition and Musical Programme.

SUNDAY EVENING in **TOWN HALL**,
after Church Service.

GRAND CONTEST SELECTIONS,
CHAMPION SOLOS, Etc.

Collection to Defray Expenses.



Wednesday's storm prevented the playing of the club contest games which, weather permitting, will be decided on the last day of the cricket season 1919-20. Union lead by one point from Wyndham, and the end of their game should see one or other the champion team for the season.

It would be well for the S.C.A. to make clear their rule as to time in club matches, as the country side evidently understood the particular regulation to mean that the matches played outside of town were to have latitude in the matter of duration, seeing that teams travelling to Wyndham do not begin their games so early as the teams in town are supposed to. The view of the Wyndhamites seems a reasonable one.

THE BATSMAN.

Fifty not out! And Fate, the umpire, sighs.

Old bowler Death is on the wicket still, He breaks and swerves the balls to suit his will;

And yet he cannot take me by surprise. Over! The captain comes with serious eyes;

The twain consult of tricks my balls to spill.

The pitch grows bumpy; I shall need all skill

To save me from what Death and Time contrive.

Yet with a good straight bat and shoulders free

I shall not reck of how the trickster bowls—

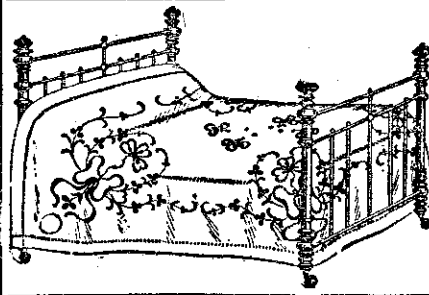
Round-arm or over-arm, now fast, now slow—

But seek to drive him to the boundary; Though to the grey pavilion of Lost Souls I walk, out l.b.w., at the last.

—David McKee Wright ("Bulletin.")

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.

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MARCELLA QUILTS, for single Beds, 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.

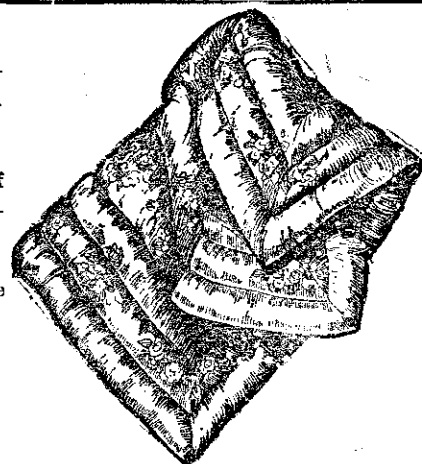
SHEETINGS for single beds, 4/6 to 6/11

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 Case-ments.

TABLE LINENS—A very choice selection in all qualities.

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Brown Bros.,

SPEY STREET,

INVERCARGILL.

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P.O. Box—36.

LABELS ON APPLICATION.

WOOL AND MEAT COMMANDEER.

A largely attended meeting of farmers was held in the Town Hall to deal with the Government's commandeering of meat and also the shipping problem.

A resolution was passed: "That failing a conference in Wellington, arranging for an open market, this meeting would approve only as a last resource of the extension of the commandeering after 30th June, and that such a commandeering must be at market value, and also to request the Imperial Government to clear all commandeered meat by 31st December, 1920."

With regard to shipping the meeting decided that failing an agreement with the shipping companies, the farming community should obtain the assistance of the Government to purchase steamers.

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KITCHEN UTENSILS

SOAPS AND PERFUMES.

OFFICE EQUIPMENT.

Gardner & Sons.

TAY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

JUDGMENT.

(Continued from Page 6).

Then he strode to the door. On reaching it he turned and looked back.

"All right, my lord!" he said, with a defiant laugh. "The first round is yours on points, but it is not the end of the fight by any means. You'll hear from me again."

Then he went out, closely attended by Mr. Montague.

A few minutes later the private secretary returned.

"Ring up the superintendent of Brixham prison," said the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Instruct him from me that the prisoner Richard Foster is to be permitted to have no further communication with his legal adviser, Jacob Jole, of Convent Garden."

"Very good, sir," replied Montague, turning away.

"Wait a minute," said the judge. "Is the party from Brixham here?"

"Yes, sir; in the ante-room."

"Show them in, and see that we are not interrupted."

The private secretary crossed the room to another door, and opened it.

He thrust his head out and said something, and immediately afterwards three men entered the room.

Two were prison warders, and between them stood the tall, athletic figure of a young man, who still wore the military overcoat and the khaki uniform of the Australian soldier.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

"Leave us, close the door, and remain on guard outside."

The judge addressed the words to the two warders.

The men withdrew at once, shutting the door after them.

Father and son were alone together.

The convict stood very upright, his head erect, his handsome face quite expressionless, his steady blue eyes betraying no gleam of recognition.

For some moments the judge surveyed him in silence.

"You know why I have sent for you?" he said at length.

His voice was hard and cold.

"No, sir."

"You are my son."

The soldier threw back his head with an odd jerk, so familiar that the old man winced.

"I have not claimed the relationship for ten years, sir, and I do not claim it now," he said, in a tone that was proud and yet respectful.

The judge frowned. He was relieved, and yet the young man's proud and arrogant bearing angered him.

"When you came to Rivercourt that night did you come to see me?" he next demanded.

"No."

"Ah! I had hoped that you came humbled and repentant to ask my forgiveness for your folly and your waywardness and had hoped that, with all your selfishness and disobedience, you were at least an honest man. It was a vain hope. I might have guessed that one who behaved so shamefully as a boy could come to no good as a man. You have bitterly disappointed me, Jack!"

A flash of anger came into the young man's eyes, and he seemed about to make a bitter retort, but with an effort he checked it, and when he spoke his voice was quite calm.

"My name is Richard Foster," he said. "It is the name I have borne for ten years, and I propose to keep it."

The judge's face grew dark and threatening. He had not expected to find his son in this rebellious mood.

"What were you doing that night at Rivercourt?" he demanded sharply.

"I was on business of my own."

The curtness of the reply caused the judge's anger to overflow.

"Yes, the business of a thief!" he said harshly and contemptuously. "As you did not come to see me you could have had no other purpose. You had no business in Lord Haverham's house. I do not accuse you of the murder. I—er—I am satisfied that you did not kill Haverham. At the trial you were badly defended. But, nevertheless, the disgrace and punishment you have brought on yourself you richly deserve. Ten years ago you left your home, threw up your chance of a great career and became a vagabond. You thought you could manage your life better than I could for you. A pretty mess you have made of it. You did well in the war; I give you credit for that. But when it was over you went back to what was doubtless your old trade, and became once more a night prowler and a house-breaker."

Again the young man flung back his head with the haughty, defiant gesture, and seemed on the point of making a vigorous defence.

But as he raised his eyes he looked over

his father's head to the wall beyond, and saw there the portrait of a girl.

It was an oil painting by a famous artist, and it depicted Kitty in one of her most charming moods.

Her lips were slightly parted, her bright eyes were laughing, and she was leaning forward in one of her most characteristic attitudes, as of one who is about to dance from sheer joy of living.

The young man smiled, and all the anger died out of his eyes.

Then he looked at his father, and a feeling akin to pity took possession of him.

This man, whom he remembered as so strong, vigorous and masterful, looked old and careworn. He had won supreme success in his profession, but he had paid the full price for it.

And, moreover, he nursed a secret, in his soul which to the end of his days would rob him of happiness and peace.

And Dick Foster, knowing that secret, remained silent, and vowed he would continue to remain silent to the end, come what might.

"I was not charged with housebreaking, sir," he said quietly, "and I am not called upon to defend myself. You say I did not kill Lord Haverham. Then I ought to be free. Am I nevertheless, to remain in prison to the end of my life?"

"No," replied the judge. "I will do what I can for you, of course. In concealing your identity you showed some sense of decency. I will bear that in mind. I make no promises, but it is possible that you will be liberated after you have served two or three years in prison."

"Two or three years!" repeated Dick, and again his eyes wandered to the picture hanging on the opposite wall.

"A very lenient punishment for your offence," said the judge, in his most judicial tones.

Then suddenly the eyes of the two men met, and the old man broke down.

"Jack," he cried, rising to his feet, and clutching his boy by the hand. "I would do more for you if I could. God knows that's true! But only a new trial and all the shame and disgrace of a full investigation would do any good, and even then it might fail. Don't you see—"

"Yes, yes, sir, I see!" said Dick hastily.

"You are right. Get me out as soon as you can. If I could stick the last four years in France, I ought to be able to stand three years in an English prison. I don't blame you or anyone. It is just the luck of the game. Good-bye."

A few minutes later the warders were summoned.

They took charge of the prisoner and marched him away, and Sir John Millbank was left alone with his thoughts.

The ante-room which through the warders had to pass with their charge in order to reach the hall where Mr. Montague was awaiting them was a long, narrow apartment, with curtained alcoves on either side.

The room was so narrow that the party had to walk in single file. First came one of the warders, then the prisoner, with the other warder bringing up the rear.

So they moved until they were about way across the room.

Then suddenly all the lights went out.

Both warders were taken by surprise, but quickly they recovered their wits, and grabbed at their prisoner in the dark.

They soon secured him, and he remained quite passive while they conducted him out of the dark ante-room into the hall beyond.

The hall was only dimly lighter, but the figure of Mr. Frank Montague could be seen at the open door.

The warders hurried their charge out down the steps, and into the waiting cab outside, and then scrambled in after him.

"I thought you were going to give us the slip," said one of them, with a nervous laugh.

But the prisoner made no answer. His face was buried in his hands, and he seemed to be sobbing.

Half an hour later the cab drove into the prison yard at Brixham.

"Come along, mate," said the warder, springing out.

The prisoner, wearing a military overcoat too large for him, obeyed briskly.

Then he stood upright, and the light from a lamp in the yard fell full on his face.

It was not the face of Richard Foster.

"Here! What the—how—why—Who—who are you?" spluttered both warders together, amazement and terror in their eyes.

"Eh? Oh, my name's Peters—George Peters," said the young man innocently.

"I'm second footman at Sir John Millbank's, in Kensington Park Gardens, Why?"

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"I dunno. You brought me. I didn't want to come. I only know I shall get into a beastly row for being out so late. What do you want with me, anyhow? I ain't done nothing."

(Another instalment next week.)

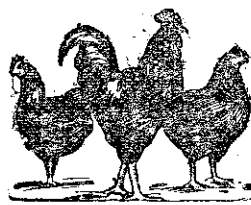
FURNITURE.

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THE LOCAL FURNITURE FIRM,

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POULTRY NOTES.

DRY MASH OR WET.

WHICH IS THE BETTER?

SOME INTERESTING DETAILS.

Mr. Rintoul, one of the Victorian Government Poultry experts, give some details of the feeding of the fowls at Burnley Egg-laying competition, and in relation to the above says: "The question is frequently raised whether the dry mash or wet mash system is the better. Each system has proved highly successful in the official egg-laying competitions. In the test for teams of six birds a score of 1667 was made one year in the wet mash section by Mr. J. H. Gill's team, whilst the following year Mr. W. N. O'Mullane's team in the dry mash section scored 1699, which is the world's record for a team of six birds. As these scores were made in different years and by different breeders, it can hardly be claimed that they proved anything conclusive. In single test the 300 mark has been reached in different years by both dry and also wet mash feeding in White Leghorns. The official world's record single test, 336, by Mr. Graham's Black Orpington, was made on the wet mash system."

GREAT SAVER OF LABOUR.

Undoubtedly the dry mash system saves an enormous amount of labour, so that even if it were a fact that on a flock average the dry mash system gave a dozen eggs less per bird, it is probable that it would still be quite as profitable, if not more so, than the wet mash. But it has not been proved conclusively that a flock will lay more on wet mash. In the writer's opinion, a hot feed at day-break during the winter months is conducive to better results. As far as the heavy breeds are concerned, there is with them a tendency to get over-fat on dry mash, particularly with big-framed, strong constitutioned birds, though less robust birds, lacking spring of rib, have been observed to do well with dry mash.

The practice is to feed as much wet mash as will be eaten up by the birds in a period of about twenty minutes, whereas the dry mash is available all day long. The usual custom in Victoria is to feed grain at night and mash in the morning. There is no necessity for this at all, and a certain amount of time would be saved, and the birds kept far more busy during the day, if the grains were scattered in the litter directly after breakfast, and mash fed at night. To warm the birds up in winter and take the keen edge off their appetites, about half an ounce of wheat per bird with an equal amount of water could be put on a slow fire over night and fed hot at daylight. The heat should just absorb the water without either burning or leaving any 'soup' over. The birds would then be ready to scratch for the dry grains in the litter between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning.

THE BURNLEY MASH.

The rations as fed at Burnley for the competitions averaged out as follows:—

WET MASH.		Parts.
Wheat Pollard	...	1½
Wheat Bran	...	1½
Oaten Pollard	...	½
Pea Meal	...	¼
Wheat Meal	...	13

DRY MASH.		Parts.
Wheat Pollard	...	1½
Wheat Bran	...	2
Oaten Pollard	...	½
Pea Meal	...	¼
Meat Meal	...	1-3

		Per cent.
Sugar, about	...	1

SOUTHLAND
EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.

FINAL RESULTS.

The winning pens in the Southland Test are as follows:—

Light Breeds.

1st.—T. Stratton	...	1364
2nd.—H. S. Woodnorth	...	1356
3rd.—T. Paul	...	1344
4th.—Mrs F. Gorinski	...	1338

C. Thomson's and E. Williamson's pens are disqualified owing to the eggs being under the standard weight of 23oz to the dozen.

Heavy Breeds.

1st.—Miss H. King	...	1098
-------------------	-----	------

The popular caretaker (Mr. J. McNeil) of the Southland Competitions is now on holiday, and intends visiting the various competitions of the Dominion. Mr. McNeil will take a keen interest in the methods of the caretakers of the competitions; but, judging from the splendid results of the Southland tests, he has little to learn in the way of tending to the wants of the birds. We wish him an enjoyable trip, and trust that he will come back fit and well to commence another successful year for the Southland Competitions.

The Southland Utility Poultry Club has at least two members on its Committee of Management who are worthy of the "iron cross." Messrs Rogers and Hill have been doing good work at the new pens and, with the aid of hurricane lamps, have been working well on to midnight spraying and cleaning the old pens in readiness for the coming tests. A few more helpers would be welcomed.

MARKET NOTES.

Messrs Bray Bros., Limited, auctioneers, Dee street, report as follows:—

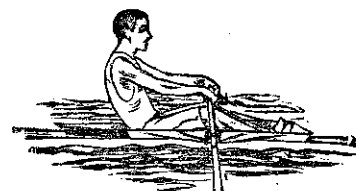
Consignments of potatoes have been heavy lately, and the market price is at present 13d per lb. Supplies of onions have come to hand and are selling at 13/- per cwt. Wheat is in small supply and is selling at 35/- per sack. Chaff is not at present over-plentiful, and prime quality realises up to £7 10s per ton. The price of straw remains at £4 10s per ton. We have small supplies of Meggitts linseed meal at 25/- per bag. We carry full stocks of oatmeal (5/- bag), sorrel (6/- bag), bran (10/6 bag of 100lbs), wheat pollard (12/6 for 100lb bag), and barley pollard (22/6 for 200lb bag).

Large quantities of fruit have passed through our hands during the week. Peaches have been fairly plentiful and prices ranged from 2½d to 5½d for extra prime quality. Apricots are now off the market. Plums sold at 2½d to 4d per lb according to variety and quality. Nectarine consignments were small and prices ranged from 4d to 6d per lb. Large supplies of tomatoes arrived from Nelson, and many cases were in bad order—prices ranged from 2d to 3d; Canterbury sold at up to 4d per lb, and Otago Central up to 5d lb for extra special quality. Hot-house cucumbers, 6/6 dozen; outdoor-grown, 3/6 to 5/6 dozen. Desert apples arrived in large quantities and prices ranged from 6/6 to 10/6 according to variety and grade. Cooking apples, 5/- to 6/6 case. Vegetables: Cabbages, 6/- to 7s sack; French beans, 2d to 3d lb; marrows, 8/- to 10/- cwt; cauliflower, 2d to 4d each; Lepp salt lick, 2/3 per brick; 24/- case of 24 bricks; cow covers, 16/6 each; horse covers, £2 7/6 each.

Furniture.—Our furniture department in Spey street have received supplied of linoleum, conglom, and sea grass and jute rugs. We also have supplies of wire-woven mattresses and Samarang kapok. We specialise in the manufacture of oak furniture to order.

NOTE.—On account of the Easter holidays we shall hold our weekly auction sale on Wednesday of next week.

The crater of Manna Loa, Hawaii's famous volcano, is 20 miles in diameter. At times the stream of lava issuing from it is 50 miles long.



Rowing.

The following crews have been chosen to represent the Invercargill Railway Rowing Club at the forthcoming Queenstown Regatta, to be held on the 3rd April:—

Maiden Sculls.—S. Webb (stroke), S. Adamson.

Youths' Fours.—W. Adamson (stroke), G. W. Kidd, A. B. Stapley, J. Brown.

Youths Double Sculls.—G. W. Kidd (stroke), G. Hamill.

Maiden Fours.—S. Knight (stroke), P. Garrett, S. Adamson, M. Lyttle.

Senior Double Sculls.—F. McKillop (stroke), S. Knight.

Junior Fours.—G. Webb (stroke), A. White, S. Webb, E. R. Latham.

Maiden Pair.—A. Crew: S. Knight (stroke), P. Garrett. B. Crew: S. Adamson (stroke), M. Lyttle.

Senior Four.—A. Crew: L. Cockroft (stroke), W. Adamson, P. Rice, R. Galbraith. B. Crew: G. Webb (stroke), A. White, S. Webb, E. R. Latham.

Youths Pair.—W. Adamson (stroke), G. W. Kidd.

Senior Pair.—A. Crew: L. Cockroft (stroke), W. Adamson. B. Crew: G. Webb (stroke), E. R. Latham.

All crews are now in solid training, but climatic conditions prevent the usual hard daily training.

Another severe drawback is the ever increasing scarcity of oars, some clubs having only one set of good racing oars whilst other clubs have only two sets, and the breaking of one oar (for some clubs) means that the crews will be unable to participate.

The railway Junior Four Crew, is still observed on the Estuary, putting in good work and should not be left behind at Queenstown as this crew has not yet been defeated in the South Island. Being foiled at Wanganui prevented perhaps another win to its record.

The annual general meeting of the Railway Club will be held in August of this year instead of September (as has been the practice in the past).

This club has suffered severely in regard to its members being transferred. The president Mr. R. M. Isaacs, chief clerk Traffic Office, being transferred to Christchurch, Mr. J. Connor of Workshops, vice-president to Addington and Mr. D. Rodie, who has been connected with the club for many years (being one of the founders) and vice-president and auditor for some considerable time past) has received word to transfer to Christchurch district, as Chief Relieving Officer, and transfers in the near future, his services will be greatly missed by all members of the club.

The single scull race is at a standstill owing to weather conditions.

MILITARY FUNERALS.

The continued failure of the Defence Department to provide a trumpeter to sound the "Last Post" at the funerals of returned soldiers was the subject of some what bitter comment at a recent meeting of the executive. The principle was laid down that if a returned soldier was entitled to a military funeral—to which the department agreed—full military honours should be accorded. When this matter was raised over the absence of military honours from funerals during the holidays, the suggestion was made that a trumpeter should be placed on the district establishment. It was stated that this had not been done, notwithstanding the fact that the Prime Minister had informed a deputation that he saw no reason why it should not. It was decided to ask the Prime Minister if his wishes in this regard were not to be carried out.

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terms varying from 5 to 14 years.

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tiples of £50, interest ceasing at date of
repayment.

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the money paid over without delay.
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For further particulars apply at the So-
ciety's Office, 77 Tay street.

H. L. HAY,
Secretary.

W. A. Ott & Co.

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fied clients who have entrusted their busi-
ness to us.

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INVERCARGILL.

(Opposite Post Office, above Economic).

Kennel Notes.

BY "SPANIEL."

Now that the war is over, fanciers of
all kinds are settling down to develop their
special hobby. Particularly is this so
amongst those who breed dogs, who by
the way, are man's faithful friend.

Several shows have been held through-
out New Zealand quite recently and per-
haps a review of the Otago Kennel Club's
Show may give a very fair idea as to the
state of the "Fancy" at present.

The judge of all breeds was Mr J. D.
Graham, of Wanganui.

Deerhounds were not very numerous but
the quality was good.

Mr R. W. Brown, of Dunedin, exhibited
a fine young dog of his own breeding,
who not only won all his classes, but also
won the Ladies' Bracelet and secured the
honour of best in the show.

Greyhounds were well represented, ow-
ners recognising in the judge, one having
special ability in making awards for the
breed. The quality was good.

Setters: The Gordon was not very num-
erous, but quality was good and the win-
ner was to be found in "Otanomonio Don."

The English were more numerous. Some
really good ones came forward, though
their condition was not all that could be
desired.

Two very good dogs namely "Blue" and
"Southland Shot" were the chief to dis-
pute the ownerships of the special prize.
Eventually the former scored, his better
condition standing out.

Irish only brought forward one entry
but he was not a well bred one.

Retrievers have fallen away in numbers,
but the quality in "Brown's" was fairly
good. Heads being the chief draw back
as they showed coarseness.

Rough Collies were only passable, both
in numbers and quality.

A very good bearded Collie was shown
namely A. Ewart's, "Wave," which was
placed third.

Bulldogs as usual, made strong classes,
but Mr Graham seemed to be sudden in
making his wards. Being a breeder of
these, he no doubt found them easy to
place. "Awamca" an Invercargill bred
dog took first honours. He is cloddy and
very short in the body but has faulty
quarters, being too beefy and also defi-
cient in underjaw.

The dog most fancied by many was Mrs
J. A. Doig's "Pongo." We predict a
good many wins for this dog if well
shown. He is a typical bulldog. Plenty
of him with a good natural front, heavy
bone, low to ground, well placed ears and
a good head.

Mr Sam Cardham's "Silver Lulu," now
in her eighth year, accounted for first
honours in bitches. She is one of the best
but has not often been well shown. A
fault which should be marked against the
owner.

Coming to Airedales we found Mrs
Bitsloff to the fore by a young one by
the name of "Wairiki Wise Wench,"
which was accounted special for best
Airedales—either sex. A nice pup,
typical, with a good colour, but too shy.

In dogs, J. Doe's "Briars Result" was
winner. A good sort of dog, but requires
expert attention to make him appear any-
thing like "Wise Wench."

Fox terriers were not as numerous as
one might expect. Everybody likes a
good "foxie." What he cannot do isn't
worth doing.

Mrs D. M. Garrett's "Rosmire Mar-
vel" won in dogs. His strong point being
style, which is a great asset to many
terriers. He is just on the big side and
could do with more length of head.

Northland Nada won for Mr W. Ross.
He was well shown but we were not im-
pressed with her type.

Wire-haired fox terriers were a good
lot, the winner being Mrs Biltcliff's
"Glenmore Bristler." He was shown to
perfection and deserved his win.

Mr J. B. Reid's "Speak" was second
dog. He is a goodie and we would like
to see him exhibited after having a little
expert attention paid him.

"Jabber," also owned by Mr Reid, is
good, and a great shower, but also re-
quires the same attention as "Speak."

Scotch terriers were small in number
but the quality was very good and Mr
Goodwin's pair were the best we have
seen for a long time.

Pomeranians were not numerous. Mrs
G. L. Lewis showed Ch. Carnarvon Wee
Dolly, but age is telling. She was in bad
coat.

Irish terriers were keenly contested, the
best dog being J. Doe's "Paddy's Selec-
tion." He also won the special for best
Irish in show. "Paddy's" strong point is
head, and no doubt this feature, com-
bined with his great showing ability,
lands him on top when in a tight corner.
We would like him a little narrower in
front and also more cobby in body. He
is big enough but this is not a bad fault
in a stud dog.

Mr W. Henderson's "Peg O' My
Heart"—we like, though age has not im-
proved her. "Peg" is a good colour.

In puppies J. Doe's "Double Selection"
won over T. Hogson's "Conagher
Athenry." The latter failed to show him-
self up to backyard form, but he may
mend his ways in the near future and
turn the tables.

Cocker spaniels were a good exhibit.
The best in the show being a black dog,
"Sylvan Smiler," bred by Mr A. Kidd.

This dog was also second in Ladies'
Bracelet and runner up for best dog in
show.

He is a model, good black, straight legs
and good feet. The right size, weighing
25lbs, and is a great shower. Mr Graham
remarked that he hadn't seen a better.

Mr Lees' "Sylvan Silk" won the
special for best black bitch in show. She
is a good one; nice size, and plenty of
quality, but has not been well shown so
far.

In coloured cockers Mr D. Gillies, of
Oamaru, scored with Waitaki Chappie in
dog section. He is a fair specimen, but
is not a good shower and never does him-
self justice.

"Sylvan Spangle," owned by Mrs F.
Robertson, won the special for best any
other colour in show. She is a good bitch
of the right type. Fails in head and
shown too fat.

Sidney Silkies and Pekingese were only
represented by one exhibit each.

The one outstanding feature of the
show was the capable handling of the
dogs by the judge, Mr J. D. Graham.
Exhibitors were free in their expression of
satisfaction at the way in which their
dogs had been examined.

Now, Invercargill, buck up and get a
show going, the dogs are here and the
sports too. What about holding a
"Royal" show.

HIBERNIAN BAND.

SOCIAL EVENING.

A very successful social evening was
held in the Friendly Societies Hall on
Wednesday last, when the supporters of
the band assembled to express their ap-
preciation of the recent successes at the
contest. The president (Mr Herb.
Grace), said he was glad to see the band
uphold the dignity of Southland. This
was a fact not fully appreciated by the
public. The band had started from a
small beginning and was now able to hold
its own and was a force to be reckoned
with. Some of the successful features of
the band was the position gained by a
number of its members during the recent
contest. The first prize was won by the
following:—

E. Flat Base, J. Baxter.
B. Flat Cornet (amateur) Bud. Wills.
E. Flat Cornet (championship) Bud.
Wills.
Trombone Solo, Arthur Wills.
No. 1, Quartette, P. G. Kimbel, R. Wills,
S. Burtenshaw and B. Wills, second prize.

This reflected great credit on the con-
ductor (Mr Wills) and the loyal co-opera-
tion of the band and conductor.

The first toast of the evening was "His
Majesty the King." Mr Fred Suet's
bright and breezy song soon warmed
everybody up to the enjoyment of the
evening.

Toast "The Hibernian Band," proposed
by Mr Collins, responded to by Mr R.
Wills. Mr Collins said the name of
Hibernia stood out in the annals of his-
tory. The early history of the country
showed that they were the foremost
people in Europe as far as science and
art was concerned. They looked upon
music as "Heaven's Delight." The first
meeting to commence the band was in
the old Catholic schoolroom in October,
1904, and it was not until 1908 that they
were able to buy instruments. In Aug-
ust 1908 the band made its first appear-
ance and in November, 1909, competed in
the Invercargill competitions gaining £15,
first prize. At Dunedin in 1910 they
were second in the Quickstep, prize £15,
tying with Woolston for music with 99
marks out of a possible 100. At the Con-
test in Christchurch, 1912, they were 3rd
in B. Grade and 4th in A. Grade, Quick-
step prize £20. At the Dunedin Con-
test the same year, 3rd B. Grade, prize
£25. In 1913 the band purchased a new
set of instruments costing £620 which
was now paid. The same year it con-
tested in Invercargill being first in B.
Grade and won the "Boosey" Shield,
4th in A. Grade, prize £12, also 2nd in
Quickstep, £15. In 1914 the band con-
tested at the Auckland Exhibition being
1st, B. Grade, £120, and won the North
Island Shield, and 1st in the Quickstep,
prize £20; B. Wills winning the Soprano
Cornet Championship. The year 1915 was
also a successful one for the band. At
Christchurch they succeeded in being 4th
A. Grade, prize £25, second in the Quick-
step, £15, and B. Wills won the Soprano

Winter Bros.,

GENERAL CARRIERS,
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will take parties out day or night at rea-
sonable prices.

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W. E. Butcher's,

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISH-
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WILLIAM JOHNSON,

GENERAL MERCHANT,

Corner Bowmont and Canon streets.

THE Best of GROCERIES, etc., always
in stock.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

'Phone—334.

Cornet Championship. T. Cavanagh won
E. Flat Bass Championship and A. Wills
2nd in Trombone Championship. At
Dunedin in 1920, 4th A. Grade, £50,
after beating all bands in First Selection,
also 2nd in Quartette.

During the war the band did an en-
ormous amount of playing (gratis).

Mr Wills responded to the toast detail-
ing many interesting reminiscences re-
garding the early history of the band.
The band might have done better at the
last contest but they would do their best
to win the contest at Nelson next year.
The standing of the band in the town was
good also their relations with other bands.
The spirit was good and the career of the
soloists had been exceptionally good and
very few bands in Australasia were fav-
oured with such consistency. It was
gratifying to know that their efforts had
been so much appreciated. He thanked
the president and supporters for their
loyal support and generous treatment.

The next toast of the evening was "The
Returned Soldiers," proposed by Mr
Daniels, responded to by Mr Blake. "The
Conductor," proposed by J. Brokenshire,
responded to by Mr Wills. "Soloists,"
proposed by A. Keaney, responded to by
J. Baxter and Wills Bros. Toast to the
Secretary (Mr Daniels), for the valuable
services rendered. A fair amount was col-
lected as the nucleus of a fund to enable
the band to go to Nelson next year. Mr
Sutherland and several others spoke in
very appreciative terms of the band and
of Mr Wills. In fact, there is no doubt
that the band stands high in the estima-
tion of its supporters and its up to the
people of Invercargill to uphold the band
which upholds the honour of Southland
whether it is the Hibernian, Dominion
or any other band. They all are worthy
of our support and appreciation.

The mildest mining camp known is at
Cobalt, Canada, where there has never
been a liquor saloon, and gambling is
public has been prohibited.

THE SOUTHLAND FLORAL, PLANT
AND SEED SUPPLY.

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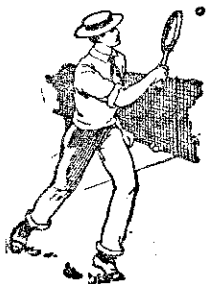
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MILINERY, BLOUSES and MANTLES,
All at lowest cash prices.



TENNIS NOTES.

BY "RACQUET."

Season 1919-1920 has been the beginning of a new era as far as tennis is concerned in Southland.

With the beginning of the war and the resulting casualties, practically all the older players once seen consistently on the courts have ceased to take an active part in the game, and the responsibilities have fallen on to younger shoulders—perhaps a little too soon. Tennis is a game of such skill and science, that the younger players of promise are required on the courts a season or so at the least before the older ones retire to be what are termed "keen followers of the game," so that the many stick together with their scientific manipulation, may be handed over as it were, instead of dropped by some altogether and allowed to be picked up at random by others. Then again look how encouragement assists the younger player. A few words from one whose skill with the racquet is undoubted, goes a very long way with the beginner. Why—even the presence on the courts occasionally of such players as E. H. Tucker and Wilson Hodges is an incentive to their enthusiasm.

The Southland season commenced in 1919 with practically only the young players on the courts, and the progress made is very satisfactory, especially after considering the great fact that many are suffering from hidden injuries received while serving with our Expeditionary Force in one or more of the theatres of war.

The ladies undoubtedly are a great factor for observation when the reasons for the general progress are considered. Take the Invercargill Club for instance—why the players would not feel at home on their own courts if it were not for the able way in which Miss Tucker and her able staff of equally diligent assistants provide for the inner wants of the players. Every regular player knows Miss Tucker's "No Milk, plenty of Sugar" favourite cup, and what is more welcome than splendid refreshments after a strenuous game.

After contending with all contingencies however, Southland is sending a team to play Otago in Dunedin and is endeavouring to hold a tournament at Easter, so let us hope the results will be a reward for the energies displayed by those responsible.

TRIBUTE TO NURSE CAVELL.

Queen Alexandra unveiled the statue of Edith Cavell in Trafalgar Square on the site where the Gordon statue stood prior to removal to Khartoum. The statue, erected by "Daily Telegraph" subscriptions, is cut out of white marble, and shows Nurse Cavell standing erect in a nurse's uniform. There was a distinguished Anglo-Belgian gathering. Queen Alexandra, in welcoming the Belgian delegation, drew attention to the blending of the Anglo-Belgian flags on the statue as symbolical of perpetual friendship between the two nations.

Of Interest to Women.

THE PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC LABOUR.

This is the problem of to-day for women. It is fundamental in its relation to them and their activities; it is vital in its importance. Together, with the cost of living, it probably occupies and worries the brains of more women to-day than any other aspect of the economic and social puzzle. And it is greater than the majority of those who discuss it over the teacups of Invercargill, realise it to be.

Like every other problem of the kind it has subtle and intricate relations to every other aspect of our individual and collective life. It cannot be solved by itself; it can hardly even be stated without involving other questions equally difficult of solution. In this, the first of a series of articles intended to deal with the subject, one can only try to clear the ground, mark it out, observe the lie of the land and indicate some of those inequalities, discrepancies and defects that must be removed or filled up before the problem has even a remote chance of solution.

What is domestic labour? What, in the conditions we are here familiar with, are its distribution and remuneration? In what estimation as a form of service, is it held by the average member of our community. How far are we from having it satisfactorily and cheerfully performed, and what are the reasons for our shortcomings? Having considered these questions first, we shall be in a position to inquire later what can be done to improve matters.

Domestic labour may be taken to mean all work connected with the maintenance of a household; the cleaning of the premises and furniture, the washing and ironing of clothes, linen, etc., the preparation of food, and accompanying matters, the care of children while in the home, together with the planning and management necessary to the satisfactory carrying out of all these things. All this, and I daresay more besides, comes under the term "domestic labour." There is a class of cleaning and maintenance work also in connection with business and public premises that is of so kindred a nature that it cannot be overlooked in considering the subject at large; but we will try to keep it apart, dealing with it perhaps in a separate article, and emphasise chiefly at present these various activities in their relation to the home.

The first thing that must strike us is indeed their variety. Domestic labour, if the above enumeration be accepted, includes work requiring both a trained hand and a trained mind demanding intelligence and experience in its higher branches as well as technical skill, necessitating for the successful performance of any considerable part of it, vigour of both body and brain.

The next thing to be observed and emphasised is the fundamental importance to the community of this domestic labour. People should certainly be well fed—and by "well" I mean wisely and sufficiently, not in such a way as to tickle their palate and make of them epicures and gourmets, instead of men and women. One of the foundation stones of well-being is a sound physique, and you cannot have it with under-feeding or over-feeding, or any other kind of wrong feeding. Then, being fed, our people must be clothed and kept clean; they must be looked after in sickness and nursing is really but a branch and out-grown offshoot of domestic work. Their place of abode must also be swept and garnished. If we could secure clean, well managed healthy homes for every one of our families, the millennium would not be far to seek.

Let us now consider what are the distribution and remuneration of this various and important form of service. We shall base our estimate on the observed conditions in our own community.

In the first place it appears, and glaringly, that those who do most of this fundamental and important work, receives least for it in material recompense. Except where paid labour is employed, the wife and mother is also the manager as well as the drudge. Those women who discuss over their afternoon tea the impossibility of securing a suitable maid servant, and imagine that this impossibility is the whole domestic problem, should consider carefully this aspect of the case. It is here that the domestic labour problem differs from all other labour problems. It does not come under the same law of supply and demand. A woman marries—presumably among us, because she "loves" the man she marries, or for some other equally vague reason—and she finds herself confronted with the various and arduous duties of a profession that demands the knowledge of several trades as well; and for remuneration she must

take what her husband can or will spare to give her. She may be intelligent, conscientious, high-minded, cultured, and capable; she may be indolent, untrained, vulgar and incompetent; it does not matter one whit so far as her remuneration goes in material things. We must acknowledge at least in theory the justice of the demand that those who do the greatest service to the community should receive the best the community can give in rest, recreation, and those comforts, refinements and luxuries needful to make life worth living, but the theory has not merely out-distanced the practice it has lost sight of it altogether. The question of the distribution and remuneration of domestic labour does not involve merely the engaging of the servant maid and fixing of her wage, it involves the economic dependence or independence of the wife and mother; it involves the question—whether we should not cease to approve even if we cannot yet hope to alter, a system of things in which the woman who gives her all, not to mention her best to maintain and rear a family, is often in practice less considered and receives less of the comforts and amenities of life than she who contributes far less to the general well-being and the prosperity of the body social. Women of easy circumstances ask too much and give too little in comparison with their poorer sisters. The woman who cannot get a maid to answer her door-bell, and serve her meals, should consider the case of her fellow who cannot get a rest after a long day's toil because there are stockings to darn and dishes to wash. We want the most workers in the homes where there is most to do, but under present conditions, how are we going to get them there?

(To be continued.)

Children's Column.

(By "Mater.")

MOTHER'S MOUSE.

Mother had told Rosebell to go to sleep and not get out of bed. So you see the story begins with disobedience for Rosebell didn't want to go to sleep and she did want to get up. "I'll pretend," thought Rosebell, "I'll believe I'm a little mouse. Mums didn't tell a little mouse not to get out of bed." So the naughty mouse crept down, so softly, in its white nightgown, with bare little pink feet, which went pitter-pat across the linoleum of the hall.

But just then when the mouse was thinking of the cake on the dining-room side-board, and how all mice like nibbling, a door banged, and steps came along the passage.

How Rosebell scampered! Quick-quick-the cat was coming—and the mouse must hide! There was the big cupboard close to where daddy's hats hung. It was full of coats and mackintoshes, so there was only just room for a mouse to creep behind all these things and hide. "Oh, oh," sighed Rosebell, "I am a mouse, and this is the trap."

Just then the door of the cupboard was closed—bang—and locked. The mouse was a prisoner. How the mouse wished it had done as it was told and stayed in bed. It was dark in the cupboard, and rather "smelly." The mackintosh was dangling just over Rosebell's head. How dreadful to have to stay here all night. Rosebell's lips quivered, great sobs shook her, she began to cry.

"Let me out," she pleaded, beating fat little hands against the door, "let me out, I aren't a mouse. I'm Rosebell—and—and I don't like this trap."

It was a long, long time before anyone answered, and before Rosebell heard those welcome footsteps, she was growing terribly afraid the horrid cupboard-trap would "stuffed" her.

And now here came Mr Cat to catch the mouse! Only—it wasn't Mr Cat, really, it was dad. And he didn't eat her. He didn't even speak to her at first, but just carried her upstairs, where mother was waiting to put her back to bed. Rosebell was still sobbing as she clung round Mother's neck. "I was a naughty mouse," she explained, "and traps is worse than being eaten."

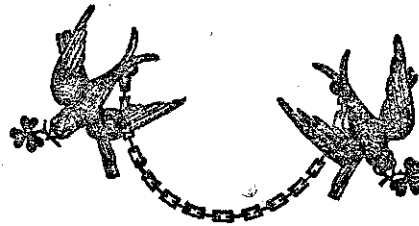
Mother gently kissed the little culprit. "Mother's little mouse must learn obedience," she replied gravely, "or perhaps the trap will remain shut much longer." And Rosebell remembered that lesson for a long time.

APPLES FOR THE NERVES.

Apples are one of the best fruits for the nerves. As many ought to be eaten as can be digested. Nerve patients have been recommended by their medical men to eat four and five a day. They contain more phosphoric acid in an easily digested form than any other fruit.

REIN'S FOR RINGS.

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DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

The Home.

ONIONS COOKED IN MILK.

The following is a very tasty dish. Put on as many onions as required in cold water. After coming to the boil let them cook in milk to finish cooking. Drain well, then place on a very hot dish. Rub a little butter over each onion and sprinkle over the whole a little finely-chopped parsley.

BAKED BLUE COD.

Ingredients: Fish, vinegar, and egg breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, flour, lemon juice.

Method: Prepare the fish, scaling it carefully. Let it lie in vinegar for fifteen minutes. Dry it, then dredge it with flour seasoned with the salt and pepper. Cover with beaten egg and breadcrumbs and lay in a greased baking or pie dish. Cook for half an hour. The liquid which comes from the fish will make a nice sauce to send to the table with it. Pour the liquid into a saucepan, then put a little hot water in the dish the fish has been cooked in to get out all the gravy that may cling to the bottom or sides of the dish. Add a little milk and seasoning. Thicken with a teaspoonful of cornflour mixed with a little milk. Just before serving drop in a little lemon juice (about a tablespoonful). When preparing the fish, place it in boiling water and let it remain for two or three minutes. The scales can then be easily removed.

Serve boiled macaroni with this fish. After draining well place it around the dish.

CURRENT SQUARES.

Ingredients: Currants, 6oz. of butter, 6oz of clarified dripping, 1lb of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of cold water, sugar, nutmeg or mixed spice.

Method: Sift the flour with salt mixed through it. Rub the dripping lightly into the flour. Mix into a paste with the water, using a knife for the purpose. Roll out the paste lightly from you on a floured board. Divide the butter into three parts. Take one part and spread in little bits over the paste. Fold the paste over from each side and pinch the ends to keep in the air. Let stand in a cool place for ten minutes. Repeat the rolling and spread another third of butter on, then stand aside for ten minutes. Roll again and use up the remainder of the butter. Let it stand for a short time, then roll out thinly and divide into two pieces. Brush the pastry over with an egg. Cover one piece of the pastry with currants. Sprinkle sugar and spice over, or ground nutmeg, then drop little bits of butter over the surface. Cover with the other piece of paste. Press the edges well together and prick all over with a fork. Bake in a fairly quick oven for about half an hour. When done cut into squares.

This pastry can be made, and after the final rolling, let stand over-night. Making it in the winter time, when the butter and dripping are hard it may require a little more than a cup of water to make the paste.

Of the tobacco consumed in Great Britain, 77 per cent. is made into cigarettes, 20 per cent. is smoked in pipes, and 3 per cent. in cigars.

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Our Motto: "Purity."

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and and and
CREAM! CREAM! CREAM!

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53 YARROW STREET.

W.C.T.U. CONVENTION.

At the Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention to-day the following resolutions were passed:—

"Seeing that the question of the cost of living touches women very closely in their capacity as mothers and housekeepers, the Government be urged to appoint women on anti-profiteering boards."

"That the W.C.T.U. urges Parliament to place the ordinary widows' pension upon the same basis as that paid to 'epidemic widows.'"

"That the unions be urged to watch any legislation introduced into Parliament next session in connection with the Social Hygiene Bill, and to be prepared to oppose any attempt to introduce anything in the nature or spirit of the old C.D. Acts."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

(Modern Version.)

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and
Channing Pollock.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a wealthy man he,
With diamonds on his hands;
And the bracelets sported by his wife
Are broad as iron bands.

His roll is crisp, and green, and thick,
He calls his chauffeur Dan;
His brow is dry beneath a high-
Priced hat that shades his pan;
And he looks the whole world in the face,
And sasses any man.

Week in, week out, from ten till five
He hears the hooters blow;
Automobiles, with wobbly wheels,
That do not want to go,
Pay tribute to his doubtful skill—
And the tribute's never low!

He drives to town most every eve,
And goes out with the boys;
He hears the latest jazz with meals,
He hears the soubrette's voice
Singing in the cabaret,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

Toiling when there's naught else to do,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees him open shop,
And very promptly close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus in a job that serves the mob
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Since now we pay so much a day
For ev'rything but thought!
—"Saturday Post."

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
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SEEKING A DEFINITION.

CONTROLLING BODIES CONFER.

A meeting of delegates from the governing sports organisations was held recently for the purpose of discussing ways and means of adopting a general definition of the amateur status. Mr C. P. Skerrett, K.C., presided. There were also present: Messrs A. A. Marryatt (New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association), G. W. Slade (New Zealand Rugby Union), B. A. Guise (New Zealand Boxing Association), W. S. Brice (Rugby League), M. J. Crombie (New Zealand Cricket Council), A. R. Clanders (New Zealand Golf Association), A. D. Bayfield (New Zealand Amateur Rowing Association), and G. S. Hill (New Zealand Amateur Swimming Association.) Mr Skerrett said the conference was the outcome of the last annual meeting of the Sports' Protection League, when the opinion was expressed that in the period of reconstruction something should be done to try to define the amateur status. The present conference would have no legislative powers and would be purely consultative. The delegates, however, could refer to the bodies that they represented the decisions arrived at. It was not clear that the conditions in New Zealand differed greatly from those in England. In New Zealand certainly there were no large sections of the sporting community who received emoluments from sport, but in England many persons derived a substantial part of their income from playing games. The meeting could consider the possibility of the acceptance of a general definition and whether the definition should be restricted or enlarged so as to include horse racing and possibly aviation. Delegates might also consider whether it would be possible to come to a reciprocal arrangement between various sports organisations and they could discuss the relationship of New Zealand with the governing bodies abroad.

It was pointed out to the meeting that according to the rule adopted by the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association an amateur was one who had never competed for a money prize or stake, nor a declared wager, and one who had not knowingly and without protest competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description, or who had never taught or assisted in the practice of any athletic sports as a means of livelihood or gain.

The definition meant, said Mr Skerrett, that if a man was a professional in any class of sport he was deprived of his amateur status in any other sport.

After discussion the meeting expressed its opinion by resolution that it was impossible to recommend a definition under which all sports bodies could be governed, but that it was possible to frame a definition which would gain the support of a substantial section of sports organisations. Messrs Skerrett, Marryatt and Bayfield were appointed a sub-committee to draft a definition which might be acceptable to a considerable section of sports bodies, and were instructed to refer their report to the various organisations concerned for consideration.

"You own all the to-morrow in the world! . . . To-morrow new empires will be built, new fortunes made, new glories won. There is no end to the opportunity for success that lies in to-morrow."

Agriculture.

Pasture Notes.

(BY E. BRUCE LEVY.)

ASSISTANT BIOLOGIST, WERAROA
STATE FARM.

Temporary grass land consists of pasture that does not last longer than two years and mixtures for such pastures always consist of rapidly establishing and fast growing grasses.

Their use fulfils the following functions:

- (1) To supplement established pasture lands during crucial periods.
- (2) To improve (provided plenty of clovers are used) the land on which supplementary crops are grown where this is available only in small areas on a farm.
- (3) To break in certain classes of country prior to establishment of a permanent pasture.

SHORT ROTATION PASTURES.

The duration of these varies from three to five years, but generally are broken up at the end of the third years owing to undesirable successions having taken place.

It is on these pastures that most of the perennial rye-grass is used and they are all of a rye-grass type.

LONG ROTATION PASTURES.

The duration of these varies from five to eight years or even longer according to conditions of soil, climate and farm management.

In general a greater number of species are used in the mixtures than on short rotation pastures, nearly all the first class grasses as a rule being included.

PERMANENT PASTURES ON PLOUGHED LAND.

These are sown down on the very best land, and under proper farm management should be truly permanent, the species that are used being able to survive against all other competitors.

Under poor management such plants as rushes, pennyroyal, etc., may come in, necessitating resowing, but in general undesirable successions to the poorer second class grasses that we get in short and long rotation pastures does not occur.

PERMANENT PASTURES ON UNPLOUGHED LAND.

Although many of these that are sown are not permanent as far as all the species used is concerned, yet such lands as bush burn, fern etc. are sown with the idea of permanence, and to ensure this a great deal of knowledge and consideration is necessary in selecting the species to be used.

True swamp land, peat bogs, etc., and much of our natural pastures are by necessity permanent, and the best we can do is, that undesirable ones may be avoided.

Permanent pastures may be further classified under headings apart from duration.

This the plant ecologist speaks of:—

- (1) Pure association pastures.
- (2) Mixed pure association pastures.
- (3) Mixed association pastures.

Pure association pastures are those generally considered to have reached the final stage in their transition resulting in the almost complete dominance of the position by one single species.

Pure Danthonia association pastures for instance.

Pure mixed association pastures are those in which a stable association has been reached in small definite areas in the one pasture, each area being dominated by a single species.

Thus we have a small pure association of Panthonia, and their adjoining one of ratstail, another of agrostis, or another of paspalum, each dominating its own respective area and each in themselves pure associations. If one of these pure associations is not able to withstand the aggression of its neighbour it may ultimately disappear and the whole pasture resolve itself into a pure association pasture.

Mixed association pastures are those (usually on good land), where no particular species dominates to the exclusion of the rest, but where each species is blending with and tolerating its neighbour.

Wherever possible the mixed pastures are to be aimed at for the following reasons:—

- (1) They offer a variety of feed.
- (2) Owing to the growth period of various grasses differing, they yield a better seasonal supply than do pure ones.

(3) Temporary unfavourable conditions are less likely to produce permanent ill effects.

(4) Are appropriate to a greater variety of live stock.

(5) More species can be used owing to many being unsuitable to sowing alone.

(6) Symbiotic relation of grasses and clovers availed of.

In the sowing down of mixed pastures on good land, it is expected that some at least of each species sown will survive (excluding the purely temporary elements), and will form part and portion of the herbage of the pasture.

In sowing down land that is likely to revert to pure association or mixed associations (usually second or third class country) pastures, it is not expected that all the constituents of the mixture will hold but these constituents even although they do not prove permanent under the conditions applied, yet they must be included for the following reasons:—

(1) To form a pasture sward while the permanent elements are establishing (most of our second and third class country grasses are slow at establishing.)

(2) To provide feed that stocking may be regulated in the early stage so that incidentally to the feeding off of the pasture herbage, undesirable plants are eaten or broken by trampling (a most important phase in management of fern country.)

(3) That the ground may be rapidly covered by vegetation. This is of particular importance where the area sown down is infected with weed seed.

A pure association permanent pasture may not always indicate that a final stable association has been reached.

Thus in swamp land where there may be a pure association of Yorkshire fog or niggerhead, etc., so soon as the physical conditions of such a swamp are altered by drainage, etc., other successions take place. Various species of grasses and clovers will be brought in by stock on their wool, in their dung, and finally, after that original pure association had passed through a mixed association, certain aggressive species perfectly adapted for that location may possibly become in themselves pure, as has been the case in some of our meadow foxtail and Poa trivialis pastures in the Manawatu. All such transition do not end up so advantageously, however, as has been demonstrated also in the Manawatu where large tracts of first class country have reverted to Tall fescue, an unmitigated weed on the type of land.

It is these transitions, and the study of those factors governing them that is of the utmost importance to the agriculture of New Zealand, and of themselves, of intense interest to the pasture land investigator.

FREE PASSAGES.

WIDOWS OF RESERVISTS.

The War Office notifies that it has been decided that free passages to the United Kingdom may be granted to widows and orphans of Imperial Reservists recalled to the colours from abroad on mobilisation, and who have died whilst serving during the war, subject to the following reservations:—

(1) Each case to be one of proved hardship.

(2) Free passages only to be given to children in cases where the mother is returning to the United Kingdom, or where they are orphans.

(3) When the reservists lived in a self-governing colony, the wife and family only to be given passages, provided the wife had emigrated within three years before the husband's death. Special cases of over three years may be allowed for tropical countries.

(4) Applications for passages should be submitted to the War Office, London, not later than March 31, 1921, for consideration, always provided that, when applications for passages are not made later than that date, passages will be provided, other conditions for entitlement being fulfilled even though embarkation cannot be arranged for until later.

"DIGGERS."

WE wish you luck and every prosperity with this new journal of yours

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THE WORLD'S CHAMPION.

A YEARLING PRODUCES 643.8lb OF FAT.

By producing 10,799lb of milk and 643.8lb of butterfat an American heifer (Silver Chimes' Gwendola) becomes the yearling champion over all breeds of dairy cattle. She was acclaimed the "world's yearling champion" amid scenes of wild excitement among the Jersey fraternity at the National Dairy Show when her record was first made public.

Silver Chimes' Gwendola was placed on test at the age of one year and eleven months, and was tested for 365 days. Her record passes the one made by Lucky Farce, the former Jersey yearling champion, by 8lb of butterfat. Lucky Farce's record of 14,260lb of milk and 635lb of butterfat was held for more than five and a half years.

Silver Chimes' Gwendola's dam, Gwendola, Rosaire, is a Register of Merit cow with two yearlings records. One of her records, made at the age of two years and one month, is 7724lb of milk and 414lb of butterfat. Her second record, 11,415 lb of milk and 648lb of butterfat, was made at the age of four years and five months. Gwendola Rosaire is now again on test, and in all probability will produce well over 600lb of butterfat.

The sire of Silver Chimes Gwendola is Silver Chimes of S.B., the sire of eleven Register of Merit daughters. He is a descendant of the famous bull Gedney Farm Oxford Lad. The latter is the sire of twenty-four Register of Merit daughters and twelve Register of Merit sons. One of his sons, Royal Majesty, is a gold medal bull, and was also grand champion at the National Dairy Show in 1908.

Rosaire's Olga Lad is the grandsire of the new yearling champion. Thirty of his daughters are in the Register of Merit. His grandam, Pride's Olga 4th, was the grand champion cow at the Pan-American Exposition in 1901.

A good example of the successful combination of show type and production is to be found in Silver Chimes, Gwendola. While still on test she was sent to the Oregon State fair. She was an outstanding winner in a strong two-year-old class, and was beaten for champion honours by an aged fresh cow. At the fair she was also winner of the milking contest, open to all breeds.

Silver Chimes' Gwendola is owned by M. F. A. Doerfler, of Silverton, Oregon, whose herd average is 625lb butterfat. In 1918 the herd was awarded first, second and third in the milk contest at the Oregon State fair, which was open to all breeds. Several more Jerseys from this herd that are now on test will complete their tests shortly with very high records.

A PECULIAR FISH.

A peculiar fish was caught by a trawler off the Long Lookout, Banks Peninsula, which the Lyttelton fishermen have so far failed to identify. The stranger is a female, and is coloured similar to a porpoise, black on top, running to white underneath, and has also the round appearance of a porpoise. It has a snout and mouth underneath, similar to a shark, and has no blow-hole, so that it is not a surface fish. Underneath just behind the large gills, are two large lateral fins, each 12in in width. There are also two small lateral fins, 4in in width, near the tail, and a large dorsal fin. The body of the fish is about 3ft 6in long from snout to where the tail begins. This tail is the most peculiar part about the fish. It is a ribbon-like structure, 2in in width and 4ft 6in in length, that is, longer than the body of the fish, and is greyish in colour.

UNION OF CHURCHES.

CONGREGATIONAL WISH.

EARLY FUSION DESIRED.

The Congregational Union debated the report of the committee on the possibilities of church union and carried the following resolution unanimously:—"That the churches of the Congregational Union be asked to affirm the desirability of an early union with the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches; that in view of the attitude of the Presbyterian Church, indicating probability of a long delay in accomplishing the union of these denominations, and in view of the special circumstances tending to facilitate an earlier union between the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, the council urge the wisdom of uniting to approach the Presbyterian Church with a view of arranging an immediate union of the two denominations." Other resolutions were passed providing a means of determining the voice of the Church on the issue.

ECONOMIC EGG CRATES.

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

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.

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GRATITUDE TO TORQUAY.

NEW ZEALAND FLAG PRESENTED.

On October 11th last the Borough of Torquay was presented with a New Zealand flag as an expression of thanks and gratitude for the hospitality shown to the New Zealanders who passed through that depot.

The ceremony took place in the open, outside the main entrance to the Municipal Buildings. A contingent of New Zealanders, under Major McLean headed by the Colour party, commanded by Captain Edwards—Lieutenant Hill bearing the flag—assembled at the Mallock Memorial and marched to the Municipal Buildings, where they were drawn up in square formation, supported by the Comrades of the Great War, Members of the Sailors and Soldiers' Federation, and others.

In the course of his speech, when presenting the flag, Sir Thomas Mackenzie said he could assure the people of Torquay that to him it was a most interesting occasion, because it gave an opportunity of tendering to them thanks for the great kindness they had extended to the New Zealand soldiers during their sojourn in Torquay. A great many had married from that part of old England, and he was assured that those alliances would be attended with a larger proportion of happiness than would usually be found elsewhere. He hoped these new links would further cement the relationship between the Old Country and the Overseas Dominions. He had the privilege of presenting a New Zealand flag to their town, which, like Jerusalem of old, was "beautiful of situation, and joy to the whole earth." (Applause.) In that flag, they saw the emblem of a young nation coming into being.

Major Kay also expressed appreciation on behalf of the men under his command, and at the conclusion of his remarks the flag party presented arms, and the flag was presented to the High Commissioner, who presented it to the Mayor of Torquay.

The Mayor, in returning thanks, said the people of Torquay were proud and pleased in being presented with the flag which would remind them—if a reminder were needed, and he did not think it was—of those unforgettable and splendid things which the men of New Zealand had done for the empire. (Applause.) But from times of war, he would pass to times of peace, and thank them for all they had been during their sojourn in the borough. He did not know that men could be found who could have a better record than the New Zealand soldiers had had during the time they had been there, and on behalf of the town he thanked them heartily for that. (Applause.) In the ways of peace, they had shown Torquay how to do things on the Watershed, where they had taught them how to till the land, and right nobly had they done their work. He was proud to hold that flag. It would be guarded and respected for all time.

In conclusion Sir Thomas Mackenzie said that, representing New Zealand, as he did, it gave him great satisfaction to know that from one end of Great Britain to the other, the men had earned the reputation of being soldiers and gentlemen. (Applause.) That meant a great deal to them across the water, and it meant a relationship which would be of great benefit to them imperially.

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NOT TOO OLD AT FORTY.

Men have been demobilised recently in
large numbers, and are returning from
military service to commence civilian life
again, and many of them are conscious
that they are several years older than
when they joined the army, and in not a
few instances have attained to middle age.
The prospect of success now largely de-
pends upon the spirit with which they
enter upon their new duties, and it may
be helpful for them to know that many
men won their way to distinction and
did their most valuable work after they
had reached middle age.

No one has so deeply influenced the
course of history as Julius Caesar, for
it is to him that we owe the Roman Em-
pire, and all that that Empire has meant
to Western civilisation, including all our
inheritance from the Old World. He is one
of the world's greatest men. But until
he was forty years of age his name was
overshadowed by that of Pompey, and he
was a politician rather than a soldier. It
was not till he was forty-two that he be-
came a general and was given the com-
mand of the armies in Gaul, by which he
is best known.

John Bunyan was forty-four before he
received a licence to preach, and was
forty-seven when he produced the first
part of his admired religious allegory, the
"Pilgrim's Progress." The now world-
famous Salvation Army was founded by
General Booth out of the East-end Chris-
tian Mission when he was forty-nine, a
Mission which he started when he was
thirty-six.

When Oliver Cromwell was thirty-eight
he was actually contemplating emigrating
to America as a farmer, and he was forty-
three when he raised a troop of horse in
Cambridge, and forty-five when he led his
men at the Battle of Marston Moor.

That monarch of the art of violin mak-
ing, Stradivarius, had reached his fiftieth
year before his hand and eye had acquired
supreme skill and freedom, and he pro-
duced his best instruments when he was
between fifty-six and eighty years of age;
for the violins made during these years
have all the grace and boldness of a Greek
frieze drawn by a master's hand.

Handel was forty-eight before he
published any of his great works, and was
fifty-six when the "Messiah," the grand-
est and most popular of his oratorios, ap-
peared.

There have been men who have done
brilliantly at a much earlier age, men like
Pitt, who was Chancellor of the Ex-
chequer at twenty-three and Prime Minis-
ter at twenty-four, and Robert Burns, who
wrote the "Cottar's Saturday Night" at
twenty-seven, and whose life ended at
thirty-seven; but the minds of the ma-
jority of men attain their full power only
by slow degrees, and many are the dis-
tinguished authors whose monumental
works did not appear till they had
reached middle age.

Dryden and Scott were not known as
authors until each was in his fortieth year.
Thomas Carlyle was thirty-nine before he
published "Sartor Resartus," and forty-
three when he produced his "French
Revolution." Richard Hooker was forty-
one when his famous "Laws of Ecclesiastical
Polity" were first published. Dr
Samuel Johnson was thirty-eight when
he announced the plan of his Dictionary
of the English Language, and was forty-
six when, after an heroic struggle
against penury, he succeeded in publish-
ing the work.



HORTICULTURE.

We are now at that time of the year
when there is not a great amount of sea-
sonable work to be done although about
a garden each week brings its own work
in the way of weeding, taking out annuals
that die off, cutting off dead tops, tying
and tidying up generally. Keep all these
things well up to the mark and a host
of work later on will be saved. A little
seed may also be saved from various
plants at very small trouble and will be
useful as well as give the pleasure that
"own sown" seed always does when after-
wards successfully grown and some varia-
tions from the seed parents obtained. This
especially applies to polyanthus, pansies,
aquilegias, and various annuals. Autumn
sowing involves a certain amount of
trouble as it sometimes hinders cleaning
up and digging, but the result in strong
growth and early flowering is a decided
advantage. Virginia stock will bloom
very early and viscaria and schizanthus
are especially useful. In the greenhouse
good varieties of schizanthus make lovely
spring pot plants.

Daffodil and other spring bulbs may
still be planted as recommended last week.

Chrysanthemums require tying and at-
tention as the buds form, and a little
liquid manure in the case of pots that
are fairly well filled with roots, but not
too much or strong terminals are likely
to start where crown buds are desired.
Those grown as bushes for decorative pur-
poses and cut flowers do not require much
attention yet, but may be helped with a
little liquid manure if the growth is not
too soft. If Gladiolus the Bride (Colvil-
la) has become crowded, now is the
time to lift and replant. If you have not
got it, get it if you want good useful
white flowers at about Christmas time,
when it is especially desirable for church
decorating, etc. Good clumps will give
abundance of blooms.

Plant cabbages for succession and as
those planted at this time come in for
cutting green in spring, it is a good idea
to plant them at half a distance so that every
other plant can be cut and used as soon
as large enough to be useful. As cabbages
require earthing up to hold them against
the wind it is a good method to plant
them in a shallow trench. Sow some
lettuce seed in short rows for thinning
out so that some may remain in the rows
and others be transplanted which keeps up
a succession—they love rich soil. A little
spinach sown at about this time in good
soil in a sheltered spot is a delightful
change in the spring as well as specially
wholesome.

CARE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

An extensive scheme for keeping school
premises clean has been recommended
for the consideration of the Auckland
Education Board by the Education De-
partment. The scheme was briefly out-
lined at the last meeting of the board.
It contains suggestions as follows:—1. The
board to issue circulars to teachers,
strongly impressing the importance of a
high standard of cleanliness. 2. Delegation
of duties to school children. In addition,
the scheme provides the holding
of organised school lunches, and tooth-
brush drill after lunch. Consideration
of the scheme was deferred to permit of
members assimilating the same.

STRANGE DOINGS OF THE CANTER- BURY LAND BOARD.

Application was made recently to the
Canterbury Land Board by the soldier
settlers at Homebrook for the remission
of a half-year's rent. The request was
refused, the reason given being that com-
pliance would mean a further call on the
ratepayers, who had already treated the
soldiers liberally in the matter of gratui-
ties. The Christchurch executive of the
R.S.A. protested strongly against this
attitude, and pointed out that the Prime
Minister and the Minister of Defence had
stated that the gratuity was a free gift
by the people of the Dominion to the
soldiers, and that it would not in any
way interfere with the benefits of the
Discharged Soldiers' Settlement Act and
the Repatriation Act. The Land Board,
however, refused to give an assurance
that it would change its policy, and the
whole correspondence has now been for-
warded to the Prime Minister.

GARDEN NOTES.

CARROTS.

A USEFUL CROP FOR PRESENT SOWING.

Although young carrots are one of the
best of easily grown vegetables, the sea-
son during which they are available in
the amateur's home garden is unneces-
sarily short; so many people purchase
from the shops rather than make further
sowings after a certain period of the
year has passed, possibly because they
are unaware that good results may be
expected from seed sown in summer.
Providing suitable varieties are selected,
successful results are obtained by sowing
in March. This should not be overlooked
by those who at the present time have
narrow strips of land lying idle, such as
those recently vacated by early peas,
beans or potatoes for which the owner is
undecided as to the best and most profit-
able successional crop. If seed is to be
sown upon ground well manured for the
previous crop, nothing beyond digging
and the removal of all large stones will
be required.

Carrots grow far more quickly upon a
fairly firm than upon a porous bed of
soil. This should be noted by those
who intend preparing the bed and sowing
the seed the same evening. Many neg-
lect even moderate treading before draw-
ing the drills, an omission usually fol-
lowed by unsatisfactory results. Unless
rain is likely to fall shortly after the
sowing, the seed should not be sown on
dust-dry soil; rather than waste time
in waiting for rain, it is best to moisten
the drills thoroughly for a few minutes
before sowing. Cover the seed with only
a light scattering of fine soil, and distrib-
ute it evenly and thinly in the rows, not
so much to economise seed as to secure for
the young plants healthy, uninterrupted
growth.

When well through the soil, reduce the
seedlings where they are being crowded,
always giving a thorough watering
through a fine-rosed watering can after
thinning. The distance between the rows
need not exceed 4 or 5 inches, and when
the young plants are two inches high
they should be thinned out to one inch
apart; if, three weeks later, alternate
plants are withdrawn for use, those re-
maining will have grown to a very fair
size by the time they are required.

Suitable varieties for present sowing
are Early French Horn and Early Nantes.
It may interest readers who have experi-
enced considerable trouble through in-
sect pests attacking earlier sowing of
carrots, that sowings made now are
rarely troubled in this way; if old soot,
or one of the concentrated artificial
manures is liberally used after the plants
are a few inches above ground, excellent
roots will result.

TO PREVENT TURNIP FLY.

Divide the seed into two equal parts
and steep one part in water the night
previous to sowing; then next morning
mix both together, and to every pound
of seed add 2oz of flowers of sulphur.
This method will ensure two successive
growths, and it is seldom the fly will
attack more than one.

PRIME MINISTER AND THE MASTER BAKERS.

According to the master bakers, who
ought to know, it costs three halfpence to
deliver a 2lb loaf. The Prime Minister
was amazed at the statement, and other
people will have the same feeling. But
apart from the precise accuracy of the
figure one must admit that the delivery
of bread and of other household essentials
as now carried on is extraordinarily costly.
To suggest that the cost of deliv-
ery can be cut out by purchasing over
the counter is no solution to the family
woman who has no help and no prospect
of getting any. There would seem to be
a good opportunity for some smart busi-
ness man to organise the delivery of all
sorts of essentials. It would lead to econ-
omy if the baker would stick as close to
his batch as the shoemaker is supposed
to stick to his last, and let the distribu-
tion be undertaken as a separate business.
From the customers' point of view there
is no reason why one cart should not serve
a whole district, or why it should not
deliver bread from mBrown's bakery as
well as from Smith's and Robinson's.
Nor, for the matter of that, would there
seem to be any reason why the butter and
eggs should not come with the bread.
There is an opportunity here for some-
body to make a little fortune, and at the
same time save many people a lot of un-
necessary expense.

MOTORING NOTES.

MECHANICAL TRANSPORT.

Sir Eric Geddes, Minister of Transport,
in a speech at the annual banquet of
the British Society of Motor Manufactur-
ers and Trades, said: "In the great war
mechanical transport came to the front as
no other part of the great mechanism of
our armies came to the front. The in-
ternal combustion engine won the war in
the air; the internal combustion engine
was the heart and soul and vitality of the
tank; the internal combustion engine did
the transport on the roads, and whenever
there was real danger the internal com-
bustion engine did the transport on the
railways. It was the motor power of
the army; it was the handmaid of the
army, and without any doubt whatever,
without the internal combustion engine
we could never have won the war."

Is our Government in New Zealand giv-
ing any attention to the question of trans-
portation? They seem to have no sym-
pathy whatsoever with motoring and
mechanical transport on the roads, al-
though other countries, even before the
war, made transportation a science to be
studied by some of their ablest brains.

BETTER ROADS AND THEN THIS!

We must have better roads. We can-
not go on as we are now. The motorist
expects reasonable comfort and cost of up-
keep, and for this he is quite willing to
be taxed. Our roads must be made cap-
able of carrying the traffic and of carry-
ing it as economically as possible for its
users. With goods roads who would
hesitate to have one of these:—"A real
cycle car; 3 h.p., two-seater. The ideal
country and colonial runabout. 95 guineas
complete." Such cars are being adver-
tised throughout Britain to-day. Why
not in New Zealand? Alas! Ye gods, our
roads!

RUSTY SPRINGS AND AGONISING SQUEALS.

How many motorists give any attention
to their springs. They are quite content
to endure the agony of squeaks and un-
even riding rather than give a little at-
tention to the springs. Jack up the
frame until the leaves are separated, then
brush the leaves thoroughly with kero-
sene and remove all rust. Then with an
old knife blade or such like instrument
insert a mixture of grease and graphite be-
tween the leaves. Also do not forget to
grease the shackle bolts thoroughly. This
treatment should be accorded to springs
and shackle bolts whenever they show the
first symptoms of becoming dry.

If the springs are badly rusted it is
better to have them removed from the
car, the leaves separated and thoroughly
cleaned from rust and dirt, and greased
with a mixture of grease and graphite be-
fore being greassembled.

There is a fortune for the man who can
invent a good mechanical device for oil-
ing car springs.

BUY NOW.

Are you expecting to get a British or
Continental car soon? If so, read this
sample of an advertisement as appearing
in a Home newspaper at the beginning
of 1920:—

Four 18-h.p. De Dion chassis have actu-
ally been delivered, and the bodies are
complete, at the coach-builders. Price
£1300. First four cheques secure.

My advice to prospective buyers is to
purchase a good American car NOW.
They, too, are steadily advancing in
price. There are too many rich profiteers
in England to-day to allow the colonials
to get any British cars for quite a long
time to come yet.

Some ruling prices of cars in England
to-day:—15 h.p. Wolseley, complete,
£800; 15-9 h.p. Arrol-Johnston, complete,
£625; four-cylinder 20 h.p. Minerva
(chassis), £990; 25 h.p. Crossley (chassis),
£950; six-cylinder, 24 h.p. Delage (chas-
sis), £1800; 12 h.p. Rover (chassis),
£600; six-cylinder Rolls-Royce (chassis),
£1575; four-cylinder 13.9 h.p. Renault
(chassis), £580; Oakland "six," complete,
£550; Buick "six," complete, £700; Hup-
mobile, complete, £675; Essex, complete,
£670; Fiat, 10-15 h.p., complete, £630.

LARGE GROUP OF SUNSPOTS.

Mr G. V. Hudson, of Karori, reports
that a large and very complex group of
sunspots entered the sun's disc on Mon-
day afternoon, and is now favourably
placed for observation. Mr Hudson
states that the length of the group,
which at present is considerably fore-
shortened owing to the curvature of the
sun's surface, must be over one hundred
thousand miles.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

252 ACRES LEASEHOLD. Rent £36
16s per year; 16 acres oats, 10
acres ridged turnips, 65 acres turnips
and grass; carrying capacity 300 breed-
ing ewes, cattle and horses. Buildings:
Four-roomed house, dairy, stable, barn,
cow shed, shearing shed and sheep yards.
Railway 2 miles, school 1 mile, P.O. 2
miles. Price £7 per acre. Owner would
exchange for a small dairy farm or town
property.

160 ACRES FREEHOLD.

20 Acres oats, 20 acres turnips, and a
few acres maiden bush; balance grass.
Four-roomed house, 8-stalled cowshed,
Rail six miles; school and post office 1
miles, one mile to factory. Price £10 per
acre. Owner would exchange for a town
property.

If you wish to sell, purchase or exchange
a property in any part of New Zea-
land, communicate with me.

F. H. TUCKER,

LAND AGENT.

THE SPORTS HARLEY.

THE SPORTS HARLEY.

THE MOTOR EVERYONE IS TALKING
ABOUT.

THOROUGHLY up-to-date in every re-
spect. 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 carburettor.

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.

WILSON FRASER,

DEE ST., INVERCARGILL.

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.

STEVENSON BROS.,

(Late W. D. McRobie).

GENERAL Blacksmiths, Wheelwrights,
and Horseshoers.

DRAY AND WAGON BUILDERS.

All Classes of Repair Work undertaken.

First-class Workmanship guaranteed.

'Phone No. 447.

FOR every thirsty occasion try our
celebrated

**HOP SHANDIES AND SODA FOUN-
TAIN 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.

YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND
IT TO YOUR AD-
VANTAGE TO DEAL WITH
US. WHATEVER YOUR RE-
QUIREMENTS ARE WE CAN
SUPPLY YOU WITH

FURNITURE,
HARDWARE,
CROCKERY,
TIMBER,
HOUSEHOLD AND FARM RE-
QUIREMENTS.

WE STRIVE TO MAKE A
SATISFIED CUSTOMER OF
YOU AND GIVE PROMPT SER-
VICE AND BEST VALUE.
START WITH US TO-DAY.
CALL ON US OR RING TELE-
PHONES 634-635 or 2.

BROAD, SMALL & CO.

DEE, TYNE, LEVEN STS.

Phone—343. Private Phone—883.

ALEX. PETERSON,

PLUMBER AND GASFITTER,
45 Tay street,
INVERCARGILL.

MANUFACTURER OF Spouting, Down-
pipes, Rising Tanks, Baths, Hot
and Cold Water Apparatus, etc.

work too large or too small.

MANUFACTURER OF IRON LADDERS,
Etc.

SOLE SOUTHLAND AGENT FOR
WIZARD LIGHTING SYSTEM.

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

CHOICEST—

FRUIT, and

CONFECTIONERY

ALWAYS OBTAINABLE.

Everybody's Fruit Confectioner.

The
—PEOPLE'S BOOT SHOP,—
Corner YARROW and McMASTER
STREETS,
EAST INVERCARGILL.

BOOTS AND SHOES

At lowest prices combined with best
possible quality.

Compare my prices with town.

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.

ALEX. KIDD,

Bootmaker.

"In the course of a conversation with
Madame Campan, Napoleon Bonaparte re-
marked: 'The old system of instruction
seems to be worth nothing; what is yet
wanting in order that the people should
be properly educated?' 'Mothers,' replied
Madame Campan. The reply struck the
Emperor. 'Yes!' said he, 'here is a system
of education in one word. Be it your
care, then, to train up mothers who shall
know how to educate their children.'"
—Aimé Martin.

PRESENT DAY FILMS.

SOME WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS.

The world's output of films is rapidly
approaching that of printed fiction. Am-
ong them are good, indifferent, and frank-
ly bad, the two latter categories vastly
predominating. So far as real merit goes,
many are no whit superior to films made
ten years ago, but so lavish is the expendi-
ture on scenery and costume, and so
perfect are the photographs, that the un-
critical part of every audience, practically
ninety-nine persons in a hundred, never
dream of cavilling at the story.

This type of picture-play serves but to
glorify the superior craftsmanship of the
stage-manager, the dressmaker, the car-
penter, and the photographer, and, were
it really the best the screen were capable
of giving us, then indeed would the out-
look for the cinema be black. Fortunately,
this is not the case. The possibilities of
exploiting what is, after all, an invention
of yesterday were soon realized by many
hard-headed American business men.

BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

They took up the manufacture of films,
as they would anything else which held
out a promise of lucrative returns, and
their expectations have not been belied.
Nothing has yet occurred to convince
these wholesale film manufacturers that
they may not march on indefinitely from
success to success.

In spite of the sneers of the "high-
brows," the demand for their wares has
gone on increasing by leaps and bounds.
There appears as yet no limit to the pos-
sible extension of enterprises, at the head
of which are men who would, probably,
be genuinely surprised were they told that
oleographs executed with sufficient dexter-
ity are not equal to old masters.

But these men are not the only ones
engaged in what they themselves signifi-
cantly describe as the "film game." There
are others who see in the screen not a
game, but a medium for interpreting a
new conception of the highest form of
dramatic art, and a few have proved that
they are right. In "The Birth of a
Nation" and "Intolerance" the American,
David Wark Griffith, made two great
films, which immediately convinced all
who had eyes to see that the "silent
drama" was a new force with which civili-
zation would have to count. Both these
films, though not the final word, are stu-
pendous creations which genius alone
could have conceived and carried out.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S TRIUMPH.

Quite recently, no later than a few
weeks ago, in fact, Griffith has shown in
New York a film, called "Broken Bloss-
oms," which has put the final seal on
his reputation. It is based on a brief
sketch, "The Chink and the Child," in
"Limehouse Nights," by Thomas Burke,
which were published in London a few
years back, but passed almost un-noticed,
except by the elect. It is as unlike the
ordinary screen-story as could be imagin-
ed, yet it has had a longer consecutive
run than any film before.

Another comparatively recent American
film, which may claim to be a milestone
in the evolution of the cinema, is "My
Four Years in Germany," by Mr Gerard,
ex-American Ambassador in Berlin. This
visualised chapter of contemporary history
was the most effective propaganda film
ever made. Another extraordinary good
picture that interests and educates at one
and the same time is "Adventures among
the Cannibals."

America, however, notwithstanding her
enormous output, has no monopoly of the
films that count. She has, it is true, in
David Wark Griffith, Thomas H. Ince,
and Cecil B. de Mille three directors, as
they are called, who are probably un-
equalled. She has also a number of screen
artists, both men and women, who are
comparable to, if they do not surpass, the
most talented on the legitimate stage.

TWO GREAT PICTURES.

"Quinnys" is another English produc-
tion that is worthy to live. Henry Ainley's
impersonation of the chief part is a mas-
terpiece of acting. Perhaps, however,
the English film has reached its highest
point in two picture-plays which will not
be seen by the public for some months,
"Faith" and "Hope," or, as they have
been rechristened, "In Bondage" and
"Sweethearts."

Both the theme and treatment of these
critics, while the acting of Miss Sidney
two plays should satisfy the most exacting
Fairbrother, in the first, and Miss Isobel
Elson, in the second, is beyond praise.
Each has created a part that may well be
recognised as a classic. The most signifi-
cant and encouraging aspect of these two
picture-plays, however, is that the man
who is responsible for them should have
had the discriminating courage to get
away from the beaten track. It is note-
worthy, in its way, as David Wark Griffith's
choice of "The Chink and the
Child."

STORIES FOR ALL MOODS.

WIT IN WIG AND GOWN.

Judicial humour may, as Lord Loreburn
once said "proverbially occupy a low place
in the classification of wit," but at least it
serves a useful purpose in relieving the
dullness of our Courts of Law; and cer-
tainly no humour, however clever, is more
assured of its tribute of laughter.

Probably no man has a more deserved
place "on the list" of judicial humorists
than Mr Justice Maule, whose flashes of
wit illumined many a dreary case in Vic-
torian days. On one occasion, a witness
whose evidence was so doubtful that the
judge had been obliged to caution him,
protested, "My lord, you may believe me
or not; but I have not uttered a word
that is false, for I have been wedded to
truth from my infancy." "That sir,"
answered Maule, placidly, "I am prepared
to believe; but the question is—how long
have you been a widow?"

On another occasion, when a prisoner,
who had been found guilty, exclaimed,
"May God strike me dead, my lud, if I
am not innocent," Maule paused for a few
moments, and then said, "Prisoner at the
bar, as Providence has not seen fit to in-
terfere, the sentence of the Court is—"

KNEW MORE THAN THE JUDGE.

When a little girl once appeared in the
witness-box, Mr Justice Maule proceeded
to ask the necessary questions to discover
whether she understood the meaning of an
oath and believed in a future state. "Do
you know what an oath is, my child?" he
asked. "Yes, sir," was the answer; "I
am obliged to tell the truth." "And if you
always tell the truth, where will you go
when you die?" "Up to heaven, sir." "And
what will become of you if you tell
lies?" "I shall go to hell, sir." "Are
you quite sure of that?" "Yes, sir, I am
quite sure." "Let her be sworn," said
Maule, "it is quite clear she knows a
great deal more than I do."

MR JUSTICE WIGHTMAN'S WIT.

That Mr Justice Wightman had a pretty
wit is proved by many a story, of which
the following are typical. When a witness
once described a man as "forty or forty-
five years old, and an independent gent,"
the judge inquired: "Do you mean a
gentleman?" "A gent, my lud," repeated
the witness. "Ah," said Wightman, "I
see. That's something short of a gentle-
man, isn't it?"

On another occasion a counsel, notorious
for his long-windedness, had been explain-
ing his arguments at prodigious length to
a Kentish jury, when Mr Justice Wight-
man interposed: "I think you have told
us that before, Mr—." "Have I, my
lord?" said the barrister. "I am very
sorry. I had forgotten it." "Oh, please
don't apologise Mr—," was the smiling
answer, "it is quite intelligible—it was
such a long time ago."

THE UNCONVENTIONAL BRAMWELL.

Probably no Judge was ever more un-
conventional in his judgments and sum-
mings-up than Lord Bramwell. In an
Equity case in the Court of Appeal he de-
livered himself thus: "I agree that it is
not necessary to reserve judgment in the
matter, for I have listened attentively to
the learned and lucid arguments of the
very eminent counsel without, unfortun-
ately, being able to understand one of
them; and I have just listened to the most
profound and luminous judgments of my
learned brethren with still greater atten-
tion; but, I regret to say, with no better
result. I am, therefore, of the same opin-
ion as they are and for the same reasons."

PRISONER AND VERDICT.

It was Lord Bramwell, too, who is cred-
ited with the shortest and also the most
startling summing-up on record. He had
been trying a prisoner on a charge of
stealing a ham. The day was oppressively
hot; counsel had been provokingly loquacious;
the very ham was perspiring in the
crowded, stuffy court, and the Judge's
patience had reached breaking-point.
When at last it was his turn to address
the limp and exhausted jury, he epitom-
ized the case thus: "This gentleman, is
the prisoner; and there gentlemen, is the
ham. Consider your verdict."

When a member of the Bar once re-
marked to Vice-Chancellor Bacon that a
certain barrister, who was commonly said
to have a twist in his mind, was very
clever, "Yes," dryly remarked the Judge,
"he's a very clever young man. If he
swallowed a nail he would vomit a screw."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us try to be sensible, let us try to
be good-natured; let us try to be fair.—
Dickens.

SCIENCE NOTES.

USEFUL TELEPHONE DEVICE.

There are times when one or two extra
hands would come in very handy, but
none so much as when telephoning and
trying to jot down facts and figures.
Numerous devices have been developed
to free both hands while telephoning, and
one of the latest consists of an adjustable
arm for holding the receiver to the ear.
The receiver is left permanently in the
clamp, so as to be ready for instant use.
When the telephone is not in use, the
arm is turned away and back from the
user, which act pulls down the receiver
hook.

DRIVING TRAINS WITH OIL.

The silent war upon Old King Coal
continues with astonishing fervour. One
of the English railway companies has now
perfected a locomotive on the internal
combustion principle, with fuel oil for
power, just like a motor-car, a submarine,
or an aeroplane. Already the new model
has hauled a heavy goods train at thirty
miles an hour. This loco is quite differ-
ent from the oil-fuel engines of the
Yankee lines. It will cost barely half the
outlay on the old coal engine, being a
crude oil-fed Diesel, or an adaptation of
that type. Britain is wading into fuel
oil at a great pace. Even in the Argentine
where scores of millions of English money
are invested, the British-owned railways
are beginning to use petroleum in their
engines, instead of coal at £6 a ton.

FARMING BY ELECTRICITY.

It is well-known that in Canada, elec-
tricity is comparatively cheap and is used
extensively on farms. One of the most
complete electrical services on a farm in
Ontario is to be found just outside the
city of Peterborough. Water is pumped
to house and barn by electric power,
separator, churn, and washing-machine,
are operated in the same way, and in the
house there is an electric-range; ironing
is done electrically, a vacuum cleaner is
operated, and there is a fan to cool the
rooms, with lights all over the house in
addition. The most remarkable feature is
the low cost at which all these conveni-
ences are obtained. The highest monthly
bill in the year was a trifle over 24s, with
the general run of about £1. The electric
current is developed from the splendid
water powers of the province, notably
Niagara Falls, and is supplied by a de-
partment of the provincial government,
which has constructed and operates long-
distance transmission lines and trans-
forming stations.

SIMPLE ELECTRIC PROCESS FOR CLEANING SILVER.

In these days, when servants are most
difficult to get, housewives will welcome
any expedient which reduces the time tak-
en to keep the house and its contents in
order. One of the irksome household tasks
about a house is cleaning the silver, and the
process we are about to describe greatly
lessens the time and the labour involved.
The new method is a very simple one,
and without explanation many people
would never realise that electricity enter-
ed into the process at all. The only article
needed which will not be found in every
household is an aluminium bowl. Into
such a bowl pour a quart of boiling water,
and add a teaspoonful each of
salt and washing soda. Then dip the
tarnished silver articles into this solu-
tion, and leave them in for a few seconds;
after which the articles can be wiped, and
then polished with an ordinary polishing-
cloth. With this process it is quite un-
necessary to use any powder or paste for
polishing. What really happens is that the
aluminium bowl, the silver article, and the
salt and soda solution form an electric
battery, and the tarnish, which the silver
sulphide, is taken from the silver article
and deposited on the side of the bowl. The
action is similar in principle to that which
takes place when the process of electro-
plating is carried on.

"The prosperity of a country depends,
not on the abundance of its revenues, nor
the strength of its fortifications, nor the
beauty of its public buildings; but it con-
sists in the number of its cultivated citi-
zens, its men of education, enlightenment,
and character; here are to be found its
true interest, its chief strength, its real
power."—Martin Luther.

"Character is moral order seen through
the medium of an individual nature . . .
Men of character are the conscience of the
society to which they belong."—Emerson.



ADVERTISING ADVERTISING.



This is an Advertise-
ment. Not a very long
one, to be sure, but an
Advertisement.

It has a most unusual
purpose—to Advertise
Advertising.

The message is this:

Don't miss the Adver-
tisements in the pages
of THE DIGGER.

They make good read-
ing just from the news
and educational stand-
point alone.

But more than that:—

Advertisements keep
you in touch with the
world's progress.

They point the path
to comforts that were
unknown in the old
days.

They help you to save.

They protect you from
fraud.

Don't miss the adver-
tisements.

They are guide-posts
to better buying.

TWO GOOD LINES FOR FARMERS.

FLETCHER MILKING**MACHINES.****MELOTTE****SEPARATORS.**

SOLE AGENTS FOR SOUTHLAND.

J. E. Watson & Co. Ltd.

TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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.

J. H. KIRK & CO.

OF N.Z., LTD.,
DON STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

NETT CASH. NO COMMISSION.

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.

SWEET PEAS.

12 Choice named Spencers, 2/6.

15 Choice Exhibition Spencers, 3/6.

Our Spring Catalogue free on application.

J. LENNIE AND SONS,

Seedsman, Nurserymen, and Florists,
40 ESK ST., INVERCARGILL.

Telephones—291 and 563

HERB. GRACE.

HATTER. MERCER.

GENTS' OUTFITTER,

Dee street,
INVERCARGILL.

WHERE THE GOOD SUITS ARE.

WE SPECIALISE IN—

SUITS TO MEASURE.

BOXED SUITS,

BOYS' SUITS,

MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERCOATS,

In

HEAVY TWEEDS AND RAINPROOFS.

RABBITSKINS

WE WANT RABBITSKINS IN ANY
QUANTITY.

YOU WANT TOP PRICES.

CONSIGN YOUR SKINS TO US AND
RECEIVE CHEQUE BY RETURN
MAIL.

NO COMMISSION.

**KINGSLAND BROS. AND
ANDERSON, LTD.**

TANNERS, FELLMONGERS, AND
EXPORTERS,
TAY STREET, INVERCARGILL.
(Next Bank of Australasia.)
Phone—TOWN STORE: 320.

WRITE US FOR LABELS.

AUTUMN 1920.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING—
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS,
THE LATEST SEASON'S NOVELTIES

From the

LEADING FASHION CENTRES.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.

W. H. BOYES,

AND CO.,

TAY STREET,
INVERCARGILL.

ROOFING TILES.

CHEAP AS IRON.

WE can now supply these in unlimited
quantities.
SAMPLES CAN BE SEEN ON OUR
PREMISES.

Quotations given on application.

BRISCOE AND CO.,
LIMITED.

SHORT STORIES.**— A WAY OUT. —**

It was a travelling stock company, and nobody had received any salary for several weeks. In a state bordering on desperation the junior "lead" burst into the manager's sanctum.

"Unless you give me a shilling for a shave it will be absolutely impossible for me to appear to-night as Romeo," cried the actor, "My beard is a nine days' growth."

"Well, there's no need to worry about that," replied the manager calmly, "we'll play 'Bluebeard' this evening."

— CURATES' GOSSIP. —

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterwards he met the curate who had succeeded him.

"Well," he asked, "how do you get on with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah!" was the instant reply, "I only found it in Exodus."

— HIS MIND WANDERED. —

An old farmer was dying and was giving a few parting injunctions to his wife. "Don't forget, Maria," he murmured, "that Tom Smith owes me ten pounds."

"Poor dear," she remarked to the neighbours who had assembled to share her grief, "sensible to the last."

"And don't forget Maria," went on the dying man, "that I owe old Jones twenty pounds."

"Oh, poor thing," cried the widow-to-be "he's wandering again."

— THE FORBIDDEN WORD. —

A millionaire jam manufacturer, having retired from business and married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade where-by he had piled up his fortune.

One day he wrote to an neighbour an impudent letter complaining of the way in which the other's servants were trespassing on his grounds.

The neighbour wrote back:—
"Dear Sir,—I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves. P.S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves."

— CROWNED IT. —

A country schoolmaster had two pupils, one of whom was a favourite. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys. Why did you not come?"

"Please sir," said the favourite, "I was dreaming I was going to California, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell as I was going in."

"Very well," said the master.

"And now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Please, sir, I—I was just waiting to see Tom off."

— RATHER LOUD. —

A certain Welshman possessed a very fine bass voice, in which he took an honest pride. Meeting a friend one day he confided that he had had a remarkable dream.

"Dreamt I was in 'Eaven," he said. "Oh, but it was fine! There was such a choir as you've never seen. Five thousand supernanoes, five thousand altoes, five thousand tenors—all singin' at once double forte. Oh, magnificent! But all of a sudden the conductor stop the lot—like that he did; and he said to me me 'Not quite so loud in the bass John Jones.'"

**"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 CON-
SISTENT IN HIS DESIRE FOR POSSES-
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IN QUALITY

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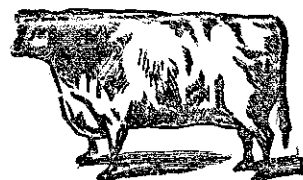
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